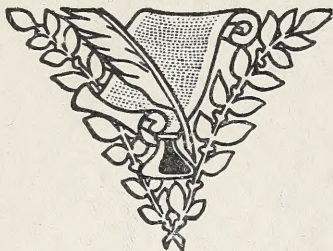


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Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "The Marriage in Kairwan"

"IT IS THOU, THEN, O RUNNER ON THE HOUSETOPS BY NIGHT!"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXLIV

DECEMBER, 1921

NO. DCCCLIX



WHAT PATRICIA HEARD FROM TOKIO

NEW LETTERS FROM JAPAN BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE DECORATION"

PART I

BY FRANCES LITTLE

DEAREST PAT,—Since I left you I have been like a bumble-bee on a fly-wheel. Only the wheel flies faster than I can bumble. So there is not a minute to call you Patricia. I have a call of a different kind. Before I answer, there are a few happenings I must pass along to you, else they'll grow stale, so swift is the change in the life pictures of the Far East of to-day.

The big mail-steamer that brought me over is out in the harbor. It is flying flags and frivolling with every wavelet and making much show while waiting to take my letter to you. Of course it may be waiting for other things. But it is queer what kindly intimacy you acquire with these giant ships which have carried you safely across leagues of water, rough and smooth. Why, I feel as if this one must know of my promise to write you often and everything possible to write, and your promise to seek entertainment only from the written pages. If cold facts creep in here and there, just remember they are facts, and each one has a godmother to stand sponsor for it.

Do you remember those long winter

evenings, with the wind howling outside, my telling you of the many times I've sailed across the old Pacific with a heavenly blue sky above and a sea to match beneath? This time the above and below were of another color. The water took on the heavy gray of the clouds and the one merry thing on its broad expanse was our little steamer. From Seattle to Yokohama it looped the loop, skimmed the crest of every wave, climbed up the other side with an abandon which brought no joy to the storm-tossed souls aboard. It ceased its capers only when anchored in the shallow pools of Tokio Bay. After that I can't say whether it put on company manners or not. I was too busy with other things new and old.

Where do you get your wisdom, Pat, held as you are to one room and a bed? Your warning that changes great and small would greet me was more than justified. I was prepared for some such greeting. Changes are inevitable. I did not expect so complete a knock-down.

They began to arise with the first glimpse of Hondo's misty shores and even the ghosts of old familiar things were



THE APPROACH TO NIPPON BRIDGE—THE CENTER OF THE EMPIRE

charged with a new spirit which is transforming a beautiful land, not omitting the space above. So far as I could see, the world upheaval has not budged Fuji one inch. The mountain "where dwells the Spirit Lady who made the flowers to bloom" was as serene and beautiful as ever. But think of it! Over her glistening heights an airplane dipped and somersaulted, scorning alike danger and the traditions of the sacred mount below.

No longer did sampans and white-

sailed junks flock around us in the open sea, bidding us welcome, the owners inviting us to dispose of all small change for articles temptingly cheap and curious. Even the sea-gulls had flown to other climes, and only a government launch, impertinent as to newness, important as to duty, came and swiftly departed. After all, I've told you of the joyful arrival of a steamer in a Japanese port—and now to see it robbed of so much of its color and quaintness! It is enough

to jar the feelings of the calmest Buddha. You can imagine what it did to a high-tension Westerner.

Not a question about it. The country has been racing along to progress at such a giddy speed it has almost forgotten that the picturesque and the artistic were its two biggest offerings. Past masters as the Japanese are in adapting themselves to changes of time and circumstance—theirs or anybody's—isn't it a thousand pities they cannot make progress tally with beauty? That sounds as if I had a grievance. I have. But I am in a commercial port. And it's winter. The picture-book country is hid. Spring is coming! Something tells me a gracious spirit will open wide the drab covers and show me once again the Rainbow Land that is truly a gift of the gods.

With a bang we noisily crunched into a mud-colored wharf. Maybe it was the shivering crowd, possibly the bitter wind which made a picture dreary and colorless. Whatever the cause, my anticipations and enthusiasm were fast accumulating icicles, when a part of a Japanese conversation drifted my way.

"So! You make convenient to arrive last day of Goat Year! I congratulate. Him make many troubles for long time."

Instantly I was cheered. As always, I found comfort in having something to hold responsible for all misfortunes. The goat could easily bear it and after five hours' struggle with passport officials, customs, and jinrikisha men, polite but high prices, you can't blame me for rejoicing that William's hours were numbered. Nor for hoping his spirit would pass out and hasten to the place, hot or cold, to join the spirit of the ancient son of Nippon who in the long ago labeled every

year with the name of a serpent or animal.

The little streets through which I rode are just as alley-like as ever. I reached my hotel only to find its one-time wide-open hospitality inclosed in a solid glass front. However, once inside, the warmth of the familiar lobby, the kindly, smiling service of its attendants, went a long way toward banishing the evil spirit of the goat and quickly dispelled all physical discomfort. True, the dispelling act commanded triple the price of former years—one yen barely covering the doorman's tip, whereas I've often boasted to you a little ten-sen silver piece produced as many smiles and bows as would an unexpected legacy.

Mark it as a certainty, my friend, something has changed everything. But I did not stop to argue whether the blame should be placed on the back of the goat or the burden of the war. Each



TRAFFIC POLICEMEN AT A TROLLEY STATION

minute I was giving thanks for the blessings that were, a few left-over ones and a new one or so.

Perched over the big entrance door, a Russian orchestra played. The melody flooded all space and smoothed out the crinkles in one's soul as only such music can, and there are some few million crinkles in this part of the world that need smoothing. Many of the musicians were refugees from a ruined land. Absence from home did not mar the beauty of their music, but it did seem to deepen their smile of half-content. Nothing surprising in that. Over here the Reds can't get them if they don't look out.

A group of uniformed French aviators gave a dash of color to the scene. And the stir they created as they talked as vigorously with their hands as with their tongues, gave intense amusement to four English Tommies each of whom had a leg or an arm missing.

I wish you could have seen one woman guest. She was said to belong to the brave Battalion of Death. It was not hard to believe. She was booted and bloused as a soldier of the late mighty Czar. There was no hint of color in her handsome face, though she danced constantly, stopping only to change partners—and they were many—then swinging out again to the rhythm of the music as if marching to war.

Only by determination and good luck had she escaped the horrors of a German victory. Hiding by day, walking at night, living off any morsel of food she could pilfer, she finally struck a village by the sea. A Japanese freighter did the rest, and Yokohama was the port of safety, with a small official job in the

bargain. Every time there is a revolution in Siberia, which is oftener than one can keep tab, there comes a knocking at the gates of a northern and southern port ships filled with frightened humanity, fleeing from the bloody Reds. And as this little country is already so crowded, people are about to fall in the sea for lack of standing-room, it is a grave question how to dispose of the despairing hordes, homeless, moneyless, and often foodless.

But all honor to Nippon and the people therein! The refugees go neither hungry nor shelterless, though the task is one

Hercules might take a day off to think over.

But on with the dance. I marveled at a soldier of foreign extract. A string of decorations ornamented his uniform from shoulder to breast-bone. As many scars criss-crossed his face, but nothing deterred his two good feet from keeping perfect time as he skilfully guided his companion with his one good arm. Handicapped? Not a bit of it. I asked



AN ENERGETIC STREET SINGER



BOARDING A TROLLEY IN JAPAN FOLLOWS AMERICAN PRECEDENT

about him. With a brush in that one whole hand and a pot of paint, the yens and sens were filling his pockets, while he filled the hearts of all the children with joy by the lifelike touch he gave to the faces of dolls and menageries of wooden animals.

What amazes me most about this war wreckage is the unconquerable spirit that is to be found at every turn. It flames like a torch in the darkness. All those outside the horror zone take notice!

I had seen much of it in former years, but now a new spirit, atmosphere—call it what you will—enveloped place and people. It was almost thick enough to see. It was mercilessly shuffling quiet pleasures and quaint customs of the past into a dump-heap of things old and forgotten and working changes in the cherry-blossom land which were indeed a revelation. Not to me only. An old retainer stood near me. By his unfailing kindness I had been piloted through

many bygone feasts of curious customs and outlandish foods. Long service gave him privileges, conversational and otherwise, just as it has your ebony Jimmy-Lou. With unquiet eyes he watched a newly arrived youth pilot a girl through a very new dance. The girl, half West half East, was good to look upon. The dance was neither.

"Ah!" he muttered. "The war! It is accursed. Have it change your people to hopping monkeys and make many damn fooleys like mine?"

Never mind the "damn." It meant nothing to him. To me, not being in tune with the infinite, it proved an outlet. Still, with the kindly presence of the old man and his talk of olden days, when Oriental pictures had no Occidental frames, I was beginning to feel human once again. I sank deeper into the comfortable chair with something like a sense of things familiar. It wrapped me about

like a snug-fitting sweater. No desire to move stirred me. A telegram proved more effective. It was handed me by a messenger who measured all of a yard in height. His English vocabulary spread over a few inches only. It was his willing spirit which counted. He made a free offering of all his knowledge and gleefully assisted in reading the message. His bright eyes—what there was of them—twinkled.

"I know," he burst out. "Giro San! Him live by Tokio. Boss Lady Mish! Quick you go."

Good guess. Kate Jilson, born missionary and universal friend, bade me hasten to Tokio and spend New-Year's with her and as much longer as I choose. If I have told you much about her, the small boy's summing up tells you more. But not all. In other days she would have come herself, or sent a retainer to bring me hither like a package marked "handle with care." Evidently Kitty was going with the changing tide.

Now you see where my call comes in, and as I go to answer it off goes this letter. With it goes a promise to take you

right along with me into all that happens. Be sure things are bound to happen if the "Boss Lady Mish" is in the neighborhood. We can't tamper with Kate, nor can we halt the changes. But ours the fun of looking on as the show goes passing by.

The signals are flying. The small boy is waiting to take this letter to the steamer. Here is my love—and a hope that has just been wished on me:

"May all pain be distant from important parts."

TOKIO

PATSY!—Can't you see your old, dun-colored Rosebud growing positively peevish as to heels if she had to submit to a morning bath and a curry-comb massage, then be haltered to a stall? That's the daily program of a Japanese dairyman for his herd. It is also the best of reasons why the toy steam-engine boasts neither cow-catcher nor bell, and hauls its abbreviated train, with not a wandering "Sukey" to block the traffic.

In years past this little train was the only means of transporting oneself from Yokohama to Tokio. It ambled its way



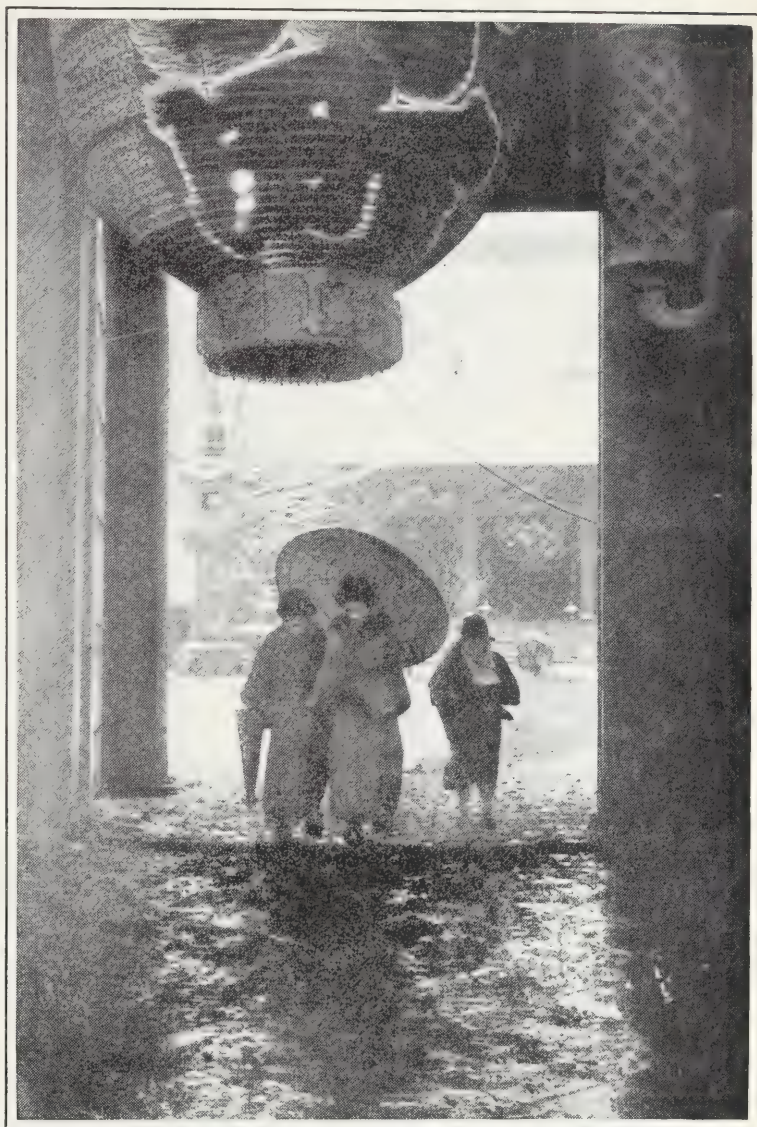
PREPARATIONS FOR NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN A JAPANESE HOUSEHOLD

along the ancient Tokaido high-road into the great Eastern capital, arriving as it pleased, when it pleased, heedless alike of schedules and business engagements of its passengers.

This brilliant winter day I had been rushed through the tiled and concreted Cherry Tree Station, by an up-to-the-minute red cap, into a highly polished car which lacked neither bulb, button, nor plush seat to make it the last thing in trolley fashion. And, take notice, the fashion does not stop at trolleys. Tokio's night sky blazes with signs, blue and red and orange, the character-writing freakish enough to make the lightning jealous. Electric hibachis for heating relegated charcoal to the Dark Ages. The humblest rice-shop sports an electric machine for polishing grain, and there are electric stoves to cook it on. Verily the old Samurai stronghold is being electrified, and we, who so well remember the quiet charm of the by-gone lantern-jinrikisha days, receive the shock full abreast and feel a bit stunned.

But on the trolley time for emotion or memories was brief. The motorman was gleefully translating his New-Year spirit into speed and I was trying to hold on to my senses, a small suit-case, and a half-seat by the window.

There was just time for my eye to catch a glimpse of the curved sweep of temple roof, or the tiny, wayside shrines half hidden in pine-scented groves. Fallow rice-fields and winter wheat seemed only patches of brown and green. I made a rough guess that the bright, shapeless spots on the dark dresses of the work-women were babies tied to Mamma San's back, and the streaks of color flashing down the roadside were children at play. Just one swift glance at peerless



THE QUIET PRECINCTS OF AN ANCIENT TEMPLE

Fuji purpling in the winter dusk, then through crowded suburbs of straw and plaster we landed at a brilliantly lighted station with a bump.

Hope the reading of it has not left you as breathless as the doing of it did me. I hustled to the platform. A voice hailed me. A hand grasped mine. "What made you so late? I thought you were never coming." This from Kitty Jilson! Would you think it? And she as familiar with all the ways of the East, straight or crooked, new or old, as I am with the path from my house to that shut-in but happy abode of yours.

Kate's clear eyes twinkled with her greeting, and she wore her twice-turned serge coat as jauntily as though it were silver fox. The unmissionary flare of her hat caught my eye. I could almost

hear it saying, "Good, but never frowsy"!

She was as undaunted and as cheerful as though she had not toiled thirty-five years with Orientals—rich and poor, the godly, the would-be's, and the everlasting sinner. She radiated hospitality, as you do hope. Between giving and taking of news she announced:

"I tried for a taxi. No good. A year's salary wouldn't hire one to-night."

Shades of emperors and daimyos! taxis in Tokio—where thousands of the streets are too squeezed in to get a good breath! Heavens! Pat. Do you realize what a blessing it is most Japanese shops wear open fronts?

"What about jinrikishas?" I ventured.

"Jinrikishas!" Kate laughed. By this time the flare of her hat was positively rakish. "Think we are standing still in this part of the world? There are only a few of them left. They've been engaged for weeks. But we must hurry. We dare not keep the *unagi meshi* (eels

and rice) waiting! The Bamboo Inn said it would be ready at eight."

Oh, swift-footed, blue-garbed messenger of old! Some changes since you sped through miles of streets narrow and dim for the price of your fish and rice, and now! These days messages come high. Only lately a telephone number sold for three times five hundred yen! That's what I thought. I only said:

"Shall we walk?"

"Walk? Three miles, and supper waiting! Not on your sweet life. We'll take a street-car."

Patricia mine! It would give you a week's vacation from some aches if only a Japanese street-car could come riding by. On the average it is more like a handbox on roller-skates than a public conveyance for public service. Built for the accommodation of some fifty quietly disposed, unhurried people, twice that number of hustling would-be passengers make a plunge for a particular car. The result is a near riot, all showing perfect good nature and smiles, but making of the



GINZA STREET—THE FIFTH AVENUE OF JAPAN ON A NEW-YEAR'S EVE

car an agitated human beehive with not enough space left on which a dragon-fly could comfortably light.

Into one of these heaving masses we pushed our way. Kate's polite request to make room went unheeded. The spirit of all was willing, but it was a case of sit in your neighbor's lap, stand on his toes, or hang in mid-air by a strap. Even the printed appeal not "to stick your knees or elbows out of the window" was useless. No other place left to put them. Happily everything ends somewhere.

How welcome was our halting-place at a street corner! With the aid of a conductor, a polite motorman, and a spry youth we untangled ourselves, two disheveled feast-makers. But I should like to see a prize-fighter emerge from a Tokio street-car unmussed, and neither Katherine nor I ever took a prize for anything. Soon the cold air and a firm foundation beneath us began the cheering act. A near-by sign temptingly paved the way to hilarity. It read: "Amiable dressmakers! Ladies having fits up-stairs. Arise."

The desire to take advantage of the invitation was almost irresistible. In steps my friend, bidding me repress my mirth. She reminded me we were in a section of the city which still clings to the feudal days. Thank Heaven, there are a few of them left. It frowned upon ladies young or old laughing in the streets, as it fought any effort to foreignize. The sign was a remnant of the last vain attempt. I was so rejoiced to find this spot I gladly tucked away all but the faintest smiles. A page of the picture-book was peeping out.

Soon we were walking through Big Fist Street. A few good-sized hands could easily have spanned its width. The narrow places, romantic with shadows from lanterns soft and swaying, it needed only the incense-laden breeze, the chanting of a temple priest, and the twang of a samisen! Lo! once again mine the joy to feel the magic spell!

By the time we passed the kitchen of the Bamboo Leaf—Pat, wouldn't you

love to have your kitchen where your big front door should be?—the feeling had me by the throat. When two little poster maids smilingly greeted us, removing our shoes at the same time, then showed us to a room all silky mats and dim, pink lights, the haunting charm of the Orient had me fast. I'd love to coin a fresher phrase for you, but the old enchantment needs nothing new.

I think my "Thank Heaven!" must have been emphatic. Miss Jilson at once stopped preening her ruffled hat feathers and challenged, "For what?" I dearly love to catch a whiff of Kate's unconquerable good sense, leavened at times with a dash of frivolity. I baited her with a bit of sentiment.

"For you, my dear, and your thoughtfulness in giving me a glimpse of a picture, beautiful and old, but fast fading!"

"Nonsense. If you call it a picture, there are hundreds of the same kind, if you know where to find them. This room is as good for another century as the last. Nothing faded about it except that kakemono. Think I'd fade myself if I'd been painted for over three hundred years. We may be sitting on cushions made from four-times-removed grandmother's sash. What of it? They are as soft as new ones and the colors quite as good. You surely don't expect things to last forever, do you? Be bored to death if they did."

She didn't say it all at once, but by the time the maids had served dinner with not a ceremonial hand-flourish nor a chop-stick missing, Kate invited me to draw up the red-lacquer table and to wail out my troubles "like Job of old, if it's any help."

I began my lament of how new things and changed things had arisen to excite my memories of the Japan of other days . . . what had happened to so much of the beauty of the country and the customs of the people?

"Well," demanded my hostess, "you didn't imagine that hideous war would turn this little silk-worm empire into a

pet butterfly, while it was changing every other country into dragons and devils and a million heroes?"

You can see for yourself when the Lady Mish goes a-feasting she cares no more for figures of speech than any other kind of figure, her own included. The point is you always know what she means.

"And," she went on, "have you any conception what the people of and in Japan have done these last years? Red-Crossers have worked themselves into a shadow. Stay-at-homes have made thousands of garments, packed and shipped them to Siberia. And the busiest housemothers baked bread and cake and sold them to swell the charity fund. Relief funds with fancy names, but a mighty firm purpose, have kept at it day and night, relieving starvation and incidentally pocketbooks to do it with. Doesn't your imagination tell you, if your good sense doesn't, that hundreds of homeless Russian refugees and companies of Czech soldiers with every coming ship unloading strays, prisoners, and stragglers, are enough to twist customs and traditions of any country fatally? Why, child"—that was nice of Kitty—"this is a brand-new part of the world. Even our daily earthquakes have moved out to sea."

We talked it out all the way home. I was grateful to the earthquakes and acknowledged the inevitable, still I was unreconciled. However, that's not going to change one splinter in the scheme of things.

I know how determined you have been to permit neither illness nor sorrow to spoil your life and, happy you, never to bring shadows into the lives of others. It's splendid. But if I am to show you Japan as I see it, with the sunshine must creep in a shadow or so. The one I saw last night still haunts me. Making a tour of the guest-room so hospitably prepared for me, I looked from one of my windows across the garden. A square of light caught my eye. Though late, the outer wooden shutters of the house

were not in place. A pale-yellow glow of shaded candles silhouetted the figure of a woman against the rice-paper doors. She bent with clasped hands over the form of a child, and the sound which drifted toward me through the darkness was not the cry of a far-off night bird. Being well up on shadows, I am here to prophesy, this one is tagged with a story. When it is told I'll tell you.

I've counted up, or, rather, back. It is just about time for your household to be gathered around, for what you call your "best hour." How vividly the picture comes before me, shadows and night lights—Jimmy-Lou standing guard; Johnny with his faithful old hands clasped across his clean overalls, and, just inside the door, frail Dorothy and the other pitiful two, castaways of factory life. You their only chance. Some skipper you are, my friend, to take on all that cargo!

TOKIO.

When this reaches you, New-Year's will have long since passed into that invisible haven of all other New-Years. Bestir your fancy and watch something of the day's pictures I will try to pen for you. Make them fast in your memory before their quaint beauty becomes dulled by onrushing time.

Did I ever give you a recipe for a Japanese house? A tubful of plaster, a cartful of straw, some few beams and a fishing-pole or so; a little time and skilful hands. Behold! a dwelling-place where convenience does sacrifice at beauty's altar.

Kate's house is like this, and it faces a wonderful river, with a glint of the sea just beyond. It hangs as lightly over the bank as a kingfisher swings on a limb before he dives. There is nothing to prevent us from taking an unexpected dive if the earth begins to shiver, but it hasn't happened yet.

I began my day by watching the splendor of a sunrise. To see the full play of nature's pomp I had only to take out one whole side of my room. Easy enough. The indoors is mostly out. Just

slide back seven paper doors, and there I was with a new land, a new sea, a fresh world as wonderful and beautiful as the first dawn of the first day. There was nothing between my eyes and the glorious sweep of gold and blue. Neither was there anything between me and zero if Hokkaido's winter king got frisky and sent down a bitter wind to sweep all before it.

But the breeze of this morning lingered in the tiny garden below and rose to my window laden with the faintest hints of a joyful something to come. How you would have enjoyed it! The dwarf plum-tree felt it, and opened wide its blossoms to the sun. Kitty's old pet crane intercepted the message, strutted along the gravel path, and hopped on the half-circle bridge. He scared the goldfish in the little pond out of a half-day's swim. Then, too, Kate's hand-maidens, steadies and extras, were singing in the kitchen over their many household preparations. The little song, gay and festive, said plainly that youth and laughter were having their hour. With the sound came a heart flutter or so, and right away I blessed the thieving years that they had been good enough to leave me a few thrills all my own. I should need every one of them as the hours went on, for of all the holidays in the Land of the Rising Sun the first day of the new year is the biggest and gladdest.

Remembering this, I hurried down to find the dining-room lined with an animated flower-garden. It was a collection of Kitty's pupils, dependents, and neighbors, dressed in their brightest and best, come, all with congratulations, and some with small gifts. The day is full of luck, too. Good or bad. Depends upon how one greets it. And you can count your last penny, my dear, no rich man, poor man, merchant or chief, wise or otherwise, is bold enough to disdain entirely the day's traditions which started the minute the first Japanese Adam and Eve appeared on Izumo's rocky shores. Traditions may stay put for all the year, but with the dawn of a fresh one they

sally forth to frolic in the highways and the alleys, indoors and out. They demand respectful attention from every being, and woe to him or her who tips the nose in scorn.

You may think a policeman immune. He isn't. I can prove it. A few nights ago as we were coming home, Katherine picked up from the dusty street a small coin. It was a find because it was silver. Possibly when I tell you that all the silver small change is completely and mysteriously melting from sight in this part of the world, you will understand why we were so fluttered over the discovery. Our excitement led us to the nearest police-box. We handed the precious bit to the one lone guardian of the law on watch. With it we were obliged to hand in our life histories and present address.

On New-Year's morning our first honorable visitor was the Keeper of the Coin! He brought all his dignity and his calling-card. I envied the calm leisure with which he removed his belt and his fierce little sword. Without a flicker he put his gloves into his hat, then treated us to half a volume of congratulations. He did it all as solemnly as if he were reading a list of our sins with penalties attached. When he thrust his hand in his pocket we began to wonder if an arrest warrant would follow. Instead he only produced the silver piece, saying it had not been called for. Would Kate use it as a good-luck piece? In a twinkling the whole amount of five cents went clinking into the charity-box. The visitor saw for himself it had started on its mission. The policeman smiled for the first time and I am sure for the millionth time the God of Luck grinned.

The latter gentleman must have been particularly pleased with us, too. He smiled on us all day. Presents began pouring in from every direction—baskets of oranges, boxes of persimmons, cake, rice, and blessed fowls of old Nippon! Dozens of eggs! No sooner had these gifts landed at the front door than out they went through the back entrance to

neighbors old and penniless, whose only hope for the next meal lay in Kate's caring for them as she would for a flock of helpless children. All the givers well knew what was done with their gifts. Knowing this, they heaped up the measure, not alone as tribute to the deity of the day, but from a kind and generous spirit all their own.

Kate was called to the kitchen. I trotted along close behind, determined not to miss a trick so that I might turn them all over to you.

This time the visitor was a young girl. Her face was as sad as her clothes were shabby. She came to talk about her sister. In the mean time she did not forget to offer congratulations for the day. The sister's husband was at sea. There was no money and little food in their house, but a brand-new baby.

They had been so happy when little Lotus Blossom came, but babies cost so much these days. It took five yen right away, and every time the doctor came it meant another yen. Now there were no more and the baby seemed to be withering up. Maybe it was cold. There weren't many padded garments to put around it and there was no fire. The sister was very ill, too. Before the baby came she had worked on a ship, loading freight. The girl thought it all wrong, but her sister wanted to earn a little extra money, though she had never done such work before.

The girl herself could not nurse the household and earn money at the same time. What should she do?

This is one of the times when Kate does all the doing. Twenty things at once, and each one worth while. Before that girl could finish with her bows her arms were filled with bundles of clothes and food and a small bag where all the household change went to join the policeman's silver coin.

Late that evening I saw Kate reading something from a very soiled piece of paper. I asked her what it was. She read it to me. It was from our visitor of the early morning.

"I soon return warm clothes and food and moneys. Many kind thankfults. Though my feet fly as like by wing, I too lately. Spirit of sister and baby flew away. They dead!"

Alas! some things never change.

It's your story all over again, Pat, straining to give and to do till bones and pocketbook threaten dislocation. Only the setting is different. Your dainty room, your own presence on the snowy bed, breathes tranquillity and peace. Out here, with the swarm of flags and kites flipping above, the thousands of paper balls bouncing below one feels as if he were whirling around in a rainbow, and a very gay one at that. Everybody is cheerful, everybody smiles, and if their happiness is play then all hail to the willing spirit and the grit to show it!

In our house every soul was commandeered to lend a helping hand in receiving visitors and portioning out the gifts. By late afternoon, so constantly had I gone the rounds, I was beginning to sympathize with the wheels of a Christmas delivery-wagon, when boom went a temple bell. All was changed. Work was done. Play began.

The sun tumbled behind the golden mountains, and as the world lay enthralled in the afterglow of pink and purple, I caught a glimpse, through my window, of the woman who made the picture on the screen my first night in this room. Now she made a picture of a different kind. She was in the garden, seated under a great pine. The lovely tints in her kimono lighted up the somberness of the old tree as much as did the sunset. But the sadness on her face belonged neither to the dress nor to the shining hour. I softly closed my screen, slid down our ladder-like stairs, and demanded Kitty to produce all the information she had on the picture lady next door.

"Yes, I know her," said my friend. "She's the unceremonial wife of a 'jingling-with-money' broker. The man was so pleased with his sudden riches—I don't know how he got them—he just

had to make himself a present. He picked her—without her leave, of course. Simply handed papa a bank roll and the thing was done.”

You should see the Lady Mish's eyes blaze when she mentions this subject.

“Think of a country which has grown upward by leaps and bounds retaining this abominable law that permits a man to keep extra households. Of course anybody who knows the Orient knows that Japan is far from being alone in her guilt, but—” Kate preached a ten-minute sermon with appropriate texts. I voted yes to everything she said, but I couldn't change the law and said as much, but I could hear the story and begged her to go on. Between times I got a little of it.

Sometimes the woman, Otani San by name, brought her little girl to kindergarten. She was very shy. But that didn't matter. There is a look in Friend Katherine's eyes that would coax a wild flower to confidences. Otani San began to talk. Before coming to “Yochin” with her small daughter she never dreamed of any life save her own kind. She had watched the plays of the children. Their Christmas songs sang into her heart something of which she had never dreamed. The stories told by the teachers opened the windows to another world, always closed to her by isolation. Her family was built on the old feudal plan. Of course they were poor. When her father commanded her to go to another house she went without question. She had never disobeyed. Now the surprise of father's life was racing toward him. It would catch the broker man, too. She was going to leave. Her little girl should have a chance which had never come to her. You know there are times when astonishment stills my tongue. To a decision so rare and so costly to the decider, I could only say, “Think of it.”

I was sorry I did. It switched the story. Kate said there was little use in thinking of it. Times were changing too fast; so were the Japanese girls. Only

last month the daughter of an old and noble house threw all the laws of rigid custom to the winds and eloped with the family chauffeur.

Now it was time for us to go and, would you believe it? I was left with that story hanging in mid-air, and me about consumed with thrills and interest. What of it? Wasn't the whole of Tokio bursting in a blaze of welcome to the first night of the year? And weren't the countless colored lights turning even the sordid spots of a great city into dream-land?

Before every door, rich or poor, swayed a flourishing bamboo-tree, its feathery branches all aflame with myriad strips of colored paper. Every tree on one side of the street bent gracefully to meet its neighbor on the other side. Beneath the enchanted bower walked countless holiday-makers who happily could forget for the moment they were but mortal.

You should see the big lobster as he hangs over many carved entrance gates. He is all tangled up in a wonderful bow-knot of straw rope. He is there to wish long life to every passer-by, and his paper sides are pink with blushes as he looks down on a printed slip swinging from the lower limbs of two fresh young pine-trees shaved to order and placed on each side of the gate. Harken to what that printed slip says, Pat! “Another milestone on the road to hades.” What a cheerful soul it must have been to have thought of it first. After all, it isn't as doleful as it sounds. It is only a reminder that if you are on the wrong path there's still time to turn and go the other way.

We were headed the right way and soon swung into the silver-light street called Ginza. On unfestival days the Ginza is the Fifth Avenue of Tokio, with ample space, semaphores, skyscrapers, and all the trimmings that go with them. How glad I was that night, that most things new and aggressive had the good sense to hide in the soft glow of numberless lanterns. Big ones and little ones,

rose ones and butterflies, rivaling in hue the gay clothes of the glad throng. And over all the magic touch of promise and hope which comes with the dawn of every New-Year.

Yes, I know you. It is the children you want to know about. They were there, thousands of them, rich and poor, but all sweet and fresh as the blossoms of plum-tree and cherry on the flower-man's stand. Many little brothers and sisters with littler brothers and sisters strapped to their backs, and so joyously light-hearted I found myself wishing they had never to grow up to find their Land of Enchantment filled with shadows of reality.

Happily, the shadows were afar off and the children danced from place to place like light-winged moths in a full-bloomed garden. Balls of silver bobbed in their black hair, pink and yellow balloons fluttered in their hands as they fled from one joy to another. Truly the gladness of the crowds of many colors, the keen delight in simple things, the cheerful pushing and jostling, always with smiles and more smiles, made a sight hard to be duplicated in the world.

It mattered neither to young or old that poverty and riches stared at each other with only the width of the pavement between. On one side gleamed the plate-glass windows filled with Oriental treasures. They were rare and costly as the boldest profiteer can make them. Crêpes of wonderful rainbow tints, cobwebby enough to catch the wisest fly, sashes so heavily woven with gold I am thinking the strongest back would have need of a crutch to support its weight. Doesn't it make you tired even to think of five yards of brocade heavy with tinsel, and all of a yard wide, wrapped around the middle, tied over a pillow in the back to give them the proper shape? No wonder that ladies of the smartest set receive their guests while sitting on the floor.

But it was the outer side of the pavement that gripped the emotion or imagination—anything which happened for

the moment to be on the lookout. It was fringed with the poor and the very poor, their meager wares spread out on squares of matting laid flat on the flagging, their owners eager and wistful, but thankful for the smallest sale. Kitty said these people came for this special night from all the out-of-the-way, nearly forgotten spots of Tokio. They brought all their own possessions and any they could borrow, with the hope that Good Luck would bring them a few extra pennies.

Don't you think it the act of a kindly government to make it possible for these poverty-stricken ones to have the same chance as the prosperous ones at the biggest time of the year? I do and did, but, shades of Shoguns! What stories those little pavement shops revealed! Tragedy and mirth as intermixed as bamboo fountain-pens and yellowed carvings of ivory.

I wondered what trick of fate sent those lacquer boxes with the crest of a proud and ancient dynasty embedded in gold to a sidewalk sale? Where was the deserted temple, once owner of the rich tapestries and priestly garments now tagged with a marked-down price? Was it a lover who penned the poem on the face of the dainty fan? But, goodness me! why shade the picture with melancholy musings? Let us laugh instead with a trader who turned his sense of humor into profit. Hear what I read from a board which topped a pile of bunnies tanned and ready to wear.

"Ladies' furs. Made from your skins or mine."

The sparkle in the owner's eyes made me suspicious. I asked, "You know?"

"Oh yes. I have lived in Chicago fifteen years."

Good English and the wit to use it. I might have learned much from this merry merchant, but a cry diverted me.

It was young and determined. I turned to see youthful Japan, at least a vigorous part of it, protesting against the innovation of a baby-buggy. Mamma San's back was good enough for him. I followed to see the end of the argu-

ment. Of course it ended in victory for son and a heartache and backache for mother. She evidently had spent her little all for the cheap go-cart which might help to ease the burden of carrying the boy. There was nothing for the bables he so insistently demanded.

The fund you gave me did glorious deeds that night. It helped to fill the despised cart with joy for the child and comfort for the mother, as it helped, later on, to fill many other little hearts with rapture.

It came near to furnishing a meal for a man and woman, ragged and very poor. Kate dug them out of a doorway and hustled them into a luxuriant restaurant. Soon there was a smile in every wrinkle of their poor old faces. They said they knew the God of Luck would not pass them by on that night—if they waited long enough. Kate and you were it. So was the proprietor. He declined to take a penny for the feast. So we bought warm neck-wrappings and hand-coverings instead. Between the dashes and dots this letter is freighted with some of the joy you gave.

Out in the street men, women, and children played battledore and shuttlecock. They seldom missed a stroke while they skilfully eluded street traffic. Motor-buses raced up and down. Long processions of luxurious automobiles with more luxurious womankind within went this way and that. Side by side sped jinrikishas conveying gorgeous geisha maids to the next engagement.

But not for a moment are you to think the tea-house ladies ever choose the lowly jinrikisha. Indeed, no! Rarely do they budge from their silken cushions these days unless assured a motor waits at the garden gate.

A band of street singers, picturesquely ragged, chanted a forty-fourth verse for me for half a penny. For ten cents a baby acrobat stood on his head and gaily tossed a ball from two small feet. My two good-sized ones were giving out. I said, "Home, Kate." Weary, but happy, we faced about, stopping only to cheer a beggar and help out an overwrought lady who was singing for her supper.

There were some joyous souls in the house across our garden. Hilarious encores for the singing girls and their tinkling samisens told the story. Otani San's room was dark. I can hardly hold my curiosity to know if she has fled, and what will happen when she does! On the street the moon played hide-and-seek with the shadows. Two lovery young things walked arm-in-arm and chanted an ancient love-song. Certainly it was against the rule. But, as I told you, times are swiftly changing. Love's young dream is heading the procession.

In the great world shuffle even the "passionless calm of the East" is being stamped with a different brand. Who can say how long the beauty of Nippon's gladsome New Year will remain untouched? Never mind! My pictures and yours will last as long as we do.

(To be continued)

THE MARRIAGE IN KAIRWAN

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

KAIRWAN the Holy lay asleep, pent in its thick walls. The moon had sunk at midnight, but the chill light seemed scarcely to have diminished; only the limewashed city had become a marble city, and all the towers turned fabulous in the fierce, dry needle rain of the stars that burn over the desert of mid-Tunisia.

In the street Bab Djedid the nailed boots of the watch passed from west to east. When their thin racket had turned out and died in the dust of the market, Habib ben Habib emerged from the shadow of a door arch and, putting a foot on the tiled ledge of Bou-Kedj's fry shop, swung up by cranny and gutter till he stood on the plain of the house-tops.

Now he looked about him, for on this dim tableland he walked with his life in his hands. He looked to the west, toward the gate, to the south, to the northeast through the ghostly wood of minarets. Then, perceiving nothing that stirred, he went on, moving without sound in the camel-skin slippers he had taken from his father's court.

In the uncertain light, but for those slippers and the long-tasseled *chechia* on his head, one would not have taken him for anything but a European and a stranger. And one would have been right, almost. In the city of his birth and rearing, and of the birth and rearing of his Arab fathers generations dead, Habib ben Habib bel-Kalfate looked upon himself in the rebellious, romantic light of a prisoner in exile—exile from the streets of Paris where, in his four years, he had tasted the strange delights of the Christian—exile from the university where he had dabbled with his

keen, light-ballasted mind in the learning of the conqueror.

Sometimes, in the month since he had come home, he had shaken himself and wondered aloud, "Where am I?" with the least little hint, perhaps, of melodrama. Sometimes, in the French café outside the walls, among the officers of the garrison, a bantering perversity drove him on to chant the old glories of Islam, the poets of Andalusia, and the bombastic histories of the saints; and in the midst of it, his face pink with the Frenchmen's wine and his own bitter, half-frightened mockery, he would break off suddenly, "*Voilà, messieurs!* you will see that I am the best of Mussulmans!" He would laugh then in a key so high and restless that the commandant, shaking his head, would murmur to the lieutenant beside him, "One day, Genet, we must be on the alert for a dagger in that quarter there, eh?"

And Genet, who knew almost as much of the character of the university Arab as the commandant himself, would nod his head.

When Habib had laughed for a moment he would grow silent. Presently he would go out into the ugly dark of the foreign quarter, followed very often by Raoul Genet. He had known Raoul most casually in Paris. Here in the Tunisian *bled*, when Raoul held out his hand to say good-night under the gate lamp at the Bab Djelladin, the troubled fellow clung to it. The smell of the African city, coming under the great brick arch, reached out and closed around him like a hand—a hand bigger than Raoul's.

"You are my brother; not they. I am not of these people, Raoul!"

But then he would go in, under the black arch and the black shade of the false-pepper trees. In the darkness he felt the trees, centuries old, and all the blank houses watching him. . . .

To-night, stealing across the sleeping roofs, he felt the starlit mosque towers watching him in secret, the pale, silent espionage of them who could wait. The hush of the desert troubled him. Youth troubled him. His lips were dry.

He had come to an arbor covered with a vine. Whose it was, on what householder's roof it was reared, he had never known. He entered.

"She is not here." He moistened his lips with his tongue.

He sat down on the stone divan to wait, watching toward the west through the doorway, across which hung a loop of vine, like a snake.

He saw her a long way off, approaching by swift darts and intervals of immobility, when her whiteness grew a part of the whiteness of the terrace. It was so he had seen her moving on that first night when, half tipsy with wine and strangeness, he had pursued, caught her, and uncovered her face.

To-night she uncovered it herself. She put back the hooded fold of her *haik*, showing him her face, her scarlet mouth, her wide eyes, long at the outer corners, her hair aflame with henna.

The hush of a thousand empty miles lay over the city. For an hour nothing lived but the universe, the bright dust in the sky. . . .

That hush was disrupted. The single long crash of a human throat! Rolling down over the plain of the housetops!

"*La illah il Allah, Mohammed rassoul 'lah! Allah Akbar!* God is great!"

One by one the dim towers took it up. The call to prayer rolled between the stars and the town. It searched the white runways. It penetrated the vine-bowered arbor. Little by little, tower by tower, it died. In a *fondouk* outside the gate a waking camel lifted a gargling wail. A jackal dog barked in the Oued

Zaroud two miles away. And again the silence of the desert came up over the city walls.

Under the vine Habib whispered: "No, I don't care anything about thy name. A name is such a little thing. I'll call thee 'Nedjma,' because we are under the stars."

"*Ai, Nedjmetek—'Thy Star'!*" The girl's lips moved drowsily. In the dark her eyes shone with a dull, steady luster, unblinking, unquestioning, always unquestioning.

That slumberous acquiescence, taken from all her Arab mothers, began to touch his nerves with the old uneasiness. He took her shoulders between his hands and shook her roughly, crying in a whisper:

"Why dost thou do nothing but repeat my words? Talk! Say things to me! Thou art like the rest; thou wouldst try to make me seem like these Arab men, who wish for nothing in a woman but the shadow of themselves. And I am not like that!"

"No, *sidi*, no."

"But talk! Tell me things, about thyself, thy life, thy world. Talk! In Paris, now, a man and a woman can talk together—yes—as if they were two friends met in a coffeehouse. And those women can talk! Ah! in Paris I have known women—"

The girl stirred now. Her eyes narrowed; the dark line of her lips thinned. At last something comprehensible had touched her mind.

"Thou hast known many women, then, *sidi*! Thou hast come here but to tell me that? Me, who am of little beauty in a man's eyes!"

Habib laughed under his breath. He shook her again. He kissed her and kissed her again on her red lips.

"Thou art jealous, then! But thou canst not comprehend. Canst thou comprehend this, that thou art more beautiful by many times than any other woman I have ever seen? Thou art a heaven of loveliness and I cannot live without thee. That is true. . . . Nedjma.

I am going to take thee for my wife, because I cannot live without thine eyes, thy lips, the fragrance of thy hair. . . . Yes, I am going to marry thee, my star. It is written! It is written!"

For the first time he could not see her eyes. She had turned them away. Once again something had come in contact with the smooth, heavy substance of her mind. He pulled at her.

"Say! Say, Nedjma! . . . It is written!"

"It is not written, *sidi*." The same ungroping acquiescence was in her whisper. "I have been promised, *sidi*, to another than thee."

Habib's arms let go; her weight sank away in the dark under the vine. The silence of the dead night crept in and lay between them.

"And in the night of thy marriage, then, thy husband—or thy father, if thou hast a father—will kill thee."

"*In-cha-'llah*. If it be the will of God."

Again the silence came and lay heavy between them. A minute and another minute went away. Habib's wrists were shaking. His breast began to heave. With a sudden roughness he took her back, to devour her lips and eyes and hair with the violence of his kisses.

"No, no! I'll not have it! No! Thou art too beautiful for any other man than I even to look upon! No, no, no!"

Habib ben Habib walked out of the gate Djelladin. The day had come; the dawn made a crimson flame in the false-pepper trees. The life of the gate was already at full tide of sound and color, braying, gargling, quarreling—nomads wading in their flocks, Djlass countrymen, Singalese soldiers, Jewish pack-peddlers, Bedouin women bent double under their stacks of desert fire-grass, streaming inward, dust white, dust yellow, and all red in the dawn under the red wall.

The flood ran against him. It tried to suck him back into the maw of the city. He fought against it with his shoulders and his knees. He tried not to run. It

sucked him back. A wandering *Aissaoua* plucked at his sleeve and held under his nose a desert viper that gave off metallic rose glints in its slow, pained constrictions.

"To the glory of Sidna Aissa, master, two sous."

He kept tugging at Habib's sleeve, holding him back, sucking him back with his twisting reptile into the city of the faithful.

"In the name of Jesus, master, two copper sous!"

Habib's nerves snapped. He struck off the holy mendicant with his fist. "That the devil grill thee!" he chattered. He ran. He bumped into beasts. He bumped into a blue tunic. He halted, blinked, and passed a hand over his hot-lidded eyes. He stammered:

"My friend! I have been looking for you! *Hamdou lillah! El hamdou 'llah!*"

Raoul Genet, studying the flushed, bright-eyed, unsteady youth, put up a hand to cover a little smile, half ironic, half pitying.

"So, Habib ben Habib, you revert! Camel drivers' talk in your mouth and camel's-hide slippers on your feet. Already you revert! Eh?"

"No, that is not the truth. But I am in need of a friend."

"You look like a ghost, Habib." The faint smile still twisted Raoul's lips. "Or a drunken angel. You have not slept."

"That's of no importance. I tell you I am in need—"

"You've not had coffee, Habib. When you've had coffee—"

"Coffee! My God! Raoul, that you go on talking of coffee when life and death are in the balance! For I can't live without— Listen, now! Strictly! I have need to-night—to-morrow night—one night when it is dark—I have need of the garrison car."

The other made a blowing sound. "I'm the commandant, am I, overnight? *Zut!* The garrison car!"

Habib took hold of his arm and held it tight. "If not the car, two horses, then. And I call you my friend."

"Two horses! Ah! So! I begin to perceive. Youth! Youth!"

"Don't jibe, Raoul! I have need of two horses—two horses that are fast and strong."

"Are the horses in thy father's stable, then, of no swiftness and of no strength?"

It was said in the *patois*, the bastard Arabic of the Tunisian *bled*. A shadow had fallen across them; the voice came from above. From the height of his crimson saddle Si Habib bel-Kalfate awaited the answer of his son. His brown, unlined, black-bearded face, shadowed in the hood of his creamy burnoose, remained serene, benign, urbanely attendant. But if an Arab knows when to wait, he knows also when not to wait. And now it was as if nothing had been said before.

"Greeting, my son. I have been seeking thee. Thy couch was not slept upon last night."

Habib's face was sullen to stupidity. "Last night, sire, I slept at the *caserne*, at the invitation of my friend, Lieutenant Genet, whom you see beside me."

The Arab, turning in his saddle, appeared to notice the Christian for the first time. His lids drooped; his head inclined an inch.

"Greeting to thee, oh master!"

"To thee, greeting!"

"Thou art in well-being?"

"There is no ill. And thou?"

"There is no ill. That the praise be to God, and the prayer!"

Bel-Kalfate cleared his throat and lifted the reins from the neck of his mare.

"Rest in well-being!" he pronounced.

Raoul shrugged his shoulders a little and murmured: "May God multiply thy days! . . . And yours, too," he added to Habib in French. He bowed and took his leave.

Bel-Kalfate watched him away through the thinning crowd, sitting his saddle stolidly, in an attitude of rumination. When the blue cap had vanished behind the blazing corner of the wool dyers, he threw the reins to his Suda-

nese stirrup boy and got down to the ground. He took his son's hand. So, palm in palm, at a grave pace, they walked back under the arch into the city. The market-going stream was nearly done. The tide, against which at its flood Habib had fought and won ground, carried him down again with its last shallow wash—so easily!

His nerves had gone slack. He walked in a heavy white dream. The city drew him deeper into its murmurous heart. The walls pressed closer and hid him away. The *souks* swallowed him under their shadowy arcades. The breath of the bazaar, fetor of offal, stench of raw leather, and all the creeping perfumes of Barbary, attar of roses, chypre and amber and musk, clogged his senses like the drug of some abominable seduction. He was weary, weary, weary. And in a strange, troubling way he was at rest.

"*Mektoub!* It is written! It is written in the book of the destiny of man!"

With a kind of hypnotic fascination, out of the corners of his eyes, he took stock of the face beside him, the face of the strange being that was his father—the broad, moist, unmarked brow; the large eyes, heavy-lidded, serene; the full-fleshed cheeks, from which the beard sprang soft and rank, and against which a hyacinth, pendent over the ear, showed with a startling purity of pallor; and the mobile, deep-colored, humid lips—the lips of the voluptuary, the eyes of the dreamer, the brow of the man of never-troubled faith.

"Am I like that?" And then, "What can that one be to me?"

As if in answer, bel-Kalfate's gaze came to his son.

"I love thee," he said, and he kissed Habib's temple with his lips. "Thou art my son," he went on, "and my eyes were thirsty to drink of the sight of thee. It is *el jammaa*.¹ It is time we should go to the prayer. We shall go with Hadji Daoud to-day, for afterward, there at the mosque, I have rendezvous with his friends, in the matter of the dowry. It

¹Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath.

is the day, thou rememberest, that he appointed."

Habib wanted to stop. He wanted to think. He wanted time. But the serene, warm pressure of his father's hand carried him on.

Stammering words fell from his mouth.

"My mother — I remember — my mother, it is true, said something—but I did not altogether comprehend—and—Oh! my sire—"

"Thou shalt be content. Thou art a man now. The days of thy learning are accomplished. Thou hast suffered exile; now is thy reward prepared. And the daughter of the notary, thy betrothed, is as lovely as a palm tree in the morning and as mild as sweet milk, beauteous as a pearl, Habib, a milk-white pearl. See!"

Drawing from his burnoose a sack of Moroccan lambskin, he opened it and lifted out a pearl. His fingers, even at rest, seemed to caress it. They slid back among the treasure in the sack, the bargaining price for the first wife of the only son of a man blessed by God. And now they brought forth also a red stone, cut in the fashion of Tunis.

"A milk-white sea pearl, look thou; to wed in a jewel with the blood-red ruby that is the son of my breast. Ah, Habib, my Habib, but thou shalt be content!"

They stood in the sunlight before the green door of a mosque. As the hand of the city had reached out for Habib through the city gate, so now the prayer, throbbing like a tide across the pillared mystery of the court, reached out through the doorway in the blaze. . . . And he heard his own voice, strange in his mouth, shallow as a bleat:

"Why, then, sire — why, oh! why, then, hast thou allowed me to make of those others the friends of my spirit, the companions of my mind?"

"They are neither companions nor friends of thine, for God is God!"

"And why hast thou sent me to learn the teaching of the French?"

"When thou settest thy horse against an enemy it is well to have two lances

to thy hand—thine own and his. . . . And it is written, Habib, son of Habib, that thou shalt be content. . . . Put off thy shoes now and come. It is time we were at prayer."

Summer died. Autumn grew. With the approach of winter an obscure nervousness spread over the land. In the dust of its eight months' drought, from one day to another, from one glass-dry night to another, the desert waited for the coming of the rains. The earth cracked. A cloud sailing lone and high from the coast of Sousse passed under the moon and everywhere men stirred in their sleep, woke, looked out—from their tents on the cactus steppes, from *fondouks* on the camel tracks of the west, from marble courts of Kairwan. . . . The cloud passed on and vanished in the sky. On the plain the earth cracks crept and ramified. Gaunt beasts tugged at their heel ropes and would not be still. The jackals came closer to the tents. The city slept again, but in its sleep it seemed to mutter and twitch. . . .

In the serpent-spotted light under the vine on the housetop Habib muttered, too, and twitched a little. It was as if the arid months had got in under his skin and peeled off the coverings of his nerves. The girl's eyes widened with a gradual, phlegmatic wonder of pain under the pinch of his blue fingers on her arms. His face was the color of the moon.

"Am I a child of three years, that my father should lead me here or lead me there by the hand? Am I that?"

"Nay, *sidi*, nay."

"Am I a sheep between two wells, that the herder's stick should tell me, 'Here, and not there, thou shalt drink'? Am I a sheep?"

"Thou art neither child nor sheep, *sidi*, but a lion!"

"Yes, a lion!" A sudden thin exaltation shook him like a fever chill. "I am more than a lion, Nedjma, I am a man—just as the *Roumi*¹ are men—men who decide—men who undertake

¹Romans—i.e., Christians

—agitate—accomplish . . . and now, for the last time, I have decided. A fate has given thy loveliness to me, and no man shall take it away from me to enjoy. I will take it away from them instead! From all the men of this Africa, conquered by the French. Hark! I will come and take thee away in the night, to the land beyond the sea, where thou mayest be always near me, and neither God nor man say yes or no!”

“And there, *sidi*, beyond the sea, I may talk unveiled with other men? As thou hast told me, in France—”

“Yes, yes, as I have told thee, there thou mayest—thou—”

He broke off, lost in thought, staring down at the dim oval of her face. Again he twitched a little. Again his fingers tightened on her arms. He twisted her around with a kind of violence of confrontation.

“But wouldst thou rather talk with other men than with me? Dost thou no longer love me, then?”

“*Ai*, master, I love thee. I wish to see no other man than thee.”

“Ah, my star, I know!” He drew her close and covered her face with his kisses.

And in her ear he whispered: “And when I come for thee in the night, thou wilt go with me? Say!”

“I will go, *sidi*. *In-cha-’llah!* If God will!”

At that he shook her again, even more roughly than before.

“Don’t say that! Not, ‘If God will!’ Say to me, ‘If *thou* wilt!’”

“*Ai— Ai—*”

There was a silence.

“But let it be quickly,” he heard her whispering, after a while. Under his hand he felt a slow shiver moving over her arms. “*Nekaf!*” she breathed, so low that he could hardly hear. “I am afraid.”

It was another night when the air was electric and men stirred in their sleep. Lieutenant Genet turned over in bed and stared at the moonlight streaming in through the window from the court

of the *caserne*. In the moonlight stood Habib.

“What do you want?” Genet demanded, gruff with sleep.

“I came to *you* because you are my friend.”

The other rubbed his eyes and peered through the window to mark the Sudanese sentry standing awake beside his box at the gate.

“How did you get in?”

“I got in as I shall get out, not only from here, but from Kairwan, from Africa—because I am a man of decision.”

“You are also, Habib, a skeleton. The moon shows through you. What have you been doing these weeks, these months, that you should be so shivery and so thin? Is it Old Africa gnawing at your bones? Or are you, perhaps, in love?”

“I am in love. Yes. . . . *Ai, ai*, Raoul *habiby*, if but thou couldst see her—the lotus bloom opening at dawn—the palm tree in a land of streams—”

“Talk French!” Genet got his legs over the side of the bed and sat up. He passed a hand through his hair. “You are in love, then . . . and again I tell you, for perhaps the twentieth time, Habib, that between a man and a woman in Islam there is no such thing as love.”

“But I am not in Islam. I am not in anything! And if you could but see her—”

“Lust!”

“What do you mean by ‘lust’?”

“Lust is the thing you find where you don’t find trust. Lust is a priceless perfume that a man has in a crystal vial, and he is the miser of its fragrance. He closes the windows when he takes the stopper out of that bottle to drink its breath, and he puts the stopper back quickly again, so that it will not evaporate—not too soon.”

“But that, Raoul, is love! All men know that for love. The priceless perfume in a crystal beyond price.”

“Yes, love, too, is the perfume in the vial. But the man who has that vial

opens the windows and throws the stopper away, and all the air is sweet, forever. The perfume evaporates, forever. And this, Habib, is the miracle. The vial is never any emptier than when it began."

"Yes, yes—I know—perhaps—but to-night I have no time—"

The moon *did* shine through him. He was but a rag blown in the dark wind. He had been torn to pieces too long.

"I have no time!" he repeated, with a feverish force. "Listen, Raoul, my dear friend. To-day the price was paid in the presence of the *cadi*, Ben Iskhar. Three days from now they lead me to marriage with the daughter of the notary. What, to me, is the daughter of the notary? They lead me like a sheep to kill at a tomb. . . . Raoul, for the sake of our friendship, give me hold of your hand. To-morrow night—the car! Or, if you say you haven't the disposal of the car, bring me horses." And again the shaking of his nerves got the better of him; again he tumbled back into the country tongue. "For the sake of God, bring me two horses! By Sidna Aissa! by the Three Hairs from the Head of the Prophet I swear it! My first-born shall be named for thee, Raoul. Only bring thou horses! Raoul! Raoul!"

It was the whine of the beggar of Barbary. Genet lay back, his hands behind his head, staring into the shadows under the ceiling.

"Better the car. I'll manage it with some lies. To-morrow night at moonset I'll have the car outside the gate Djedid." After a moment he added, under his breath, "But I know your kind too well, Habib ben Habib, and I know that you will not be there."

Habib was not there. From moonset till half past three, well over two hours, Genet waited, sitting on the stone in the shadow of the gate or prowling the little square inside. He smoked twenty cigarettes. He yawned three times twenty times. At last he went out, got into the car and drove away.

As the throb of the engine grew faint a figure in European clothes and a long-tasseled *chechia* crept out from the dark of a door arch along the street. It advanced toward the gate. It started back at a sound. It rallied again, a figure bedeviled by vacillation. It came as far as the well in the center of the little square.

On the horizon toward the coast of Sousse rested a low black wall of cloud. Lightning came out of it from time to time and ran up the sky, soundless, glimmering. . . . The cry of the morning muezzin rolled down over the town. The lightning showed the figure sprawled face down on the cool stone of the coping of the well. . . .

The court of the house of bel-Kalfate swam in the glow of candles. A striped awning shut out the night sky, heavy with clouds, and the women, crowding for stolen peeps on the flat roof. A confusion of voices, raillery, laughter, eddied around the arcaded walls, and thin music bound it together with a monotonous count of notes.

Through the doorway from the marble *entresol* where he stood, Habib could see his father, cross-legged on a dais, with the notary. They sat hand in hand like big children, conversing gravely. With them was the *caid* of Kairwan, the *cadi*, ben Iskhar, and a dark-skinned cousin from the oases of the Djerid in the south. Their garments shone; there was perfume in their beards. On a rostrum beyond and above the crowded heads the musicians swayed at their work—*tabouka* players with strong, nervous thumbs; an oily, gross lutist; an organist, watching everything with the lizard eyes of the hashish taker. Among them, behind a taborette piled with bait of food and drink, the Jewish dancing woman from Algiers lolled in her cushions, a drift of white disdain. . . .

He saw it all through a kind of mist. It was as if time had halted, and he was still at the steaming *hammam* of the afternoon, his spirit and his flesh un-

done, and all about him in the perfumed vapor of the bath the white bodies of his boyhood comrades glimmering luminous and opalescent.

His flesh was still asleep, and so was his soul. The hand of his father city had come closer about him, and for a moment it seemed that he was too weary, or too lazy, to push it away. For a little while he drifted with the warm and perfumed cloud of the hours.

Hands turned him around. It was Houseen Abdelkader, the *caid's* son, the comrade of long ago—Houseen in silk of wine and silver, hyacinths pendent on his cheeks, a light of festival in his eyes.

"*Es-salam alekoun, ya Habib habiby!*" It was the salutation in the plural—to Habib, and to the angels that walk, one at either shoulder of every son of God. And as he spoke he threw a new white burnoose over Habib's head, so that it hung down straight and covered him like a bridal veil.

"*Alekoun selam, ya Seenou!*" It was the name of boyhood, Seenou, the diminutive, that fell from Habib's lips. And he could not call it back.

"Come thou now." He felt the gentle push of Houseen's hands. He found himself moving toward the door that stood open into the street. The light of an outer conflagration was in his eyes. The thin music of lute and *tabouka* in the court behind him grew thinner; the boom of drums and voices in the street grew big. He had crossed the threshold. A hundred candles, carried in horizontal banks on laths by little boys, came around him on three sides, like footlights. And beyond the glare, in the flaming mist, he saw the street Dar-el-Bey massed with men. All their faces were toward him, hot yellow spots in which the black spots of their mouths gaped and vanished.

"That the marriage of Habib be blessed! Blessed be the marriage of Habib!"

The riot of sound began to take form. It began to emerge in a measure, a boom-boom-boom of tambours and big

goatskin drums. A bamboo fife struck into a high, quavering note. The singing club of Sidibou-Saïd joined voice.

The footlights were moving forward toward the street of the market. Habib moved with them a few slow paces, without effort or will. And again they had all stopped. It could not be more than two hundred yards to the house of the notary and his waiting bride, but by the ancient tradition of Kairwan an hour must be consumed on the way.

An hour! An eternity! Panic came over Habib. He turned his hooded eyes for some path of escape. To the right, Houseen! To the left, close at his shoulder, Mohammed Sherif—Mohammed the laughing and the well-beloved—Mohammed, with whom in the long, white days he used to chase lizards by the pool of the Aglabides . . . in the long, white, happy days, while beyond the veil of palms the swaying camel palanquins of women, like huge, bright blooms, went northward up the Tunis road. . . .

What made him think of that?

"*Boom - boom - boom - boom!*" And around the drums beyond the candles he heard them singing:

*On the day of the going away of my Love,
When the litters, carrying the women of the
tribe,*

*Traversed the valley of Dad, like a sea, mirage,
They were like ships, great ships, the work of
the children of Adoul,*

Or like the boats of Yamen's sons. . . .

"*Boom - boom!*" The monotonous pulse, the slow minor slide of sixteenth tones, the stark rests—he felt the hypnotic pulse of the old music tampering with the pulse of his blood. It gave him a queer creeping fright. He shut his eyes, as if that would keep it out. And in the glow of his lids he saw the tents on the naked desert; he saw the forms of veiled women; he saw the horses of warriors coming like a breaker over the sand—the horses of the warriors of God!

He pulled the burnoose over his lids to make them dark. And even in the

dark he could see. He saw two eyes gazing at his, untroubled, untroubling, out of the desert night. And they were the eyes of any woman—the eyes of his bride, of his sister, his mother, the eyes of his mothers a thousand years dead.

"Master!" they said.

They were pushing him forward by the elbows, Mohammed and Houseen. He opened his eyes. The crowd swam before him through the yellow glow. Something had made an odd breach in his soul, and through the breach came memories.

Memories! There at his left was the smoky shelf of blind Moulay's café—black-faced, white-eyed old Moulay. Moulay was dead now, many years, but the men still sat in the same attitudes, holding the same cups, smoking the same *chibouk* with the same gulping of bubbles as in the happy days. And there between the café and the *souk* gate was the same whitewashed niche where three lads used to sit with their feet tucked under their little *kashabias*, their *chechias* awry on their shaven polls, and their lips pursed to spit after the leather legs of the infidel conquerors passing by. The *Roumi*, the French blasphemers, the defilers of the mosque! Spit on the dogs! Spit!

Behind his reverie the drums boomed, the voices chanted. The lament of drums and voices beat at the back of his brain—while he remembered the three lads sitting in the niche, waiting from one white day to another for the coming of Moulay Saa, the Messiah; watching for the Holy War to begin.

"And I shall ride in the front rank of the horsemen, please God!"

"And I, I shall ride at Moulay Saa's right hand, please God, and I shall cut the necks of *Roumi* with my sword, like barley straw!"

Habib advanced in the spotlight of the candles. Under the burnoose his face, half shadowed, looked green and white, as if he were sick to his death. Or, perhaps, as if he were being born again.

The minutes passed, and they were hours. The music went on, interminable,

"*Boom-boom-boom-boom—*" But now Habib himself was the instrument, and now the old song of his race played its will on him.

Pinkness began to creep over the green-white cheeks. The cadence of the chanting had changed. It grew ardent, melting, voluptuous.

*. . . And conquests I have made among the
fair ones, perfume inundated,
Beauties ravishing, that sway in an air of
musk and saffron,
Bearing still on their white necks the traces of
kisses. . . .*

It hung under the pepper trees, drunk with the beauty of flesh, fainting with passion. Above the trees mute lightning played in the cloud. Habib ben Habib was born again. Again, after exile, he came back into the heritage. He saw the heaven of the men of his race. He saw Paradise in a walking dream. He saw women forever young and forever lovely in a land of streams, women forever changing, forever virgin, forever new; strangers intimate and tender. The angels of a creed of love—or of lust!

"Lust is the thing you find where you don't find trust."

A thin echo of the Frenchman's diatribe flickered through his memory, and he smiled. He smiled because his eyes were open now. He seemed to see this Christian fellow sitting on his bed, barefooted, rumple-haired, talking dogmatically of perfumes and vials and stoppers thrown away, talking of faith in women. And that was the jest. For he seemed to see the women, over there in Paris, that the brothers of that naïve fellow trusted—trusted alone with a handsome young university student from Tunisia. Ha-ha-ha! Now he remembered. He wanted to laugh out loud at a race of men that could be as simple as that. He wanted to laugh at the bursting of the iridescent bubble of faith in the virtue of beautiful women. The Arab knew!

A color of health was on his face; his step had grown confident. Of a sudden, and very quietly, all the mixed past was

blotted out. He heard only the chanting voices and the beating drums.

Once I came into the tent of a young beauty on a day of rain. . . .

Beauty blinding. . . . Charms that ravished and made drunkards of the eyes. . . .

His blood ran with the song, pulse and pulse. The mute lightning came down through the trees and bathed his soul. And, shivering a little, he let his thoughts go for the first time to the strange and virgin creature that awaited his coming there, somewhere, behind some blind house wall, so near.

"Thou hast suffered exile. Now is thy reward prepared."

What a fool! What a fool he had been!

He wanted to run now. The lassitude of months was gone from his limbs. He wanted to fling aside that clogging crowd, run, leap, arrive. How long was this hour? Where was he? He tried to see the housetops to know, but the glow was in his eyes. He felt the hands of his comrades on his arms.

But now there was another sound in the air. His ears, strained to the alert, caught it above the drums and voices—a thin, high ululation. It came from behind high walls and hung among the leaves of the trees, a phantom yodeling, the welcoming "*you-you-you-you*" of the women of Islam.

Before him he saw that the crowd had vanished. Even the candles went away. There was a door, and the door was open.

He entered, and no one followed. He penetrated alone into an empty house of silence, and all around him the emptiness moved and the silence rustled.

He traversed a court and came into a chamber where there was a light. He saw a negress, a Sudanese duenna, crouching in a corner and staring at him with white eyes. He turned toward the other side of the room.

She sat on a high divan, like a throne, her hands palms together, her legs crossed. In the completeness of her immobility she might have been a doll, or a corpse. After the strict fashion of

brides, her eyebrows were painted in thick black arches, her lips drawn in scarlet, her cheeks splashed with rose. Her face was a mask and jewels in a crust hid the flame of her hair. Under the stiff kohl of their lids her eyes turned neither to the left nor to the right. She seemed not to breathe. It is a dishonor for a maid to look or to breathe in the moment when her naked face suffers for the first time the gaze of the lord whom she has never seen.

A minute passed away.

"This is the thing that is mine!" A blinding exultation ran through his brain and flesh. "Better this than the 'trust' of fools and infidels! No question here of 'faith.' *Here I know!* I know that this thing that is mine has not been bandied about by the eyes of all the men in the world. I know that this perfume has never been breathed by the passers in the street. I know that it has been treasured from the beginning in a secret place—against this moment—for me. This bud has come to its opening in a hidden garden; no man has ever looked upon it; no man will ever look upon it. None but I."

He roused himself. He moved nearer, consumed with the craving and exquisite curiosity of the new. He stood before the dais and gazed into the unwavering eyes. As he gazed, as his sight forgot the grotesque doll painting of the face around those eyes, something queer began to come over him. A confusion. Something bothering. A kind of fright.

"Thou!" he breathed.

Her icy stillness endured. Not once did her dilated pupils waver from the straight line. Not once did her bosom lift with breath.

"*Thou!* It is *thou*, then, O runner on the housetops by night!"

The fright of his soul grew deeper, and suddenly it went out. And in its place there came a black calm.

The eyes before him remained transfixed in the space beyond his shoulder. But by and by the painted lips stirred once.

"*Nekaf!* . . . I am afraid!"

Habib turned away and went out of the house.

In the house of bel-Kalfate the Jewess danced, still, even in voluptuous motion, a white drift of disdain. The music eddied under the rayed awning. Raillery and laughter were magnified. More than a little *bokha*, the forbidden liquor distilled of figs, had been consumed in secret. Eyes gleamed; lips hung. . . . Alone in the thronged court, on the dais, the host and the notary, the *caid*, the *cadi* and the cousin from the south continued to converse in measured tones, holding their coffee cups in their palms.

"It comes to me, on thought," pronounced bel-Kalafe, inclining his head toward the notary with an air of courtly deprecation—"it comes to me that thou hast been defrauded. For what is a trifle of ten thousand *douros* of silver as against the rarest jewel (I am certain, *sidi*) that has ever crowned the sex which thou mayest perhaps forgive me for mentioning?"

And in the same tone, with the same gesture, Hadji Daoud replied: "Nay, master and friend, by the Beard of the Prophet, but I should repay thee the half. For that is a treasure for a sultan's daughter, and this *fillette* of mine (forgive me) is of no great beauty or worth—"

"In saying that, Sidi Hadji, thou sayest a thing which is at odds with half the truth."

They were startled at the voice of Habib coming from behind their backs.

"For thy daughter, Sidi Hadji, thy Zina, is surely as lovely as the full moon sinking in the west in the hour before the dawn."

The words were fair. But bel-Kalfate was looking at his son's face.

"Where are thy comrades?" he asked, in a low voice. "How hast thou come?" Then, with a hint of haste: "The dance is admirable. It would be well that we should remain quiet, Habib, my son."

But the notary continued to face the young man. He set his cup down and

clasped his hands about his knee. The knuckles were a little white.

"May I beg thee, Habib ben Habib, that thou shouldst speak the thing which is in thy mind?"

"There is only this, *sidi*; a little thing: When thou hast another bird to vend in the market of hearts, it would perhaps be well to examine with care the cage in which thou hast kept that bird.

"Thy daughter," he added, after a moment of silence—"thy daughter, Sidi Hadji, is with child."

That was all that was said. Hadji Daoud lifted his cup and drained it, sucking politely at the dregs. The *cadi* coughed. The *caid* raised his eyes to the awning and appeared to listen. Then he observed, "To-night, *in-cha'llah*, it will rain." The notary pulled his burnoose over his shoulders, groped down with his toes for his slippers, and got to his feet.

"Rest in well-being!" he said. Then, without haste, he went out.

Habib followed him tardily as far as the outer door. In the darkness of the empty street he saw the loom of the man's figure moving off toward his own house, still without any haste.

"And in the night of thy marriage thy husband, or thy father, if thou hast a father—"

Habib did not finish with the memory. He turned and walked a few steps along the street. He could still hear the music and the clank of the Jewess's silver in his father's court. . . .

"*In-cha'llah!*" she had said, that night.

And, after all, it *had* been the will of God. . . .

A miracle had happened. All the dry pain had gone out of the air. Just now the months of waiting for the winter rains were done. All about him the big, cool drops were spattering on the invisible stones. The rain bathed his face. His soul was washed with the waters of the merciful God of Arab men.

For, after all, from the beginning, it had been written. All written!

"*Mektoub!*"

THE OLDEST CASE ON THE CALENDAR

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ABOUT this time of year, when we close the doors and turn on the radiator, it is possible to approach closer to our real selves than in summer. This is true the more particularly after a season of torrid ferocity like the summer of 1921. Even at its happiest, summer, with its wide vistas, offers too many distractions; it is far too easy to watch the world go by without really seeing it. Four walls, on the other hand, compel concentration. Questions which in mid-summer we view languidly or in a spirit of irritation induced by the heat, may be contemplated with philosophic calm when the north wind rides hard and fast and cheerily rattles the shutter. But be not deceived. I have no intention of adding to the pyramid of literature bearing upon the respective merits of Winter and Summer. By these commonplaces I am merely negotiating a cautious approach to graver matters, hoping to establish myself with the reader on terms of our common humanity.

Having heard during the summer much discussion of the changing order, most of it depressingly pessimistic, I am disposed to take advantage of a quiet evening at home to ponder these things yet again. The case of Age *versus* Youth is one of the oldest on the calendar of the Court of Time; it is perennially *lis pendens*, never attaining the dignity of *res judicata*. Nor will it ever be disposed of and final judgment rendered until Time itself shall cease to be; but it adds to the joy of existence for successive generations to dally with the case, bring it to an issue with a fine flourish of sincerity, only to find that the plaintiff's witnesses have passed beyond reach of the sheriff's writ, whereupon the original defendant,

having grown old, institutes a proceeding *de novo* against a new crop of Youth.

Time, sitting placidly upon the bench, must be highly entertained and not a little amused that a case which manifestly never can reach a final decree should reappear upon the records as each new generation begins to assert itself. What really is the gravamen of the ancient complaint? Is the oft-renewed indictment meritorious, and is it supported by competent evidence? Frankly, my sympathies are wholly with Youth, the mystified yet smiling defendant; and, as the plaintiffs are so prone to default or show themselves absurdly unreasonable and violent when they dash in to amend the ancient complaint or to ask postponement of the hearing, I am disposed to change the monotonous routine by invoking an extraordinary process to compel the complainants to appear at the bar forthwith and unfold themselves as to the exact nature of the relief they demand.

Just what is it that those who are so filled with forebodings as to the present and immediately succeeding generations would like restored of what has passed or is passing? A demand for a concrete and definite expression from those who profess to believe that yesterday was a time of nobler aspirations and achievements than to-day would at least lay the burden of proof upon the complainant.

The vanity of age is a curious thing. As we approach fifty most of us who have survived plagues, pestilence, and famine, wars, panics, and the other perils that flesh is heir to, begin to hark back to the good old times when everything was different. Because things were different we foster the delusion that everything was

better. We expect youngsters to listen with rapt attention to our reminiscences. I confess that I myself find it necessary to fight constantly a tendency to corner some helpless youngster and describe to him the old state house, or the union station as it used to be in the good old times before the tracks were elevated and the mortality list lowered. Or, in a mood of condescension, I speak of that glorious year when our town figured in the schedules of the National League. Baseball, I intimate, reached perihelion in that year of wonder. When I speak of Kelly and Clarkson and other giants of those days and their visits to our capital, or recall Jack Glasscock as the most efficient and captivating short stop the diamond has ever known, he merely smiles sadly; and if you continue he may be driven to ask you what you think of Babe Ruth and some other luminaries of the degenerate present. There have been great men since Agamemnon, and we needn't imagine that the youth of to-day are not aware of the fact. Sufficient unto the day are the heroes thereof.

Youth should be protected by law from the reminiscence of its elders. Pleasant as it is for me to recall that where factories now grace the river bank I, with my young comrades, once fashioned a boat out of a sycamore log with which to seek the gulf and the enchanted isles, there is, after all, no particular reason why I should bore the new generation with such recollections. The fact that the argosy stranded on a sandbar within an hour after it was launched and was abandoned makes against the success of such a narrative with present-day youth. The incident is one of failure, and in these clanging times it is a grave blunder for any parent, guardian, or elderly neighbor to confess failure to the luckless child who is snared in the meshes of such reminiscences. I seem to recall that similar scraps of autobiography related by my father and grandfather struck me as rather foolish. The joke of going 'coon hunting and not getting the 'coon may tickle the man who remembers

the joy of the hunt, but the humor of it is lost on the boy who is disappointed that the quarry escaped. Such revelations are dangerous; a man must, if possible, be a hero to his children. Again, it is too much to expect that young people will be thrilled by accounts of their elders' hardships in fighting through snowdrifts breast high to reach the little red schoolhouse—an institution too remote for visualization by children who know that nowadays country scholars are borne at the public expense in motor busses to substantial brick buildings filled with all the modern apparatus of education. But I must have a care! Of course there never was any such efficient teaching as that provided at the little red, or the old log, schoolhouse where nothing was taught but the three R's, and corporal punishment was a feature of the day's routine. Children learned something in those glorious days or if they didn't they got a licking! The purpose of such reminiscences is to arouse youth to a realization and appreciation of its blessings. But, aside from teaching youth to be humble, which is always salutary, is there really much use in keeping alive the superstition that the educational methods of pioneer times were superior to those of to-day? It would be difficult to find support for a movement to restore those little red, or old log, schoolhouses to the landscape. There may be, here and there, some grizzled veteran whose thoughts turn backward bitterly to neglected opportunities or to an early happiness not sustained with the years, who would like to punish the new generation for his failures as a member of the old; but this, fortunately, is impossible. We may think fondly of the old spring, but we seek the spot to find that change has been busy there, too; it is either obliterated or yields only brackish water.

It does not follow inevitably that, because I was required to chop kindling on Saturday morning, carry in the coal and carry out the ashes, the same service should be imposed on my boy when he

knows that there is a man on the place who is paid to do such jobs. It is my business to devise other ways, in keeping with the changed order of things, to instill in him ideals of obedience and service. Invoking the spirit of early delights—and detestations—I remember that another of my functions as a boy was the care of a horse. I took considerable pride in the placid animal which, on Sunday afternoons, hauled the family caravan to the cemetery—in those days the only park the town afforded—or to gather wild flowers or autumn leaves. The memory of those excursions does not thrill me. I certainly should rebel at being obliged to repeat them. The weekly reminder of man's mortality was depressing, and I was always skeptical as to the decorative value of the native flora when translated to the center table or of boughs of dying leaves, feloniously acquired, and boldly borne home to be hung over the mantel behind the base-burner in the sitting room.

The boy who can take an automobile to pieces, repair it and put it together, can hardly be expected to express rapturous admiration when I tell him of my experiences as a hostler. My labors with the currycomb and brush and the cleaning of the stable do not establish me in his mind as a Herculean figure. To him the horse is all but negligible, a ridiculous beast bound for the museum of natural history and already confused in the young mind with the mastodon and the dinotherium. If pressed, I should be obliged to admit that an automobile is a far more delightful medium of transportation than the horse. Remembering the white glare of the tombstones in the cemetery and their doleful hint, not to say threat, of my own ultimate passing, I am not base enough to try to convince an intelligent wide-awake member of the rising generation that I would turn time backward if I could. The horse was once looked upon as an instrumentality of evil in making possible the escape of youth from the paternal eye. Not so long ago every farm boy commanded a colt

and buggy with which to sally forth with his best girl. On quiet, moonlit roads the passer-by was often conscious that the horse required remarkably little attention from the driver. The consequences of this freedom were sometimes deplorable. In the day of its great popularity the bicycle, too, was denounced as a contributing factor in immorality; it is not surprising that the automobile should be execrated for increasing an old danger. Morality must have been pretty unstable when the automobile appeared if gasoline can so quickly have become a menace to the chastity of the new generation. The sentries must have been dozing at their posts or they would have given warning. If the youth of these days have not the protection they once enjoyed it is not their fault. They didn't choose the time of their arrival or create the conditions into which they were born.

Odd, what a queer jumble of unimportant things stick in the memory! In winter my mother used to hang about my neck a red-flannel bag of asafetida to ward off infection. She believed in this as firmly as in the advisability of seeing the new moon over her right shoulder. The pervasive aroma of forty such amulets in an overheated school-room I recall to this day, but not with poignant regret for the passing of this superstition. Much as I enjoyed watching my maternal grandmother roll into her back yard every spring a huge iron pot in which she concocted soft soap from the winter's accumulation of fat, my recollection of the product is not so agreeable—the stuff was sometimes introduced into my ablutions—that I should care to impose its manufacture or use upon any child of these times. This grandmother was a Virginian, thoroughly skilled in the household arts, but I am constrained to think that in these days she would be very quick to accommodate herself to the changed conditions.

Speaking of grandmothers, I recall my

astonishment the first time I discovered my paternal stepgrandmother taking a quiet pipe after supper. It was a clay pipe she affected and she seemed to find in it an infinite solace. I think of her often as she sat in the bricked area between the kitchen door of the farmhouse and the well, whiffing meditatively. There were members of the household who frowned upon this performance—hence the rocker behind the kitchen. I think she would smile if she knew that young women of the generation of her great grandchildren create no disturbance by lighting cigarettes in parlors and public refectories. My heart warms to old people—the number is growing, I think—who enjoy the comforts and amusements of modern life. I knew an old lady who caused her family much anxious concern because she exacted of her chauffeur a speed in contravention of all the ordinances in such cases made and provided.

I am not profoundly moved by the sighs of those who crave a return of the old simple times. For most of us, the simple life is satisfactory and sufficient only when it's the only life we know. We may pretend all we please to disapprove of the modern machinery that makes for ease, but in our hearts we know that we want all the comfort we can get. If it hadn't been in the blood of the race to push against the horizons, to seek new shores and devise better ways of doing things, the history of the world wouldn't be a very jolly narrative. My mother, I am glad to remember, never lost her curiosity as to the passing show or her readiness to accept and adjust herself to changing conditions. By breakfast time she was always ready to discuss the morning's news, and she could hear a boy calling an extra quicker than anyone else in the house. I can't recall a time when she wasn't an ardent suffragist, and she took me to hear the early advocates of that cause. Nothing ever elated her more than the casting of her first ballot. Though she had seen Booth in his prime, she had, nevertheless, a heart

for the latest musical comedy. She talked less of the past than any other person I have known, kept busy and developed new interests to the end. Life never grew stale on her hands.

There's no use in giving up the fight at the first frost. When we find the children slipping away, excluding us from their pleasures, it's time to let them understand that we're far from being ready for the scrap heap. The fact that children don't run to bring father's slippers as they used to doesn't mean any lack of consideration for the parent who has worked hard all day to support his family. I prefer to think the passing of this custom indicates a hope in the young mind that father hasn't yet reached the slippered age, but still has a stomach not wholly satisfied with warmed-over cabbage. Slippers are the symbol, the outward and visible sign of approaching senility. Father would be a lot better off if he forsook the old armchair and took the family to a vaudeville show or a movie. When my fifteen-year-old son looks in on me when I'm shaving and asks, cheerfully, "How's the young hero feeling this morning?" I am flattered. He doesn't mean to be impudent; he is merely greeting me as though I were a comrade of his own age. I should certainly forfeit his confidence in my sense of humor if I put down the razor to tell him that in my youth children showed their parents more respect. I tried that for a year or two and it didn't work. My past is nothing to him; he finds the world as it is sufficient for all purposes, and if he can have the car this afternoon he'll be very much obliged!

If there is any vanity that is not only pardonable, but to be encouraged, it is the vanity of wishing to appear young. There is no shame in fighting wrinkles or baldness, and one is entitled to be as whimsical as one pleases about the color of one's hair. I have observed that gentlemen aglow from a "facial" leave the barber shop with a springy stride, and even if the youthful color induced by

the soothing massage lasts only an hour, they have at least proved the courage of their conviction that a man's no older than the barber and tailor can make him. I hold it to be highly creditable to a woman that she is alert to resist the first encroachment of age upon her countenance. It may even be questioned whether it isn't her duty as well as her privilege to cling to youth with all the energy she possesses. The mirror is a great consoler and heartener; it's really the inner spirit that she's renewing! The girl who in the crowded elevator or on the street candidly opens her vanity box, inspects her nose, and dabs it with powder is guilty of no high crime. The passion for looking our best in a world that judges us largely by appearances is as old as the first brook that mirrored the first face.

I overheard two women who had reached the middle distance discussing in a street car the edict of a department store against bobbed hair. One of them expressed the strongest disapproval of the store's action. "Why shouldn't a girl bob her hair? I used to bang mine!" This brought back to me not only the day of the bang, but also of the bang intricately curled and pasted to the brow with quince-seed mucilage. While my opinion in these matters is not of international importance, or even likely to carry weight in my home town, I shall, without the slightest hesitation, register my belief that the bob is, where related to the head of a pretty girl of proper age, the most decorative form of headdress affected in my time. The bang always somehow suggested a scowl; one could not escape an apprehension that it might crawl down into the owner's eyes. But the bob has distinct pictorial value; it is certainly preferable by far to the earmuff arrangement which struck me in its heyday as neither beautiful nor sanitary.

Must we be sad to be good? This question used to worry me in those years when the books in the Sunday-school library were my prescribed moral

pabulum. The good children didn't seem to have much fun. Perhaps this was why I became an assiduous reader of five- and ten-cent novels and of weekly story papers that printed tales of gay buccaneers, and of wicked gangs of robbers and of Wild Bill and other frontier characters. I suppose that I read more trash than any other boy of my age in America. It did me no harm; at least I can't see that it did. As the hero was always kind and chivalrous toward the weak and unfortunate and managed to crawl out of his scrapes alive, those tales were much more to my liking than the Sunday-school fiction whose heroes were usually misunderstood or tubercular. Happiness is not, I think, necessarily a synonym of sin. Little as the critics of youth may relish the fact, it is true that the world is growing cheerfuller. The loft of my grandfather's barn was filled with bundles of early American magazines, and when my supply of dime dreadfuls ran low, in desperation I used to explore them. They were full of sorrow. The poetry in particular was pitched in a low key; some one was always dead or about to die. If the bard addressed a lyric "To a Sleeping Babe," it was only to enumerate for the hapless infant the perils and sorrows of life with pleasant intimations that an early death would, in all likelihood, be a merciful solution of its problem. The popular song of the Irving Berlin lyrical school can hardly be said to rank high, either as literature or music, but to my taste the offerings of Tin-Pan Alley at its worst are more refreshing than a type of doleful ballad popular within my memory. Old love letters and faded ribbons and locks of hair were the chief ingredients of those compositions. The tune was always mournful; it had to be to fit such words as these:

In the little rosewood casket
That is setting on the stand,
There's a package of old letters
Written by a cherished hand.

Go and get them, won't you, sister?
 And read them o'er to me;
 Often I have tried to read them,
 But for tears I could not see.

I'd rather listen to my neighbors' jazziest records all night than be obliged to hear one song of that school sung in the old prescribed manner with everybody in the room sniffing. Save for the occasional revelations of the court room, we might well believe that love letters are no longer written; certainly they are not preserved in rosewood caskets to any great extent. The telephone is a much more convenient medium than note paper for expressing one's adoration, and it has the decided merit of respecting a confidence.

I am conscious at this point that the serious-minded reader is growing restless, setting me down as a frivolous or evasive person, prone to skate only on the safest ice; but nothing could be more unjust. In any speculations on this ancient subject of the old and the new there are matters which obviously cannot be ignored.

Would I restore and perpetuate, if it were in my power to do so, the old confident belief in the inerrancy of the Bible, the awe in which it was held by my parents or, more accurately, by my grandparents? Let us consider this a little.

We cannot think of the Bible as we were taught to regard it, of the church to which we marched as a matter of course every Sunday morning, without visualizing again the home, the pleasant social contacts of the church, and a thousand and one other associations of the family life. "The old home" derived a charm from the very closeness of its horizons. All this is in itself a kind of religion, built upon something fine and noble that we never quite lose; and it is creditable to us that we never quite lose it. I can see my grandfather now reverently lifting the timeworn Bible from the table to read a chapter before

going to bed. My emotions, as I ponder his piety, his unquestioning belief, cannot be otherwise than tender. Not for much fine gold would I have changed his faith. But what was sufficient for him has not sufficed for me. Brought up in a Christian household and possessing, perhaps, a little more than the average man's curiosity as to things spiritual, I cannot honestly say that I should want my children to believe as he believed merely that they might enjoy his serenity of life or the peace and hope in which he died. What was possible for him and good for the health of his soul is inescapably bound up in precious memories of other times and other manners; but I could no more bring myself to attempt to persuade my children that hell fire and brimstone would be the punishment for their sins than I should try to convince them that the world would be a better place if steam and electricity were abolished. Of all emotions fear is the most hateful, the last to be encouraged in the mind and heart of man. I heard sermons in my youth which I should not want my children to hear; or, if they heard them, I should be obliged to confess that I did not believe that the preachers had any true vision of spiritual things.

"The heart of a boy is God's spring-time," wrote Woodberry. In the heart of all youth there are hours of wistful wonder, when the spirit is open and receptive, curious as to the mystery out of which it has come. There can be hardly a child whose imagination is not touched by the alternation of seasons, who is not troubled by questions he dare not ask as to the beginning and end of things. Verily the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and their speculations and shy questionings are entitled to all respect. I like to believe that no child is born a materialist, but a poet and dreamer, and it is incumbent upon Age to give substance and direction to the young aspirations.

I beg not to be misunderstood as lending support to those who feel that

Christianity has lost its power to touch the imagination and the conscience of mankind. I am rather of that considerable company who feel that its great work remains to be done, but that it must accommodate itself to the new necessities and the changed mood of the time. People have a way of visiting markets that offer wares they need. A merchant who tries to palm off last year's goods on wideawake customers is bound to arouse their ire. Man's spiritual needs change as the years roll by. To plant my back to the wall and say that what was good enough for my grandfather is good enough for his great grandchildren "isn't the answer." The soul is a delicate instrument that cannot perform its best service under conditions that cramp and stifle it. We are walking backward with our eyes shut when we try to persuade ourselves that Eternal Truths do not march onward with the genius of the race. A truth ceases to be eternal when it loses its vitality, its power to accommodate and adjust itself to conditions that have been changing since the earth emerged from chaos.

If as to things spiritual the passing generation is handing on to the new a torch with a feeble flame, almost as grievous is the faint light of the untrimmed and smoking lamp with which I should symbolize our attitude toward politics and government. Democracy is fundamentally a product of the spirit, or at least those of us who occasionally sit in the councils of the absurd idealists are fond of imagining this to be true. But, leaving this pleasing assumption and viewing the processes of government from a purely materialistic standpoint, I shrink from attempting to impress the young men and women now approaching voting age with the idea that we, their predecessors, have displayed any zeal or gained any noteworthy victory in the elevation of political standards. We love the flag, and under proper provocation will fight for it; and certainly the young men and women of America, at a time when they

were the target of a withering fire, gave their critics a pretty hard jar by their splendid response to the call of the bugle in 1917.

Just what we might have expected, of course! But I am thinking of patriotism in time of peace, of everyday politics, of the administration of the affairs of your city and mine, of the meek tolerance of incapacity and venality, of the sickly whine of the average citizen when conditions are bad in his community, that he reckons they always were so and always will be. Young men are warned to keep out of politics because it's a dirty business; a good man is bound to pay dearly for trying to make things better. I am unable to see that the generation now turning its face to the setting sun has advanced the cause of good government in any degree that can be looked upon as an inspiration to the youth of to-day to take politics seriously, to strive for the highest realizations of democracy.

The quickening of the civic spirit in youth would, I think, assist greatly in stimulating the impulse of obedience, service, and responsibility. The discussion of public questions at the family-table would at least tend to relieve the children of the constant parental ragging for their evil tendencies and the uncheering reminder that "things were not so in my day." A mild inquiry from Tommy as to just what father has done to make America a safe place for American institutions would not be bad for father, who always votes his ticket straight, one way or the other, and complains bitterly because the street he was taxed to pave a little while ago is again crying for repairs. If his party is responsible for the crooked job, the inquiries of Tommy and Lucy who, in spite of their follies, do manage to get something out of the civil-government course at the high school, may shake father's confidence in the superiority of his own generation. We have witnessed many experiments with new devices within a quarter of a century, but the reports as to their efficacy are far from

satisfactory. No kind of machinery, no device, no matter how ingenious or plausible, is of the slightest value unless a preponderant number of citizens stand squarely behind it.

We complain of the breaking down of parental discipline and the general lawlessness of youth in a day when the statute books of every state are littered with laws that are not enforced, and some of them patently are not enforceable. Without expressing an opinion as to the desirability of prohibition, I shall register my belief that the constitutional amendment and the laws supported by it have wrought an even greater mischief than the evil sought to be abolished. Such laws should never have been passed until the government had perfected a machinery for their enforcement. The fact that they are not enforced has had the effect of suggesting to the young that all laws are foolish and made to be broken. Boys who were protected under the license system by ordinances against selling to minors are now free to patronize the bootlegger. I have seen more young boys intoxicated in the past year than in all the previous years of my life. I have heard more talk about drink than I ever heard before, among people of all ages. Statistics as to the increased bank savings under prohibition, the daily reports of raids by Federal officers and local police do not weigh against the fact that in every part of the country with which I am at all familiar practically every sort of alcoholic beverage is procurable by anyone who wants it.

No other laws have ever been so flagrantly violated as those passed to destroy the demon of rum. The boy who might and did in other times drink to satisfy his curiosity as to the taste and effect of beer, or who sneaked a drink from the decanter at home, now satisfies his adventurous spirit by meeting a bootlegger in an alley and buying a quart of spirits. It must be bewildering to the lad of to-day to find his father boasting of his luck in picking up just a few bottles of some rare stuff—something

usually which he didn't care greatly about before the law forbade him to have it. If it's "smart" for the father to circumvent the law, it's "smart" for the boy. If I were asked whether I should repeal the prohibitory laws and go back to the old system I should say yes, until there was some reason for believing that public sentiment had grown powerful enough to compel their enforcement. Here, I think, is one point at which the new generation may well hold a grievance against its elders, for merely giving a new and dangerous guise to an old temptation, not destroying it.

If I were writing in the farmhouse of my fathers, before a fire of logs that I had cut with my own hands and dragged over the snow, I might take up the quill and write an appeal to Youth to change its ways. But in an apartment house that doesn't at all resemble the old homestead, with the steam radiator purring softly, I couldn't do this without the rankest hypocrisy. My typewriter would be sure to buck if I made the attempt. Rather, I feel moved to address the young generation in some such words as these:

"Don't think badly of the world because we old folks have done so precious little to make it more just, more kind, more beautiful! We're mighty sorry for our failures, but we have every confidence that you will extend and strengthen the lines that we have advanced so little and defended so feebly. We've let a lot of chances slip by; we've lacked courage, we've compromised with truth; we've realized poorly our obligations to our country and our duty to God. Clean out our accumulation of rubbish and begin all over again in your own fashion! Don't take us as an example, but as a warning. Remember all the time that we're right behind, bragging about you, calling to the tired veterans of the army to stand up and cheer for you. You're going to plant your flag on that peak yonder that we never dared attempt. 'Let's go!' be your slogan—and don't you dare look back!"

"TALK"

BY FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

I WAS reminded of Floyd Bissell in an odd manner. We were sitting, Macclay and I, in Madame Bourgnon's café on the Champs Elysées, driven inside by the mist of the gray February afternoon. Before us, on the worn black-leather seats, there was being enacted one of those little dramas which only Paris sees.

A French *cocotte* with vivid red lips and rounded figure, her personality fairly surcharged with passionate abandon, was alternately weeping and cajoling two men. To judge from their excited reproaches, the men were her lover and her brother. They had been away in Algiers, and the girl had taken up with a *blessé*—a boy with heavenly blue eyes and blond beard. She had loved him passionately, too, because he was sweet, because she could not bear to refuse him, because he had had the heart of a child. . . .

That was enough for me. From beyond the torrent of reproaches there came to me out of the mist of seven years the image of Floyd Bissell, and with it the remembrance of that heroine of his first novel, Elaine. A coquette because she had too much heart, not too little! Easily, but deeply; passionately, but not for long; tender, but inconstant—the tragedy of the passionate heart from the beginning! Floyd Bissell's Elaine, indeed, had been Cleopatra; she had been Mary Stuart; she had been Tess. And here she was, this French girl who wept on the worn leather seat beneath the mirrors.

Curious, wasn't it, how universal a real character in literature can be?

The thought brought back things I had imagined forgotten. It brought back the name of Bissell's book, for one

thing, *Tragic Conquest*. *Tragic Conquest* had made its author a national literary figure. It had added Elaine Salmon to the world's gallery of literary portraits. No one can read that story, indeed, and not realize that she is the true tragic heroine. Her heroism, if you will, consists only in doing what she ought to have done from the beginning. But, ah, the struggle to achieve it, the endless tears of it!

For a moment Elaine lived for me again in Madame Bourgnon's café. I could even remember the words of some of the reviews, the comment on the extraordinary knowledge Bissell showed of the feminine heart, the impulse I had had to write him and tell him that he had put it over the very first time.

"You published *Tragic Conquest*, didn't you?" I asked Maclay.

Maclay stared with fascination at the red-lipped French girl. "Yes," he said. "I got Bissell on to New York, and into the Thespians Club, you know."

Another flash of memory came to me.

"His second book was a failure, wasn't it?"

There wasn't any second book, Maclay reminded me. Three hundred thousand of the first, and never any volume to follow. "I never really understood why he lost his grip," said Maclay, "though I always thought, somehow, that it was tied up with the talk about *Tragic Conquest*. He began a second story, you know."

In the clatter of Madame Bourgnon's the outlines of Bissell's story recurred to me.

"I remember. He had trouble with his wife, didn't he? Wasn't that it?"

Maclay hesitated. "Why, gossip had

it," he said, "that he had suspected his wife of an affair with another man, and wrote *Tragic Conquest* to expose them. Remember? The character of Elaine was supposed to be his wife. He drew her straight from life and put her in the book for revenge. The character of Osborne was a man named Harkness, her lover. That was the way the talk went. But I never really knew. I could never believe it, somehow.

"They've brought a similar charge against every author, from Shakespeare to Masefield. And then Bissell impressed me as above such a thing. He was tall and a little shambling, if you recollect his pictures, with deep gray eyes, and broad shoulders—the kind of New-Englander you picture as intellectually descended from Emerson, fit to carry on the Anglo-Saxon tradition west of the Alleghenies. Not the sort of man you can easily picture exposing his wife's amours through popular publication.

"I suppose that was why I paid no particular attention to the charges. In fact, I think the only out-of-the-ordinary thing that ever took place between us was one afternoon in October when I went to see him and found him in front of his wood fire, with a most peculiar expression on his finely molded face.

"He had just burned up the first eight chapters of his second book, he told me. It didn't please him. It wasn't what he wanted. It was—it was impossible. He did give me that afternoon a most peculiar conviction that he hated what he had written. There was something inexplicable, almost tragic, in his manner. He didn't say anything to give me that impression, mind! He merely remarked that he intended beginning over, in another style, with different characters, but with the same idea. He thought he could put across his big, underlying idea better in a new setting. But the impression he gave me was unforgettable.

"That was the only time I saw him until the thing happened. If you remember, the lecture stage had got him just before Christmas, at some fabulous

sum. The women all wanted to hear him. I didn't hear from him again until he returned from a lecture tour in New England and informed me that he would never lecture again. He did not explain. He merely said it had become distasteful, and dropped the subject. All this was over the telephone, when he called me to lunch with him at the club.

"I didn't quite understand it, of course. But when I went back into my breakfast room and opened the morning paper, I did. Some one in an audience in Hartford had interrupted the lecture of Mr. Floyd Bissell, author, to inquire if it was true that he had exposed his own wife to the world under the guise of fiction. The paragraph left me gasping. It hadn't ever really occurred to me that Floyd could have been guilty of such a thing. He had always impressed me as peculiarly idealistic.

"It was the noon paper, however, which made me dread our luncheon. The *Sun* carried an editorial on ethics among our younger novelists. Bissell wasn't mentioned by name. But the thing was scathing. Modern Iagos, the editor named such cads, poisoning people's lives and hiding behind paper covers.

"I reached the club before Bissell—or so I thought. And I knew at once, that something new had happened. Some book salesman, it seems, had come back from Clewesbury where Bissell had lived and brought a lot of new details. And they had spread all over literary and journalistic New York. The whole club was having a heated argument over the possibility of putting people in books—or, rather, the utter impossibility of it, as Dunstan Mallock insisted, his forehead flushed.

"It was the old dispute—the question of where the novelists' characters came from, the thousand odds and ends that a man gathered from the corners of the earth and wove into a character with some one dominating motive or characteristic—whether anyone ever had been able to introduce a character from life, because of the changes the background

made necessary, because of all the dozen of subtle alterations the plot called for, page by page, until the original—if there ever had been one!—became like some dream figure, all stretched out of shape. That was all the argument until Gorton Cappell changed the whole aspect of the affair—and Bissell's life, too, incidentally!—forever. He brought down his big hand on the leather lounge with a resounding slap as he insisted, angrily, that that wasn't his point. His point was that when a man had done it—no, hadn't drawn fiction, he cried, angrily, but had written a whole story from beginning to end, a story that was true—and that was just his wife's intimate passions and faults on paper—wasn't that man a cad, and deserving of being thrown out of every club in New York?

"I don't think the club will ever forget that moment, for Floyd Bissell had come down the stairs just then, and he stood by the big lounge, and he heard the charge, clearly, distinctly. Mallock, Capell, everybody, including myself, saw him the next instant, too. And the traditional pin drop would have shattered the club into a thousand pieces.

"If it's the opinion of the club that I did such a thing,' says Bissell, calmly, 'perhaps I better resign.'

"There was a most damnable silence—more because no one knew what to say than for any other reason. No one really knew, you remember. But it struck through to Bissell's soul, I suppose. The crystal of his watch broke suddenly under the pressure of his thumb where he held the timepiece in his hand.

"Gentlemen,' he said, still calmly, 'I do resign.'

"And he turned and went down the short steps to the door. I didn't wait, of course. I ran after him, while the group still stood nonplussed. I caught him, too, as old Hermann was handing him his hat and coat.

"It's all a damn-fool mistake,' I said, 'Floyd; better wait— Don't begin to think— A fool quarrel—'

"My stick,' he says to old Hermann.

"And he pushed past me without a word into the street.

"I waited just long enough to get my hat and coat and then I ran after him. I caught him just as he started down into a Subway entrance.

"Floyd,' I began.

"Not now, Mac,' he said, in a perfectly ordinary tone of voice. 'Come round to the apartment in an hour.'

"He went down the steps coolly enough, too. I never saw him again, of course. He never came to his apartment. He disappeared for good."

In the clatter of Madame Bourgnon's something of the tragedy of Bissell came to me.

"Good Heavens! what a bitter thing!" I cried.

Innocent or guilty, indeed, what a bitter thing! But if innocent, how doubly bitter! Though it was possible that the man had been guilty, of course. Character, I knew, had nothing to do with genius. Almost anything, therefore, was possible in a matter of this kind. The beautiful imagery, the fine and tender phrasing, the marvelous instinct of *Tragic Conquest* might have meant nothing where Bissell himself was concerned. They might have represented merely one side of him—a side peculiarly susceptible to literary expression. It might have been another case of a literary Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Even the motive might have been inextricably intertwined with unconscious revenge in Bissell's mind. He might have been guilty and not known it, the tide of motive being hidden from his ordinary consciousness.

The whole subject might be involved in a metaphysical mist—that is, in case he was not merely the specimen extraordinary of cad, who had simply done the rotten thing. . . .

I confess I was of two minds, for an instant. . . . And then above me, and above the passionate French Elaine who ate now, holding the hand of the artist beside her, Madame Bourgnon, on her high perch, smiled.

No one could have resisted turning to observe the object of her favor. A tall man, in uniform, with broad shoulders, with the *fouragère* of the French Foreign Legion, was bowing to some party by the doorway, his back half turned toward us.

"That's Bissell," said Maclay, abruptly.

Stunned surprise enveloped me.

"Our Bissell?" I managed to inquire.

"Floyd," Maclay answered.

I drowned my nervous expectation in a dram of reasoned reassurance. Well, Maclay might have met him any day these last seven years. The only coincidence was the fact that he had just happened to be telling me about him.

The next moment Bissell saw us.

Something caught in my throat. His eyes were like burned holes. Like iron was the set of his jaw, too; and he had a half-amused, tolerant smile that I could not for the life of me master.

He came over to us at once.

"All the world comes to Madame Bourgnon's," he greeted us, and sat down. We fell into conversation—the publishing business, the *Comédie Française*, Sacha Guitry, Broadway. For a moment I was inclined to think Maclay had been telling me a fairy tale. And then I noticed suddenly that Bissell had not once referred to the past. He was confining himself to the talk of the moment while his eyes burned deep into us.

But it was not until we had ordered more liqueurs and got them that Maclay asked him about his book. It was an inevitable thing for Maclay to do, I suppose. He would have asked it of any author he had ever done business with. It was the one question he never failed to put. But it gave me a queer feeling.

"I suppose you mean the book I meant to have follow *Tragic Conquest*?" Bissell replied, while Maclay nodded.

"I gave that up finally."

"Lose interest?"

"Not exactly," Bissell replied. "Not for the first three years."

He made the statement perfectly naturally.

"Just after that?" Maclay remarked, with as close to a hint of jest as he ever comes.

"Yes, after that," Bissell answered, without a trace of humor. "I suppose you always considered it odd that I didn't produce it—or anything more. I considered writing you the explanation—for some while, but I gave up the idea, finally. It didn't matter, I knew."

Maclay put his hand on Bissell's arm abruptly.

"My dear boy, it mattered like hell," he said. "You owe your friends something."

"Yes," said Bissell, and stopped.

Well, we didn't urge him, of course. We couldn't. But there wasn't any necessity, as it happened. Decision seemed to come to him suddenly.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't tell you," he said.

He began in Clewesbury. He had been born there, on Congress Avenue, he said—which I gathered was the proper place to be born in that mid-Eastern city. What social position there was in the city his family had shared. As a boy he had had two gifts—writing and drawing. He had gone to Harvard in pursuit of one of them, and come out an architect. When he married he was already fairly well established. He had an office in one of the buildings downtown, and several country houses and the new Chamber of Commerce to his credit—due partly to his own ability, but more to the aid and prestige his position in Clewesbury society gave him.

His wife, Eveline, had come from St. Louis. She was a rather imperious, spoiled sort of woman, blessed with unusual charm, much given to outdoor things—riding, walking, golf, dogs. He had met her at Lake Placid during the winter sports. About a year after their marriage his boyhood desire to write had come back to him.

"I tried a play, and a short story or two," he said, staring at the marble

table between us, "but they weren't any good. They never got outside my library. It used to seem ironical to me once in a while—that pleasant house of mine just off the Avenue, with the big, cool library—just the place in which to write a 'Candida' or a 'Youth.' And I without the ability to do it! Eveline didn't particularly sympathize, either. Plays were just things you went to, so far as she was concerned—she rather leaned to vaudeville. In fact, in Clewesbury everyone considers you fairly queer if you fool with literature or drama. If you write, you write on the quiet, unless you make so much money at it that you can be respectably compared to one of the factories. That makes you a success, of course. And success is all right. I remember the only remark George Broadhead made to me after he read *Tragic Conquest*. 'How much money did they give you for it?' says he! . . .

"I suppose, though, that literature is a sort of passion in a man. There was a remnant of the idealistic philosophy of student days in me—die, and leave behind you a magnificent building, a fine book, a great play, a good example. Something to make it worth while to the world for having bred you. Maybe there was some conceit in me, too, some desire for fame—probably there was. But I wasn't conscious of it. I just wanted to write, and write something damn good. Well, I tried plays for about three years—unsuccessfully.

"Then one day I came upon an old diary of a dead aunt of mine. I had been going over some of the old things in the Congress Avenue attic, looking for a tin box in which my father had been accustomed to put stocks of such ventures as went 'busted' on him, as he used to express it before he died. Mother was getting too old to fuss over things, and she had an idea there were some photographs that she wanted before the attic was cleaned out.

"The diary was one of those old, hand-clasp things. It covered about a year. I sat in the late afternoon light and read

it until my eyes could make out the faded writing no longer. And it wasn't because of the autumn dusk entirely, either. The thing was the most tragic story I have ever read. It was the record of my aunt's thoughts preceding the year she committed suicide. My aunt was an Elaine. . . ."

Bissell clenched his fist.

"An Elaine in a miserable, narrow, small-minded western New York town of the early 'eighties. Some day I'll let you take a look at that diary. And you'll know why I wrote *Tragic Conquest*. I can never begin to tell you the tragedy of it. Evidently there had been not a word of understanding, not a glimpse of human charity in her life, not a soul to see that passion and the tender heart had been to her what drink was to Poe, what ambition was to Alexander, what opium was to De Quincey—her curse. And every mean-spirited soul in that New York town was tarred a little with the same brush which had spoiled God's portrait of her.

"Even before I finished the last page I think I had the idea. I had heard all my life of my aunt Julia—heard this thing now, this thing then, been aware of odd discrepancies, suspected peccadilloes. But this thing lit the whole landscape with a flash of reality. This was the hell in which my aunt had lived and struggled. This was what she had thought and felt, and struggled against and lost and died for—generous, cursed, sin-stained Julia Bissell!

"*Tragic Conquest* was born in my mind as I came down the attic stairs, as I stood in front of my mother and realized I could never tell her what I had found, as I realized that she had been one of the hardest, most uncompromising of all the persons in her sister-in-law's life—as I realized the pettiness of us all, our pitiful lack of understanding, the wheel on which we break one another day after day. I knew, of course, that I could never reconstruct Julia Bissell's existence and put the breath of life into it. Her generation was too far removed

from mine. I could not publish the diary as it stood so long as I had any family. The diary was not understandable, either, without the background which youth and childhood in the Congress Avenue house had unconsciously given it for me. If anything was done with it, it would be better to pour the wine into some new vessel—into a *Tragic Conquest*. So that was what I decided to write. That, I decided, would be my great book, my example, my contribution. A little more charity in the world. A little more understanding, induced by the story of Elaine, if I could write it. Elaine, to-day, in Clewesbury, like Julia Bissell back in the 'eighties."

Bissell stared at us with that half smile I couldn't master.

"Naïve, I suppose—considering I had never written anything, but very real to me. In fact, I began that night to write my novel. Day and night, perhaps I should say here, I wrote it, during every spare moment I could find. I took forgotten Julia Bissell and gave her a childhood in present-day Clewesbury—a childhood such as a sister of mine might have had if she had been born in one of the hard, materialistic homes just off Congress Avenue—one of those homes where cynicism and the dollar rule and convention masquerades as principle. By every device I could think of I contrived to produce the girl she must be to make my story teach its lesson. You remember—I took away her mother; I gave her no brothers or sisters; her father could not bear her because of the past; everything that would throw her only on herself, that would make her lonely, self-willed, passionate, afraid, suspicious, likely to be the victim of her inheritance. I did all that in preparation for her first indiscretion and her marriage—that marriage which society practically forced on her because it told her there could be no love but the one love, and she must marry, even though she was never made for marriage and did not know love as the world understood it.

"There isn't any need for me to repeat it all here. I only say it so you will see how completely the climax of Elaine dominated the people of the story from the beginning. Like a prescription of some kind the thing was, calling for just these ingredients, just these characters, and nothing else to make an inevitable, crashing tragedy. All the details I would add would be simply for verisimilitude, to make the thing like life. A real human soul, living a real life. To make that life real and true to the present day, I ransacked every incident I had heard or experienced, selected the most likely ten from a thousand—the ten she could have experienced—reshaped and remade those ten, changing them to play their necessary part, and added them. By the time Elaine was married I could no more have told you where she came from than I could have told you whence came my opinions. She was a thousand people. She was Julia Bissell; she was anything but Julia Bissell. She was a new person. She was Elaine. . . . Elaine, with that same tragic nature that Julia Bissell must have had, and married now, and living in Clewesbury. I had her where I wanted her. I gave her a shallow, literary husband. I gave her an elemental desire for the masterful type of man. That was inevitable. I gave her a fearful struggle to strangle her desires, leading her to ride, to shoot, to play madly in an effort to exhaust herself so she would not have to face her own nature. She was no longer Julia Bissell at all. In my desire to get away from the strong impression which that forgotten figure had made on me I even made her fair, not dark; charming, not the moody person Julia had been. Then, to heighten the tragedy, I gave her the aspirations that all fine women have—the aspirations that women such as Eveline have. She was always glimpsing that vision as she dragged herself through the mud of passion's gutter.

"Then I began her slow, tragic downfall, from passion to passion, from respectability to demimonde, to hell, to

suicide. I think you will remember even now that scene in the bar in San Francisco where she had the vision for the last time—and passed it on to the tiny daughter of the saloon keeper to cherish for all time. Elaine died for me in that hour, the victim of her own desires, reaching her destiny because she had not the character to resist it—because a sneering world had kicked her, step by step, down all the tragic stairs.

"When I finished the last page, I knew I had done something great. The story was nothing like Julia Bissell! It was almost the opposite. Julia had never even married. But it was greater, it was finer, it was literature."

"Yes," exclaimed Maclay, hoarsely, "by Godfrey! it is."

"That's all, then," said Bissell, with sudden emotion. "I did it."

"All?" Maclay and I echoed our surprise together.

"Well, all of Elaine," he answered. "The rest—the rest, well, the rest is just merely Floyd Bissell—and I don't count, I suppose."

Maclay and I sat in silence at that. He meant so patently that the rest had been tragedy for him. He meant, so plainly, that he had given the world his one book. He took it for granted so plainly that it had only been Elaine we were interested in.

"But your second book mattered, didn't it?" Maclay asked, unsteadily.

"I paid for my first with my second," Bissell said, gently. "Though perhaps not just as you suppose." He broke off, and did not resume for a moment. "I made my mistake, perhaps, in not showing Eveline the story first. I suppose I

would have done so had it not been for those plays, and her lack of analyzing ability. There is a magic about the printed page that doesn't lurk in manuscript. I wanted to surprise her, too—prove to her I could do something, after all, besides live on the Bissell money and draw plans for contractors to work upon.

I could write a fine book. I could give back what life had given me in my two talents.

"When the book came out I gave five advance copies to my mother, Eveline, two of Eveline's best friends, and Fred Comyn, my best friend. Fred, of course, didn't read his. The book came out three weeks later. Two days afterward we went to Fred's to dinner.

"I hear you've got me in your book," Fred said, jokingly, as he poured out some of his old brandy by the sideboard. I asked him what he meant by that, and he said: 'Why, that's what Amelia Bond told my wife this afternoon at the Babies' Sewing Circle. Sorry I haven't had a chance to read the yarn yet.'

"Well, you tell Amelia to guess again," I laughed. "How does she figure it?"

"She had figured him, Fred said, as the best friend of the husband in the story. And he made some joke about suing me for giving him such a minor role in a book, and we forgot the incident in some bridge.

"But I didn't forget it completely, of course. Not that I attached any particular importance to it, but because I knew Amelia Bond. I suppose there is always such a woman in every society. Brilliant, but shallow, with a gift for



SOME ONE IN THE AUDIENCE INTERRUPTED THE LECTURE

smart talk that passes for brains, ready always to sacrifice truth for an epigram or a laugh.

"Would she, I wondered, consider me the shallow literary husband in the story if Fred were my best friend? Eveline, too. Would Eveline play the role of Elaine? I rather grinned at that—grinned, that is, until it occurred to me how far Amelia must have missed the point of the book to have made such a remark, even in jest. Had my purpose failed so utterly as that? Would it fail like that with the public at large?

"You can imagine the eagerness with which I awaited the reviews of the critics in the metropolitan papers and weeklies. I had subscribed to a clipping agency, of course, and in about a week the criticisms began to come in. They ran the gamut of the critic's soul, from first to last. They ranged from the three brief lines—clipped from your publishing announcement—to full pages. In tone they varied from gentlemen who raged because I had split an infinitive on page twelve to gentlemen who wrote columns of drivel about the magic of my style and my insight. They varied from comparing the story to fiction of the *Three Weeks* genre to placing the story in the same category as *Camille* and *Tess*. But mixed in with them were the reviews that really counted—the fine, fair, critical appreciations that called it a sincere piece of work, marred by many minor faults, but good despite them, and criticized it as such. That minority, even though I was unknown, saw my point and drove it home to their public. To that minority I owe the success of *Tragic Conquest*.

"To Clewesbury, however, this was all completely unknown, of course, except to those few who followed the literary tide in other cities. Don't imagine, however, that the book didn't sell in Clewesbury. It did. It sold amazingly. Not even the derogatory reviews the two local papers gave it seemed to have any effect upon its selling qualities. Henry Drew told me he had sold five hundred in

the first ten days. I was enormously pleased. It occurred to me that possibly Clewesbury was wiser than its critics. What did the five hundred think of Elaine?

"That was about all I was speculating on, as a matter of fact, during the first two months after *Tragic Conquest* was published. I had no idea of any personal gossip. I did sit behind two strange women in the street car one morning and hear them discuss *Tragic Conquest*. They evidently considered it salacious. The 'warmest' thing she had ever read, one of them declared. That made me angry—to think that was all those two well-fed old harpies could see in it. It was in accord, in a way, with what a good many people said almost to my face, notably some of the men with whom I played pool of a later afternoon at the Clewesbury Club. Elaine was 'some baby,' according to them—and where had I met her, and how did I know all these things, anyhow? But what was only badinage with them was plain filthiness with these two.

"It gave me my second shock. I wondered how many people there were who would take Elaine's tragedy that way, and made a mental note of what a give-away of character such opinions were. But I knew that a certain amount of misinterpretation was inevitable because of the very fact that such a tragedy as Elaine's was possible. There would be people who would view the book as they had viewed Julia Bissell, no matter what new view of her soul I gave them. My mother felt that way, I was sure. She had sufficient perception to appreciate the art of the book, but she still believed that 'you didn't have to write about such things.' Next time she hoped I would choose a subject that didn't contain so much rubbish.

"I had hit upon the idea for that next book, however, by that time, and was completely wrapped up in it. A man who believed in people, and whose belief was so strong that in the end they became what he believed them to be—that



THE WHOLE CLUB WAS HAVING A HEATED ARGUMENT

was the underlying idea which I had hit upon for my second story. Petty meanness and jealousy would have no effect upon such a man because he would never see them. They would not exist for him. The idea was merely a new expression of a very old philosophical tenet, of course. But I saw a plot that would drive home the idea most dramatically, and became quite engrossed in seeking for the proper characters to express my conception.

"Perhaps that was why I missed so completely what was going on behind my back, all up and down Congress Avenue. It seems quite strange now, to consider that I did. I did notice that Eveline seemed to have run into a kind of doldrum of poor health, and had a good many headaches and looked quite pale. But she ascribed it to lack of exercise and looked forward to feeling better as soon as Jim Harkness returned and

she could get in some riding—and insisted that it was nothing definite. And I let it go at that.

"I give you my word I hadn't the slightest idea of the malignant little devils of gossip that were leering at the thing I had built, of the cruel lies that they were carving on each stone and story, of the fantastic, ignorant faces they were placing in the windows—of all the contemptible, mean, vulgar pictures they were drawing over all the structure until the beauty and charity of that towering building of my dreams was completely hidden from a grinning mob which stared at the caricatures on each stone and forgot that there had ever been any building at all. My friends didn't call it to my attention, I suppose, because there wasn't any answer to such talk except silence. I had several good friends, too, as I found out afterward—friends who nailed some of the lies on the spot and spoiled two or three pleasant dinner parties and generally made some worthwhile enemies. But they all agreed tacitly, I suppose, that it would only break me up to be told, and the talk would die down anyhow as soon as a new victim came along and somebody got into fresh trouble, financial or marital, and gossip tore him limb from limb. So what was the use of bothering me? I never knew until afterward what Eveline heard—and even then I imagine she told only a tenth of it.

"The night the thing struck me I had started to walk down Congress Avenue to the Chamber of Commerce to hear a speech by one of the country's radical ministers. I had got the impression that his remarks would help me in planning my second book. Eveline had pleaded a headache and admitted the prospect didn't thrill her, so I had decided to walk down under the elms alone. I had got about ten blocks when it began to rain a little and I realized my two-mile walk was out of the question. I stood on the curb a few seconds trying to see if any of my friends were motoring down the avenue who might pick me up. And

then I walked hastily back to the house to get my own closed car and go down in that.

"It was raining quite smartly by the time I reached our street, so much so that I had to hurry considerably between trees. So I decided to go in the house and get my raincoat and gloves. The French windows of the library were still open, so I went in through those and across into the coat closet back under the stairs. Just as I did so I heard Eveline say, 'Is that you, Jim?' But I knew she couldn't hear me from the depths of the coat closet, so I fumbled for my raincoat, intending to reassure her in a moment, and also faintly surprised that Jim Harkness had returned to town and I hadn't known it.

"It was the next instant, however, that I heard the front door open, and before I could emerge from the closet Jim's voice saying, 'Evie,' and I heard Eveline give a little sob: 'Jim!'

"For a second I was transfixed, stunned. And then Jim said he had got home as quickly as he could, and Eveline replied that I had gone to the Chamber of Commerce. And Jim said, 'The skunk!' And I knew that she was in his arms, weeping, and he was kissing her.

"There isn't any use going into my feelings. We have all said or done things and realized instantly with a little chill of horror just how we should feel if the person injured had been behind a door or hidden in the room somewhere. I had that same kind of chill. It is indescribable. In my case there was added the abruptness of the disclosure. I had had no suspicions beforehand. I had always liked Jim Harkness. I had always known him. He was rather hearty, breezy, good company—with a ready laugh and a kindly sort of heart that endeared him to most people. I had always thought of him as never having grown up. His hunting trips were part of his boyishness. For that reason I had never thought much about his attendance on Eveline. I was always welcome if I cared to go along on their rides and

sports. Jim and I had done a good deal of riding in our youthful days. It had been merely a continuation of that relationship extended to Eveline. Eveline drooped without such sports and outdoor life. Jim was good for her, I had always thought. I had never considered it even remotely possible that passion could have entered their relations.

"I closed the coat-closet door and came out into the hall. They were standing by the entrance to the library, Jim in the unmistakable attitude of having just dropped Eveline's hands.

"I'm sorry," I said, as steadily as I could. 'I overheard.'

"I guess you didn't learn anything new," Jim said, and his eyes were filled with astonishing hatred.

"Don't, Jim!" Eveline cried. But her words had slight effect upon him.

"Why didn't you come to me like a man?" says Jim, 'instead of taking this low-down, roundabout way—'

"Well, that was all I heard, I was so

stunned by his evident sincerity, by his plain conviction of his own righteousness, his patent scorn of me. Everything seemed topsy-turvy for a moment.

"I don't know what you mean, Jim," I said, as calmly as I could.

"I mean that!" he said angrily. And he took out of his coat pocket a copy of *Tragic Conquest* and hurled it on the floor of the library with extraordinary violence. 'That damned thing!'

"What in God's name are you talking about?" I asked.

"Don't tell me you don't understand," Jim said, hoarsely. 'You may be diabolically clever—but you can't get away with this!'

"My temper got the better of me. 'Talk English, Jim,' I said. 'You've got some explaining to do yourself. I don't understand your riddles.'

"Everybody else in town does," he shot at me. His eyes looked red-hot. 'I suppose you thought I wouldn't come back. You thought I would be scared



MALIGNANT LITTLE DEVILS OF GOSSIP DREW TOGETHER IN GROUPS

away. Thought I would leave Eveline to face it alone.'

"Utter desperation came to me. 'In Heaven's name,' I said, 'tell me what Eveline would have had to face?'

"For a minute he stared at me in absolute disbelief.

"Your exposure of her,' he said then. 'Your rotten insinuations about her and me—your dirty lies about her faults and passions, under cover of Elaine!'

"Elaine!' I cried. And then that remark of Fred's about Amelia Bond came back to me. 'You mean,' I cried, 'that you think I have put Eveline in *Tragic Conquest*?'

"I know!' he retorted. 'Why, how could anyone mistake it? Even to the fondness for riding and outdoor things, the naming of that cat in her childhood, the very street off Congress Avenue, the sound of her name!'

"But, Great God! man,' I cried, 'these things aren't anything—'

"Oh, the world isn't blind,' he said. 'My sister sent me the book in Seattle. I've had four days on the Transcontinental with it. You can't talk me out of what I read. You, the literary husband, Eveline the passionate Elaine, I the breaker up of your happiness—you've got it all there for all Clewesbury to read. I don't have to tell you that. You're no fool. You know what this town is saying.'

"I don't care what the town—' I began.

"But he pointed to Eveline. 'Look at Evie, if you think you are the one who ought to care—ask her what she has gone through these last two months—'

"Her paleness smote me.

"You mean you think, Eveline—' I began.

"I don't know what to think, Floyd,' she said, unsteadily. 'I—I don't see how you knew, how you did—' She broke down completely and buried her face in her hands. 'How could you be so cruel? Cruel! When there was nothing wrong, when I was trying so desperately to have nothing wrong. How could you?'

"I felt almost dizzy. 'Why, you are reading things into Elaine that were never there!' I cried. 'You could never be Elaine in ten thousand years—'

"Then why did you put me in the book like that?' she cried, passionately. 'It's all me—my thoughts, my faults, my petty meannesses, the little ideals I still have! Everybody in town knows I am Elaine—they almost say it to my face at the sewing circle, at the card club, out at the Country Club—I can feel it in their glances, in the remarks they make behind my back, in the things they insinuate about you, about our living together—about my staying in your house after you have done such a despicable thing. Esther told me to-day what that Bond woman said at the Tatnalls' dance. Do you suppose that is all me—that I have imagined all that?' She turned toward Jim. 'Even without what they say about Jim and me now—'

"But it's they who are putting you in *Tragic Conquest*,' I cried. 'Not I. It's they are crucifying you, Evie, not I!'

"But it's you who gave them the cross,' she sobbed. 'Why didn't you come to me, why didn't you show me the book first? Why didn't you give me a chance to explain about Jim and me—instead of doing this?'

"Out of the miasmatic mist of the thing a sudden gust of clear fear blew across me. Explain about her and Jim!

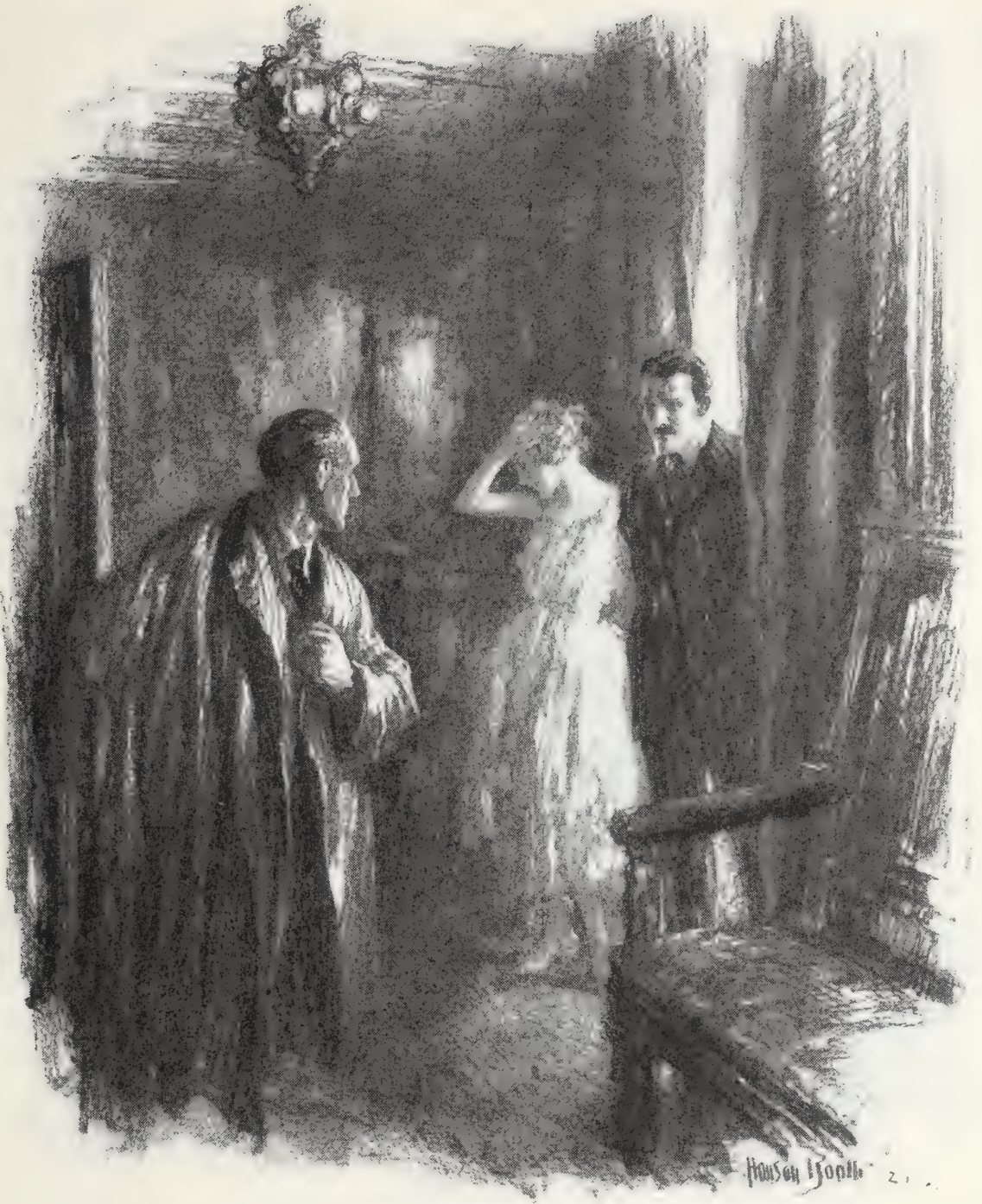
"You mean you think I have put you and Jim in the book—as you are?' I inquired.

"Yes,' said Eveline. . . ."

In Madame Bourgnon's Bissell paused.

"I don't remember much more of that evening," he said. "There wasn't much for me in the world except bitterness. I think I assumed the attitude of common sense, or tried to. I remember I told Jim that we must talk it over and do the—the best for Eveline. And then I went up the stairs to my study and left them in the library. It was the most bitter hour of my life.

"I did not leave the house the next day. I don't know what Eveline did.



"I'M SORRY," I SAID, AS STEADILY AS I COULD. "I OVERHEARD"

I read *Tragic Conquest* over again—from a new point of view. I confess there were about five chapters that gave me the chills. The beginning and end had absolutely nothing to do with the case. But the five were a revelation of the way people could twist things to suit their own purposes. If you cared to disregard almost absolutely what I meant and take incidents here and there without any relation to the story, you could work wonders of baseness. There were places, too, where unconsciously, per-

haps, Elaine perilously resembled Eveline. Perhaps she resembled a hundred thousand other women, too, but that was not the point. The point was that the talk had made Eveline think that I had done it. And the result had been to make quite vain all her pitiful struggle against Jim. The thing was so, and the story could be made to bear it all out. I spent the night in hell.

"I had a talk with Eveline the next day. She was very uncertain in mood. I told her as definitely as I could what

had impelled me to write *Tragic Conquest*. But I doubt if she understood. The thing got lost in the clouds for her. In the end I asked her to read the book over again, and when she had read the last page to decide if Clewesbury's interpretation could possibly be the right one.

"I suppose I was too proud to upbraid

and was going to California with her mother for the winter. That letter made me feel very strange, of course. But I was thinking only of losing Eveline. I didn't realize how Clewesbury and Congress Avenue would interpret her action. It didn't occur to me that it would confirm everything gossip had said about

me. It was not until a month later, when some cousins of mine in town told me the talk about me, that I realized the position I was in.

"I confess that for several days I had a distinct struggle with myself, then, trying to decide whether ethics demanded that I keep silent and make no explanations. It did seem a bit ironical that, because I had tried to write a fine book and been robbed of my wife by a friend, I should be universally considered a scoundrel. In the end, however, I decided that to add more talk to all the welter of meanness there already was would be not only unfair to Eveline, but would accomplish no practical result. People would distort anything I said into all sorts of contemptible images just as they had done with



I THREW THE EIGHT CHAPTERS INTO THE FIRE

her or try to influence her. I knew that a man had but two things in his life—his wife and his work. But if she really thought me capable of such a thing after all our years of intimacy, no words of mine could have any effect upon her. I could only go to New York and let her decide for herself.

"It didn't occur to me then that people's gossip could follow me to New York. I didn't think of it even when I got Eveline's letter in Twelfth Street a week later, saying she felt sick at heart

Tragic Conquest. The best thing for me to do was to take my medicine, keep myself from becoming bitter, and try to hang on to what philosophy of life I had left. So I wrote to Fred Comyn and to my mother, and asked them to keep silent and let the thing blow over for good.

"I couldn't begin to tell you, of course, of the letters I received, of the old friends I met on Fifth Avenue and in theaters only to have them cut me, of the hundred unpleasant moments that

fell to my lot during that year you used to come over to the Twelfth Street apartment. But I deliberately shut it out of my mind while I concentrated on my second book. In that, I felt, lay my salvation. I would disregard the hints I saw in the newspapers, the unpleasant encounters I had in Atlantic City and Boston, the awkward evenings I spent in the houses of acquaintances—and work. *His Own Kind*, as I had already named that second book, would be as free from bitterness, as undisturbed by any thought of cynical revenge as I could keep it. It would be a fitting companion for *Tragic Conquest*.

"I didn't realize the effect my experiences had had upon me until I came actually to draft the story. I wrote the first chapter of that one evening in September—from seven-thirty until about half past three. When it was done I read it all over—and was struck by the resemblance of the hero's remarks to the kind of things that Fred Comyn says.

"Next day I read it once more very carefully. There were many points of resemblance. After all, there was no use getting into another such mess if it could be avoided by merely changing some of the hero's remarks in the first chapter. Why shouldn't I rewrite it here and there?

"I spent two days doing that, and began on the second chapter, with a distinct resolve not to put any of my acquaintance's characteristics into this book. For about three months, in fact, I kept little else in mind but that resolve. I had terrific difficulties—particularly in the choice of incidents which might be attributed to this person or that. I found myself forced to modify many of my characters' main features, too, for the same reason. It was very hard work—much like working always with a crowd peering over one's shoulder—but I succeeded in doing it.

"You must remember, of course, that it wasn't as if the results of *Tragic Conquest* were a fading memory for me. They were present for me every time I

went out, every night after I went to bed and wondered what Eveline was doing, every time a new review of the book came along. Like an ever-present ghost the thing was to me, peering over my shoulder while I wrote, leering at me from the fireplace while I thought, jumping up and down on the typewriter keys while I made my descriptions in the new book.

"But I did not even realize myself how omnipresent, how fatally influential it had been until I went away for a week to Atlantic City and came back to the Twelfth Street apartment to begin the second eight chapters. I sat before my fire reading the completed part on that late afternoon, rather curious to see how the whole section would seem read at once and after I had been away for a while.

"Well, they were no good. Absolutely no good. The whole story was invisible. I had put upon paper a lot of senseless drivel. The only fine thing in all the pages reminded me irresistibly of a scene from Amelia Bond's life in Clewesbury. I reached for my blue pencil to cut that out, and the inescapable implication of the whole story I had written so far flashed across my mind. Why, all this part of the story could be interpreted as Amelia Bond and her supposed infatuation for me in our youthful days! That was what Clewesbury would say!

"Something snapped inside of me, of a sudden. Another *Tragic Conquest*! By God! No! I would avoid that.

"My impulse was something not to be resisted. I threw the entire eight chapters into the blazing fire and watched them burn up. I remember I told you that I would begin over, use a different plot and characters to put across my idea.

"I did exactly that. In fact, I had it well in hand when the *Sun's* editorial and my lecture in Hartford made me resolve to quit New York and society for good. I never went back to the apartment. I simply made my arrangements at my bank and sailed for South

America three days later. I would forget people and their talk entirely, I had decided, and write my second book some place where the imps of gossip wouldn't follow me. I got off in Rio de Janeiro and stayed there five months—and tore up twelve chapters one foggy afternoon in the summer.

"There isn't much use detailing the rest of the two years. I had a letter in Buenos Aires from Eveline saying she had finally decided to try life with Jim. That occupied me for some time. But I have a streak of Yankee doggedness, I suppose, that makes me hang on to a thing once I have begun it. I wandered over about half the globe. I suppose I altered the story nineteen or twenty times. I invented and cast aside a hundred characters. But my fear got me each time, in the end—until one day I got the final idea for that second book.

"I spent about six months in Texas on that. Some time in British Guiana. I went to Tunis and parts of Africa. I ended up down in Provence—and finished the book during my service with the Foreign Legion. But I did it. In fact, I have done it again. I have written a great book."

He turned to Maclay with his deep eyes alight with a kind of fanatical fire,

as he pulled a waterproof-covered manuscript out of the cloak he carried.

"Read it to-night and tell me what you think of it," he said. "You're the only publisher in the world who could have it. I've put four years into it, and carried mankind a distinct step farther in its knowledge once it reads the pages. But, by God! I defy a human being on earth to make it a subject of gossip."

He stood up in Madame Bourgnon's empty café and put on his cloak.

"Come around to my apartment to-morrow night," he said in a more subdued tone as he prepared to depart, and gave us his address. "Unless I have bored you to extinction." He smiled that half smile once more—that smile I could begin to master now!—and bowed to Madame, and a moment later was striding out with a gesture of farewell.

I think Maclay and I both had the same idea instantly. But not until Bissell had vanished through the heavy doors did either of us lean forward for the manuscript. I got it first and took it up with curious fingers. The title page was clear before me. *The Wonder Story of the Ants*, I read, "With introduction by Henri Fabre."

"By God! they can't talk!" Floyd Bissell had written boldly across the page.

NOT BY THE SEA

BY SARA TEASDALE

NOT by the sea, but somewhere in the hills,
Not by the sea, but in the uplands surely
There must be rest, where a dim pool demurely
Watches all night the far, slow-moving skies;

Not by the sea, that never was appeased,
Not by the sea, whose immemorial longing
Shames the tired earth where even longing dies;
Not by the sea, that bore Iseult and Helen—
But in a dark-green hollow of the hills
There must be sleep, even for sleepless eyes.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN RED PETROGRAD

PART II

BY SIR PAUL DUKES

Mr. Dukes, of the British Secret Intelligence Service, went disguised to Petrograd in 1918 in order to keep the British government privately informed of the march of events. The first installment of his narrative, published last month, described his shifts of living and clandestine methods of communication with various people. He undertakes to effect the escape of Mrs. Marsh, an Englishwoman held prisoner by the Bolsheviks. In this enterprise the "Policeman" and the "Journalist" mentioned in the following pages are enlisted. Dukes also undertakes to release his friend Melnikoff, of whom Zorinsky has private information. The mysterious Zorinsky, who professes to be a counter-revolutionist, gives Dukes frequent assistance and advice, but he remains an enigmatic character and his real intentions are doubtful.—THE EDITORS.

IT was shortly before Christmas that the Policeman began to grow nervous and excited, and I could see that his emotion was real. His plan for Mrs. Marsh's escape was developing, occupying his whole mind and causing him no small concern. Every day I brought him some little present, such as cigarettes, sugar, or butter, procured from Maria. At last I became almost as wrought up as he was himself, while Maria, whom I kept informed, was in a constant state of tremor resulting from her fever of anxiety.

December 18th dawned bleak and raw. Toward noon Maria and I set out together for a neighboring market place. We were going to buy a woman's cloak, for that night I was to take Mrs. Marsh across the frontier.

The corner of the Kuznetchny Pereulok and the Vladimirovsky Prospect has been a busy place for "speculators" ever since private trading was prohibited. Even on this bitter winter day there were the usual lines of wretched people standing patiently, disposing of personal belongings or of food got by foraging in the country. Many of them were women of the educated class, selling off their last possessions in the effort to scrape together sufficient to buy

meager provisions for themselves or their families. Old clothing, odds and ends of every description, crockery, toys, knick-knacks, clocks, books, pictures, paper, pots, pans, pails, pipes, post cards—the entire paraphernalia of antiquarian and second-hand dealers' shops—could be found here turned out on the pavements.

Maria soon found what she wanted—a warm cloak which had evidently seen better days. The tired eyes of the tall, refined lady from whom we bought it opened wide as I immediately paid the first price she asked.

The dingy interior of the headquarters of the Extraordinary Commission, with its bare stairs and passages, is an eerie place at all times of the year, but never is its somber, sorrow-laden gloom so intense as on a December afternoon when dusk is sinking into darkness. While Maria and I made our preparations, there sat in one of the inner chambers at No. 2 Goróhovaya, on wooden planks which took the place of bedsteads, a group of women, from thirty to forty in number, their faces undistinguishable in the growing darkness. The room was overheated and nauseatingly stuffy, but the patient figures paid no heed, nor appeared to care whether it were hot or

cold, dark or light. A few chatted in undertones, but most of them sat motionless and silent, waiting, waiting, endlessly waiting.

The terror hour was not yet—it came only at seven each evening. Then each victim knew that if the heavy door was opened and her name called, she would pass out into eternity, for executions were carried out in the evening and the bodies removed at night.

• At seven o'clock, all talk, all action ceased. The white-faced women sat still, eyes fixed on the heavy folding door. When it creaked every figure became rigid. A moment of ghastly, intolerable suspense, a silence that could be felt, and in the silence—a name. And when the name was spoken, every figure—but one—would imperceptibly relapse. Here and there a lip would twitch, here and there a smile would flicker. But no one would break the dead silence. One of their number was doomed. The figure that bore the spoken name would rise, move slowly, with unnatural gait, tottering along the narrow aisle between the plank couches. Some would look up and some would look down, and some would pray, or mutter, "To-morrow, maybe I." Or there would be a frantic shriek, a brutal struggle, and worse than death would fill the chamber.

But on this December afternoon the terror hour was not yet. There were still three hours' respite, and the figures spoke low in groups or sat silently waiting, waiting, endlessly waiting.

"*Lydia Marsh!*"

The hinges creaked, the guard appeared in the doorway, and the name was spoken loud and clearly. "It is not the terror hour yet," thought every woman, glancing at the twilight through the high, dirt-stained windows.

A figure rose from a distant couch. "What can it be?" "Another interpellation?" "An unusual hour!" Low voices sounded from the group. "They've left me alone three days," said the rising figure, wearily. "I suppose now it begins all over again. Well, *à bientôt*."

The figure disappeared in the doorway.

"Follow me," said the guard. He passed along the corridor and turned down a side passage. They passed others in the corridor, but no one heeded. The guard stopped and pointed with his bayonet.

"In here?" queried the woman, in surprise. The guard was silent. The woman pushed the door open and entered.

Lying in the corner were a dark-green shawl and a shabby hat, with two slips of paper attached. One of them was a pass in an unknown name, stating the holder had entered the building at four o'clock and must leave before seven. The other had scrawled on it the words, "Walk straight into St. Isaac's Cathedral."

Mechanically she destroyed the second slip, adjusted the shabby hat, and, wrapping the shawl well round her neck and face, passed out into the passage. She elbowed others in the corridor, but no one heeded her. At the foot of the main staircase she was asked for her pass. She showed it and was motioned on. At the main entrance she was again asked for her pass. She showed it and was passed out into the street. She looked up and down. The street was empty, and, crossing the road hurriedly, she disappeared round the corner.

Like dancing constellations the candles flickered and flared in front of the ikons at the foot of the huge pillars of the vast cathedral. Halfway up, the columns vanished in gloom. I had already burned two candles, and, though I was concealed in the niche of a pillar, I knelt and stood alternately, partly from impatience, partly that my piety should be patent to any chance observer. But my eyes were fixed on the little wooden side entrance. How interminable the minutes seemed. Quarter to five!

Then the green shawl appeared. It looked almost black in the dim darkness. It slipped through the doorway quickly, stood still a moment, and

moved irresolutely forward. I walked up to the shrouded figure.

"Mrs. Marsh?" I said, quietly, in English.

"Yes."

"I am the person you are to meet. I hope you will soon see your husband."

"Where is he?" she asked, anxiously.

"In Finland. You go there with me to-night."

We left the cathedral and, crossing the square, took a cab and drove to the place called Five Corners. Here we walked a little and, finding another cab, drove near to "No. 5," again walking the last hundred yards. I banged at the door three times.

How shall I describe the meeting with Maria! I left them weeping together and went into another room. Neither shall I attempt to describe the parting when, an hour later, Mrs. Marsh stood ready for her journey, clad in the cloak we had purchased in the morning, and with a black shawl in place of the green one.

"There is no time to lose," I said. "We must be at the station at seven, and it is a long drive."

The adieus were over at last, and Maria stood weeping at the door as we made our way down the dark stone stairs.

"I will call you Varvara," I cautioned my companion. "You call me Vania, and if by any chance we are stopped, I am taking you to a hospital."

We drove slowly to the distant straggling Okhta station. The little Policeman was on the platform, sincerely overjoyed at this happy ending to his design. I thrust the packet of money Marsh had left for him into his hand.

"Come on, Varvara!" I shouted, in Russian, rudely tugging Mrs. Marsh by the sleeve. "We sha'n't get places if you stand gaping like that! Come on, stupid!"

I hauled her toward the train, and, seeing an extra box car hitched on in front, rushed in its direction.

"Gently, gently, Vania!" cried my companion, in genuine distress as I

lifted her bodily and landed her on the dirty floor.

"*Ne zievai!*" I cried. "Don't yawn! Get in! Here, take the bag!" and while I clambered up I handed her the packet of sandwiches made by Maria for the journey. "If anything happens," I whispered in English when we were safely ensconced, "we are 'speculators'—looking for milk; that's what nearly everybody here is doing."

The compact seething mass of beings struggling to squirm into the car resembled a swarm of hiving bees, and in a few moments the place was packed like a sardine box. In vain late arrivals endeavored, headforemost, to burrow a path inward. In vain some dozens of individuals pleaded to the inmates to squeeze "just a little tighter" and make room "for just one more." Somehow the doors were slid to, and we sat in the pitch darkness and waited.

Though the car must have held nearly a hundred people, once we were incased all conversation ceased; scarcely anyone spoke, and if he did it was in undertones. Until the train started the silence, but for audible breathing, was uncanny. Only a boy, sitting next to my companion, coughed during the whole journey—coughed rackingly and incessantly, nearly driving me mad. After a while a candle was produced, and round the flickering light at one end of the car, some Finns began singing folk songs.

[*Dukes reaches Finland safely with Mrs. Marsh. He then returns alone to Petrograd.*]

My friends, the Finnish patrols, had furnished me with a renewed "document" better worded than the passport I carried, and with a later date. As a precautionary measure I changed my name to Joseph Krylenko. But the time was coming when even those employees of the Extraordinary Commission who were not indispensable might be subject to mobilization. The staff of clerical employees, one of whom I purported to be,

might be cut down. So I had somehow to get a document showing I was exempt from military service.

It was Zorinsky who helped me out. I called him up the day after my return, eager to have news of Melnikoff. He asked me to come round to dinner, and I deliberated with myself whether, having told him I expected to go to Moscow, I should let him know I had been to Finland. I decided to avoid the subject and say nothing at all.

Zorinsky greeted me warmly. So did his wife. As we seated ourselves at the dinner table I noticed there was still no lack of comestibles.

"Your health, Pavel Ivanitch!" exclaimed Zorinsky, as usual. "Glad to see you back. How are things over there?"

"Over where?" I queried.

"Why, in Finland, of course."

So he knew already! It was a good thing for me that I had devoted a deal of thought to the enigmatical personality of my companion. I could not make him out. Personally I disliked him intensely, yet he had already been of considerable service, and in any case I needed his assistance to effect Melnikoff's release.

"It is a pity you did not let me put you across the bridge at Bielo'ostrov," observed Zorinsky, referring to his offer to assist me in getting across the frontier.

"Oh, it was all right," I said. "I had to leave at a moment's notice. It was a long and difficult walk, but not unpleasant."

"I could have put you across quite simply," he said, "both of you."

"Both of us?"

"Why, you and Mrs. Marsh, of course."

"You seem to know a lot of things," I remarked, as casually as I could.

"It is my hobby," he replied, with his crooked, cynical smile. "You are to be congratulated, I must say, on Mrs. Marsh's escape. It was, I believe, very neatly executed. You didn't do it yourself, I suppose?"

"No," I said, "and, to tell the truth, I have no idea how it was done." I was prepared to swear by all the gods that I knew nothing of the affair.

"Nor have they any idea at Number two Goróhovaya," he said. "At least, so I am told." He appeared not to attach importance to the matter. "By the way," he continued, a moment later, "I want to warn you against a fellow I have heard Marsh was in touch with, Alexei Fomitch Something-or-other—I've forgotten the surname."

The Policeman!

"Ever met him?"

"Never heard of him," I said, indifferently.

"Look out, if you do," said Zorinsky; "he is a German spy."

"Any idea where he lives?" I inquired, in the same tone.

"No; he is registered under a pseudonym, of course. But he doesn't interest me. I chanced to hear of him the other day and thought I would caution you."

Was it mere coincidence that Zorinsky mentioned the Policeman? I resolved to venture a query.

"Any connection between Mrs. Marsh and this German spy?" I asked, casually.

"Not that I know of." For a moment a flash appeared in his eyes. "You really think Mrs. Marsh was ignorant of how she escaped?" he added.

"I am positive. She hadn't the faintest notion."

Zorinsky was thoughtful. We changed the subject, but after a while he broached it again.

"It is impertinent of me to ask questions," he said, courteously, "but I cannot help being abstractly interested in your chivalrous rescue of Mrs. Marsh. I scarcely expect you to answer, but I should, indeed, be interested to know how you learned she was free."

"Why, very simply," I replied. "I met her quite by chance at a friend's house, and offered to escort her across the frontier."

Zorinsky relapsed and the subject was not mentioned again.

Presently Zorinsky thrust a big blue sheet of oil paper into my hands.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

The paper was a pen sketch of the Finnish Gulf, but for some time I could make neither head nor tail of the geometrical designs which covered it. Only when I read in the corner the words "Fortress of Cronstadt, Distribution of Mines," did I realize what the map really was.

"Plan of the mine fields round Cronstadt and in the Finnish Gulf," explained Zorinsky. The mines lay in inner and outer fields, and the course was shown which a vessel would have to take to pass through safely. The plan proved subsequently to be quite correct.

"How did you get hold of it?" I asked, interested and amused.

"Does it matter?" he said. "There is generally a way to do these things. That is the original. If you would like to make a copy of it, you must do so to-night. It must be returned to its locked drawer in the Admiralty not later than half past nine to-morrow morning."

While I was still examining the scheme of mine fields my companion produced two further papers and asked me to glance at them. I found them to be official certificates of exemption from military service on the ground of heart trouble, filled up with details, date of examination (two days previously), signatures of the officiating doctor, who was known to me by name, the doctor's assistant, and the proxy of the controlling commissar. One was filled out in the name of Zorinsky. The other was complete—*except for the name of the holder!* A close examination and comparison of the signatures convinced me they were genuine. This was exactly the certificate I so much needed to avoid mobilization, and I began to think Zorinsky a genius—an evil genius, perhaps, but still a genius!

"One for each of us," he observed, laconically. "The doctor is a good friend of mine. I needed one for myself,

so I thought I might as well get one for you, too. Will you fill in your name at once?"

I suddenly recollected that I had never told Zorinsky what name I was living under, nor shown him my papers, nor initiated him into any kind of personal confidences whatsoever. Nor had my reticence been accidental. I felt intensely reluctant to disclose my assumed name or to show the passport in my possession.

The situation was one of great delicacy, however. Could I decently refuse to inscribe my name in Zorinsky's presence after the various favors he had shown me and the assistance he was lending me—especially by procuring me the very exemption certificate I so badly needed? Clearly, it would be an offense. On the other hand, I could not invent another name, since the document would have to be shown together with my passport. To gain time for reflection I picked up the certificate to examine it again.

The longer I thought the clearer I realized that, genuine though the certificate undoubtedly was, the plot had been laid deliberately to make me disclose the name under which I was living!

Zorinsky caught my sidelong glance at him. He was lolling in a rocking-chair, with a bland expression on his misformed face as he swung forward and backward, intent on his nails. He looked up, and as our eyes met for the merest instant I saw he had not failed to note my hesitation.

I dropped into the desk chair and seized a pen.

"Certainly," I said, "I will inscribe my name at once. This is indeed a godsend."

Zorinsky rose and stood at my side. "You must imitate the writing," he said. "I am sorry I am not a draftsman to assist you."

I substituted a pencil for the pen and began to draw my name in outline, copying letters from the handwriting on the certificate. Zorinsky applauded admir-

ingly as I traced the words—*Joseph Krylenko*. When they were done I finished them off in ink and laid down the pen.

"Occupation?" queried my companion, as quietly as if he were asking the hour.

Occupation! A revolver shot at my ear could not have startled me more than this simple but completely unexpected query! The two blank lines I took to be left for the name only, but, looking closer, I saw that the second was indeed intended for the holder's business or occupation.

"Is it essential?" I asked. "I have no occupation."

"Then you must invent one," he replied. "You must have some sort of passport with you. What do you show the guards in the street? Copy whatever you have from that."

Cornered! I had put my foot in it nicely. Zorinsky was inquisitive for some reason or other to learn how I was living and under what name, and had succeeded effectually in discovering part at least of what he wanted to know. There was nothing for it. I reluctantly drew my passport of the Extraordinary Commission from my pocket in order that I might copy the exact wording.

"May I see?" asked my companion, picking up the paper. I scrutinized his face as he slowly perused it. An amused smile flickered round his crooked mouth, one end of which jutted up into his cheek.

"A very nice passport, indeed," he said, finally, looking with peculiar care at the signatures. "It will be a long time before you land in the cells of Number two Goróhovaya if you continue like this."

He turned the paper over. Fortunately, the regulation had not yet been published rendering all "documents of identification" invalid unless stamped by one's House Committee, showing the full address. So there was nothing on the back.

"You are a pupil of Melnikoff, that

is clear," he said, laying the paper down on the desk. "By the way, I have something to tell you about Melnikoff. But finish your writing first."

I soon inscribed my occupation of clerk in an office of the Extraordinary Commission, adding also "two" to the age to conform with my other papers. As I traced the letters I tried to sum up the situation. Melnikoff, I hoped, would now soon be free, but misgivings began to arise regarding my own position, which I had an inexplicable suspicion had in some way become jeopardized as a result of the disclosures I had been obliged to make that evening to Zorinsky.

When I had finished I folded the exemption certificate and put it with my passport in my pocket.

"Well, what is the news of Melnikoff?" I said.

[Zorinsky tells Dukes that Melnikoff's release can be effected only by a bribe of sixty thousand roubles, to be paid in advance to an Investigator—with no assurance that he may not play false. Dukes dubiously assents to the arrangement and retires for the night.]

For hours I paced up and down the soft carpet, recalling every word of the evening's conversation, and trying to invent a means of making myself again independent of Zorinsky.

Would Melnikoff be released? The prospects seemed suddenly to have diminished. Meanwhile, Zorinsky knew my name, and might, for all I knew, out of sheer curiosity, be designing to discover my haunts and acquaintances.

I took my newly procured exemption certificate from my pocket and examined it again. Yes, it was certainly a treasure. "Incurable heart trouble"—that means permanent exemption. With this and my passport, I considered, I might with comparative safety even register myself and take regular rooms somewhere on the outskirts of the town.

The only thing I did not like about my new "document" was its patent

newness. I have never yet seen anybody keep tidy "documents" in Russia, the normal condition of a passport being the verge of dissolution. There was no need to reduce my certificate to that state at once, since it was only two days old, but I decided that I would at least fold and crumple it as much as my passport, which was only five days old. I took the paper and, folding it tightly in four, pressed the creases firmly between finger and thumb. Then laying it on the table, I squeezed the folds under my thumb nail, drawing the paper backward and forward. Finally, the creases looking no longer new, I began to ruffle the edges. And then a miracle occurred! The paper in my hands all at once most unexpectedly divided, revealing to my astonished eyes not one exemption certificate—but *two!*

Two of the printed sheets had become so closely stuck together that it was only when the edges were ruffled that they fell apart. Here was the means of eluding Zorinsky by filling in another paper! I felt like the Count of Monte Cristo unearthing his treasure—until I recollected that the blank form was quite useless until I had another passport to back it up.

That night I thrashed out my position thoroughly and determined on a line of action. Zorinsky, I reflected, was a repulsive creature whom in ordinary life I should have been inclined to shun like a pest. But in the abnormal circumstances in which I lived, to break with anybody with whom I had once formed a close association was very difficult, and in Zorinsky's case doubly so. Suppose he saw me in the street afterward, or heard of me through any of his numerous connections? Pursuing his "hobby" of *contre-espionage*, he would surely not fail to follow the movements of a star of the first magnitude like myself. There was no course open but to remain on good terms and profit to the full by the information I obtained from him and the people I occasionally met at his house—information which proved to be invari-

ably correct. But he must learn nothing of my other movements, and in this respect I felt the newly discovered blank exemption form would surely be of service. I had only to procure another passport from somewhere or other.

What was Zorinsky's real attitude toward Melnikoff, I wondered? How well had they known each other? If only I had some means of checking—But I knew none of Melnikoff's connections in Russia. He had lived at a hospital. He had spoken of a doctor friend. I had already twice seen the woman at the lodge to which he had directed me. I thought hard for a moment.

Yes, good idea! On the morrow I would resort once more to Melnikoff's hospital on The Islands, question the woman again, and, if possible, seek an interview with the doctor. Perhaps he could shed light on the matter. Thus deciding, I threw myself, dressed, on the bed and fell asleep.

The Doctor, Melnikoff's uncle, was a splendid fellow. When I first called on him and announced myself as a friend of Melnikoff's, he sat bolt upright, smiling affably, and obviously ready for every conceivable contingency. The last thing in the world he was prepared to do was to believe me. I told him all I could about his nephew, and he evidently thought I was very clever to know so much. He was polite, but categorical. No, sir, he knew nothing whatsoever of his nephew's movements. It was good of me to interest myself in his welfare, but he himself had ceased to be interested. I might possibly be an Englishman, as I said, but he had never heard his nephew mention an Englishman. He had no knowledge nor any desire for information as to his nephew's past, present, or future, and if his nephew had engaged in counter-revolutionary activities it was his own fault. I could not but admire the placidity and suavity with which he said all this, and cursed the disguise which made me look so unlike what I wanted the Doctor to see.

"Do you speak English?" I said at last, getting exasperated.

I detected a twinge—ever so slight.

"A little," he replied.

"Then, damn it all! man," I exclaimed, in English, "why the devil can't you see I *am* an Englishman and not a *provocateur*? Melnikoff must have told you something about me. Except for me he wouldn't have come back here. Didn't he tell you how we stayed together at Viborg—how he helped dress me, how he drank all my whisky—?"

The Doctor all at once half rose from his seat. The urbane fixed smile that had not left his lips since the beginning of the interview suddenly burst into a half laugh.

"Was it *you* who gave him the whisky?" he broke in, in Russian. "Why on earth didn't you come before?"

We rapidly became friends. Melnikoff's disappearance had been a complete mystery to him, a mystery which he had no means of solving. He had never heard of Zorinsky, but names meant nothing. He thought it strange that so high a price should be demanded for Melnikoff, and thought I had been unwise to give it all in advance under any circumstances; but he was none the less overjoyed to hear of the prospects of his release.

After every visit to Zorinsky I called on the Doctor to tell him the latest news. On this particular morning I had told him how, the evening before, in a manner which I disliked intensely, Zorinsky had shelved the subject, giving evasive answers. We had passed the middle of January already, yet apparently there was no information whatever as to Melnikoff's case.

"There is another thing, too, that disquiets me, Doctor," I added. "Zorinsky shows undue curiosity as to where I go when I am not at his house. He happens to know the passport on which I am living, and, examination of papers being so frequent, I wish I could get another one. Have you any idea what Melnikoff would do in such circumstances?"

The Doctor paced up and down the room. "Would you mind telling me the name?" he asked.

I showed him all my documents, including the exemption certificate, explaining how I had received them.

"Well, your Mr. Zorinsky certainly is a useful friend to have, I must say," he observed, looking at the certificate and wagging his head knowingly. "By the way, does he cost you much, if one may ask?"

"He himself? Nothing at all, or very little. Besides the sixty thousand for Melnikoff," I calculated, "I have given him a few thousand for odd expenses connected with the case; I insist on paying for meals; I gave his wife an expensive bouquet at New Year with which she was very pleased; then I have given him money for the relief of Melnikoff's sister, and—"

"For Melnikoff's sister?" ejaculated the Doctor. "But he hasn't got one!"

Vot tibie ná! No sister? Then where did the money go? I suddenly remembered Zorinsky had once asked if I could give him English money. I told the Doctor.

"Look out, my friend, look out," he said. "Your friend is certainly a clever and a useful man. But I'm afraid you will have to go on paying for Melnikoff's nonexistent sister. It would not do for him to know you had found out. As for your passport, I will ask my nephew, Shura."

"Evasive, Doctor, very evasive," I said a few days later, as we sat over tea and a few dry crust biscuits which the Doctor had procured from somewhere. "Yesterday evening Zorinsky gave me some interesting information about industrial developments, alteration of railway administration, and changes in the Red Fleet, but the moment Melnikoff is mentioned then it is: 'Oh, Melnikoff? In a day or two I think we may know definitely,' or, 'My informant is out of town,' and so on."

"Perhaps there is a hitch somewhere,"

suggested the Doctor. "I suppose there is nothing to do but wait. By the way, you wanted a passport, didn't you? How will that suit you?"

The paper he handed me was an ordinary document of identification, in the name of Alexander Vasilievitch Markovitch, aged thirty-three, clerical assistant at the head postal-telegraph office.

"Shura procured it," the Doctor explained. "A friend of his, by name Markov, arrived recently from Moscow to work at the telegraph office. A week later he heard his wife was seriously ill and got special permission to return. He doesn't intend to come back. Shura asked him for his passport, and after Markov had got his railroad pass and paper showing he was authorized to return to Moscow, he gave it him. If they ask for it in Moscow, he will say he has lost it. He would have to have a new one, anyway, since a Petrograd one is useless there. My typewriter at the hospital has the same type as this, so we altered the date a little, added 'itch' to the name—and there you are, if you wish, a ready-made postal official."

"What about clothing?" I said. "I don't look much like a postal official."

"There is something more important than that. What about military service?"

From my pocket I drew forth my blank exemption certificate and exhibited it to the Doctor.

In an hour I had filled in the blank exemption form with all particulars relating to Alexander Vasilievitch Markovitch. Tracing the signatures carefully, and inserting a recent date, I managed to produce a document indistinguishable as regards authenticity from the original, and thus was possessed of two sets of documents, one in the name of Krylenko for the benefit of Zorinsky, the other for exhibition in the streets and possible registration.

As the end of January approached my suspicion that Zorinsky was unable to secure Melnikoff's release grew. Once or

twice he had not even mentioned the subject, talking energetically in his usual vivacious manner about other things. He was as entertaining as ever, and invariably imparted interesting political news, but if I broached the subject of Melnikoff he shelved it at once.

So I resolved, in spite of risks, to see if I could obtain through the Policeman information as to Melnikoff's case. I had not seen the Policeman since I returned from Finland, so I told him I had been delayed in that country and had only just come back. Without telling him who Melnikoff was, I imparted to him the data regarding the latter's arrest, and what I had learned "through accidental channels" as to his imprisonment. I did not let him know my concern, lest he should be inclined purposely to give a favorable report, but charged him to be strict and accurate in his investigation, and, in the event of failing to learn anything, not to fear to admit it.

About a week later, when I phoned to him, he said "he had received an interesting letter on family matters." It was with trepidation that I hurried to his house. The little Policeman held a thin strip of paper in his hand.

"Dmitri Dmitrievitch Melnikoff," he read. "Real name Nicholas Nicholaievitch N——?"

"Yes," I said.

"He was shot between the fifteenth and twentieth of January."

[Dukes makes another hazardous trip to Finland, returning again to Petrograd.]

Traversing the city on a cold February morning, I sensed an atmosphere of peculiar unrest and subdued alarm. Small groups of guards—Lettish and Chinese, for the most part—hurrying hither and thither, were evidence of special activity on the part of the Extraordinary Commission. In the square I procured the soviet newspapers, but they, of course, gave no indication that anything was amiss. It was only later I learned that during the last few days

numerous arrests of supposed counter-revolutionists had been made, and that simultaneously measures were being taken to prevent an anticipated outbreak of workers' strikes.

By usual devious routes I arrived in the locality of my empty flat—"No. 5." This, I was confident, was the safest place for me to return to first. From here I would telephone to the Journalist, the Doctor, and one or two other people, and find out how the land lay and if anything particular had happened during my absence.

The prevailing atmosphere of disquietude made me approach the flat with especial caution. The street was all but deserted, the yard was as foul and noisome as ever.

Arriving at No. 5, I listened intently at the back door. There was no sound within. I knocked boldly, hastily re-applying my ear to the keyhole to await the result.

For a moment there was silence. Then I heard shuffling footsteps moving along the passage. Without waiting, I darted down the steps to the landing below. Whoever came to the door, I hurriedly considered, would be certain, when he found no one outside, to look out over the iron banisters. If it were a stranger, I would say I had mistaken the door, and bolt.

The key squeaked in the rusty lock and the door was stiffly pushed open. Shoeless feet approached the banisters, and a face peered over. Through the bars from the bottom I saw it was the dull and unintelligent face of the boy, Grisha, who had replaced Maria.

"Grisha," I called, as I mounted the stairs, to prepare him for my return, "are you alone at home?"

"Alone."

Grisha followed me into the flat, locking the back door behind him. The air was musty with three weeks' unimpeded accumulation of dust.

"Where is Maria? See! I have brought her a lovely pair of brand-new shoes. And for you a slab of chocolate. There!"

Grisha took the chocolate, muttering thanks, and, breaking off a morsel, slowly conveyed it to his mouth.

"Well? Nothing new, Grisha? Is the world still going round?"

Grisha stared and, preparatory to speech, laboriously transferred the contents of his mouth into his cheek.

"Are you Kr-Kr-Krylenko?"

Krylenko! How the deuce should this youngster know my name of Krylenko? But Grisha appeared to take it for granted. Without waiting he proceeded:

"They came again for you this morning."

"Who?"

"A man with two soldiers."

"Asking for 'Krylenko'?"

"Yes."

"And what did you say?"

"What you told me, Ivan Ilitch. That you will be away a long time and perhaps not come back at all."

"By what wonderful means, I should like to know, have you discovered a connection between me and anyone called Krylenko?"

"They described you."

"What did they say? Tell me precisely."

Grisha shifted awkwardly from foot to foot. His sluggish brain exerted itself to remember.

"Tall—sort of, they said, black beard. . . . long hair . . . one front tooth missing . . . speaks not quite our way . . . walks quickly."

Was Grisha making this up? Surely he had not sufficient ingenuity! I questioned him minutely as to when the unwelcome visitors had first come, and made him repeat every word they had said and his replies. I saw, then, that it was true. I was discovered, known, and they were awaiting my return.

"To-day was the second time," said Grisha. "First they came a few days ago. They looked round and opened the cupboards, but when they found them all empty they went away."

A moment's consideration convinced me there was only one line of action. I

must quit the flat like lightning. The next step must be decided in the street.

"Grisha," I said, "you have acquitted yourself well. If ever anyone asks for me again, tell him I have left the city for good and shall never return. Does Maria know?"

"Maria is still at the farm. I have not seen her for two weeks."

"Well, tell her the same—because it's true. Good-by."

Arriving in the street, I began to think. I must now plan how to change my appearance completely and with the minimum of delay. Limping along painfully, half covering my face with my scarf as if I had toothache, I approached the Journalist's house. He lived on the first floor, thank Heaven, so there would be only one flight of stairs to ascend. From the opposite side of the street I scrutinized the exterior of the house. Through the glass door I could see nobody in the hall and there was nothing to indicate that anything was amiss. So I crossed the road and entered.

The floor tiling in the hall was loose and had long needed repair, but I tiptoed over it gently and without noise. Then, with one foot on the bottom stair, I stopped dead! What was that disturbance on the first landing just over my head? I listened intently.

Whispering!

[Dukes finds that a secret search of the Journalist's rooms is being made. Challenged by a guard, he pretends that he has mistaken the number of the house he is seeking. He then goes to the Doctor.]

"The blades are pretty blunt, I am afraid," observed the Doctor, as he produced his Gillette razor. "The man who smuggles a boxful of razor blades into this country will make his fortune. Here's the brush and soap—my last piece."

It was late in the afternoon of the same day. I sat in the Doctor's study before a mirror, preparing to perform an excruciating surgical operation—namely, the removal with a blunt safety

razor of the shaggy beard that for nearly six months had decorated my cheeks, chin, and nether lip.

Before operating with the razor I reduced my beard as far as possible with the scissors. Even this altered my appearance to a remarkable degree. Then I brought soap, brush, and blade into play—but the less said of the ensuing painful hour the better.

The Doctor then assumed the role of hairdresser. He cut off my flowing locks and, though it was hardly necessary, dyed my hair coal black with some German dyestuff he had got.

Except for one detail, my transformation was now complete. Cutting open the lapel of the jacket I was discarding, I extracted a tiny paper packet, and, unwrapping it, took out the contents—my missing tooth, carefully preserved for this very emergency. A little wadding served effectually as a plug. I inserted it in the gaping aperture in my top row of teeth.

The clean-shaven, short-haired, tidy, but indigent-looking individual in eyeglasses who made his way down the Doctor's staircase next morning attired in the Doctor's old clothes, in no way resembled the bedraggled, shaggy-haired, limping maniac of the previous day. It took me several days to get thoroughly accustomed to my totally new exterior. I found myself constantly glancing into mirrors and shop windows in the street, smiling with amusement at my own reflection. In the course of ensuing weeks and months I encountered several people with whom I had formerly had connections, and, though some of them looked me in the face, I was never recognized.

It was about a week later, when walking along the river quay, that I espied, to my astonishment, on the other side of the road Melnikoff's friend of Viborg days whom I had hoped to find in Finland—Ivan Sergeievitch. He was well disguised as a soldier, with worn-out boots and shabby cap. I followed him in uncertainty, passing and repassing him

two or three times to make sure. But a scar on his cheek left no further doubt. So, waiting until he was close to the gate of the garden on the west side of the Winter Palace, the wall of which with the imperial monograms was being removed, I stepped up behind him.

"Ivan Sergeievitch," I said, in a low voice.

He stopped dead, not looking round.

"It is all right," I continued. "Step into the garden; you will recognize me in a minute."

He followed me cautiously at some paces distance and we sat down on a bench among the bushes.

"My God!" exclaimed Ivan Sergeievitch, in astonishment, when I had convinced him of my bona-fide identity. "Is it possible? No one would recognize you! It is you I have been looking for. Do you not know that Zorinsky is in Finland?"

"Is he?" I replied. "I went to Finland myself recently, partly to see you about that very fellow. I saw your wife. But nobody seems to know anything about him, and I have ceased to care."

"You have no notion what a close shave you have had, Pavel Pavlovitch. I will tell you what I know. When I heard from my wife that Varia was arrested and that you were in touch with Zorinsky, I returned to Finland and set out at once for Petrograd, although I am condemned by the Bolsheviks to be shot. You see, Zorinsky—"

And Ivan Sergeievitch unfolded to me a tale that was strange indeed. I have forgotten some details of it, but it was roughly as follows:

Zorinsky, under another name, had been an officer in the old army. He distinguished himself for reckless bravery at the front and drunkenness in the rear. During the war he had had some financial losses, became implicated in attempted embezzlement, and later was caught cheating at cards. He was invited to resign from his regiment, but was reinstated after an interval in view of his

military services. He again distinguished himself in battle, but was finally excluded from the regiment shortly before the revolution, this time on the ground of misconduct. During 1917 he was known to have failed in some grandiose deals of a speculative and doubtful character. He then disappeared for a time, but in the summer of 1918 was found living in Petrograd under various names, ostensibly hiding from the Bolsheviks. Although his business deals were usually unsuccessful, he appeared always to be in affluent circumstances. It was this fact, and a certain strangeness of manner, that led Ivan Sergeievitch to regard him with strong suspicion. He had him watched, and established beyond all doubt that he was endeavoring to gain admission to various counter-revolutionary organizations on behalf of the Bolsheviks.

Shortly afterward, Ivan Sergeievitch was arrested under circumstances that showed that only Zorinsky could have betrayed him. But he escaped on the very night that he was to be shot by breaking from his guards and throwing himself over the parapet of the Neva into the river. In Finland, whither he fled, he met and formed a close friendship with Melnikoff, who, after the Yaroslave affair and his own escape, had assisted in the establishment of a system of communication with Petrograd, occasionally revisiting the city himself.

"Of course I told Melnikoff of Zorinsky," said Ivan Sergeievitch, "though I could not know that Zorinsky would track him. But he got the better of us both."

"Then why," I asked, "did Melnikoff associate with him?"

"He never saw him, so far as I know."

"What!" I exclaimed. "But Zorinsky said he knew him well and always called him 'an old friend'!"

"Zorinsky may have *seen* Melnikoff, but he never *spoke* to him that I know of. Melnikoff was a friend of a certain Vera Alexandrovna X., who kept a secret café— You knew it? Ah, if I had

known Melnikoff had told you of it I should have warned you. From other people who escaped from Petrograd I learned that Zorinsky frequented the café, too. He was merely lying in wait for Melnikoff."

"You mean he deliberately betrayed him?"

"It is evident. Put two and two together. Melnikoff was a known and much-feared counter-revolutionary. Zorinsky was in the service of the Extraordinary Commission, and was well paid, no doubt. He also betrayed Vera Alexandrovna and her café, probably receiving so much per head. I heard of that from other people."

"Then why did he not betray me, too?" I asked, incredulously.

"You gave him money, I suppose?"

I told Ivan Sergeievitch the whole story—how I had met Zorinsky, his offer to release Melnikoff, the sixty thousand rubles and other payments "for odd expenses," amounting to about a hundred thousand in all. I also told him of the valuable and accurate information Zorinsky had provided me with.

"That is just what he would do," said Ivan Sergeievitch. "He worked for both sides. A hundred thousand, I suppose, is all he thought he could get out of you, so now he has gone to Finland. Something must have happened to you here, for he wanted to prevent your returning to Russia and pose as your savior. Is it not true that something has happened?"

I told him of the discovery of the Journalist's flat and "No. 5," but, unless I had been tracked unnoticed, there was no special reason to believe Zorinsky could have discovered either of these.

The betrayal of the name "Krylenko" was, of course, easily traceable to him, but whence had he known the addresses?

And then I remembered that I had never telephoned to Zorinsky from anywhere except from "No. 5" and the Journalist's, for those were the only places where I could speak without being overheard. I suggested the coincidence to Ivan Sergeievitch.

"Aha!" he cried, obviously regarding the evidence as conclusive. "Of course he inquired for your telephone numbers directly you had spoken! But he would not betray you as long as you continued to pay him. Besides, he doubtless hoped eventually to unearth a big organization. As for your betrayal, any time would do, and the reward was always certain. It might be another hundred thousand for revealing your haunts. And then, you see, in Finland he would warn you against returning and get some more out of you for this further great service. He was furious to find you had just left!"

"Will Zorinsky come back to Russia, do you think?" I asked.

"I have no idea," was the reply. And he added, again staring at my transformed physiognomy and laughing, "But you certainly have no cause to fear his recognizing you now!"

Such was the strange story of Zorinsky as I learned it from Ivan Sergeievitch. Eventually I heard Zorinsky had been shot by the Bolsheviks. If so, it was an ironic and fitting close to his career. Perhaps they discovered him again serving two or more masters. But the news impressed me but little, for I had ceased to care whether Zorinsky was shot or not.

THE TRUE NELSON TOUCH

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

WHILE it had been his uncle's undisputed privilege to show Egbert his way round New York in the first place, it would have been certainly an unwarrantable stretch of imagination to add that Mr. Carrington Crosby had considered it a pleasure, as well as a privilege. As a matter of fact, he had considered it a confounded nuisance, and endured two or three hours of Egbert's uninterrupted society in the frankly silent exasperation of one who endures the attentions of a large and malignant mosquito. They saw the fleet at anchor in the North River, from the top of a bus, and Grant's tomb, and the whole of New York from the Woolworth Building with an enthusiasm they had been equally successful in dissembling; and they parted just before dinner with the somewhat depressed satisfaction of men who have done their duty when they might have been delightfully occupied otherwise.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Carrington Crosby, as he shook hands with his nephew outside the towering, tremendous hotel at which Egbert had, on the advice of a taxi driver, elected to stay, "I can't ask you to dine with me, as I'm dining out myself."

"Right-o," replied Egbert, cheerfully.

"It's a very important and long-standing engagement," explained his uncle, "otherwise—"

"Oh, that's quite all right," interrupted Egbert, stifling any curiosity in what might or might not transpire had Mr. Crosby's dinner appointment been of evidently less consequence than it apparently was. "Anyway, I'm goin' to dine with a chap I met on the boat," he added, making an excursion into the realm of fiction himself.

All uncles appeared to be uninterestingly alike, and Egbert, whose family consisted largely of uncles, inclined that evening to rather more exciting society. Therefore he left the numerous letters of introduction with which he had been presented before leaving England in safety at the bottom of a formidable trunk and dined alone at the Restaurant Mont-Parnasse. Everybody knows the Restaurant Mont - Parnasse — its jazz band—its floor for dancing—its lights—its reckless, intoxicating gayety—its cooking—its *clientèle*. He was told that everybody dined at the Restaurant Mont-Parnasse. Of course, it *was* unfortunate he could not invite some immensely pretty girl to dine there with him, and dance; most of the letters of introduction he had received were to elderly gentlemen who lived at clubs and were probably uncles of the most uninteresting sort.

Still, almost anything might happen at the Restaurant Mont-Parnasse. . . .

Almost anything did happen at the Restaurant Mont-Parnasse, as a matter of fact. There was a wholesale and horrifying consumption of iced water. There were men in evening clothes and in golf suits of extraordinary tweed. There were some astonishing decorations in the more enlivening manner of the gifted M. Leon Bakst; a *maître d'hôtel* whom Egbert thought he remembered seeing in Cannes, but who disappointingly insisted that he came from Cincinnati, Ohio. And then there were a tremendous number of extremely pretty girls with whom it was apparently impossible to talk—as one did at Ciro's, or the Café Royal. . . .

And then there was a waiter with a



“MAY I INTRODUCE AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE?”

very small visiting card on a very large plate, which were presented jointly to Egbert. The card bore the neatly engraved name of Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley upon it, and in the lower left-hand corner that of Brooks's Club, St. James's St., S. W. 1.

Who on earth was Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley?

“Says he met you in London,” said the waiter.

“Me?” exclaimed Egbert, reading the inscription again carefully.

“An' the genelman wants to know will you join him—”

“Look here, old thing, you've made

a mistake. This card's for some one else.”

“No,” said the waiter, obstinately, “it ain't. The genelman said you—the En'lishman with the eyeglass.”

“But I don't know any Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley!” said Egbert.

And then he perceived an important, gray-haired, rather portly man in evening clothes making his way directly towards them with an almost episcopal dignity and distinction of manner.

“Is this the jolly old joker?” asked Egbert, hurriedly.

The waiter glanced over his shoulder and nodded. “Sure, this 's him.”

Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley advanced upon them portentously, pretending to notice nothing, slowly and rather thoughtfully, jingling some loose coins in his trousers' pockets.

"I say, haven't I met you somewhere or other?" he began. "My name's Cholmondeley—that's my card—and, though I can't remember your name, remember your face. . . ."

A short and somewhat doubtful pause, and then:

"Think I met you at Lady George Mainwaring's—or Brooks's. . . ."

"But," remarked Egbert, politely, "I've never been inside Brooks's."

"Well, I've met you somewhere, certain," said Mr. Cholmondeley, with immense conviction, adding, hastily, "*lee*."

"Of course," said Egbert. "Out in France, perhaps. Always meetin' such nailin' good people out there, you know, and never gettin' their bloomin' names."

"Ah, perhaps that was it," said Mr. Cholmondeley. "I was in the Fusilier Guards."

After all, one met everybody in France. And, besides, it *was* rather pleasant to be able to talk to somebody—except, of course, an uncle. . . .

"I say, sit down, won't you," said Egbert. "Have some iced water, or a cigarette, or anything. . . . Anyway, have a pew."

"Can't. Got a party here."

And then Egbert noticed that Mr. Cholmondeley wore a very large flower in the buttonhole of his coat. "Thought we might have a bit of a chin-chin," he said, "but, of course. . . ."

It would be extremely decent if Mr. Cholmondeley would only ask him to join that party, reflected Egbert, rather hopefully. It stood to reason that there would be some pretty girls.

"Well, look here, er—er— I say, what the dickens *is* your name?" said Mr. Cholmondeley.

"Ainslie."

"Oh, of course, Ainslie! Well, as I was going to say, come over and join us."

Egbert stood up with immediate alacrity, and Mr. Cholmondeley led him through a maze of tables toward the other side of the room. Just at that moment the band, which had been resting a little while from its labors, resumed its violent attack upon the already rapidly declining art of music with tin trays clashing and trap drums banging and the whoops of the leader, and it was somewhat difficult to follow the course of Mr. Cholmondeley's conversation as well as his person. Staccato echoes, however, drifted back.

"Know Prothero, of the Blues, Ainslie?"

"You a hunting man, Ainslie?"

"Just landed, Ainslie?"

"You here for long, Ainslie?"

It appeared that Mr. Cholmondeley was a gentleman of astonishingly varied taste and innumerable acquaintances, but it became more and more difficult to follow him and the exact flow of his conversation at the same time. Egbert caromed from a waiter into an indignant couple upon the verge of dancing, and from them into another waiter, while fragments of talk, in the shape of names, places, and dates, came vaguely back to him, like echoes of *Who's Who*, or *Burke's Landed Gentry*, between intensive blasts of Bantu melodies. But Egbert, who had the Tory tradition on one side of his family and a Hungarian great-grandmother on the other, naturally stopped at nothing and battled his way safely to the table where Mr. Cholmondeley stood regarding a very slim, self-possessed young lady in black.

"May I," he was saying, as Egbert came up, rather breathless, but otherwise himself, "introduce an old friend of mine, Mr. Ainslie?"

"How do you do?" said the extremely self-possessed young lady in a level, delicately husky voice. Apparently she was the party.

From some mysterious source Mr. Cholmondeley produced a flask of noble dimensions and rilled some very fragrant, golden fluid into a large tumbler and pushed it toward Egbert.

"Well, this *is* just about the best that ever was, this jolly old evening," remarked Egbert, with tremendous decision. "Here's a go!"

Some hours later Mr. Cholmondeley, after consulting his watch furtively, drew Egbert aside. Miss Mary McQuaill had retired to powder her nose, and to repair a rent in her dress which Egbert had inadvertently made in the Castilian abandon of the last tango but one. He was extremely attracted by Miss McQuaill—she was a cool, collected, lovely thing with eyes that shone like stars, and a clear, dispassionate voice. It was an entrancing, unbelievably divine business dancing with her! It was entrancing, too, simply watching her dance—rather distressingly entrancing—and Egbert was in an immensely gracious, glowing, frame of mind as he turned gratefully toward Mr. Cholmondeley.

In fact, his mood was rapidly approaching the lyrical, which, of course, wouldn't do at all. He wasn't listening in the least to Mr. Cholmondeley; he was thinking about Miss Mary McQuaill, and in a rapt, romantic way...

"Look here," said Mr. Cholmondeley. "I've just discovered that I've done the silliest thing in my life—quite the silliest."

With immense reluctance Egbert transferred his reflections from the absent, although radiantly remembered, Miss McQuaill's person to the mundane

and immediate problem of Mr. Cholmondeley's silliness.

"Have you? By Jove!"

"Yes, I've come out with only some loose change in my pockets."

Mr. Cholmondeley glanced carelessly at Egbert.

"Pretty awkward, isn't it?" he remarked, ruefully, but with a slight but noticeable inflection of hope in his voice.

"Not at all," replied Egbert, briskly, and in instant relief. "If a fiver—I mean, if twenty-five dollars is of any use— Well, my very dear old boy—"

Mr. Cholmondeley promptly removed any doubt on the point of immediate utility of that particular sum by pocketing it.

Egbert scribbled the name of his hotel on the back of his card. "Any time this week," he said. "But I say—have we got to push off already?"

"It's one now," said Mr. Cholmondeley.

"But, hang it all!" protested Egbert, "Britons never, never shall be slaves!"

And then, looking more like a goddess

than ever, Miss McQuaill reappeared. She looked at Mr. Cholmondeley.

"What's the time now?" she asked.

"One-ish."

"I think we'd better be going."

"They push one out here about this time, anyway," said Mr. Cholmondeley to the disconsolate Egbert. "There's no earthly use staying on, really."

As a matter of fact, neither Miss



DANCING WITH HER WAS ENTRANCING

McQuaill nor the commanding Mr. Cholmondeley knew a great deal about the other; indeed, their friendship was of the sketchiest, to say the most of it. They had met at one of those crowded affairs contrived every once in a while, ostensibly for charity, although the charity specified is not always the real cause of the noise and social splendor and excitement.

It had happened at precisely such an affair—with three celebrated jazz bands, a missionary bishop, and the more notable moving-picture star of the moment contributing equally to the success of the thing—that Miss McQuaill was (in the elegant idiom of Mr. Cholmondeley) caught in an “ugly jam.” She was selling programs on behalf of the destitute tea-tasters of Tchernigoff, deprived of their profession by one of the later edicts of the abominable Trotsky.

“I say, can I be of any use?” asked an exquisitely urbane individual in rather splendid evening clothes who looked vaguely familiar.

Miss McQuaill felt that she really ought to have remembered his name, and, of course, she couldn't.

“You look,” continued the exquisitely urbane one, politely, “as if you wanted something.”

“I do.”

He bowed—at least, he made what might have been a most Chesterfieldian sort of a bow if there had not been such an immense crowd.

“Pray, command me,” he said.

Miss McQuaill was tremendously impressed.

“I am,” he added, suavely, with a rich and Old World courtesy, “at your service.”

“Well, you might buy a program.” And she smiled archly at the exquisitely urbane one as he produced a very clean and crisp dollar bill. “I'm sure we've met somewhere,” she said. “Thanks, awfully.”

“Oh, very likely . . .”

Presently the exquisitely urbane one acquired a name. It was Cholmondeley,

and Miss McQuaill felt more convinced than ever that she had met him before. At some immense crush or other.

“An ugly jam,” suggested Mr. Cholmondeley.

For the remainder of the evening Mr. Cholmondeley proved to be indispensable. He procured her a glass of water at precisely the right time. He did this and did that, and finally saw her to her car with such magnificence Miss McQuaill regretted she had not asked him to call. Manners make a good deal more than a man. However, it stood to reason that they would meet again, at some affair or other, and sooner than later. And of course they did; it was at the Plaza, late one afternoon, and that day week they had tea together. They also arranged to dine together that night the following week at the Mont-Parnasse.

But, of course, Egbert couldn't foresee that, and consequently he stood at the edge of the pavement outside that celebrated restaurant staring up Broadway after the vanishing taxi with a singularly uncomfortable feeling that he had been an idiot to let Mr. Cholmondeley go off without leaving any sort of address behind. Almost anything might happen to him—and that would be the end of *that*—Hang it! It was an infernal nuisance. It was silly . . .

Still, as Egbert reflected, gloomily, the bigger the fool the better the luck. That was something, anyway.

The number of people rejoicing in the patronymic of McQuaill listed in the New York telephone directory is rather staggering, and second only to those more favored in the matter of nomenclature in the way of Smith, and it did not occur to Egbert to ring them all up until he managed to discover the missing Miss McQuaill. He had other duties. And two weeks passed without the slightest sign of Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley.

Of course, Mr. Cholmondeley *might* be delayed by illness—almost anything, apparently, might happen in New York. It was the most extraordinary sort of

place, Egbert discovered; men wore curious hats with evening clothes and everybody drank enormous quantities of iced water, and nearly everybody possessed astonishing views about the English accent, and nobody had ever heard of the beautiful Miss McQuaill.

"But, dash it all!" exclaimed Egbert, "she's the loveliest girl in New York! You *must* know her."

He determined to enlarge the field of his investigations and unpacked the numerous letters of introduction that were lying at the bottom of his trunk. He dined sedulously with elderly gentlemen at clubs in the hope that they might

afterward perform unsuspected feats of legerdemain and produce daughters who went everywhere and knew everybody. He called punctiliously upon austere old ladies in Washington Square and in the East Fifties, and talked hopefully about the other people he had met. But he might just as well have looked for a needle in a haystack from the top of the Woolworth building.

No one had even heard of Miss Mary McQuaill, or of Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley, for the matter of that.

"Cholmondeley? Cholmondeley?" repeated Mr. Stuyvesant Jones, reflectively. "I knew a Lord Something-or-



"DINNER IS SERVED!"

other Cholmondeley, but that was in England. And there was poor old Adolphus Cholmondeley—but then he's dead."

That was the sort of thing one had to put up with. It was particularly exasperating; time passes with incredible rapidity, and leave of absence is absurdly short.

Mrs. Jefferson Waters—who lived in a large, red-brick, aloofly shuttered house in Washington Square—believed that her brother's sister-in-law had an Irish coachman once by the name of McQuaill. Mrs. Waters's granddaughter remembered a very freckled, red-headed girl who came from Scotland at the convent she had been at just outside Paris. And Major Harris, at the club, stated flatly that, while he knew everybody—everybody—in New York, he'd never even heard of the name of McQuaill.

"Might be one of these Sinn Fein people," he said, vaguely. "There are such a lot of 'em now, all of 'em Mc-Something or other."

And then Egbert was asked to dine with the Robertson Traills. . . .

At precisely ten minutes to eight that evening Egbert, immaculately turned out, with a gardenia in his buttonhole and his eyeglass screwed firmly into its usual position, rang the bell at the enormous bronze doors of that vast and imposing pile of marble on Fifth Avenue that is the Robertson Traills' town house.

He was obsequiously and immediately let in by a footman, who took his hat and stick with an air of extreme gratitude, and ushered by another into a tremendous room rather dimly lit by tall candles and full of people talking. Egbert knew some of them. There was Mrs. de Grey, the novelist, who was talking with great condescension about her own books; there were Mr. Stuyvesant Jones with a red ribbon in his coat, and another man and Count MacPherson in Highland dress, and wearing all his papal decorations; and there was his

host, moving among his guests, a distinguished figure of a man. But, as usual, there was no sign of either Miss McQuaill or Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley.

"I say," remarked Egbert, by way of ingratiating himself with his host, as he shook hands with Mr. Robertson Traill, "do you happen to know anybody by the name of McQuaill?"

"McQuaill?" echoed Mr. Traill. "I'm— Why, I'm afraid I don't."

There was a short, thoughtful silence, and Mr. Traill and Egbert regarded each other questioningly. And then Egbert coughed slightly—that unobtrusively arresting cough of those who are about to break a silence.

"Well, do you happen to know anybody by the name of Cholmondeley?"

"Cholmondeley?" repeated Mr. Traill blankly, with a nervous, backward glance over his shoulder. "I'm afraid I don't happen to know him, either . . . er—"

"Tall, good-lookin' fellow—was in the Brigade, you know."

"Oh, was he?"

"Yes. I thought you might have met him."

Mr. Traill shook his head. "Oh, dear, no—but, then, I meet so few people, especially—"

"But—but *there* he is!" interrupted Egbert, suddenly, in tremendous agitation and staring fixedly toward the door. "Well, I'll be blowed!"

Mr. Traill stared, too, at the door, with an uneasy suspicion that his guest had been exposed for too long a time to the sun; it had been a very hot day. Or perhaps he'd been drinking somewhere. Mr. Traill glanced at Egbert in not unreasonable alarm.

That young Briton continued to stare toward the door in a profound and apparent state of astonishment.

Cholmondeley! By gum! . . . Now, what on earth could one do about that little matter of the money? Or the other?

Mr. Traill looked hurriedly from his

guest to the door and from the door to his guest again, with a growing and ghastly sense of dismay.

"Cholmondeley? Who? What? Where?"

Egbert blushed violently. "Right over there," he said, nodding toward an urbane, impressively dignified man in evening clothes who was advancing toward them, looking neither to the left nor to the right, and who came to a stop some distance from Mr. Traill and said:

"Sir, dinner is served!"

"Thank you, Henderson. . . . You—you don't mean Henderson, do you?" demanded Mr. Traill, in a hushed, unhappy voice.

After all, what *was* one to think?

But *Henderson!* . . .

Mr. Traill eyed his young guest in obvious bewilderment. Everybody had suddenly stopped talking, even Mrs. de Grey.

And everybody was looking at Mr. Traill.

"Er—no," said Egbert, rather belatedly, turning a bright red and then white and then a brighter red than ever. "No, of course not!"

"Of course not," he went on, breathlessly, after a very short, uneasy pause. "I er—I mean that man standin' . . . there, near the door. . . ."

It was extremely difficult to say anything; his tongue stuck awkwardly to the roof of his mouth in the most extraordinary way, and his mouth seemed to be extraordinarily dry. He experienced also a sudden and singularly unpleasant difficulty in so simple a matter as breathing. He attempted to assume an attitude of utter unconcern, to arch his eyebrows in order to express a certain slight amusement at his host's mistake. He contrived—by a superman effort of will—to



"DIDN'T I LEND YOU TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS?"

drive his hands into his trousers' pockets. And he even managed to laugh.

Explanations are ridiculous things at the best of times.

Egbert managed to laugh again, and followed the others through the door. Still, what on earth could anyone make of that? Cholmondeley—Henderson! Henderson—Cholmondeley!

Egbert whistled. And then:

"Well, I'll be *damned* . . ."

"I beg your pardon?"

Egbert rather hurriedly pulled himself together as far as he could. He discovered that he was sitting down beside a dark-eyed, somewhat severe lady who wore a great many diamonds. Too many, in fact. They dazzled him.

"I thought," she said, in an aggrieved voice—"I thought you said something just then."

"No, I—er—I didn't," said Egbert.

He stared at the urbanely important, black-coated figure of Cholmondeley, or Henderson, or whatever his name happened to be, really, moving about just behind his host, suavely superintending the noiseless activities of the footmen—a capable, commanding, ironic figure in the soft, ghostly radiance of shaded candles.

The lady sitting at Egbert's left coughed.

"Oh, I say! I'm—I'm *so* sorry."

"Not at all."

"I was thinking, as a matter of fact." Thinking!

Egbert suddenly wanted to laugh. He might have said with just as much truth that he'd been flying, or deep-sea diving. Rather vaguely he heard a reproachful feminine voice saying:

"Have you read Mrs. de Grey's last book?"

And his gaze fell again on Cholmondeley—or Henderson, or whatever his name really was. "What a simply damnable—I say, I *am* sorry—I mean," he said, immediately, "I think it's capital—Mrs. de Grey's book, you know."

There was a shocked pause.

"I've—er—I've been readin' a lot lately. Not really jolly books. Lot of rot—you know; that's the trouble. Make you think. I'm gettin' to be simply blitherin'. Fact. Now, when you were talkin' to me just a moment ago I was miles off, er—thinkin'."

Somebody poured something in his glass—something sparkling and cool and golden. Egbert watched the bubbles rising for a swift instant and then gulped at it feverishly.



"WE'LL RING MR. TRAILL'S BELL AND YOU CAN BLOOMIN' WELL SEE FOR YOURSELF"

Well, that was better—much better. “We read a lot in my regiment,” he remarked, and watched Cholmondeley—or Henderson—out of the corner of his eye.

Still that shocked, rather frigid silence.

“Do you like readin’?” he asked, desperately, addressing the immense gold epergne standing just in front of him.

And then he caught sight of Henderson—or Cholmondeley—again. Cholmondeley—Henderson—appeared to be somewhat unnerved, to say the least of it. He absent-mindedly put a large piece of ice in the enormous soup tureen, instead of putting it where he ought to. . . . He looked tremendously uncomfortable.

“And serve him dam’ well right, too,” reflected Egbert, viciously.

Unfortunately, he happened to reflect that particular thing out loud, and Mrs. Manders—who sat on his left, and who was only just beginning to talk to him again—dried up instantly.

On his right there was a high, implacable shoulder and the voice of Mrs. Somebody-else talking very earnestly to some one she shouldn’t. Still, how in the dickens was he going to get that twenty-five dollars out of *soi-disant* Mr. Cholmondeley . . . or the address of Miss McQuaill?

Then a particularly hateful idea occurred to Egbert with horrid insistence. Perhaps she, too, was something else, something distressing.

But, of course, *that* was perfectly absurd!

Egbert was instantly rewarded by a radiant vision of that young lady, her delicate chin raised, her clear eyes shining like high, steadfastly inviolate stars, and a delicious understanding smile playing about her lips, rather proud. . . . Of course it was ridiculous, intolerable!

Then he was conscious of a vast silence. Some one was saying something and everybody else was listening. Something slowly. Egbert listened too.

“You don’t seem well, Henderson.”

It was Mr. Trail.

Egbert recognized the supposititious Mr. Cholmondeley’s altered tones. “I’m very sorry, sir, I’m sure—”

“I think you’d better go to bed. Let Walters carry on.”

“Very good, sir. Thank you, sir.”

Well, that was all jolly fine, but how the devil was he going to find out those two things he wanted—and wanted tremendously—to know?

Still, one could hardly let on one knew one’s host’s butler—lent money to him!

Egbert lapsed again into a profound and gloomy silence. What on earth—What in the dickens could he do about that infernal business?

Nothing—simply nothing!

There is, of course, more than one way to kill a cat. Another way—a particularly good way, too—occurred to Egbert as he strolled dejectedly homeward as soon as he could decently leave Mr. Robertson Traill’s house after dinner.

It had been an infernal ordeal—quite the worst he had ever had to endure. Everything had gone wrong.

He stopped and lit an agitated cigarette; then a splendid idea occurred to him, something like an undoubted stroke of inspiration.

Therefore, about three the following afternoon Egbert presented himself once more at the towering Gothic doorway of Mr. Traill’s house and rang the bell. He was calling upon Mr. Traill in the devout hope that he would find that gentleman out, but his butler at home.

There was a delay of some seconds, and Egbert rang the bell again, rather more impatiently, even imperiously.

The door swung open slowly and the startled face of the erstwhile Mr. Cholmondeley appeared.

“Look here,” demanded Egbert, nervously, and with some difficulty—with immense difficulty—“look here. Is Mr. Robertson Traill in?”

The *ci-devant* Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley swallowed several times in rapid succession. He, too, appeared

to find a certain hardship in the matter of speech.

"Mr. Traill is not at home, sir."

"Splendid— Hi! Don't shut the door!"

Egbert cleared his throat and began again, in a rather clear, penetrating voice.

"That's just what I hoped—I mean, that he wouldn't be home," he explained. "Now, look here. What I want to know is, didn't I—" he glanced uneasily about, and lowered his voice—"didn't I lend you twenty-five dollars at the Mont-Parnasse the other night?"

There was an astounded silence.

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, you."

"Certainly not, sir. . . . I—I wouldn't think o' taking such a libutty, sir—borrowing from you, sir."

"Isn't your name Cholmondeley?"

"No, sir."

Another and even more astounded silence.

And then the door swung quickly to. Egbert rang the bell again.

The door opened again.

"Look here—"

"Mr. Traill," announced a choked voice from within, "is not at home."

Immediately the immense door was banged to, with immense violence. Egbert stared at the heavily embossed bronze panels savagely; he wanted to hurt Mr. Cholmondeley more than ever. . . . But how on earth could he? And what in the devil could he do in the least useful, even if he did hurt that unadmirable individual? He supposed he wasn't making another—a more frightful—mistake; that would be too ghastly; and for a moment he considered the matter deeply. Then he rang the bell again.

Hang it all! It couldn't possibly be a mistake! He waited.

The door opened stealthily, extraordinarily stealthily, and Egbert stared at it with a growing sense of some rather treacherous piece of strategy. In the narrow opening there was no sign of Mr. Cholmondeley. There was no sound of

any sort or description, except, of course, the roar of Fifth Avenue.

Then, suddenly, and amazingly swiftly and unexpectedly, a hand shot out and deposited a piece of stiff, white note paper hastily folded up in Egbert's hand. That stupefied young man had a glimpse of Mr. Cholmondeley's white, terrified face; then the great bronze door closed with shattering vehemence, as if shutting in some vast, Titanic career.

Egbert stood staring at the closed door for some several minutes before he was conscious that he in turn was being stared at by a rapidly increasing crowd of passers-by who had stopped to view that singular pantomime of his performance. He was conscious, too, for the first time really, that he clutched a piece of extremely stiff white note paper folded and re-folded in his hand. He glanced at it, slowly unfolded it, and five very soiled, crumpled five-dollar bills fluttered raffishly to the ground.

A policeman paused in the course of his official peregrinations and joined the increasing crowd. Rather viciously, Egbert kicked at the fallen money. He was scowling darkly and reprehensibly, and swearing—as if something very bitter tormented him.

"I don't care," he said. "I— Hang it all! I don't care a bit—if I never see her again."

Of course, it was perfectly obvious that he did care, immensely. But just at that moment he scowled again, turned on his heel with tremendous decision, ran down the steps, and disappeared round the corner in one of the side streets.

"There are plenty of other girls in the world besides Her," he kept saying to himself. "Plenty, and just as pretty!"

But, as a matter of fact, he failed ignominiously in convincing himself—even by so drastic a method as innumerable reiterations of that very obvious heresy. Indeed, that was the worst of it. He did care—and care enormously.

Then he met Miss McQuaill. . . .

It was not, in any way, a very suc-

cessful meeting; in fact, it was rather disastrous than otherwise. It was sudden and quite unexpected, and very disconcerting. There were a great many people present, too, and in another room some one was playing the piano in immense agitation. A severely correct butler in a starched shirt and an extremely well-cut morning coat (who was superintending the activities of two very large footmen in livery) suggested certain images to Egbert's mind which were perturbing, to say the least of it.

Then there was the delight of seeing her! And the distress of seeing her!

Naturally, Egbert was somewhat speechless and pinkish and absurdly perplexed. Inwardly, he swore vindictively that he had allowed his uncle, who had remembered reluctantly his avuncular obligations that afternoon, to carry him off to a confounded musicale, or whatever they called it. Although he attempted an iciness of manner, he felt at a distinct and depressing disadvantage.

She appeared to be so slim and pleased and triumphant—exactly as if that infernal fellow had been what he pretended to be.

There was the most delicious smile in her eyes as she held out a deliciously slender white hand and said:

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Ainslie?" And then, "Have you seen Reggie Cholmondeley lately?"

Reggie!

"No . . ." replied Egbert, feebly. "At least, not exactly."

Miss McQuaill smiled. "Not exactly!" she repeated. "What an odd sort of way to see anybody."

Egbert mopped his forehead with a very large and very resplendent silk handkerchief, and accepted a cup of tea from a much larger and more resplendent footman, and then he felt unreasonably irritated.

"Mr.—er—Mr. *Cholmondeley's* an odd sort of person," he remarked, with tremendous significance, in a voice which he desperately attempted to keep austere and indifferent.

"I think he's rather a dear," said Miss McQuaill, after a short pause.

Egbert was conscious of an accumulation of irritations—Pelion piled upon Ossa—so that everything else was shut out.

"Indeed," he said, coldly. He put down his teacup and mopped his brow again. "Indeed."

"So very distinguished, don't you think?"

Egbert wanted to shout that he thought nothing of the sort, but he managed just to bow, and Miss McQuaill went rather gayly on, looking more lovely and proud and entrancing every minute. Of course, the more beautiful she appeared to be, the more bewildered he became; he wished he'd never seen her again; and then he wished she would explain about that disgusting Henderson or Cholmondeley, or whatever his name really happened to be. But the difficulties of lucid explanation never seemed so immense as they did at that particular moment.

"You know, I think Englishmen would get on much, much better over here if they were more like Mr. Cholmondeley," Miss McQuaill was saying, briskly. "We see—er—too many who are not. You know the sort I mean," she added, candidly.

Egbert remarked, feelingly, "My God!"

Miss McQuaill regarded that unhappy young man with a sudden and baffled expression of astonishment upon her delicately chiseled face.

"I suppose," she said, and there was disapproval in her voice and her eyes—"I suppose *you* think America's simply a place to dump all your British undesirables."

Egbert protested that that was not in the least what he meant.

Well, then, what *had* he meant?

Egbert embarked upon the singularly difficult business of explaining precisely what he had meant, and a great deal of explanation it appeared to require, too. Miss McQuaill listened with rather dis-

dainful incredulity, and looked much, much more beautiful than ever.

"Anyway," concluded Egbert, breathlessly, and somewhat hopelessly, "his name's not Cholmondoley at all. It's Henderson—at least I think it's Henderson. It may be anything."

"Of course, it *might* be," said Miss McQuaill, but in a tone of voice which implied a considerable doubt in the matter.

"Of course," agreed Egbert.

"Still, you seem rather uncertain about it."

"I'm not in the least uncertain," said Egbert, indignantly.

"Well, anyway," said Miss McQuaill, "what's in a name?" And then, extremely pointedly, she added, "Manners maketh the man."

Now what on earth could anyone say to that?

Egbert looked boiled to a turn. "I suppose you don't believe me," he said, and felt that he had only made his case more unconvincing than ever.

Or perhaps Miss McQuaill wasn't a dupe . . . perhaps . . . Innumerable possibilities occurred to Egbert with startling distinctness and rapidity. He mopped his forehead with greater energy than ever.

"Look here," he began, desperately. "I—"

"I don't care to hear anything more," said Miss McQuaill.

"But—"

"Anything—at all."

This very firmly. And then, very proud and slim and self-possessed, she strolled across the room and disappeared. Egbert tried to think of her as an adventuress in order to harden his heart, but, as a matter of fact, he simply succeeded in hardening his imagination. Her slim, delightful loveliness was obvious through any disguise. He hurried after her frantically, with a tremendous number of things to say; they were not, as a matter of fact, the things he had originally intended saying; he could not recollect exactly what he had intended

saying, but, now that she was gone, they all presented themselves urgently to his mind as the only possible sort of things to say. But Miss McQuaill had gone . . . and explanations were impossible things, anyhow.

The following afternoon Egbert went for a furious walk in Central Park and reached Fifth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, and the determination to return immediately to England, after a passionate peregrination of several hours in the course of which Miss McQuaill appeared in various aspects all equally improbable, and equally delightful. And at the same time he perceived the slender figure of Miss McQuaill some distance in front of him, strolling languidly down Fifth Avenue.

Egbert quickened his steps. Then he came to a sudden full stop. After all, what on earth was the use of trying to say anything more? Then he lost sight of Miss McQuaill altogether and immediately hurried in pursuit; a great many things to say occurred to him.

Even if she were an adventuress . . .

At Fifty-seventh Street a congestion of traffic held him up exasperatingly, and by the time he had resumed his progress down Fifth Avenue Miss McQuaill was almost lost, and it was only by extreme and reckless haste and the irony of fate that he overtook that rather leisurely young lady a few yards from the Gothic doorway of Mr. Robertson Traill's immense residence. He removed his hat.

"I say," began Egbert, breathlessly, "you *must* let me explain—"

"Explain?"

Miss McQuaill came to a vaguely astonished pause and tapped one immaculate toe with the tip of her parasol; she looked at Egbert rather as if she had never seen that extremely desperate young man before in her life.

Egbert put on his hat . . . "There's a great deal to be explained," he said, firmly, "and it's—er—now or never. Er—"

He regarded Miss McQuaill with immense perplexity. The particular difficulties of lucid explanation appeared to be almost greater than ever.

"About that fellow Henderson—I mean Cholmondeley—"

"I really would rather not hear anything more about Mr. Cholmondeley."

Egbert was instantly assailed by temptation. Should he give up the whole heartbreaking business then and there? Women were such confoundingly unreasonable things. Or should he try to see her the next day? No! Of course not...

"Look here," said Egbert, very hurriedly, and with immense determination. "You've simply got to listen to reason."

"About Mr. Cholmondeley?" interrupted Miss McQuaill, sweetly. It was a sweetness of manner that the thoroughly exasperated young man found very difficult to bear.

"No!" he shouted, suddenly. "No! About that infernal butler..."

"Butler!"

"Yes, and his name's *not* Cholmondeley. It's Henderson."

"Not Cholmondeley?"

"It's not Cholmondeley, and it never was Cholmondeley. He's a confounded impostor—the sort of Englishman," he added, vindictively, "it would be better if there were more of in America."

There was a slight but rather noticeable pause, and Miss McQuaill observed the stolidly hurried approach of a postman.

"I don't think I care to hear anything more," she said, finally; "it's—it's disgusting."

Egbert drew the long breath of one far gone in exasperation. What *was* the use of trying to explain? Of anything? And then a sudden gust of violence swept over him; he grasped Miss McQuaill's slim wrist and started to pull her toward the large and impressive doorway of Mr. Robertson Traill's. There was only one thing to do with women, and he'd jolly well do it. . . .

"Look here; we'll ring Mr. Traill's bell and you can blooming well see for yourself," he announced.

They paused at the steps of Mr. Traill's doorway.

"You're hurting my wrist," remarked Miss McQuaill, "and, besides . . ."

It occurred to Egbert that this was a business demanding a certain amount of patience. There would have to be self-control, and politeness.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Sorry! Miss McQuaill regarded him with startled reproach.

"Sorry," repeated Egbert, but with tremendous firmness and without releasing his hold, "but you've simply got to see for yourself, and then . . ."

By this time the postman was coming nearer—in fact, he passed them and ran up the steps to Mr. Traill's door with a fat and important bundle of letters in one hand. He rang the bell with immense impatience.

"And then," said Egbert, rather vaguely—"well, then you'll be jolly glad, I suppose."

He stared at the postman's back in silence. Miss McQuaill glanced from him to the postman also. As a matter of fact, they saw the door swing open and the *ci-devant* Mr. Cholmondeley, in a black coat, striped trousers, and a starched shirt, receive the letters the postman handed to him with a certain austere air of distinction. Then he saw them.

That large and dignified door was shut with sudden and astonishing violence, to say the least of it. There was a palpitating silence.

"Well," remarked Egbert, bitterly, "there *is* a distinguished sort of Anglo-Saxon for you—what?"

Another pause.

"I say," said Egbert, presently, "just how on earth did you ever meet Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley?"

Explanations *are* difficult things at best. Miss McQuaill blushed.

"It *is* a pity, isn't it," demanded Egbert, "that more men like Mr. Cholmondeley don't come out here?"

Miss McQuaill regarded him brightly, tearful. "Please," she said. "*Please!*"

She was extraordinarily beautiful, and

Egbert felt a wave of compassion. Of course he understood. Naturally. Still, like Pharaoh, he hardened his heart. He reflected for a moment, and then he said, loftily:

"Well, I suppose I'd—er—I'd better be getting back to the hotel. I've got to pack."

Everything seemed to be as dismal as ever. In fact, things were worse—much worse—than ever.

"I suppose I *ought* to explain."

"Oh, not at all," said Egbert, politely.

Besides, he really ought to pack; he *was*, of course, sailing the end of the week. Thank God! And then he felt a very desperate, hopeless feeling, as if the bottom happened to be falling out of everything. Explanations are singularly difficult sort of things.

He hailed a passing taxi. "Here you are," he said.

"It *is* hot, isn't it?" observed Miss

McQuaill, rather inconsequentially. "Won't you give me a cup of tea somewhere or other. . . . I'm—er—I'm feeling rather—"

"Well, I *ought* to pack," Egbert remarked, with immense private satisfaction, "but"—he assisted Miss McQuaill into the taxi with great politeness, and then glanced at her, smiling radiantly—"but," he continued, briskly, "I won't."

And he didn't, either that afternoon or the next.

As a matter of fact, when the *Olympic* sailed at the end of the week that very happy young man's name did not appear on the large and distinguished first-class passenger list; he was having tea (for the fourth consecutive afternoon) with Miss McQuaill in the most comfortable corner of the McQuaill library.

Explanations *are* very difficult sort of things, anyhow.

OMISSION

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

POOOR soul! You never could be friends with me;
 You never could be friends with anyone—
 And yet you sought for friendship feverishly,
 And love and praise, till praise and love were done.
 You offered laughter, passion, brilliancy,
 And sang and leaped before us like a child
 Who tugs his mother's skirts with, "See! oh, see!"
 And stamps with rage when she is not beguiled.

You watched the world give lightly everywhere
 The things your proud pains could not buy nor keep—
 I think the grass that blows above your hair
 Must hear your angry sobbing in your sleep.
 You thought we did not know that striving there,
 Still one small gift, too proud, you held apart,
 And never learned why we could never care. . . .
 You never stooped to offer men your heart.

WISE MEN FROM THE EAST AND WISE MEN FROM THE WEST

BY ABRAHAM MITRIE RIHBANY

THERE is an Oriental mind and there is an Occidental mind. They are two distinctive types of mind. The twain may meet, but they never can be so joined together that they cannot be put asunder. The difference between them is like the difference between the metals; it is constitutional.

It is, of course, possible to Orientalize an Occidental and to Occidentalize an Oriental by permanently transplanting him in early youth to the new environment and thus giving him a new birth and nurture. But you cannot change the fundamental traits of a race by simply subjecting that race to the "influences" of another. For many centuries the East has been invaded by the West and intermittently placed under its dominion. In successive waves the "superior culture" of the West has flowed over the more ancient and passive East. The Greeks, the Romans, the Crusaders, and the more recent imperialistic Gaul and Saxon colonizers have, all of them, sought to awaken the East from its deep slumber and lead it to the fresher springs of their own respective civilizations, but to little purpose. The horse has been led to the water, but could not be made to drink. In the process of the centuries that hoary Orient threw off the thin veneer of alien civilizations as a healthy person throws off a cold, and resumed the even tenor of its way. India, Syria, Egypt, and the other North African countries of to-day will no more effectively yield their souls to their modern "civilizers" than their predecessors yielded their inner being to Greece and Rome.

The Oriental mind cannot be said to be utterly unchangeable. It is flexible and can imitate when it wills. But it seems, during its inconceivably long history, to have tried "all things" and firmly decided to be conservative, or at least not to allow itself to be tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine that blew from the yet youthful and restless West.

The Oriental mind is essentially submissive and contemplative, while the Occidental mind is essentially aggressive and experimental. Whether in the deep or shallow places of life, the Oriental lives in a mystical world. Nature to him is a hive of living powers and is full of surprises. He has always reveled in his mystical contemplation of it, and never faced it as a scholar to whom nothing is too awful, too sacred to be investigated. Such temporary things as forms of government have never seriously engaged his attention. The ruler, or king, has been to him a transient symbol of divine authority. In a political sense the Oriental has never cried, "Give me liberty, or give me death." His liberty was to be achieved in the inward man. Whenever he has cried against the oppression of rulers his voice has been directed "unto the Lord," and not unto the people.

It is not possible within the scope of this article to present an exhaustive comparison between the Oriental and the Occidental modes of thought and life. To the East, life on the whole has been an inheritance; to the West, an evolution induced by persistent personal effort. The one has been a mystical contemplator of what is, as it is revealed

by the creative power; the other, an inquirer into nature's laws and a dissector of its body. As a result the Easterner has become the religious teacher of the whole world, and the Westerner its political and intellectual liberator. The civilization of the one rests on agriculture and religion, the civilization of the other on industry and education. The further result has been that for many millenniums of civilized existence the Oriental has by thought and act maintained religion as the center of his individual and collective life, while with the Occidental, especially the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon, religion is slowly becoming *one* of life's interests and is in danger of becoming one of life's *minor* interests.

In this pre-eminently industrial and political age it may be sufficient for me to compare the Oriental with the Occidental with reference to the age's most absorbing interests, and finally to venture an opinion as to how the East and the West may, to their mutual benefit, become partners in the building up of a true civilization.

Perhaps it was because of ecstatic devotion to his dreams and visions that the Oriental has succeeded in setting bounds and limits to his inventive genius and, consequently, to his material wants. Throughout his long and significant history he has been a tool user. He has known almost nothing of machinery. His own hands fashioned his tools for him, and the products of his simple industry have been manifestations, even extensions, of his personality. The foundation of his civilization has been agriculture. The thought of "the possible failure of the iron and coal deposits" has never invaded his mind or disturbed his repose. So long as the earth yields him food, and heaven visions, he feels that the strength of the hills is his.

Machinery with all it brings in its train has never existed for the son of the East to draw him away from his quiet, meditative life. His simple and intensely human occupations have always kept

him in touch with his home, his church, and his friends. His little shop, and often his home, is his "factory." In that humble abode friendly intercourse goes hand in hand with labor. The shop is never so inviting as when the friends are there beguiling the hours with gossip, parable, and story.

Westerners often say that you never tire looking at a rug, a piece of embroidery, carved wood, or beaten brass of Oriental make. No, you never do. It is like looking at a waterfall, or a flower-dotted meadow. The fruits of the Oriental's labors are the fruits of his soul. In his handiwork centuries of domesticity and prayer are reflected. Patience, repose, skill, sorrow, laughter, are there, also. "In the name of God" he begins his task, and with "praise be to God" he ends it. He is never harried by "rush orders" nor lashed by the demands of the "merit system," nor distracted by the smell of factory oil and the growling whir of machinery. His leisurely labor is an extension of soul and transference of personality. This is why fine Oriental wares seem more like human companions than material possessions.

The Oriental has never classified pleasure and duty in a specialized sense and on the basis of priority. Pleasurable living has always been a duty with him, and duty that which at any given moment tended to make more singable the poetry of life. He works to live, and decidedly hates to think for a moment that he lives to work. The way in which the storekeepers of my native town transacted business is one of the romantic memories of my youth. At times when I was sent on an errand to the chief store in the town I would find it closed. The storekeeper had guests on that day and he was at home entertaining them. The gain of trade was good, yet utterly insignificant when compared with the joy of having his friends gathered under his roof and around his table.

Thus, with no perpetual economic

adjustments and readjustments to cram his life with vexing cares and problems, the son of the East has succeeded for these many centuries in maintaining religion as the center of his home and the simple social order in which he lives. For more than a hundred centuries his religious festivals have provided him with intellectual, social, and religious stimuli. His ruler has been to him a transient symbol of divine authority, the skilled worker an outlet of the divine mind, the educated man a repository of spiritual wisdom. The function of the learned man is not simply "to be fit to do something" in a technical or commercial sense, but to be "a guide to the blind, an instructor of the foolish, a teacher of babes."

Unlike this has the Occidental's course been in history. His aggressive tendencies have blossomed in every field of endeavor. His delight has been that of the militant explorer, rather than the subjective thinker; the dauntless assailant of life's obstacles, rather than the passive suppliant before Heaven. And while he has by no means been unmindful of the inner life and the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," he has given his greater energies to the subduing of the earth. In contemplating the wrongs of life he has not given himself wholly to patience and prayer. His comparatively short history, especially that of the Anglo-Saxon, has been a record of persistent resistance to what he has considered to be evil. As a nation builder the Anglo-Saxon has the whole world in his debt. For at least six hundred years he has been the leader of the seekers of political freedom. He has signally triumphed in making the foundation of the State rest on the legitimate, God-given rights of man, woman, and child, and secured the safety of commerce and the freedom of education and of worship.

The Occidental has been and is a man of many inventions. The forces of nature have become his tools. The

genius of his education is revolutionary. Wherever he sets his foot he proceeds to change the face of the earth and to build, not on the ancient foundations, but according to his most recent vision of what ought to be. With him the past is forever forced forward. No sooner does he discover a law of nature than he uses it so as to compel nature to yield him more riches and power. He has objectified his knowledge in huge cities of a most complex life, in great and varied industries, and vast systems of transportation and communication. His inventive genius has placed in the centuries' line of succession the great "age of machinery." And machinery has relieved toil of much of its drudgery, made possible man's many brilliant victories over nature, on earth, sea, and in the air, revealed the hidden riches of the earth, greatly facilitated the diffusion of knowledge, brought the nations of the earth closer together and worked for physical cleanliness in home and city. So in place of the Oriental's slow-going camel, ox, and ass, the West has put the soulless, but lightninglike railway train, automobile, and airplane; in place of leisurely wielded hand tools, made still slower by the pleasant interruptions of visiting friends, the flashing shafts of machinery; instead of germ-infested homes and towns, a sterilized environment; instead of a few handwritten scrolls, hosts of finely printed books which no man can number; in place of dreams and visions, calculating intellectual alertness.

Certainly there is a vast difference between the Oriental mind and the Occidental mind. Compared with the latter the former seems decidedly primitive. The great achievements of the Occidental in the tangible world are dazzling, even to the passive Oriental. He also feels at first tempted to consider those achievements as the elements of true civilization. And well might he suspect that the Occidental has outdistanced him in the expansion of his mind and the enlargement of his personality.

Yet speculative argument as to which civilization is the better one, the Occidental or the Oriental, is of little value. The common ground of thought and deduction here is the fact which is accepted by both the East and the West, namely, that the real value of human life is to be found in its spiritual tendencies and achievements, and in no other. The progress of civilization must forever be measured, neither by tools nor by machinery, necessary as these may be, but by the greatness and perfectness of those agencies which tend to make the spiritual life lovable and attractive. When the achievements of the mind in the fields of education, industry, and commerce tend to make firmer the spiritual foundation of life, individual, domestic, and social, and enable men increasingly to give themselves to spiritual culture, then we have true civilization. Otherwise we have only big dividends; we are not growing better; we are simply going faster.

The Oriental, as I have already intimated, cannot escape being dazzled by the Occidental's great achievements. Nor does he consider them to be wholly and grossly materialistic. He sees in them a revelation of heroism, eagerness for knowledge, and a strong and deep passion for freedom, law, and order. Before such accomplishments the son of the East feels himself to be insignificant. He is led to believe that he has been asleep for these many centuries, that while his submissiveness to the heavenly vision has been an unspeakable gain to him and to the world at large, his passive attitude toward this tangible world has been a decided loss. Yet a clearer view of the tumultuous activities of the aggressive Westerner gives the Easterner pause. He soon perceives that ceaseless battling with this material world, however heroic it may be, is not an unmixed blessing; that excessive aggressiveness, like its opposite, tends in the end to thwart its own purpose, and the will to conquer, unless its goal is spiritual, leads to defeat.

The Occidental is a man of many inventions, but with the increase of his inventions the center of his life is steadily shifting from the religious to the economic. With him intellectual alertness and commercial prudence are constantly gaining on the spirit of true piety. With no organized opposition to religion on his part, he is losing touch with it because his hands are full of other things. The upbuilding and perfecting of the agencies of true civilization—the home, the church, the school, and other spiritual institutions—are no longer his chief concern and his “meditation day and night.” He has high regard for them, but is too busy to serve them devotedly. The man, even in this country, which traditionally is neither indifferent nor opposed to the spiritual verities, is very little in the church, the home, and the school. *He is in business.* He is more ready to serve those great and indispensable institutions with his money than with his person. He has turned them over to the woman, and is in grave danger of the folly of believing in the possibility of a one-sex religion and a one-sex civilization. At present Business is the central word in his vocabulary. He even is strongly inclined to measure national greatness by the yield of the fields and the mines and the output of industry. Human skill, the schools, the government, the press, and what not exist to promote technical knowledge and business progress. “International understandings” must be promoted in order to prepare the way for more business, the League of Nations must be established for the purpose of “stabilizing international business,” and even war and peace negotiations are being used by him as cataclysmic means for the opening of new markets and the greater extension of business.

Thus through deeper reflection the high admiration on the part of the Oriental for the achievements of the Occidental mind is sobered. He sees that the Westerner's fine, systematic

intellectual and industrial progress has far outdistanced his spiritual progress. He says to him, "Come, let us reason together. You call your thousand material devices 'labor-saving machinery,' yet you are forever 'busy.' With the multiplying of your machinery you grow increasingly fatigued, anxious, nervous, dissatisfied. Whatever you have, you want more; and wherever you are, you want to go somewhere else. You have a machine to dig the raw material out of the ground for you, a machine to manufacture that raw material into various articles for you, a machine to transport the articles, a machine to sweep and dust, one to carry messages, one to write, one to talk, one to sing, one to play at the theater, one to vote, one to sew, another to keep things cold, another to keep things hot, another to beat the egg, and a hundred others to do a hundred other things for you, and still you are the most nervously busy man in the world. You have very little, if any, time for spiritual culture. Your haunts are not the home, the church, the literary circle, the civic forum, but the store, the office, the factory, and the business men's club. Your devices are neither time-saving nor soul-saving machinery. They are so many sharp spurs which urge you on to invent more machinery and do more business."

I think there is much truth in the foregoing observations. The Westerner has not been using machinery simply and purely to relieve life of its drudgery and give the surplus time thus created to other than material pursuits. Recently an American lady said to me: "Why do you speak against machinery—or at any rate the present use of it? It took my grandmother five hours to do by hand the sewing which I now do in one hour on the sewing machine." "Yes, madam," I replied. "But what do you do in the other four hours?" "More sewing," she answered, with a sweet smile. In this phrase we have the key to the whole situation. Every

machine invented not only claims more of our time for its use and maintenance, but inevitably leads to the creation of another and faster machine. And with this increase the seat of power shifts from man as the controller of the machine to the machine as the controller of man. He *must* keep up with the impersonal, implacable force he sets in motion, and, as a consequence, he neglects spiritual pursuits. The Westerner is at present in that situation.

I am not hopeless of the future. Yet of one thing I am firmly convinced. Up to the present the evidence is very clear that religion and machinery do not go together. Thus far the factory refuses to be the handmaiden of the church. The present fondness for machinery is a juvenile characteristic. It tends to engender wonderment rather than idealism, curiosity as to what strange things the machine will do next, rather than the desire to convert material into spiritual forces. Man cannot idealize a machine without worshipping a thing that is lower than himself. Again, machinery multiplies labor, calls for constant and thorough intellectual specialization, increases indefinitely man's material wants, and thus makes the struggle for economic existence so severe as to leave no time for spiritual development. The allurements of the "job" in the industrial centers, with its "ready money," constantly tend to increase the urban and decrease the rural population, with the inevitable result that as the consumers of the food necessities of life increase, the producers of those necessities decrease. This is having its direful effect, not only in America, but in other countries. Emigration to the industrial centers of America is starving agriculture in the Old World. With this the stupendous problems of "capital and labor" grow more intricate and more vexing.

Through this rapid regrouping of populations in the West, society is compelled to devote the major part of the time and attention it can spare from

business to three things: food, shelter, sanitation. These are the "issues of the day" and the elements of the "social gospel." The church which does not devote itself to these problems is stigmatized as an "old fashioned, backward-looking institution." The church is no longer expected by the multitude to be purely a "house of prayer for all people," a shrine where the individual may seek the pure heart and the right spirit and where he is led to experience a new birth by the power of Him who makes all things new. No; the preference of the times is that it should be a sort of forum where "practical religion"—that is the religion of food, shelter, and sanitation—may be vigorously discussed. The minister must not be "too introspective." He must be a leader in the community advocating clean streets, pure milk, better housing "for the poor" and other essential necessities. Of course the church cannot disregard its environment. It must serve the social order in which it exists, *but without dissolving into the surrounding atmosphere.* At present the church is in grave danger of becoming the docile, obedient hand-maiden of the factory. It is in danger of being compelled to "serve tables," or become an alien to the spirit of the age.

But I am aware of the fact that this estimate of present conditions in the West, especially in America, would seem one-sided and tinged with willful ignorance if I should fail to speak of the mighty wave of idealism which swept this country during the World War. That remarkable phenomenon has been considered a decisive evidence that American civilization is not sordidly materialistic. This is very true. And I further assert that even without that thrilling evidence no intelligent and just observer could have called American civilization sordidly materialistic. The noble enthusiasm of the war *revealed* the latent idealism of America, and did not create it out of nothing. The pure flame of patriotism which lighted this

country during that period not only makes every one of us who witnessed it forever proud of his American citizenship, but will light the paths of the unborn generations to duty and sacrifice.

Nevertheless, war idealism can be said to be the exclusive possession of no one people. Nor is it necessarily the evidence of the highest state of civilization. When a man realizes that his home is being attacked, be he a vicious gambler or a good, public-spirited citizen, if he is not infirm or an abject coward he will give himself unreservedly to the defense of his home. What the Americans and the British and the French did during the war in defense of their democratic institutions the Germans also did in defense of their imperialistic institutions and the Turks in defense of their Califate. They also, after they had been made to believe that they were being attacked, placed their all on the altar of their country and fought for it with great heroism.

It is immeasurably easier to be an idealist and to look with contempt on material gain when the battle flags are unfurled and martial music thrills the air than in prosaic times of peace. And it may not be out of place to say here that there is rarely a people which after a war escapes discreditable reaction from such idealistic enthusiasm.

My criticism of Western civilization is by no means a cry of despair. Its latent forces are still great and vital. Its youth is not all behind it. It is still capable of dreaming beautiful dreams and seeing noble visions. But at present it has reached a stage of threatening material prosperity and is swaying and straining under the immense weight of its external machinery. Its body has grown so huge that it is in danger of going beyond the control of its soul.

The inescapable fact is that religion—true, spiritual religion, and not only the "social gospel"—and machinery *must* go together if Western civilization is to endure. It is neither possible nor,

indeed, desirable that the West should go back to the too simple life of the East. But the great imperative which cannot be safely ignored is that as the East has for centuries maintained religion as the center of its simple life, the West also must maintain religion as the center of its complex life, or suffer defeat. So far in history God has been a God of agriculture. The Oriental has reared to Him altars in every field and offered to Him the first fruits of every season. Will the Occidental succeed in making God a God of industry and rear an altar for Him in every industrial center? This I consider to be the paramount "issue of the day" and the supreme challenge to Western civilization.

The East, on the other hand, can no longer safely presume to stand still, as it has done for so many centuries. Its soul must function through a larger and more complex body than it has had heretofore. The aggressive, revolutionary genius of the West has radically changed the conditions of life in its own realms and is rapidly affecting other peoples. The East can no longer remain irresponsible to the action of the new leaven. The only question here is how shall the renewal of the life of that Old World be effected?

Shall the West swallow up the East and obliterate its distinctive characteristics? Even if that were possible it would be an irreparable loss to the world. The world needs a characteristic Oriental civilization as it does need a characteristic Occidental civilization. That colorful, poetical Oriental type of life must not be utterly destroyed. Yet the West cannot fundamentally change the soul of the East without causing such destruction. On this the imperialistic colonizers seem to be bent.

At least for the last three hundred years, during which period the power of the sword has been transferred from the East to the West, the Occident has cast its awesome shadow over the Orient. It has looked upon the Orient, especially that part of it known as the Near East,

as upon a social and political world whose course in history has long ago reached its terminus; a world whose faith, genius, racial and national spirit, and its recuperative powers have only a name that they live, but are dead. To the Western merchant the East has been simply a market in which he could trade on his own terms. To the Western diplomat that ancient world has been a practically defenseless region in which, with only a little display of force, a "sphere of influence" could be established. The Oriental may cry and grumble and curse in the face of aggression, but if dealt with in a "firm manner" he soon yields and submits to the inevitable. He is by nature a fatalist and is prone to accept whatever is imposed upon him as his divinely ordained *kismet*. His history proves conclusively that "he is not fit for self-government," therefore it becomes the philanthropic duty of the Western powers not to give the Easterner enough rope to hang himself, but to rule him for his own good.

The Western missionary, while sharing the views of his kinsmen, the merchant and the diplomat, concerning the helplessness of the Oriental, comes to his aid with more beneficent intents. The twofold imperative urged upon the missionary, first to obey his Master's command, "Go, ye, into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," and, second, to save the perishing soul of his Oriental brother, provides him with a far more exalted motive than either that of the merchant or the diplomat. As a spiritual diagnostician, however, the function of the missionary (especially of the old type) has been to look for sin, and not for virtue, for defects, and not for perfections. So, in describing the Easterner to the benevolent people of the West, the missionary, apparently with no intention to misrepresent, emphasizes the ills to which our mortal being is heir. So, whatever the intents and purposes of those Western commercial, political, and religious imperialists may actually be, their resultant

activities make the East appear to the West as a helpless dependent utterly incapable of regaining its self-reliance. The Oriental, however, in spite of all the tutoring his invaders have bestowed upon him, is not yet fully convinced of that. While he realizes that, compared with his Babylonian, Hittite, Aramean, Phœnician, and Arab forefathers, he is now in a retrograde state, nevertheless he still feels that he has a soul which holds immense possibilities and is capable not only of regaining its heritage, but of establishing a future even worthier than the past. He realizes also that if he only had powerful fleets and armies to defend his realms his civilization would be perfectly satisfactory to his Western contemporaries. In any case he doubts, and for good reasons, their philanthropic intentions toward him. He considers them hostile invaders. I am perfectly certain that if the Orientals to-day only could, they would in the shortest time possible throw every Westerner now in their midst, with the exception of some American educators, into the Mediterranean.

The decrees of the Paris Peace Conference greatly reinforced this hostile feeling in the Easterners. The whole Conference seemed to them to uncover the moral nakedness of Europe. Before that great conclave of diplomats, the Easterners' dislike for the European nations was mixed with respect; after it, that dislike became deeply saturated with contempt. The lofty moral tone of the declarations those nations made during the war led the Easterners to believe that finally the Christian nations had decided to give the Golden Rule a fair trial. Paris was visualized as a pentecostal Jerusalem out of which was to go forth the gospel of human brotherhood. The Peace Conference dashed all such hopes. There the Eastern countries found no redeemer. They had been pawned in advance by diplomatic gamesters and had no voice whatever in the determination of their destinies. England thought that her control of

Mesopotamia and Palestine (where she has invited the Zionists to be her permanent guests) was necessary to the safety of the British Empire; France had "sentiments" about Syria, which could not be properly ignored; Italy felt it her solemn duty to mother Asia Minor and even Greece thought her ancient traditions, as well as her present interests, required that she should be the stepmother of some section of the East. It was, however, *pure philanthropy* on the part of those nations which led them to rival one another in seeking spheres of influence in the East.

Notwithstanding my experiences at the Peace Conference, I still have faith in human nature. I even still hope that some day the East and the West will come to a fraternal and mutually beneficial understanding, even though I cannot dispel the belief that the Conference has greatly weakened the probability of such consummation.

The treatment at the Peace Conference of the pleaders for the small Eastern countries was of the comi-tragic sort. Prince Feisal, son of the king of Arabia, came to Paris to represent his father and to plead for self-government for Syria. In reality, however, he was England's guest. I was sent to Paris as the representative of Syrian societies in this country. My plan was that, if Feisal's sincere purpose was to secure for Syria true national existence, to join forces with him in pleading for the unity and future independence of that country. If the Near East was to be placed under the mandatory system, our plea was to be for an American mandate, or none. In any case we did not want a French mandate for Syria. Prince Feisal received me as a friend and we almost lived together all during my stay of three months in Paris. We soon learned, however, that the unhappy country we had come to plead for had already been divided and "attached" by England and France. But Feisal, persuaded in his own mind that as the lineal descendant of the prophet of Arabia he was in Paris

as the symbolic image of fourteen centuries of Mohammedan history, felt perfectly confident that he was able to alter any previous agreements with regard to Syria between those great nations. "The past is past," said the confiding Feisal to me when I first met him. "Now, brother, we are in the hands of friends and we shall secure our rights." The outcome of the negotiations, however, rudely dashed this hope. "The treaty between the French government and ourselves," said Mr. Lloyd George to the Prince and me as his final word, "with regard to Syria must stand. It is a bad treaty, I admit, but we have signed it and we must stand by our signature."

War or no war, Peace Conference or no Peace Conference, at last Feisal had to realize that East was still East and West was still West. The latter still deemed its duty to be the free and untrammelled guardian of the former.

But what I recall with no little amusement of those "conversations" was one I had with an eminent Frenchman who is now virtually in control of French affairs in Syria. "Why," I asked that dignitary, "does the French government deem it its duty to occupy Syria, while fully ninety per cent of its people do not want you there?"

"We have strong sentiments about Syria," he replied. "Our schools and our missionaries have been there for generations. Besides," he added, with an altruistic air, "if we should leave those people alone they would cut one another's throats."

"Why don't you let them do it?" I spoke again. "What have you been doing for the last four years in Europe but cutting throats on the most colossal scale the world has known? The Eastern peoples ruled themselves for centuries before France was born and still they have more throats than they can feed."

"Our views on the subject," he answered, "are different, and we have the power to carry them out."

But the remark of Prince Feisal when I reported the conversation to him is worthy to be perpetuated. It expresses with great conciseness the mind of intelligent present-day Orientals. "Can you tell me," he said to me, with a disdainful smile, "why our throats are so dear to those Western imperialists?"

The attitude which during his stay in Paris Prince Feisal acquired toward European diplomacy affords another interesting specimen of Oriental psychology. Notwithstanding the prevailing Western opinion that the Easterner is constitutionally unvarnished, his fundamental instinct is faith. He trusts where he cannot see. He *believes* and has spoken it to the world that the way of the kingdom of heaven is childlike trust. His passive and contemplative mind is keyed to confidence. His far-famed trickery ends with small things. "Weightier matters" awaken both his integrity and his faith. So Feisal, whose knowledge of the rich and various resources of European diplomacy was rather limited, implicitly trusted his Western guides. With this simple trustfulness he came to Paris to gather reinforcements from friendly camps for the reawakened national aspirations of his people. The rod and the staff of this trustfulness failed him. The time and environment were not right for it. Suspicion with him soon gained on confidence. He was soon forced to fall back on the one instinct of self-preservation.

It was late in the evening one day when he sent a messenger asking me to come at once to his residence. He had recently had a "friendly conversation" with the heads of the French Foreign Office, when a harmonious understanding between them and the Prince was supposed to have been established. So on that evening a diplomatic communication was sent to him from the Quay d'Orsay signed by the Premier. It was intended to be a written confirmation of that "friendly conversation." It may have been due to a fail-

ure of memory on the part of the Prince, but he declared to me with fiery emphasis, as he handed me the precious document, that its contents were essentially different from the "conversation." He felt that he was being tricked to agree to stipulations injurious to his cause. Turning to me, and with a gesture which seemed to sweep over all Paris, he said: "Is this what you call 'Christian civilization'? Do those who are known as great men tell lies so easily?"

"No, Your Highness," I replied, "I do not call this exactly Christian civilization and I beg Your Highness to realize that this kind of thing is not lying; it is diplomacy!"¹

With utter disregard of the fact that up to this time their efforts along this line have been a failure, the Western nations are still of the opinion that they must "reform" the Eastern peoples by conquest and alien rule. They would Westernize the East. The Easterners, however, do not wish to be Westernized. Even if the leopard would, he could not change his spots. True, there are to-day many Eastern families who wear the externals of European civilization. They are attired in European-made garments, they use knives and forks in eating, they speak European languages, and even have afternoon teas, but they are exceptions to the rule. Furthermore, their souls remain Oriental to their very depths, and their real character is only faintly revealed by their newly acquired habits. They do not seem "genuine" either to the East or to the West. The real peoples of the East would gladly become better Orientals, but they instinctively and definitely refuse to become the puppets of an "imported and bastard civilization." They very clearly see also that the real object of their invaders from the West is not the creation of a new type of man in the East, but the opening of new markets. They have always welcomed

and respected the disinterested Western educator in their midst, although the convert-seeking missionary has always seemed to those deeply religious peoples to be rather a superfluity. The enlightened among them have always hoped that education would in course of time reform for them their own religion. They remained trustful of such Western altruism, until the designs of European diplomats convinced those Easterners that the Western educator in their midst was the forerunner of the colonizing soldier. Was not this the very thing which the eminent Frenchman quoted above intimated to me in Paris when he said that the French would control Syria because their schools have been in that country for many generations?

The enlightened Easterners at home, and those of us in the West who are of Eastern nativity and Western training, realize that Eastern civilization needs to be renewed and reconstructed. We realize, also, that much of the material for such reconstruction must by necessity be borrowed from the West. The Easterners need to become more aggressive and resolute in dealing with the material, æsthetic and educational phases of their civilization. They need to have cleaner cities, a larger intellectual environment, greater regard for law and order, more efficient means of communication, and more of the feminine influence in their social life. We love to think of an Oriental civilization drawing into itself constructive Occidental forces, without losing its desirable Oriental features. We love to think of a new East coming into being by the help of the West, but without the irritating thought of the "colonizer" and the "colonized," the "alien ruler" and the "native subjects." Under such conditions the East will remain the East, but will become a better East, and the West by supplying the many needs of the East, which itself could not supply for some time to come, will *peaceably* have the coveted "markets" for both its genius and its wares.

¹Since the writing of this article Prince Feisal has been crowned King of Irak.

To this end there must be many points of contact between the East and the West. But it is very essential that the borrower and the lender should first of all be co-operating friends. The agencies of contacts between those two worlds must be friendly intercourse and amorous spiritual interpenetration, and not the creeping tentacles of the invader. Whatever the East may have to borrow of Western thought must be translated in transmission in order that it may do its beneficent work. Like poetry when translated from one language into another, the thought of the West must be translated to the East according to the spirit, and not the letter. The East should be allowed to borrow from the West on the East's own terms. Its own thinkers and wise men must be its mediums of transmission and agencies of transformation. They must not receive Western thought as they would merchandise, but absorb, so far as may be desirable, the spirit of the West and re-express it to the East in its own forms of thought. Only in this way can the East distill wisdom from Western civilization and assimilate it into character. If it is to be of significant value to either the East or the West a new Eastern civilization must be genuinely Eastern. It must not be a replica of Western civilization, which itself needs a hundred reforms, but must be born of the East's own spiritual, believing, long-suffering soul. If Eastern governments do not become exactly Western in form, if Eastern cities do not become roaring industrial furnaces, and are not afflicted with such corporeality as that of New York, Chicago, and London, if the Easterners do not learn to desert their churches on the Sabbath for the country club and the golf links, because of the drain business makes upon their vitality during the week, and if they do not change the fashion of

their garments every season, and eat to a reprehensible satiety, simply because they are financially prosperous—if the Easterners do not adopt quite all such features of "modern civilization," the world would be much the richer for it. We do not want the Easterner ever to believe that after he has changed his agricultural life into an industrial life, and forsaken his seat under his own vine and fig tree, with their fragrant shade and beckoning fruit, for an iron and cement bench in a "municipal park" he has become civilized. If he can secure from the West the Anglo-Saxon's veracity and his love of liberty and law, without his haughtiness and inordinate commercialism, if he can acquire the Latin's artistic qualities without his inflammable temperament and excessive "personal liberty," and the Teuton's efficiency and thoroughness without his materialism and lust for power and dominion, then the contact of the Easterner with the West will be immensely profitable. Otherwise, I believe that a slower progress urged by his own genius would be far better for him. Better for him to bear the ills with which he is familiar than to fly to those he knows not of.

The Oriental must never cease to teach his Occidental brother, nor ever allow himself to forget, his own great spiritual maxims, which have guided the course of his life for so many centuries, that "a man's life consisteth not in the things which he possesseth," and that "except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." When the wise men from the East and the wise men from the West join hands together and make such precepts the life centers of the social order, then we shall have true civilization in both the East and the West. Otherwise, we are not growing better; we are only going faster.

MOTHER-WINGS

BY MARY E WILKINS FREEMAN

MRS. BODLEY's two married daughters, Isabel and Clara, were in Isabel's sitting room, sewing. The winter sunlight filtered through a window filled with beautiful potted plants.

"Mother," said Isabel, "is exactly like a hen."

"Goodness!" responded Clara.

"I mean about poor little Ann. She wasn't in the least like a hen about us. She didn't think your Sam and my John were quite good enough for her daughters, but she didn't take to scratching violently for better husbands. She just let us go and devoted her whole soul to Ann."

"Why, Isabel, you can't say mother hasn't been good to us!"

"Oh yes, she has been a good, normal mother, all right. I am not finding any fault with poor mother, as far as we are concerned. But about Ann she is exactly like a hen. Do you know Ann is coming home to-night?"

"Does that mean she has failed in her kindergarten teaching?"

"Oh, I suppose so! Poor little dear! She has failed in everything, and not her fault, either. Ann is a darling little old-fashioned dove of a girl, and mother has been trying to make goodness knows what, peacocks and birds of paradise, out of her. Ann could not paint any more than a cat, and mother made her take all those lessons; and she could not sing, and mother made her study singing until she nearly cracked her poor little throat; and now the kindergarten. It has been awfully hard, and anybody might have known Ann couldn't teach. All Ann is fit for is to marry and settle down, but mother wanted her to be in the front rank of the advance woman movement, and she simply can't."

Clara looked reflectively at her sister. "Do you think Ann has ever really had a chance to marry?" she almost whispered.

"Who is there in Barr-by-the-Sea for her to marry?"

"I must confess, after we had snapped up Sam and John (and mother wouldn't have been satisfied with them for her) I don't know."

"She has met men outside, I suppose."

"She must have. Oh, I don't know. Ann is pretty and a darling, but there never is any accounting for men."

"I wish mother—"

"Hush!" whispered her sister. "Mother is coming."

Mrs. Bodley immediately entered the room. She was a very erect little woman, well dressed, carrying her chin high. Her daughters stared, pale-faced, but not at her. They stared at the blue-eyed baby she was carrying.

"What in the world!" gasped Isabel.

"Mother, whose baby is that?" cried Clara.

Mrs. Bodley sat down and took the child in her lap, and loosened her little white coat and hood. "I left the carriage outside," said she. "She is not quite old enough to walk. I am afraid of her little legs getting crooked if she tried. She can walk, though. Can't you, darling?"

The baby smiled deliciously at Mrs. Bodley, then at the other women. She was a lovely baby, curly-haired and pink-cheeked.

"What is her name?" asked Isabel, in a faint voice.

"Her name," said Mrs. Bodley, in a stately manner, "is Bessie Wright."

"Where did she come from?" asked Clara, as faintly as her sister.

"Ann is coming home to-night," said Mrs. Bodley, by way of answer. She regarded her two daughters with an air of defiance.

"Poor little Ann! We are so sorry," said Isabel. Clara nodded acquiescence.

"I don't know why you are so sorry."

"Why, we are sorry because she has made another failure, teaching kindergarten."

"Who said she had made a failure? There are other reasons why girls give up teaching and come home." Mrs. Bodley cuddled the baby close to her. She looked rather pale.

"Mother, you don't mean—" said Isabel.

Mrs. Bodley was silent

"You don't mean Ann is going to marry a widower, that baby's father?"

"Hush!" said Clara.

"She's too young to understand," said Isabel. "Is she, mother, after all?"

"Ann," said Mrs. Bodley, "is only twenty-seven. That, nowadays, is young to be married."

"Is she?"

"Mrs. Bodley was silent.

"Why don't you speak, mother?" asked Isabel, in a subdued way. She felt a little frightened. She could not have told why.

Mrs. Bodley's daughters did not talk more about Ann. They petted the baby, and after a while Mrs. Bodley adjusted the warm little white wraps and took her leave.

The daughters, screened by folds of window curtains, watched her pushing the perambulator down the street.

"I feel stunned," said Isabel.

"So do I," said Clara.

While Mrs. Bodley was out Carry Munn, the middle-aged woman who worked for her, had gone over to Doctor Dickerson's, next door, and told her unmarried cousin Maria, who worked there, the news.

"Mrs. Bodley was away all day yesterday," said she, "and when she came home she brought a baby."

Maria, who was stout, gasped, "A baby!"

"What baby?"

"I can't make out. Ann is coming home to-night, and I sort of guess, from something Mrs. Bodley said—no, she didn't say anything, but she looked funny when I asked her—that Ann Bodley is going to marry that baby's father."

"Then he's a widower?"

"Of course he is. How could she marry him if he wasn't?" said Carry Munn. Carry Munn had a rasped, melancholy face, but she spoke with force.

Maria changed the subject. "I've got to get dinner," said she. "Doctor Dickerson's nephew is coming to-night. He's going to be assistant doctor."

Carry Munn went home. Mrs. Bodley was just entering the yard with the baby. In an hour Ann came. She seemed as astonished at the baby as her sisters had been.

"Where did you get her?" she cried.

Mrs. Bodley, with the baby cuddled against her shoulder, led Ann into the parlor where Carry Munn could not overhear. "I did not tell your sisters, but I am going to tell you, on one condition," said she. "You must promise me solemnly not to tell."

Ann stared at her mother. "Why, of course I will promise!" she said.

"Well, this is your poor second cousin Emma's tenth child. She wrote me about it. Her husband can't earn enough to half keep the others, and Emma is out of health. I took the baby. But Emma is proud. You know how proud Emma is."

Ann nodded. She began to fondle the baby. "Precious little darling!" said she. "I am glad, mother. I'll do all I can to help with her, and I will never tell. Poor Emma! It must have been awful for her to give up such a beautiful baby."

"She did seem to feel badly, but she has nine besides," said Mrs. Bodley.

That was on Saturday. The next day Ann, coming out of church with her mother, was repeatedly stopped and

congratulated. Ann was a sweet-faced young woman with a great mass of reddish-brown hair. Her eyes were brown, and her high-arched brows gave her an expression of wonder. It might have been because of those wondering brows that people did not notice her bewilderment when she was congratulated.

When she and her mother were walking home alone she looked very pale and grave. On one side of the road tossed the sea; on the other were the closed residences of the summer colony.

Ann did not speak until they had nearly reached their home in the all-year-round part of Barr-by-the-Sea. "What did they mean, mother?" she said then.

"What did who mean?"

"Why, all those people congratulating me! What were they congratulating me for? Because I had made another failure? I did not know the people here could be so cruel."

"I guess they didn't mean to be cruel," replied Mrs. Bodley, in a smothered voice.

"Clara and Isabel congratulated me, too. They did last night when I ran in there; and Brother-in-law Sam asked me who the happy man was. What happy man? What did he mean?"

"I guess he didn't mean much of anything," replied her mother.

The next day was very pleasant, and Mrs. Bodley proposed to Ann that they drive over to Barr Center and do some shopping. "I've got to buy some napkins and a tablecloth or two," said she. "Carry Munn can look out for the baby."

Ann stared at her mother. "Why, mother, I thought you had more table linen than we could use!"

"That was two years ago," said her mother, sharply. "You act as if tablecloths and napkins had entered into eternal life."

"Why, mother!" Ann looked shocked.

Carry Munn, bringing some biscuit in for breakfast, stopped short. "I didn't know you swore, Mis' Bodley," said she.

Mrs. Bodley colored.

"Mother wants some fine linen to sew on," said Ann, extenuatingly.

"Yes, your ma always did like to sew on nice fine linen," said Carry Munn. She cast a look at Ann which the girl utterly failed to understand. Carry Munn flushed suddenly and giggled as she went out.

"What ails Carry Munn, mother?" asked Ann, wonderingly.

"Nothing, I guess," said Mrs. Bodley. "You had better get ready."

"Does Prince shy at automobiles as much as he used to?" asked Ann, rather wearily.

"No; he has almost stopped."

Ann dressed herself reluctantly. She did not want to drive to Barr Center. She hated driving, anyway; horses made her nervous, and she did not anticipate any pleasure from the shopping. She looked very pretty as she came downstairs. Ann wore brown, with a touch of cherry velvet in her hat, which brought out the color in her soft, fair cheeks. Her mother drove, and Ann sat beside her quietly, with rather apprehensive eyes on the horse. He was old, but capable of doing youthful mischief under provocation. They met three automobiles, one after another, immediately after they started, and Prince did not even prick up an ear.

"I told you so," said Mrs. Bodley. But after driving several miles without seeing a car, one shot by with a warning toot from the klaxon, and then old Prince certainly shied. Mrs. Bodley clung to the lines.

"Don't you be scared, Ann," said she. "It's only when one automobile all alone comes along that he notices at all."

It happened very quickly. The lines snapped, and the buggy was tilted into the ditch, and Prince stood in an attitude of panicky, ready-to-do-more attention, perfectly still.

The car ahead stopped. The driver had seen the accident in his little mirror. A young man came running back along the road. He carried a small medicine-

case. Ann and her mother were out of the buggy. Mrs. Bodley was at the horse's head, and Ann stood helplessly doing nothing at all.

The young man came alongside. "Anybody hurt?" said he, solicitously.

"No, we ain't hurt," replied Mrs. Bodley, sharply, "but we might have been. You hadn't any right to go so fast."

"I was running only about eighteen miles an hour," said the young man. His voice was boyish and aggrieved. "I did not know your horse was afraid of cars," he pleaded.

"He ain't," said Mrs. Bodley.

"But he acted as if he were."

"He ain't afraid of cars, but he's mortal scared of a car," said Mrs. Bodley.

The young man looked bewildered. He glanced at Ann. She was pale and trembling, but she could not avoid smiling slightly. "My mother means that Prince, when there are a number of cars, doesn't shy, because he can't make up his mind which to shy at; but when there is one he does."

"Oh!" said the young man. He continued to regard her. "You were frightened?" said he.

"Yes, I was."

"Ann was always afraid of a horse," said Mrs. Bodley. Her eyes upon the young man were suddenly very sharply speculative. "Ann is delicate," said she, as if she were complimenting Ann.

Ann colored. "Nonsense, mother!" said she. "I am not delicate at all, and I realize I am a fool to be afraid of an old horse like Prince."

"Some people can't help it," said the young man. He surveyed Ann admiringly. "May I inquire where you were going, madam?" he said to Mrs. Bodley.

"To Barr Center, if I can ever get those reins mended," said Mrs. Bodley. Her words were rather aggressive, but her tone was not. The young man hesitated.

"Why can't I tie your horse here and take you two ladies to Barr Center in my car?" he propounded, finally.

Ann started and flushed. "We have some shopping to do," said she.

"That's all right. I have time enough. You can do your shopping while I make my calls. I am Doctor Dickerson's nephew, Frank Dickerson, and I am his assistant, and he sent me to Barr Center to make five calls."

Mrs. Bodley looked at him with veiled eagerness, but she spoke hesitatingly. "Well, I don't know," said she.

"Oh, mother, it is very kind of Doctor Dickerson, but we had better mend the reins and go on in the buggy," said Ann.

"I don't see how the reins can be mended so as to be safe if Prince shies again," said Mrs. Bodley. "I guess we had better give up going to Barr Center."

The young man examined the reins and then whistled. "They are in rather bad shape," said he. "I don't quite see, myself, how we can mend them enough to enable you even to drive back to Barr-by-the-Sea. But if you will only accept my invitation and get in my car, we can find something in Barr Center to mend the reins with when we come back."

Ann looked distressed. "Mother, you wouldn't leave Prince and the buggy right here by the road, without a house in sight?" said she.

"I don't see how anybody can drive Prince off, with the reins broken, any better than we can," said Mrs. Bodley, and Frank Dickerson recognized her as being distinctly on his side.

"They could hitch Prince and the buggy on behind another team," said Ann. Frank wondered if she really did not wish to go in his car.

"Prince never would go hitched on behind anything," said her mother, grimly. "I remember when Sam Johnson tried it, and Prince kicked in the back of Sam's new carryall."

Frank Dickerson, in spite of himself, burst into a peal of laughter. The exploits of the defiant old sidewise-poised horse did seem incredible. Ann laughed,

too, after a second. Mrs. Bodley did not laugh. She wished very much, for many reasons, to accept the young man's invitation; besides, she was always serious in her statements.

"It is true, even if Prince does look as if he wouldn't," said she. "It is as safe to leave him hitched here as if he were a tiger. You know he always tries to bite strangers, too, Ann. You can't laugh at that."

It ended in Prince being tied fast to a fence post, and Mrs. Bodley and Ann spinning off with young Doctor Dickerson in his shiny car. Frank Dickerson had wanted very much to ask Ann to sit in front beside him, but had not dared. He had, therefore, been surprised and delighted at Mrs. Bodley's suggestion, "You had better sit in front with Doctor Dickerson," as Ann was following her into the tonneau. "Maybe you can get a little idea about driving a car," she added.

Ann looked at her mother and gasped.

"I have been thinking for quite some time of selling Prince and the buggy and the carryall—Prince is so afraid of an automobile—and buying one," declared Mrs. Bodley, coolly.

It almost seemed to poor Ann Bodley that her mother must be lying, the whole appeared so preposterous. She had never heard her mother speak of cars with anything but disapproval, and the idea of her, Ann, driving one, was fairly beyond imagination. She rolled a soft brown eye over her shoulder at her mother, who met her gaze defiantly. It actually occurred to Ann that her mother might be losing her wits. It was simply monstrous, the mere thought of herself, little Ann Bodley, driving an automobile. Ann realized that this ought not to be so. She felt herself quite evidently anachronistic. She lived in an era of automobile-driving girls, of golf and tennis girls, but unaccountably she had failed to make her title clear in her own age and generation. She was, nevertheless, rather keen-witted. She really sensed, as probably her mother

did not, the reason for the older woman's ceaseless driving of her before her almost juggernaut wheels of ambition.

Poor Mrs. Bodley felt instinctively that her daughter was not keeping the pace of her day; she was mortified, and hence the tireless spur of the maternal will. Mrs. Bodley had advanced ideas. Her other daughters had married, as she considered, not to their great advantage. She wished her darling Ann to dance through life in a strictly modern fashion. The idea of her marrying a commonplace man had secretly antagonized her. Still, if there were nothing else—it was out of the question that her Ann should live the life of a spinster, with limited means, in her own home.

"I doubt if your daughter would like driving a car," said Doctor Dickerson.

Ann regarded him gratefully. Her mother did not hear the remark.

"Driving a car is quite a strain on the nerves," said Doctor Dickerson.

"I suppose it is," agreed Ann. Then she added, apologetically, "I am ashamed if I am not equal to it, now women do drive cars so much."

The young man laughed.

"And they do drive well," said Ann, a little resentfully. After all, if she could not live up to the standards of her time, she was jealous of their admission. She fancied there was something a bit scornful in the young man's laugh.

"Oh yes, they drive all right, lots of them," he said, "but, after all, there are survivals of the species, and I guess you are one."

Ann colored a little. "I have always been ashamed that I could not do things as well as other women," said she—"that is, the things all the women did not do years ago, and do now."

Doctor Dickerson laughed again. "I don't even know your name," said he, changing the subject abruptly.

Ann started. "I am Ann Bodley," said she, "and my mother was driving when the horse shied. I forgot. I beg your pardon."

"Oh, that's all right! I simply thought

I ought to have some name in mind when I thought of you."

Ann started again. She had never had anything like that said to her, at least not in that tone. She looked away at the sere fields past which they were flying. Her heart was beating fast.

"Must be a pretty country in the summer," said Doctor Dickerson.

"Very pretty," whispered Ann.

"It is pretty now, for that matter." The young man eyed a field, and wondered if the girl saw that it was pink and gold and mauve.

"Really the colors are prettier than in midsummer," said she, unexpectedly, and he beamed.

"You are right there," he agreed.

Soon they were approaching Barr Center. Mrs. Bodley leaned forward.

"It is wonderful how fast you get to places," said she. She was clutching her wayward bonnet fast; her gray hair stood out in stiff locks before the rush of the wind, but she looked positively gay.

"Then you find you like the car?" said Dickerson.

"I'd be a fool if I didn't," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Most people feel that way after they have taken the plunge."

"I, for one, don't mind the plunge after that old horse," said Mrs. Bodley.

Ann cast an apprehensive glance at her. Was it possible that she would really try to have her drive a car? Dickerson relieved her inexpressibly.

"If you do get a car I advise you to drive it," he shouted back at Mrs. Bodley. "Some women are born drivers, and you look to me like one. Your daughter might drive all right, but she is not one to take to machinery like you."

Mrs. Bodley nodded. "You are right about that," said she. "My daughter can't even manage the sewing-machine, but I should like to have her learn a little if I do buy a car. Suppose I were to have a fit, or anything."

"Oh, mother!" gasped Ann.

"You are very wise," shouted back

the young man, and forthwith proceeded to explain carefully to Ann how to shut off the power. "That is really the most important thing for you to know," said he.

Before they reached Barr Center, Ann had tremulously moved the emergency brake and been inwardly thankful that there was no explosion.

Dickerson left the two women in the principal shop in Barr Center, and Mrs. Bodley astounded her already astounded daughter by purchasing table linen in considerable quantity. She also bought other things which Ann did not consider were needed. She wondered at the purchase of nainsook, lace, and embroidery.

"Why, mother," she ventured, when the saleswoman's back was turned, "we have so much underwear already."

"I want a half dozen extra of everything," said Mrs. Bodley.

Ann looked at her mother, and her eyes were almost wild. It occurred to her that Mrs. Bodley might be going to marry again. Ann was frightened. She said no more about the purchases, but she wondered painfully when Mrs. Bodley bought some delicate blue material and told the saleswoman she wished to use it for a negligée. The thought of her mother in a wedding negligée of that infantile blue was almost too much for the girl. She felt hysterical.

Ann was thankful when the shopping was over and the parcels were carried out to Doctor Dickerson's car. She obeyed meekly her mother's command to occupy the seat beside the young man.

"You get right in there, Ann, and learn how to work that thing when I have a fit," said Mrs. Bodley, with grim humor.

Mrs. Bodley felt very grand, having her parcels deposited in the car, and sitting there in state.

That very night young Dr. Frank Dickerson, telling his uncle about the very pretty girl and her very amusing mother, whom he had rescued from an untoward combination with a buggy and a scared, sidewise, ancient horse with

bad habits of kicking and biting in spite of age, was informed of the news which Maria had divulged after hearing it from Carry Munn.

Old Doctor Dickerson looked shrewdly at his nephew. "Mustn't poach on another man's preserves," said he.

The young man was talking so fast that he paid no heed. "It was all true, too," said he. "That old beast tried to take a nip at me when we got back to the place where he was hitched and I made an effort to re-establish the original traveling *cortège*. I had to get in my car and drive off, and leave the old lady to unhitch her remarkable steed. The girl was afraid of him. She looked up at me and I declare I hated to leave her. She is one of the gone-out-of-date young women who rather appeal to me."

"No use, Frank; she has appealed to another man before you," said the old doctor.

This time the nephew heard. He stared with a shamed, taken-aback expression at his uncle.

"You mean—?"

"You drove them over to Barr Center on a shopping expedition for the young woman's trousseau. She is going to marry a widower with one child, who is staying with her prospective ma now."

"How do you know?"

"Surer information than telephone, mail, or cable. Servants. You don't mean to say you are so anacreontic as to fall in love at sight?"

Frank Dickerson colored absurdly. "What do you take me for?" he demanded. "Of course she is a pretty girl, and one somehow that makes you realize you are a man, and that is subtle flattery in these days. That girl could no more drive a car, and I know she never rode a bicycle; and she is charmingly afraid of a horse, and makes a fellow feel like a knight of old. But in love? Good Lord! She seemed just a variety which pleases because it is out of date. Hope she's got a good man. A widower with one child. How old?"

"Only a baby. I don't know who he

is. I suppose he is somebody she met while she was away. I never heard of anybody here paying her the slightest attention. Guess the young men here like the prevailing mode in girls. I have noticed her. She is a nice little thing, and one of the sort who used to surprise me by being a darned sight smarter than they looked, in an emergency."

"That is just the way I feel about a girl of that type."

The result of that conversation was that young Doctor Dickerson did not call on Ann Bodley, although he had been cordially invited to do so by her mother. For several evenings Ann herself changed her gown for a blue one which was becoming, and took extra pains with her hair. Then she would have stopped, but her mother drove her on, and she continued with the docility which she had in all little things. She was not quite so docile in the large affairs of life, and her mother realized that, and endeavored very cleverly to present them as small ones.

"You are foolish not to wear that pretty blue dress while it is in style," she said, and the girl continued to array herself in it. Had she once suspected—but she did not. She sewed obediently on the linen and cambric, too. She was rather fond of sewing—setting nice little stitches seemed to her like a sort of lady rhythm of life—but not one would she have set had she known. As it was, she finally became rather melancholy about the delicate work. She could not help associating it with the lot of other girls, a lot which she was confident would never be for her. However, the baby was a great resource. She could not be entirely unhappy with the baby.

She thought sometimes of the young man who had driven her and her mother over to Barr Center. She saw him every Sunday in church, and he always bowed politely. She was not foolish about him. There was in Ann Bodley a firm groundwork of common sense, but she realized, when she thought of him, a sense of something slipping away which might,



"MOTHER, WHOSE BABY IS THAT?" CRIED CLARA

if it remained, count. When he did not call, she made the best of it. Then he came. She was all alone that evening. Her mother had gone to prayer meeting, and Ann, who had a slight cold, had remained at home. She wore the blue dress, and sat sewing, after she had put the baby to bed, before the fire when the bell rang. Carry Munn had also gone to church, so Ann went to the door. She started a little when she saw Frank Dickerson.

"Oh, good evening!" she said, hoarsely.

"You have a cold. Go right away from the door," ordered young Dickerson.

Ann fluttered before him like a blue flower, and the two sat down before the hearth fire.

Dickerson looked at her smilingly. "Not much of a cold, eh?" he asked.

Ann shook her head. "Nothing at all," she said, quite clearly. "I am better than I was yesterday, but mother thought it rather damp for me to go out

this evening. Mother has gone to meeting."

"Yes, I was on the street and I saw her go into the church," returned Dickerson, quite frankly. Then he colored, and Ann colored, too. She could not possibly avoid thinking, "He came because he thought I would be alone," and he knew that she thought that, and also knew that it was true. The girl had, in reality, made more of an impression upon him than he owned to himself. He still believed she was to be married soon to another man, but he resented it.

After they had talked a little while he glanced at the pile of dainty white stuff in a work basket, and the resentment grew. Frank Dickerson knew that this delicate, reverting-to-type girl could not possibly be going to marry a man who was worthy of her. He knew men. He felt that he wanted to shake Ann by her blue shoulders and tell her brutally that she was a little fool to marry the fellow, whoever he was.

After a while, Ann, by sheer force of

habit, because her fingers yearned for their accustomed task, took up her work. Frank Dickerson looked at her admiringly, even tenderly. He loved to see the pretty, feminine thing at her feminine employment. Then he set his mouth hard.

After a while Ann glanced up at him and wondered at his expression. His eyes met hers defiantly. "I suppose you are very happy?" he said, and his tone was unwarranted.

Ann looked bewildered. She did not dream what he meant. "I have a great deal to make me happy and thankful," she said, tritely, after a pause.

"Of course," said the young man, quite viciously. Ann was startled.

However, after a bit he began talking quite naturally again, and it was not until after he had gone that she thought of it all with wonder. When Mrs. Bodley came in she sniffed. She smelled cigar smoke.

"Who has been here?" said she.

"Young Doctor Dickerson," replied Ann, flushing softly.

"He smoked?"

"Yes. He asked if he might."

"How long did he stay?"

"You hadn't been gone long when he came, and he went away a few minutes ago. He had a call to make."

"I suppose he was in his car."

"Yes."

"I am thinking about getting a car in the spring," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Oh, mother!"

"I guess you'll find you like a car when you have one," said her mother, and smiled subtly.

The next week Mrs. Bodley went again to prayer meeting, and insisted that Ann was still not well enough to accompany her, although the girl was sure that her cold was cured. When Mrs. Bodley came home she smelled cigar smoke, but she said nothing. She



ANN STOOD HELPLESSLY DOING NOTHING AT ALL

was an astute woman. Finally it happened that two evenings of every week Mrs. Bodley was either away from home or out of the parlor of an evening, and smelled cigar smoke on her return, and poor little Ann began to sew with more zest.

It was nearly spring when the climax came. Frank Dickerson called, and it was too much for him. He did not stay as long as usual, but when he took his leave he clasped Ann's two hands in his and said, abruptly: "It is good-by, dear. I am not coming again."

Ann turned white. "Are you going to leave town?"

"After a little. Begin to think I must. I can't leave just yet, on account of my uncle."

"Why—?" began Ann, then stopped, for Frank bent and kissed her.

"Why do I stop coming?" he said, quite fiercely. "What do you take me for? How can I keep on coming?"

He kissed Ann again, and, before she got her breath, was out and she heard the whir of his car starter.

Ann went back and sat down. She felt faint. Presently her mother came in. She had made an errand over to her married daughter Isabel's. She smiled when she smelled the cigar smoke, then she noticed Ann's white face.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I don't know, mother," replied Ann. Her voice sounded strange in her own

ears. She left the room and ran upstairs. Mrs. Bodley sat down and thought.

The next afternoon Ann went over to her sister's and soon came flying home. She rushed into the room where her mother was hemming a tablecloth. She flung up a window, snatched the web of fine linen from her mother, and bundled it out into the dead garden; then she slammed the window down.

Mrs. Bodley gasped. For a moment she thought the girl had gone suddenly mad. This was no Ann whom she had ever known, this creature with angrily flaming cheeks, flashing blue eyes, and vociferous tongue.

"Now I know!" almost shouted Ann, in a high voice of indignation. "Now I know!"

"What do you know?" asked her mother, feebly.

Ann faced her mother, and her little, gentle countenance was fairly terrible. "Mother," she said, almost solemnly, "you have—lied."

Mrs. Bodley cowered before the look and tone. "You tell your own mother—that?" she said, but her voice was a mere whisper.

"Yes, I do. You have been making everybody think I was going to be married. They congratulated me, and I didn't know why. You made a fool of me. You have tried and tried to push me into everything else, and I have submitted. I have acted like a fool about the other things. I knew



"HERE IS YOUR SUPPER. YOU HAD BETTER
EAT IT"

I couldn't sing or paint or teach kindergarten, but you talked so much, and finally I got not quite sure of myself. But to try to push me into marriage! To tell people such a shameful lie when all the time he has never said one word about marrying me! And the last time he bade me good-by and said he was never coming again."

Mrs. Bodley started violently, and regarded her daughter with a queer expression. "Who do you mean by 'he'?"

"Young Doctor Dickerson. He has seen right through it all. He knows how you have fairly flung me at his head, making me sit on the front seat of the car with him and pretending you were going to buy one. He knows all about it. He has even seen me sitting here—sewing things. He must think I am as bad as you are—telling everybody I was going to marry a man who has never asked me, shaming me so I never want to look anybody in the face again."

Mrs. Bodley's countenance continued to wear a thoughtful, slightly relieved expression as the girl stormed on. Once she interrupted: "I never told anyone right out you were going to marry anybody," she said. "I never mentioned young Doctor Dickerson's name."

"You might just as well. Isabel has told me everything you said. It was a lie you told, mother, and you a church member! Oh, I don't see how you could! I must go right away from Barr-by-the-Sea and live somewhere else, where people don't know me, where I shall never run any chance of—seeing him again."

Ann was rushing out of the room when her mother arrested her. "Stop right where you are, Ann Bodley," she said, in a voice of mixed shame and triumph. "You accuse your own mother of lying when folks only jumped at their own conclusions, and you think yourself a lot brighter than you are. Young Doctor Dickerson never once thought I was talking about him. If you think a minute, instead of talking so much, you will remember that folks congratulated you coming out of church that Sunday,

before he'd even come to town. He never thought for one minute I was telling people you were going to marry him. He thought it was a widower who was the baby's father. I own I didn't deny it, and if ever a man is dead in love with a girl, he is with you; and maybe he wouldn't be if he hadn't thought some other fellow had got ahead of him. Men are built that way, and you may have your mother, that tells lies, to thank for making you happy, after all, and—and . . ."

Mrs. Bodley stopped short, frightened. Ann's face had turned a dead white. She knew that what her mother said was true, but she grasped complexities of the situation which her mother did not.

"If—that is true," she said, in a thick voice—"and—maybe it is, then—it is all over. He will have to go away from town thinking it is somebody else, for, however I tell you you have lied, I will not tell him my own mother as good as lied to get me a husband. It is—all over."

"O my Lord!" said Mrs. Bodley.

She did not stop Ann when she left the room. She heard the girl sob as she went upstairs. "O Lord!" said Mrs. Bodley. She sat motionless a long while. Shrewd little woman, with will of iron for her own purposes, she knew it was a deadlock. She agreed with Ann that she could not possibly tell Frank Dickerson.

"Might think it runs in the family," Mrs. Bodley said to herself, with grim humor.

Ann did not come down to supper. Mrs. Bodley herself made a special kind of toast which the girl liked, and fitted up a tray and set it outside Ann's chamber door. It was unlocked, but the mother did not dare open it. She called out: "Here is your supper. You had better eat it." When she went to bed the tray was still on the floor and had not been touched.

"I don't blame her," Mrs. Bodley said to herself in a harsh whisper. It did not occur to her to acknowledge her

sense of her wrong-doing to Ann. It really seemed to her that she had acquiesced in the girl's judgment of her.

In her own room, Mrs. Bodley sat down beside a window and gazed out at the moonlit night. It was warm for the season, and the window was open, and a faint breath of returning spring came in. Mrs. Bodley talked to herself almost inaudibly. "I meant it all for her good," she said. "Goodness knows I did. But I realize now I ought not to have let people go on thinking she was going to be married, when I didn't know for sure, and now I wish I hadn't. O Lord!"

"I don't blame her," she said. "Poor child! I don't know what I would have done if my mother had acted the way hers has. I meant all right, but I got in the path of divine Providence, and now I'm paying for it, and I'm afraid she will have to."

The next morning Ann came down to breakfast. She looked tired and wan, but she spoke as usual, and ate her breakfast. She was a good girl. It seemed to her that she had no course open to her but to treat her mother kindly, forgive her, and live her life as it was ordered. She tried not to think of Frank Dickerson.

After breakfast Mrs. Bodley announced her intention of driving over to Barr Center. She did not even ask Ann to go. Both mother and daughter were shy of each other.

Ann, after her mother had driven out of sight, took up the baby and petted her and played with her. She could not sew. It seemed to her that she could never touch needle and thread again. She had an east window open, it was so warm, and the sweet air came in. She noticed that the tree branches were faintly rose-flushed, and reflected that it was almost spring and that her

life might be harder when it was come.

She did not see Carry Munn hustle across the yard to the Dickersons', leaving her dishes unwashed. Carry Munn fled with the spring wind, her calico skirts lashing, her straight-locked hair



ANN TOOK EXTRA PAINS WITH HER HAIR

stiffly leaving her aggressive forehead. She was met by her cousin Maria at the Dickerson door.

"Anybody in there to hear?" demanded Carry Munn, breathlessly.

"Not a soul. Young Doctor Frank has gone out making calls, and the old doctor is down for the morning mail. For the land sakes, what is it?"

"Ann wa'n't goin' to be married, when I told you she was."

The other woman gasped. "You said her ma told you so."

"I didn't tell you no such thing. Mis' Bodley ain't given to tellin' lies, and she a professin' Christian. I understood from somethin' she said that Ann was goin' to be married, and told it from



SHE DID NOT SEE CARRY MUNN HUSTLE ACROSS THE YARD

Dan to Beersheba, and there wa'n't one word of truth in it."

"Then Ann ain't goin' to be married?"

"Not unless somethin' new has come up," said Carry Munn.

"Young Doctor Frank said last night he was goin' to leave town," said Maria.

"Hm!" said Carry Munn. Again they eyed each other.

"Whose baby is it?" demanded Maria.

"I know. I own I listened. It's all right about her."

"You won't tell?"

"Never; but it's all right."

They eyed each other again. Then Carry Munn flew home against the wind, and her hair stood out over her eyes like a thatched roof, and Maria went into the house. She started, for old Doctor Dickerson stood in the kitchen.

"What are you jumping so for?" said the old man, with a grin.

"I thought you was gone, Doctor Dickerson."

"No, I was here. All a piece of gossip, was it?"

"Ann Bodley ain't goin' to get married. Carry Munn always did jump at things," said Maria.

That same afternoon Ann, sitting alone with her book—she loathed her sewing—started at the sound of a motor car. She answered the doorbell, and Frank Dickerson stood there. He could not wait to come in before he spoke.

"See here. I thought you were going to marry somebody else," he cried. "I heard so. I heard it came straight from your mother. Now I want to know, is it true?"

Ann stood before him, pale and trembling.

"Tell me, dear."

Ann was silent.

"Ann!"

Mrs. Bodley came down the stairs with a swoop of black silk, like a bird.

"She will never tell you!" she said,

in a desperate voice. "She will never tell you her own mother as good as lied. She is not going to marry any other man. She never was. I adopted the baby. Her father is alive. You needn't have anything to do with *me* if you don't want to. Ann never told a lie in her life."

Ann began to cry. "Don't, mother!" said she, pitifully.

Frank Dickerson took her in his arms. Then he looked over the bright head at Mrs. Bodley. He was blushing like a girl, and laughing.

"Strikes me the biggest truth-telling in creation is telling that you haven't told the truth," he said.

Mrs. Bodley gasped. Her face became incredibly tender. "You look at it that way?"

"I certainly do."

"My Lord!" She said it reverently, and she looked at the young man as if he were her own lover. Her face at that moment was wonderfully like Ann's, and a charming prophecy of her daughter's own future loveliness.

THE SPECIALIST

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

ONE at a time the waiting line lagged by,
 Each with his tale of shattered nerves and life,
 A household servant worn with drudgery,
 A school-girl overtaxed, an unloved wife;
 A sullen, frightened youth with sin defiled,
 A fur-wrapped matron fumbling with her glove,
 A sleepless mother mourning for her child,
 A soul-starved spinster hungering for love.

Pale wraiths of women, gaunt-eyed wrecks of men,
 I saw them pause and gather heart again.

To each he gave the best he had to give:
 To one, the age-old master-words, "I can!"
 To one a fresh incentive still to live,
 To one, a new-found faith in God—and man.
 But to them all he gave himself unspared,
 Not loftily aloof, nor heedlessly,
 But to the dregs each bitter cup he shared
 And poured them endless wine of sympathy.

They seemed to me, who watched them there apart
 Like unclean leeches fastened on his heart.

But once, between one patient and the next
 His glance sought swift a picture on the wall,
 Like one who reads an old and well-loved text—
 A range of fir-pricked mountains, that was all.
 Yet suddenly I knew what balsamed air
 Had cleft the room's wan atmosphere of pain,
 To linger one cool fragrant moment there
 And hold him calm, and quiet-eyed, and sane.

ROMANCE

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

ROMANCE! I began looking for it when I was very young, as most people do, and found plenty of it in fairy tales. Later, and again like other people, I began to hope to find it in reality. I was recommended to Italy.

Know'st thou the land
Where blooms the lemon tree?

I was advised as to Venice, Maggiore, Lugano, and, if I would but go so far, dawn upon the Matterhorn.

Romance is to be found in these places, of course, but not the romance I allude to. I remember, on a ship returning from Italy, a stout little man from Kalamazoo who sat on the edge of his steamer chair and declared:

"Venice? Oh yes, it's romantic, all right, if that's what you're looking for. But if you'd been eaten up alive in a gondola by mosquitoes the size of chicken hawks, and then got back to the Danieli and crawled under a smothering mosquito netting, and then had your hard-earned sleep, by George! smashed twenty-five times through the night by those good-for-nothing caroling gondoliers bursting into song, you'd say, 'Give me little old Kalamazoo and a few God-fearing public - nuisance ordinances.' That's the sort of thing that poets and artists call romance, and you say we haven't got it. I'll bet we haven't! I'll bet if we had, the city fathers would get up in their nightcaps and throw furniture at it!"

Everybody laughed. The little man from Kalamazoo was a find. He had snatched the robe of the wonderful suddenly from Venice and wrapped it about himself. He was inimitable. I have never forgotten him. But his listeners,

like myself, were unpersuaded. Romance remained somewhere to be discovered.

I do not know where or whether the others ever came upon it, but I found it that very year, in Christmas week, when I chanced upon that delightfully handsome and romantic young couple whom I first saw in the tailor shop. It happened to be a practical time with me, and, instead of planning to select beautiful and suitable Christmas gifts among bewildering displays at fascinating Christmas shops, I had been obliged to spend my money—sordidly enough, it seemed—financing a new suit for myself, my old one having suddenly, like the Deacon's One-hoss Shay, given out in all its parts.

I went to a tailor shop in the next block. A slim young tailor's assistant, who looked as though he had never had an ounce too much to eat, came forward to answer my questions, and then made off to fetch a sample-book.

Meanwhile a thin old dame of, I should say, seventy years, was having a suit fitted by a short, rather stout man who was evidently the head tailor.

She was a parrotlike old creature. She wore a high headdress unsuitable to her years, of brilliant macaw's feathers. These seemed to have a subtle relation to her beaklike nose. Also she kept up a kind of quarrelsome, parrotlike comment on everything that the little tailor did or said.

Ah, well, fortunately for himself, he was a patient little man. He had even a placid, almost benevolent, look. No doubt he waited on a good many quarrelsome dames of the old parrot's ilk. He was partly bald, and, as by some watchful dispensation of Providence, he

had large, flat feet, very useful in the pursuance of a profession that requires much standing on them. His face was kindly, besides being patient; his outline reminded me of a penguin.

But it was the old dame whom I watched especially. She was raising one arm a bit and looking absorbedly and sharply in a hand mirror which she held close to nearsighted eyes, to see if a wrinkle of any sort could possibly be found, while the flat-footed, good-natured, but anxious, Penguin looked in the large mirror with real concern, hoping that it could not.

Presently, while the wrinkle was still being spitefully sought, there entered the shop a willowy, beautiful slip of a girl, only slightly over twenty, I think. She had an aristocratic grace combined with great charm of simplicity and freedom. She was dressed extremely plainly, as with an almost austere economy. She went over and greeted the old dame graciously as "Aunt," giving her "good morning." The latter did not, however, accord her at the time so much as a glance, being absorbedly bent still on the hunt for the wrinkle.

Evidently the girl had met her aunt there by agreement. She stood paying careful attention to the fitting for a moment or two; then she turned, and took her place on a waiting haircloth sofa, facing the inside glass door which opened into the shop from a little vestibule outside.

She was unusually beautiful, and I had the impression at once that, young though she was, she was married. There was that subtle poise and certainty and contentment about her that I have never yet seen in the young and unmarried, however assured or happy they may be. A moment later my judgment was confirmed. She drew off her walking gloves. There, sure enough, on her slender left hand shone a wedding ring.

Presently she looked up swiftly, as by some intuition, at the exact right moment to catch the smile of a wonderful young chap, slightly older than herself,

who stood just outside in the vestibule with his hand on the door knob ready to enter. He, too, was neatly dressed, in tweed, but without anything that would give the least idea of luxury or wealth. I should have said, even, that they were poor but for a certain impression of immaterial riches which they evidently both had.

His face lighted up at sight of her, and hers at sight of him. He gave her a questioning nod toward what he must have supposed was the direction of "Aunt," which said, plainly: "How about it? Eh? Is it safe to come in?"

She glanced toward the old dame, who was still wholly absorbed in her fitting, then shook her head vigorously, and made a pretty little horizontal gesture with one lovely hand.

He was quick to understand this stenography. Interruption of the irascible old dame's fitting was not to be thought of. Moreover, I conjectured that the old dame did not approve of him. She was the type and cut of old she-dragon who would have had her niece marry an older man of sound finance. The young husband's intrusion at present, therefore, would have counted as something doubly unacceptable at this time of day, when older men approved by older women of the aunt's type are well ensconced in their counting-houses, counting o'er their money.

Yet he lingered, smiling, as though he very much wanted to come in. Again the young wife glanced at the old dame, who was grimly absorbed now in pointing out to the patient Penguin that there was a wrinkle, or the shadow of a very slight possibility of one, a few inches down from the left armhole.

The wireless communication continued. The young wife shook her head, which, being interpreted, meant, "We must on no account disturb her *now*."

He lifted his eyebrows and nodded: "Very well, if you think so. But I adore you, my dearly beloved!"

"I know, my darling, but good-by," she smiled, and just brushed her finger-

tips over her lips and outward—as lovely a salutation as ever I saw. He more boldly, and either ignoring or not seeing me, threw her a devoted kiss. I knew that he had accepted her verdict by the immediacy with which he put his head resolutely in the air, like a man making an unpleasant but necessary decision, and, lifting his hat an instant, walked away. I saw him go past the window. What a fine figure he was in his English tweeds and spats, and what a fine swinging walk he had, like one of the young lords of the earth!

So here, in a manner, was romance. Here was a pair of married lovers, if ever I saw one. Free of the whole world through their love, but bound, it seemed certain, by some material necessity; while the old she-dragon—the girl's aunt—was, it seemed certain, a holder of purse strings, a person of unpleasant and persistent power.

So I had the romance all well outlined when the tailor's assistant returned with samples. Meanwhile he urged me in an undertone, with an explanatory tiptoe glance at the old dame, either to be pleased to wait, or else to be pleased to come again when his master, the Penguin, was disengaged.

I looked at the Penguin. A model of fat, complacent, good-natured patience, he was picking pins out of his mouth, giving the utmost of attention, meanwhile, to the just possible possibility of a shadow of a shade of a wrinkle in the half-constructed coat of the svelt old she-dragon.

I promised to come at a freer season, and went out into the crisp air. A few days more and it would be Christmas. I decided to wait until after that holiday to go to the shop again, and walked away, haunted by the memory of those two charming presences—the beautiful, princesslike young woman in her plain serge suit, and the hardly less beautiful princely young man turning away resolutely from delight, at her bidding, he and his tweeds and his spats. Here, I felt sure, was a strain of clear romance, if I could have followed it.

That is, of course, one of the compensations of older years—one gains the ability, the spiritual ability, to read and interpret the human characters of face and form, yet these go by, go by, so swiftly, like a moving film, before the whole story can be read. I knew I should lose these two, and with them I should lose romance.

It can be imagined then, my delight, when the very next evening I was fortunate enough to have yet another glimpse of them. They were arm in arm, beautiful, young, devoted, mated perfectly, and they were peering absorbedly into the window of a fine antique shop in the neighborhood. This, too, was easy to read. They were furnishing, of course, with what they could not afford to buy, the ideal abode they were as yet unable to possess, being, at the same time, as I did not fail to note, clearly wealthier by far, in their lack, than many others infinitely richer in material possessions.

I lingered, myself, at the next window, keeping an eye on them unobserved. Presently they moved up the street to pause, the next time, as delighted as two children, before the fantastic display of a toy shop.

I had the impression of her constant dependence upon him, and of a certain buoyant strength that he had, and delighted in, on which it pleased her greatly to lean. My step followed theirs, my eye on them, as the eye follows a star; but already they had turned, and, walking away, were lost to me in the crowd.

I apprehended that here between these two and their old aunt was romance, youth, age, and the eternal conflict of these! I should like to have known their names and that of the old she-dragon. Ah, the powerful person that she was! I recalled just how she stood, looking grimly for that wrinkle; how she held, without apparent effort, these two, and the little Penguin tailor, and the little Penguin tailor's assistant and myself, all in our places, like a solar anomaly. I even found myself wondering if the finished suit had pleased her.

I could have sworn it had not. I could have sworn, too, that in that case the young Princess was dragged somehow into the unpleasantness—not to speak, of course, of the little tailor himself, the patient little Penguin who no doubt had his own history, too.

But these two royal young people would survive—did, no doubt, daily survive—the lives of loveless men and spiteful aunts, like stars of a high destiny.

It occurred to me once, when I was away from their presence, that perhaps I was reading into the world more than was there. Was my old wish for romance father to this thought of romance?

The next few days were very busy. I even gave over remembering my prince and princess, until Christmas Eve. Then it was that at about half past six o'clock I stepped into a drug store on Lexington Avenue to telephone in one of its four telephone booths. I dropped in my five-cent piece and waited. I received no answer. I moved the receiver hook up and down gently and waited. No reply. I was about to shake it impatiently, but stopped midway of the intention. From the telephone booth next me I could hear the voice of some one who was telephoning. It was a mellow, manly, ardent voice, and it said, as though in gentle, half-laughing deprecation:

"Oh, my dearest beloved!"

I moved the receiver hook again, but still no one replied. Meantime my neighbor was remarking, revealingly:

"I know, dear, but I *don't* think a ham seems very much like Christmas, that's all."

I stood in the dark of the little telephone booth, without again moving the receiver hook, and listened.

It was the quality of his voice, linked with that discussion with the wife, evidently, of his delight about a fitting Christmas dinner, which enthralled me. Moreover, telephone booths are public places, and a conversation between people who obviously adore each other really ought, at times, *pro bono publico*,

and as a precious example, be overheard. So I listened unblushingly, the vision of my prince and princess floating through my mind.

It is amazing, too, and instructive how much can be gathered from only one end of a conversation, as though we used twice too many words generally in conveying our sentiments and intelligence.

I now heard him say:

"Of course, my dear, it can't be helped. I know we *must* have your aunt Arabel to dinner. . . . Yes—I know. I feel that way, too—but it doesn't matter. We can have our Christmas *supper* alone. . . . No, precious! . . . Precious! . . . Yes! . . . No, darling! . . . No, my precious!"

So they stirred me quite as those young people in the tailor shop had stirred me; it might almost have been those two, talking together of the old she-dragon. And that arid name, "Aunt Arabel"! What could have been more suitable for one of that species? I could almost have been convinced it was she and that these two, speaking across space in the dark beside me, were the very Prince and Princess themselves, and that "Aunt Arabel" in perfect keeping was booked to spoil their Christmas for them.

"Good Lord!" (the Prince grew profane at the sound of some intelligence soundless to me). "Do you mean to say she telephoned you that? . . . *What!*—she said she didn't believe she was even going to *take* the suit, after all? . . . Good Lord! And think of her sending it back at Christmas time, too! Isn't that like her?"

Now this fell on me suddenly, you see, like beneficence, for I knew now by this further sign and token that these were the very Prince and Princess themselves. It may seem at first a little thing, a chance happening like that, but think of it, and of the real romance of it! Had I not longed to enter their lives and know the hearts of these two whose lives touched mine not at all, and read their romance? And were not two hearts here

miraculously revealed to me as though I had been Haroun-el-Raschid? Had I not merely entered an unpromising telephone booth in the neighborhood and found myself straightway where I had wished to be? Have you need of a wand, of a wishing ring? Who would demand a flying sofa, or exact a cap of Fortunatus?

Then the voice again:

"Well, dearest, let's decide about the dinner now. Shall we? . . . Yes, I really do. . . . No—I *don't* think a ham would be suitable. I'll tell you, my darling. I'll stop at the butcher's and I'll bring home a *chicken!*" (A chicken, oh, a chicken!) . . . "Yes, I know. They cost a good deal—but of course we can—for Christmas! . . . Oh, well, I'm sure I'd know how to cook it. . . . No, it wouldn't do to boil it. The thing you do is just to make some bread stuffing with a little onion!" (Oh! oh, bread stuffing with a little onion! The blessed souls!) . . . "Oh yes! . . . Precious!" he laughed. "Dressed, of course! Without the feathers! . . . Nonsense, precious; don't worry! . . . Well, never mind. She'd be critical anyway! She's like that. She can't help it. . . . Yes. . . . No—I don't think so. But promise me, my darling, that you won't worry! It will be *all right!* Besides—my beloved—do you love me?"

It was as though, suddenly, Aunt Arabel, chicken, bread stuffing, hams, nothing in the world mattered but this.

I raised a reluctant hand to move the receiver hook. It began to seem to me that my legitimate rights ended here. Then I heard his voice, a little pleading, further:

"Oh yes, I do! . . . All the time! . . . I'd give the world! . . . Oh, you *know* I do! . . . You *know* I do! . . . No! No! . . . Never! . . . No. . . . Most precious!"

I stood as one hypnotized. I knew neither their names nor where they lived. I only knew that I, who had been so long seeking romance, had come upon it miraculously where I least looked to

find it, that of itself being romance of no mean order. By the merest chance I had been present, yet invisible, at an intimate loveliness between two hearts calling to each other perfectly across space.

And the ham and the chicken! Were they not a ham and a chicken of very romance? And she timid and able to cook only the simpler of these two (Ah, you see he was no utilitarian! He had married her for love, not for practicality!), and he willing, valiantly, to attempt cooking the bird himself! Christmas cheer! bread stuffing, and all! And the troubled anticipation of the arid old aunt, sitting like a spiteful fairy at their Christmas dinner board. But *supper alone!* Mark you that! And their love, all the while, soaring, like a soaring, singing lark!

Then I heard his voice again:

"Yes, I will." (Some commission, no doubt; or was it renewed warning that he must bring home a dressed chicken, undressed of its feathers!) . . . "No—of course! Not for a minute! . . . Yes. . . . No, my soul! . . . Yes. . . . No, I won't be long! . . . No, dear! . . . Yes. Good-by. . . . A *little* chicken! Well, not *too* little. Maybe three pounds. . . . Yes, my precious, I will. . . . Yes—soon! Good-by, dearest!" (The voice lingered; impossible to give an idea of its quality or its devotion.) . . . "Yes, dearest!"

Not Venice, not Maggiore, not Lugano, nor dawn upon the Matterhorn! I should have sought, you see, in humbler places.

I turned to watch him go, with that fine, free, swinging step of his. I saw his shoulder as he began to come out of the booth. He was not wearing his tweeds to-day. Then, miraculously, he changed, under my very eye, and there emerged under my expectant gaze—his face shining beautifully with an afterglow of inexpressible happiness—not the tall, beautiful young man, but the Penguin—the little tailor! And I knew suddenly that I really *had* found romance!

WORKING WITH THE WORKING WOMAN

VI.—PANTRY GIRL IN A NEW YORK HOTEL

BY CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER

WHAT goes on behind the scenes in a hotel? To find that out I poked around till I discovered the employment-office entrance of one of New York's biggest and newest hotels. There had been no "ad." in the Sunday paper which would give a hint that any hotel needed additional help. We took our chances. Some twenty men waited in a little hallway, two women inside the little office. Both wanted chamber work. The employment man spied me.

"What do you want?"

"A job."

"What kind of a job?"

"Anything but bein' chambermaid."

"What experience have you had in hotel work?"

"None, but lots in private homes. I'd like a job around the kitchen some place."

"Ever try pantry work?"

"Not in a hotel, but lots in private families. I can do that swell!" (What pantry work meant I hadn't the least idea—perhaps washing glasses and silverware.)

He put on his coat and hat and dashed upstairs. He always put on his coat and hat to go upstairs. In a few moments he dashed hurriedly back, followed by another man who, I learned afterward, was an important steward.

He asked me all over again all the questions the first man had asked, and many more. He was in despair and impatient when he found I had not a single letter of recommendation from a single private family I had worked for. I could have written myself an excellent one in a few moments. Could I bring a letter back later in the day?

"Can you fix salads?"

"Sure!"

"You think you could do the job?"

"Sure!"

"Well, you look as if you could. Never mind the letter, but get one to have by you—comes in handy any job you want. Now about pay—I can't pay you what you been used to getting, at least not the first month." (I'd mentioned nothing as to wages.) "Second month maybe more. First month all I can pay you is fifty and your meals. That all right?"

As usual, my joy at landing a job was such that any recompense was acceptable.

"Be back in two hours."

I was back before my two hours were up, anxious to begin. In a corner of the main kitchen the steward turned me over to Bridget, who was to take me here, there, and the other place. By 11.30 A.M., I was back where I started from, only, thanks to aged Bridget and her none too sure leadings, I was clad in a white cap and white all-over apron-dress, and had had my lunch. Thereupon the steward escorted me to my own special corner of the world, where, indeed, I was to be monarch of all I surveyed—provided my gaze fell not too far afield.

That particular corner was down one short flight of stairs from the main kitchen into a hustling, bustling, small and compact, often crowded, place where were prepared the breakfasts, lunches, and dinners of those who placed more importance on hurry and less on style than the patrons of the main dining rooms. Our café fed more persons in a

day than the other dining rooms combined. Outside we could seat five hundred at a time, sixty-five at marble counters, the rest at small tables. But our kitchen quarters could have been put in one corner of the spacious, airy upstairs main kitchen.

Through the bustle of scurrying and ordering waiters I was led to a small, shelved-off compartment. Here I was to earn my fifty dollars a month from 1.30 P.M. to 9 P.M. daily except Sunday, with one-half hour off for supper. I was entitled to eat my breakfast and lunch at the hotel as well.

This first day I was to watch for some two hours the girl I was to relieve at 1.30. Her hours were from 6 in the morning to 1.30, which meant she got the brunt of the hard work—all of the breakfast and most of the lunch rush. To me fell the tail end of the lunch rush—up to about 2.15, and dinner, which only occasionally could be spoken of as “rush” at all.

By the time 11.30 came around, I knew what I had to do and could be left to my own devices. To the pantry girl of our café fell various and sundry small jobs. But the end and aim of her life had to be speed.

To the left of my little doorway was a small, deep sink. Directly next to the sink was a very large ice chest. On the side of the ice chest next the sink hung the four soft-boiled egg machines—those fascinating contrivances in which one deposited the eggs, set the notch at two, three, four minutes, according to the desires of the hurried guest without, sank the cup-shaped container in the boiling water, and never gave the matter another thought. At the allotted moment the eggs were hoisted as if by magic from out their boilings. The sink and the protruding ice chest filled the entire left side of my small inclosure. Along the entire right and front was a wide work-shelf. On this shelf at the right stood the electric toasting machine which during busy hours had to be kept going full blast.

In the front corner just next the toaster stood the tray of bread sliced ready to toast, crusts off for dry or buttered toast, crusts on for “club,” very thin slices for “toast Melba.” Directly in front, and next the bread tray, came the tray filled with little piles of graham and milk crackers, seven in a pile. What an amazing number of folk order graham or milk crackers in a café! It seems unbelievable to one who has always looked upon a place furnishing eatables outside a home as a chance to order somewhat indigestible food prepared entirely differently from what any home could accomplish. Yet I know it to be a fact that people seat themselves at a table or a counter in a more or less stylish café and order things like prunes or rhubarb and graham or milk crackers, and perhaps top off, if they forget themselves so far, with a shredded-wheat biscuit.

Just above the counter holding the bread and crackers was the counter on which were placed the filled orders for the waiters to whisk away. It was but a step from there to my ice box. The orders it was my business to fill were for blackberries, blueberries, prunes, sliced oranges, rhubarb, grapefruit, whole oranges, apples, sliced peaches and bananas, muskmelons, four kinds of cheese. All of these pretty well filled the upper half of the ice chest, if you counted the finished salads I kept just ahead on, say three of each—lettuce and tomato, hearts of lettuce, plain lettuce, and sliced tomatoes. In the lower half stood the pitchers of orange and grape juice, jams and jellies for omelettes to be made down the line, olives, celery, lettuce, cucumbers, a small tub of oranges, and a large bowl of sliced lemons. The lemons, lemons, lemons, I had daily to slice to complete the ice-tea orders! I had also to keep on hand a bowl of American cheese cut the proper size to accompany pie, toast, and soft-boiled eggs and crackers, and a crock of French dressing set in ice. Such was my kingdom, and I ruled alone.

During slack hours it was easy, too

easy. In rush hours you had to keep your head. Six waiters might breeze by in a line not one second apart, each calling an order, "Half a cantaloupe!" "Two orders of buttered toast!" "Combination salad!" (that meant romaine and lettuce leaves, shredded celery, sliced cucumbers, quartered tomatoes, green pepper, watercress, which always had to be made up fresh—none waiting in the ice chest); "Sliced peaches!" (they could never be sliced in advance); "One order orange juice!" "Toast for club!" Then how one's fingers sped!

Between 2 and 2.30 the rush subsided, and that first day I caught my breath and took time to note the lay of the land.

My compartment came first, directly next the dishes. Next me was a wonderful chef with his white cap set on at just the chef angle. He was an artist, with a youngster about fifteen as his assistant. Some day that youngster will be a more wonderful chef than his master and more of an artist. His master, I found out in my slack hours that first afternoon, was French, with little English at his command, though six years in this country. I know less French than he does English, but we got to be good friends over the low partition which separated us. There was nothing impertinent about him. I showed my gratitude for that by coming over in the afternoon and helping him slice hot potatoes for potato salad while my floor got washed. Every day I made him a bow and said, "*Bon jour, Monsieur le Bon Chef*," which may be no French at all. And every day he made me a bow back and said, "*Bon jour*" something or other, which I could tell was nice and respectful, but—I can't write it down. Monsieur le Bon Chef made splendid cold works of art in jellies, and salads which belonged to another realm than my poor tomatoes and lettuce. Also he and his assistant—the assistant was Spanish—made wonder-sandwiches.

At the left of the stairs were five chefs of as many nationalities—Italian, Span-

ish, South American, French, Austrian, who filled hot orders; fryers they were, and broilers, and roasters, and such like. Turn the corner and there opposite the Bon Chef and me were first the two cashiers, then my special friends, the Spanish dessert man and the Greek coffee and tea man. That is, they were the main occupants of their long compartment, but during the lunch rush at least six men worked there. Counting the chore persons of various sorts and not counting waiters, we had some thirty-eight working in or for our café—all men but the two fat Porto-Rican glass washers and me.

Bridget, the dear old soul, came down that first afternoon to see how I was getting along. I had cleaned up spick and span after the Spanish woman—and a mess she always managed to leave. The water was out of the egg-boiling machine and that all polished up; the heat turned off in the toasting machine and that wiped off; lemons sliced; celery "*Juli-etted*"; and I was peeling a tubful of oranges in the way the steward showed me, to be sliced by Spanish Mary for breakfast next morning.

It was plain to see that down our way everybody's work eased up between 3.30 and 5. Then everyone visited one another, exchanged newspapers, gossiped over counters. We changed stewards at 3. Kelly, the easy-going, jovial (except at times) Irishman, took himself off, and Schmitz, a narrow-shouldered, small, pernickety German-Jew came on for the rest of my time.

At five minutes to five Schmitz graciously told me I might go up to my supper, though the law in the statute books stood five. Everybody upstairs in the main kitchen, as I made my way to the service elevator, spoke kindly and asked, in the accents of at least ten different nationalities, how I liked my job. Hotel folk, male and female, are indeed a friendly lot.

There are, it seems, class distinctions among hotel help. The chefs eat in a dining room of their own. Then, ap-

parently next in line, came our dining room. I, as pantry girl, ranked a "second officer." We had round tables seating from eight to ten at a table, table cloths, and cafeteria-style of getting one's food. The chefs were waited upon. In our dining room ate the bell boys, parlor maids, laundry workers, seamstresses, housekeepers, hotel guards and police, the employment man, pantry girls. To reach our dining room we had to pass the large room where the chambermaids ate. They had long bare tables, no cloths, and sat at benches without backs.

As to food, our dining room but reflected the state of mind any and every hotel dining room reflects, from the most begilded and bemirrored down. Some thought the food good, some thought it awful, some thought nothing about it at all, but just sat and ate. One thing at least was certain—there was enough. For dinner there was always soup, two kinds of meat, potatoes, vegetables, dessert, ice tea, milk, or coffee. For supper there was soup again, meat or fish, potatoes, a salad, and dessert, and the same variety of drinkables to choose from.

From 6 to 7.30 was the height of the supper rush. What a variable thing our patrons made of it! Some evenings there would be a regular run on celery salads, then for four nights not a single order. Camembert cheese would reign supreme three nights in succession—not another order for the rest of the week. Sometimes it seemed as if the whole of creation sat without, panting for sliced tomatoes. The next night stocked up in advance so as to keep no one waiting—not a human being looked at a tomato.

At eight o'clock only stragglers remained to be fed, and my job was to clear out the ice chest of all but two of each order, send the rest upstairs to the main kitchen, and then start scrubbing house. Schmitz let it be known that one of the failings of her whose place I was now filling, who had been asked to leave the Friday night before the Monday morn-

ing I appeared, was that she was not clean enough. At first, a year and a half ago, she was cleanly and upright—that is, he spoke of such uprightness as invariably follows cleanliness. But as time wore on her habits of cleanliness wore off, and there were undoubtedly corners in the ice box where her waning-in-enthusiasm fingers failed to reach. But on a night when the New York thermometer ranges up toward the nineties it is a pure and unadulterated joy to labor inside an ice box. I scrubbed and rinsed and wiped until Schmitz almost looked approving. Only it was congenital with Schmitz that he never really showed approval of anything or anybody. Schmitz was the kind who always had to change everything just a little. There would echo down the line an order, "One Swiss cheese, little one" (that referred to me, not the cheese). Schmitz would stroll over from where he was trying to keep busy watching everyone at once, enter the very confines of my compartment, and stand over me while I sliced that Swiss cheese. It was always either too big, in which case he took the knife from my hands and sliced off one-sixteenth of an inch on one end; or too small, in which case Schmitz would endeavor to slice a new piece altogether. The chances were it would end in being even smaller than the slice I cut. In that case, Schmitz would say, "Let it go, anyway."

But for all that Schmitz deigned not to allow it to be known that my scrubbing found favor in his sight, my own soul approved of me. The shelves and the sink I scrubbed. Then every perishable article in my ice chest or elsewhere got placed upon trays to go upstairs. By this time it was two minutes to nine. Schmitz, always with his hands clasped behind him, except when he was doing over everything I did, said, "You can go now."

Upstairs among the lockers on the third floor the temperature was like that of a live volcano, only nothing showed any signs of exploding. Fat women who could speak little or no English were here

and there puffily dismantling, exchanging the hotel work-uniform for their street garments. Everyone was kindly and affectionate. One old Irishwoman came up while I was changing my clothes.

"Well, dearie, and how did it go?"

"Sure it went swell."

"That's good. The Lord bless ye. But there's one bit of advice I must be giving ye. There's one thing you must take care of now. I'm tellin' ye, dearie, you must guard your personality! I'm tellin' ye, there 're the men y' know, but guard y' personality!"

I had been getting affectionate pats most of the time, though the majority of them were from the male help. The lump memory of that first day as I took my way home in the sticky Subway was that the world was a very affectionate place, nor was I quite sure just what to do about it.

The second morning I was given a glimpse of what can be done about it. As I was waiting for the elevator on the service floor to take me down to work, a very attractive girl came along and immediately we became chummy. She had been at the hotel three weeks; her job was to cut fruit. Had she done this sort of work long? Not in this country, but in Europe. Just one year had she been in America. At that moment two youths passed. I saw nothing, but quick as a flash my new friend flared up, "You fresh guy—keep your hands to yourself!" So evidently that's the way it's done. I practiced it mentally. "Lots o' fresh guys round here," I sniffed. "You said it," muttered the still ruffled fruit cutter.

Downstairs, Kelly was waiting with a welcoming nod—Kelly, the unpernickety steward. Everyone was as friendly as if we had been feeding humanity side by side these many years. During the rush the waiters called out as they sped by, "Hi there, little one!" "There's the girlie!" "Ah there, sweetheart!" If a waiter had an order to give he passed the time of day as he gave it and as he collected his order.

"And how's the little girl to-day?"

"Tiptop—and yourself?"

"A little low in spirits I was to-day until I seen you'd come. You love me as much as you did yesterday?"

"Move on there. W'at y' a-doin' talkin' to my girl? Now, honey, I'm tellin' you this here guy is too fresh for any lady. I'd like one order of romaine lettuce, bless your sweet heart, if it won't be tirin' your fingers too much. That's the dearie—I'm back in a moment."

Across the way, arms resting on the counter, head ducked under the upper shelf, leaned a burly red-headed helper to the Greek.

Every time the pantry girl looked his way he beamed and nodded and nodded and beamed. "How you lak?" "Fine!" More beams and nods. Soon a waiter slipped a glass of ice coffee, rich in cream and sugar, under my counter. Beams and nods fit to burst from the assistant coffee man across the way. Beams and nods from the pantry girl. Thus, every day. Our sole conversation was: "How you lak?" "Fine!" He said the rest with coffee.

With the lunch rush over, Kelly sneaked around my entrance and jerked his head sidewise. That meant, naturally, that I was to approach and hearken unto what he had to say. When Kelly imparted secrets—and much of what Kelly had to impart was that sort of information where he felt called upon to gaze about furtively to make sure no one was overhearing—he talked down in his boots and a bit out of the corner of his mouth.

"Say, kid"—Kelly jerked his head—"want to tell you about this eatin' business. Y' know, ain't no one supposed to eat nothin' on this floor. If the boss catches ya, it's good-by dolly. Sign up over the door sayin' you'll be dismissed *at once* if you eat anything—see? But I'm givin' ya a little tip. See? I don't care how much ya eat—it's nothin' to me. I say eat all ya got a mind to. Only for Gawd's sake don't let the Big Boss catch ya." (The Big Boss was the little

chief steward, who drew down a fabulous salary and had the whole place scared to death.) "See—pull a cracker box out so and put what ya got to eat behind it this way, then ya can sit down and sorta take your time at it. If the boss does come by—it's behind the cracker box and you should worry!"

Every day, about 2.30, Kelly got in a certain more or less secluded corner of my compartment and ate a bit himself. "Been almost fired a couple of times for doin' this—this place is full o' squealers—gotta watch out all the time. Hell of a life, I say, when a fella has to sneak around to eat a bit of food."

That second afternoon, Kelly stopped in the middle of a gulp of coffee.

"Say, w'at's a girl like you workin' for, anyhow? Say, don't you know you could get married easy as—my Gawd! too easy. Say, you could pick up with one of these waiters just like that! They're good steady fellas, make decent pay. You could do much worse than marry a waiter. I'm tellin' ya there's no sense to a girl like you workin'."

That was an obsession with Kelly. He drilled it into me daily. Kelly himself was a settled married man. Of his state we talked often.

One of Kelly's steady, dependable waiters approached about 5 P.M. "Say, girl, I like you!" Of course, the comeback for that now, as always, was, "Aw, go-an!"

"Sure, I like you. Say, how about goin' out this evening with me? We'll sure do the old town!"

"I say, you sound like as if you got all of twenty-five cents in your pocket!"

He leaned way over my counter.

"I got twenty-five dollars, and it's yours any time you say the word!"

It's words like that which sometimes don't get said.

For supper that night I sat at a table with a housekeeper, a parlor maid, and a seamstress, and listened to much talk. Mainly, it was a discussion of where were the most desirable jobs to be had in their respective lines. There was com-

plete unanimity of opinion. Clubs headed the list, and the cream of cream were men's clubs. The housekeeper and parlor maid together painted a picture which would lead one to conclude that the happiest women in all New York City were the housekeepers in men's clubs. The work was light, they were well treated—it was a job for anyone to strive for. The type of men or women in clubs, they remarked, was ahead of what you'd draw in any hotel.

The parlor maid, an attractive gray-haired woman—indeed, all three were gray-haired—was very pleased with her job at our hotel. She slept there nights and loved it. The rooms were so clean—your towels were changed daily just as for the guests. Sure she was very contented. If her mother were only alive—she died two years ago—she'd be the happiest woman in the world, she just knew it. But every single morning she woke up with an empty feeling in her heart for her mother.

One Thursday noon, I ate with the workers in the help's kitchen. So much talk! We discussed domestic service. Every day at that hotel I wondered why any girl took work in a private home if she could possibly get a hotel job. Here was what could be considered by comparison with other jobs, good pay, plus three nourishing meals a day, decent hours, and before and after those hours freedom. In many cases, also, it meant a place to sleep. There was a chance for talk and companionship with one's kind during the day. Every chance I got I asked a girl if she liked working in a private home, or would change her hotel job if she got a chance. The only person who was not loud in decrying private service was Minnie during this special Thursday lunch. Minnie had worked years in private families and only six years in hotels. She wished she'd never seen the inside of a hotel.

That same night at the supper table the subject came up again before an entirely new crowd. Three at the table

had tried domestic service. Never again! Why? Always the answer was the same. "Aw, it's the feeling of freedom ya never get there, and ya do get it in a hotel."

On the whole, that supper table agreed that domestic service was a good deal like matrimony. If you got a good family, all right; but how many good families were there in the world? One woman spoke of working where they'd made a door mat of her. Barely did she have food enough to eat. There were four in the family. When they had chops the lady of the house ordered just four, which meant that she who cooked the chops got none.

After lunch I rushed to assist Mary. I loved going down the stairs into our hot, hurrying scurry of excitement. Indeed, it was seeing behind the scenes. And always the friendly nods from everyone, even though the waiters especially looked ready to expire. At Monsieur Le Bon Chef's counter some sticky waiter had ordered a roast-beef sandwich. The heat had made him skeptical. "Call that beef?" The waiter next glared at him with a chuckle. "An' must we then always lead in the cow for you to see?" A large Irishman breezed up to my Bon Chef. "Two beef à la modes. Make it snappy, chief. Party's in a hurry. Has to catch the five-thirty train"—this at 1. Everyone, everyone, good-natured, though the perspiration literally rolled off them.

Most of the waiters were Irish. One of them was a regular dude—such immaculateness as never was. He was the funny man of the place, and showed off for my special benefit, for I made no bones of the fact that he amused me highly. He was especially immaculate this Thursday. I guessed he must be taking at least three ladies out that evening. He looked at me out of the corner of his eyes. "Three, little one, this hot night? Winter time, yes, a man can stand a crowd about him, but not to-night. No. To-night, little one, I take but one lady. It allows for more

circulation of air. And you will be that One?"

The Greek this hot Thursday became especially friendly. He twirled his heavy black mustache and carried on an animated broken-English conversation most of the afternoon. Incidentally, he sent over one ice coffee with thick cream and two frosted chocolates.

The little Spaniard next to him who served pies and ice cream and more amazing desserts became very friendly. There was nothing the least impertinent about him. He mostly leaned on his counter, in moments of lull in trade, and when I so much as looked his way he sighed heavily. Finally he made bold to converse. I learned that he had been two years in this country, eight months at his present job. When I asked him how he spent his off time, he replied in his very broken English that he knew nobody and went nowhere. "It is no pleasure to go alone." For some years he had been in the printing trade in South America—there was something to a job like that. But in New York he did not know enough English to be a printer, and so, somehow, he found himself dishing pies and ice cream at our hotel.

Later on that day he asked me, "Why are you so happy?"

I had no reason. Only a great multitude of reasons why there was no excuse to be anything else, but I did not go into that. He would know, though.

"What did you do last night?"

"Ho!" I laughed at him, "rode home on the top of a bus!"

A bit later a piece of folded paper landed almost in my French dressing. It was a note from the Spaniard, "Will you go riding with me to-night?" I wrote on the bottom of the paper: "Not to-night. Perhaps next week, yes?" A few moments later a folded menu landed on the floor. On the back was written: "I will be very pleased whenever you can or wish. Could it be Sunday? I hope you wouldn't take it amiss my asking you this. Frank."

I really wanted to take that bus ride with Frank. It still worries me that I did not. He was such a lonesome person.

Then there was the tall, lean, dark Irish waiter I called Mr. O'Sullivan. He was a continual joy to my heart and gave me cause for many a chuckle. A rebel, was Mr. O'Sullivan. I heard Kelly call him down twice for growling at what he considered inexcusable desires in the matter of food or service on the part of patrons by telling Mr. O'Sullivan it was none of his business. But I loved to listen to Mr. O'Sullivan's growlings, and once he realized that, he used to stop at my counter, take extra long to collect three slices of lemon, and tell me his latest grievance.

Mr. O'Sullivan knew that I gave ear to his sentiments upon such matters as old parties, male or female, who must needs order special kinds of extra digestible bread, and usually that bread must in addition be toasted. While it was toasting, Mr. O'Sullivan voiced his views on Old Maids with Indigestion. Much of it does not bear repeating. When the toast was done, Mr. O'Sullivan would hold out his plate with the napkin folded ready for the toast. "Shure an yo'r the sweetest child my eyes ever looked upon." (Mr. O'Sullivan would say just the same thing in the same way to a toothless old hag of ninety.) "Mind you spare yo'rself now from both bein' an old maid and sufferin' to the point where y' can't eat plain white bread!"

Upstairs at supper that night I had the luck to land again at a talkative table. The subject of matrimony, as ever, came up. Why should a woman get married when she can support herself? All she'd get out of it would be a pack of kids to clean up after, and work that never ended. Of course, the concession was eventually made, if you were sure you were getting a good man—But how many good men were there in the world? And look at the divorces nowadays! Why try it at all? One girl reported as statistically accurate that

there was one divorce in the United States to every four marriages. "You don't say!" was the chorus.

Before I knew it, 5.30 had come around, and by the time I was downstairs again it was five minutes past my appointed half hour. Poor, poor Schmitz! And yet lucky Schmitz. It must have caused his soul much inner satisfaction to have a real honest-to-goodness grievance to complain about. (You see, he could not go up for his supper until I came down from mine.) Schmitz upbraided me, patiently, with explanations. Every single night from then on, when at 5 he would tell me I could go upstairs, he always added, "And be sure you're back at half past five!" In natural depravity of spirit, it was my delight one night to be able to sneak down at about 5.25 without being seen by Schmitz. Then I shrank into a corner of my compartment, out of his line of vision, and worked busily on my evening chores. At 5.30 Schmitz began his anxious scanning of our large clock. By 5.40 he was a wreck and the clock had nearly been glared off its hinges. Then it was a waiter called out to me the first evening order. With the steps of a martyr, a ten-minute martyr at that, Schmitz made his way over to fill that order. And there I was, busily filling it myself!

The rush of this particular Thursday night! More lettuce had to be sent for in the middle of the evening, more tomatoes, more blackberries, more cantaloupes, more bread for toast. There was no stopping for breath. In the midst of the final scrubblings and cleanings came an order of "One combination salad, sweetheart!" That done and removed and there sounded down the way, "One cantaloupe, honey!" Back the waiter came in a moment. "The old party says it's too ripe." There were only two left to choose from. "Knock his slats in if he don't like that, the old fossil." In another moment the waiter was back again with the second half. "He says he don't want no cantaloupe, anyhow.

Says he meant an order of Philadelphia cream cheese."

But nine o'clock came round and somehow the chores were all done and Schmitz nodded his regal head ever so little—his sign for, "Madam, you may take your departure," and up I flew through the almost deserted main kitchen, up the three flights to the service floor, down four flights to the time-clock floor (elevators weren't always handy), to be greeted by my friend the time-clock man with his broad grin and his, "Well, if here ain't my little bunch o' love!"

If he and Schmitz could only have gotten mixed a bit in the original kneading. . . .

By Saturday of that week I began my diary: "Goodness! I couldn't stand this pace long—waiters are too affectionate." I mention such a matter and go into some detail over their affection here and there, because it was in no sense personal. I mean that any girl working at my job, provided she was not too ancient and too toothless and too ignorant of the English language, would have been treated with equal enthusiasm. She was the only girl these men got a chance to talk to the greater part of the day.

But what if a girl had a couple of years of that sort of thing? Or does she get this attention only the first couple of weeks of the couple of years, anyhow? Does a waiter grow tired of expressing his affection before or after the girl grows tired of hearing it? I could not help but feel that most of it was due to the fact that perhaps among those waiters and such girls as they knew a purely friendly relationship was practically unknown. Sex seemed to enter in the first ten minutes. Girls are not for friends—they're to flirt with. It was for the girl to set the limits; the man had none. But eight and one half hours a day of parrying the advances of affectionate waiters!

Nor have I taken the gentle reader into my confidence regarding the Spanish chef in the main kitchen, who roasted. I had to pass his stove on my way to the eleva-

tors, at which he dropped everything, wiped his hands on his apron, and beamed from ear to ear until I got by. One day he dashed along beside me and directed an outburst of Spanish in my ear. When I shook my head and shrugged my shoulders and got it into his head that I was not a countrywoman, his dismay was purely temporary. He spoke rather flowery English. Would I walk up the stairs with him? No, I preferred the elevator. He did, too. I made the most of it by asking him questions too fast for him to ask me any. He was a tailor by trade, but business had been dull for months. In despair he had taken to roasting. Some six months he had been at our hotel. He much preferred tailoring, and in two months he would be back at his trade in a little shop of his own, making about fifty to seventy-five dollars a week. And then he got in his first question.

"Are you married?"

"No."

"Could I then ask you to go out with me some evening?"—all this with many beams and wipings of hands on his apron.

Well, I was very busy.

"But one evening. Oh, just one evening—surely one evening."

"Well, perhaps—"

"To-night, then?"

"No, not to-night."

"To-morrow night?"

"No, no night this week or next week, but perhaps week after next."

"Ah, that is so long, so long!"

There was no earthly way to get to the stairs or elevators except by passing his stove. I came to dread it. Always the Spanish ex-tailor dropped everything with a clatter and chased after me. I managed to pass his confines at greater and greater speed. Invariably I heard his panting, "Listen! Listen!" after me, but I tore on, hoping to get an elevator that started up before he could make it.

Downstairs that first Saturday the little quiet Spaniard of the pies and ice

cream screwed up his courage, crossed over to my precinct, leaned his arms on my front counter, and said, "If I had a wife like you I would be happy all the rest of my life!"

Having delivered himself of those sentiments, he hastily returned to his pies and ice cream.

The Greek coffee man would take me to a show that night.

I had a very nice Italian friend—second cook, he called himself—who used to come over to the compartment of Monsieur Le Bon Chef and talk over the partition to me every afternoon from four to half past. He also was not in the least forward, but just talked and talked about many things. His first name in Italian was "Eusebio," but he found it more convenient in our land to go under the name of "Victor." He came from a village of fifty inhabitants not far from Turin, almost on the Swiss border, where they had snow nine months in the year. Why had he journeyed to America? "Oh, I donno. Italians in my home town have too little money and too many children."

Victor was an intelligent talker. I asked him many questions about the labor problem generally. When he first came to this country, seven years ago, he started work in the kitchen of the Waldorf Astoria. In those days pay for the sort of general unskilled work he did was fifteen to eighteen dollars a month. Every other day hours were from 6 A.M. to 8.30 P.M.; in between days they got off from 2 to 5 in the afternoon. Now, in the very same job, a man works eight hours a day and gets eighteen dollars a week. Victor at present drew twenty-two dollars a week, plus every chef's allotment of two dollars and forty cents a week "beer money."

But Victor thought he was as well off seven years ago on eighteen dollars a month as he would be to-day on eighteen dollars a week. Then, it seems, he had a nice room with one other man for four dollars a month, including laundry. Now he rooms alone, it is true, but he pays

five dollars a week for a room he claims is little, if any, better than the old one, and a dollar a week extra for laundry. Then he paid two to three dollars for a pair of shoes, now ten or twelve, and they wear out as fast as the two-dollar shoes of seven years before. Now fifty dollars for a suit no better than the one he used to get for fifteen dollars.

Besides, Victor could save nothing now, for he had a girl, and you know how it is with women. It's got to be a present all the time. You can't get 'em by a store window without you go in and buy a waist or a hat, or goodness knows what all a girl doesn't manage to want. He went into detail over his recent gifts. Why was he so generous as all that to his fair one? Because if he didn't get the things for her he was afraid some other man would.

Nor could Victor understand how people lived in this country without playing more. Every night, every single night, he must find some countryman and play around a little bit before going to bed! "These fellas who work and work all day, and then eat some dinner, and then go home and sit around and go to bed!" No, Victor preferred death to such stagnation. If it was only a game of cards and a glass of wine (prohibition did not seem to exist for Victor and his countrymen) or just walking around the streets, talking. *Anything*, so long as it was *something*.

As ever, the day for leaving arrived. This time I gave notice to Kelly three days in advance so that a girl could be found to take my place. "The Big Chief and I both said when we seen you, she won't stay long at this job."

"Why not?" I indignantly asked Kelly.

"Ah, shucks!" sighed Kelly. Later: "Well, you're a good kid. You were making good at your job, too. Only I'll tell y' this. You're too conscientious. Don't pay."

And still later, "Aw, forget this working business and get married."



THE LION'S MOUTH



WONDERS OF SUCCESS

BY F. M. COLBY

I WISH I knew how young men are usually affected by that "success-in-life" feature of popular magazines wherein the great bondholder tells them to save their money and stick to their jobs and grow to resemble him. As for me, the older I grow the pleasanter it is to find that same familiar bondholder saying the same familiar things in a world of Bolshevism, jazz, labor unions, sanitation, short skirts, radium, free speech, and other hasty matters. There, at any rate, I do not fall behind the times. Only last month I happened by good luck on these "men at the top" advising the young in a magazine. And there they all were just as in 1899.

There was the large financier saying that unless the young man could save his money he had not the seeds of success in him, and the leading grocer of the Middle West saying that if the young man wished to succeed he must save his money, and the man at the top of the shoe business in three states saying that the young man had better save his money if he wished to succeed. Then that railway president, who is always so delighted at having had hardly any early education, was advising the young man to begin, as he himself did, in a country bank, while that other railway president, who has had a college education, was saying that it had helped to make him what he was, and would no doubt help the young man to resemble him, thus tending to the elevation of mankind. Not only was the advice the same down to the last word of it, but there was no change even in the countenances of the advisers save in the matter

of beards, which for the most part had been removed since 1899. Leading citizens who advise the young may shave from time to time, but otherwise there is no difference.

To me this lesson of the men at the top has always been the justification of a somewhat careless life, and I have found some of the best reasons I ever had for remaining at the bottom simply by looking at the men at the top; but I presume the millions of eager young men who come freshly upon them each year in the magazines are affected by them differently. Now the effect on the young and ardent nature can only be surmised, for statistics of course are worthless. Ten thousand letters to the editor from young men benefited by these articles prove nothing, owing to the probable silence of an equal or greater number of young men damaged by them. Persons who are permanently injured by reading a magazine never complain to the editor, the silence being nearly proportional to the seriousness of the injury. The editor may hear, for example, from the young man who is now earning fifty thousand dollars a year, but for obvious reasons he will not hear from the young man who is now a bomb thrower or who has lost his mind. Owing to this reticence on the part of subscribers who have since joined the criminal or defective classes, the consequences of these uplifting efforts in a magazine are never really known.

Yet from frequent contact with the "men at the top" as they reveal themselves in a magazine a logical young mind must, I should think, infer either that the top somehow always dropped down to let the men get on it or that the men rose to the top independently of

economic law like fish that have died in the water. For ideas of mental agility, grasp, penetration, concentration, forethought, force, ideas of mental movement of any kind, can never be associated with minds of multimillionaires as displayed in magazines. After an encounter with nine leading citizens whose combined income is seven millions a year and whose combined intelligence is unequal to a single word of common sense, all referring with pride in a language that barely escapes illiteracy to qualities that barely serve to keep other people out of poorhouses and jails, I should think that almost any logical young mind, seeking the secrets of success in life in a magazine, might jump the track of political economy and lose its trust in Doctor Watts's hymns. I can see how he might decide to rob a bank, or to buy a lottery ticket, or to start as a pirate on the Seven Seas, or to become an anarchist, or to do nothing whatever, but I cannot imagine why he should infer from these articles of multimillionaires the necessity of making a mental exertion.

Nevertheless, I do believe one stern moral lesson can be gathered from them all, sterner than money saving, and that is frugality of mental interest. Far more important than the saving of his first one hundred dollars to the little grocer's boy, destined to ultimate sublimity in grocership, was the saving of his first one hundred thoughts that might have detached themselves from grocering. Success as explained in magazines is nine parts mental abstinence. The heroic suppression by successful persons of all extraneous mental activity, as shown, for example, in the writings of the late Andrew Carnegie on Homer, and of Mr. Henry Ford on everything, makes up in large measure the rugged moral beauty of their lives. This, indeed, is the main point in the literature of success addressed to young Americans, and supplies the answer to the logical but hasty reader who, on meeting the minds of millionaires in magazines, infers that so

far as hope of the "great rewards" is concerned there is no use in making any effort with his own.

Merely from the use of the English language by successful persons in a magazine we may infer a youth of extraordinary abstinence. People who express themselves as they do must not only have subdued all the unpractical curiosities, tastes, and appetencies that entangle less cautious minds in romance, poetry, art, sport, conversation, and other irrelevancies, but have resisted many appeals to the intellect which are commonly regarded as practical, such as the enticements lurking in a high-school course. For education, brief as it generally was, offered temptations which, if not withstood, would have prevented almost every successful person you encounter in a magazine from being as you find him. Education was an ambush to these millionaire minds likely to dart into them at any time ideas incompatible with their singleness of purpose.

A thought acquired even in a lower graded school might lay a mortgage on the mind payable later on in an interest that ought to go into the shoe business. Liaisons with the English language are incompatible with the virginal financial purity of beginning industrial magnates, and to an adolescence truly consecrated to ultimate perfection in canned goods there are perils at every point of a school curriculum. No Bible or Shakespeare for any of these people, as we see them monthly "in the public eye." Had they taken these diversions with a Lincoln's seriousness they might have died as poor as Lincoln, and had they taken them with any seriousness at all they would certainly never have been able to write these articles. If reading by a tallow candle was one of their early adventures, Heaven saved the situation for them by blowing out the candle. It seems probable from the language of millionaires in magazines that angels watched over them in early life to prevent a thought from straying.

I do not mean that this law of com-

pensation works out at all exactly in these articles by successful persons, and that the man who earns seven hundred thousand dollars a year necessarily writes just seven times more foolishly than the man who earns one hundred thousand dollars. I mean, simply, that the low vitality so noticeable in millionaire minds as seen in magazines probably indicates vast intellectual energies absorbed elsewhere, the mind of the successful person having all gone into succeeding, leaving nothing over. Thus, from the concavity of millionaire minds in magazines, emptiness ought not to be inferred, but rather a great bulging of the intellect in some other direction as among automobiles. And a proper regard for this aspect of the matter would deter, I think, the thousands of young men who, on seeing the men at the top, undoubtedly jump to the conclusion that society would do better with the men at the bottom, and so are driven every month to the theories of Proudhomme, Bakunin, Marx, Sorel, Lenin, or any other subversive person. Thought saving is involved in the very nature of our literature of success, which implies often the most heroic mental sacrifice, parts of the successful mind seeming even to lay down their lives for the benefit of the financial portion of the intellect. This reflection ought, I think, to check that first hot anarchistic impulse that naturally arises in an ardent mind on meeting these men at the top.

THE GOON AND HIS STYLE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

BECAUSE the contests in which the university teams take part are attended by such keen excitement, let it not be thought by my readers that the students who play on these teams are the only ones to derive benefit from participation in athletic sports."

Here you have a perfect example of a goonish style. I admit it reluctantly, because I wrote that sentence myself in all seriousness a few days ago; but I admit it positively.

I was writing an article for a foreign periodical about the university with which I am associated. I didn't want to do the article, but I had promised to and had to. It wasn't one of those cases where the author burns to tell his readers the message that throbs in him for utterance, or anything of that sort. It was a case where the author knows he can't put it off any longer and sits down miserably and grinds it out. Furthermore, it happened in this case that the author knew the article would have to be translated, anyhow, and felt that if he cut loose and wrote in his usual dashing manner the translator would get twisted. He tried very hard to express himself plainly and impeccably. The result was, "Let it not be thought by my readers" and "derive benefit from participation in athletic sports"—sure marks of the goonish style.

A goon is a person with a heavy touch as distinguished from a jigger, who has a light touch. While jiggers look on life with a genial eye, goons take a more stolid and literal view. It is reported that George Washington was a goon, whereas Lincoln was a jigger. Gladstone seems to have been a goon, Disraeli a jigger. Victoria and Prince Albert, as described by Mr. Lytton Strachey, were both goons of the first water; Mr. Strachey himself, on the other hand, is obviously a jigger. Most Germans are goons; most French, jiggers. Mr. Lloyd George is a jigger; the way he squints up his eyes is one of the most jiggerish things in contemporary affairs. Mr. Harding, on the other hand, friendly and affable though he may be, is revealed as a goon in his messages, the language of which is of incredible specific gravity.

Mind you, it would be misleading to say that goonishness consists of a lack of a sense of humor. I know many goons who have a perfectly good standardized sense of humor. They laugh as hard as anybody at a farce, and when an after-dinner story is told they shout mightily

with the rest. What they lack is the playful mind. They regard humor as something embodied normally in jokes or funny stories, which they can see the point of as readily as their neighbors; and sometimes they are a little baffled by a magazine like *Punch* because they find in it pictures accompanied by captions which manifestly are not jokes. How then, thinks the goon, can they be humorous? Sometimes goons become somewhat uneasy as to whether they really have a sense of humor, and resort to a test consisting of a story with a concealed joke in it, which is usually supposed to have baffled some legendary humorless Englishman. The goon sharpens his wits, sees the point, laughs in profound relief, and is satisfied.

A goonish style is one that reads as if it were the work of a goon. It is thick and heavy. It suggests the sort of oatmeal served at lunch counters, lumpy and made with insufficient salt. It is to be found at its best in nature books, railroad folders, college catalogues, and prepared speeches by high public officials. It employs the words "youth" and "lad," likes the exclamation "lo!" says "one may readily perceive" instead of "you can easily see," and speaks—yes, I admit it with shame—of "deriving benefit from participation in athletic sports."

The railroad-folder variety of goonishness sees fit to tell the reader that the hotels and boarding houses along the line "vie with one another in offering amusements and recreations to delight the visitor." Lake George, described by a goonish vendor of railroad publicity as "alert with pristine life," is declared by him to be "worthy of national acceptance as the rich fulfillment of the vacation hopes of every man and woman and child. For loveliness of appearance, healthfulness of fresh mountain breezes, and varied resources of entertainment, no place can boast an advantage over this queen of American lakes."

The goonishness of nature books is

usually in inverse ratio to the amount of scientific information which they contain. So long as the author is content to state facts concerning length of bill, color of fur, and number of eggs usually laid, he gives no offence; but beware of him when his facts run low and he is moved to wash down his pill of fact with a bucketful of rhetoric expressing his love of nature. "The dark swamps," he says, "are made glad by the joyous, wonderful song." Or, "Never shall I forget the bright morning when I first beheld a flock of titmice. The little chaps bubbled over with merriment, and as I watched them hopping from tree to tree, their gladsome songs seemed to me indeed the veritable embodiment of the spirit of the nuptial season."

J. Fenimore Cooper was a mighty goon, and G. A. Henty, his pale shadow, while less mighty was no less goonish. "We will profit by this pause in the discourse," wrote Cooper when he was warming up for a description of two of his major characters, "to give the reader some idea of the appearance of the men, both of whom are destined to enact no insignificant parts in our legend. It would not have been easy to find a more noble specimen of vigorous manhood than was offered in the person of him who called himself Hurry Harry." And thus did Henty set forth a conversation between father and son in a burning blockhouse besieged by Indians:

"I would rather stay and share your fate, father."

"I believe you, Guy; but you will, I know, obey my order. I have faith that you will escape and the hope will lighten my last moments. I have placed a rope at the window above. Take your bow and arrows, your pistols and sword, and tell Shanti to do the same. He is devoted and intelligent, and his companionship will be invaluable. Bid him also shoot himself without hesitation should he fall into the hands of the redskins. Now go, lad; lose no moment; the smoke grows more and more stifling."

The reader finishes this dialogue with the distinct impression that Guy's father must have prepared his informal remarks some days beforehand, and furnished advance copies to the press.

The trouble with the goonish style usually is that its possessor forgets that he is addressing ordinary human beings, and writes for something strange and portentous which he thinks of as a Public. When I committed that sentence about "deriving benefit from athletic sports," I had in mind a vague picture of a European Public, consisting of spectacled worthies with frock coats and a fine aspiration to hear the blameless story of American education. Perhaps President Harding in his messages, utilizing what he conceives to be presidential language, several sizes larger than ordinary language, writes not to persuade normal people like Doctor Sawyer and Mr. Crissinger and Mr. Christian of Marion, but a dim multitude of self-governing entities called an American Public of One Hundred Millions. The young or inexperienced writer frequently achieves goonishness by writing for Posterity, forgetting that the real posterity will consist of a tremendous lot of people more or less like those who live in the next block.

RITUALS

BY EDWIN H. BLANCHARD

I HAVE no patience with those who condemn the weather as a topic for conversation; they are too servile to the humorous gentry, the men of the comic sheets, who have insisted that there is something immensely comical in man's eternal concern about the weather. As a matter of fact, this notion of theirs is of a piece with the notion that all mothers-in-law are tyrannical or that all barbers are loquacious. Far from being ridiculous, there is even something noble in speech about the weather, something so universal as to be beyond pettiness.

Where else shall we find emancipation from the rituals of life? If there is a

ship, so is there a landlubber; if there is a frontier, so is there a tenderfoot; if there is a metropolis, so is there a bumpkin. All life takes form and becomes manifest through one ritual or another; but the one common ritual is that of wind and cloud and rain. There is a tendency in man, as certain as the tendency of the tides, to include and exclude; he includes those whose special experience or knowledge matches his own; he excludes all others. Within each of these diminutive parishes there is a distinctive dialect, and true parishioners are recognized in their speech, though they come from the ends of the earth. All men are initiates of one sort and another, just as all men are outcasts of one sort or another. This is the whole picture of parochial life. Varying interests lead men apart, and varying speech keeps them aliens, each to the other.

Is this not the essence of life? Your golfer will have committed his outlandish vocabulary to heart long before he has escaped from the chrysalis of the duffer. This cryptic diction will console him for a lifetime of inept putting and an incorrigible habit of slicing into the rough. However clumsily he may behave, his speech is the speech of the initiate and his joy is complete. This is endlessly true. So pleasant is it for us to be a mystery to other men and incomprehensible in the words we utter. It is an ancient jape that accuses the physician of giving a polysyllabic name to an exceedingly humble ailment, but it is none the less true.

When we are surrounded by these parishes and words designed to mystify fall unceasingly upon our ears, is it any wonder that we give thanks for the weather? It has been in existence a long time; it seems destined to endure. It is nowhere surpassed in catholicity, in caprice, or in the capacity to interest. Other legends change with race or era, but the legend of weather and climate remains immutable. No other part of folklore is so ancient as that which

deals with the interpretation of signs and portents in the sky. Who would be so bold as to put a date to the first utterance of "Red in the night, sailors delight; red in the morning, sailors take warning"? This goes back before the Vikings to the first men who went down to the sea in ships, and profited by their experience.

A banal topic, indeed! If it were an old problem, thrice settled by kings long since moldered to dust, or a profitless enigma, tantalizing man and holding him back from true achievement, one might understand the necessity for speaking of it cheaply and flippantly. But it is nothing of the sort; it is the one omnipresent concern of all of us. We are all shareholders in this enterprise, and live or die by its dividends or lack of dividends. There are those among us who have been withdrawn from an immediate dependence on the weather for our livelihood; we are not living, as the phrase goes, next to nature, but several doors away; we divide profane history into neat periods of pastoral and agricultural and industrial activity. We eat our bread and salt, and grow forgetful of our broad-hipped mother.

Her disposition is revealed in the climate. Tolerant, serene, imperturbable, she rolls on, consistent only in her caprice. But behind this superficial fickleness there is a steadiness of purpose, a will to the maintenance of life which makes us all her debtors. Once we drop a little of our vanity and confess that all our devices and machines are of no avail unless she smiles on us, then do we begin to divine this purpose of hers and, beginning, strive to hit upon it exactly with our proverbs and saws. The least hint of her intent, whether in cloud-flecked sky or in a wind from the east or in a premature blooming of the dogwood, captures our fancy, and prompts us to direct an aboriginal speech. Not that we ever quite come upon her secrets. Even

those whose profession it is to measure her moods fail to uncover the motivation of her caprice, and the rest of us, offhand and casual readers of the sky, fall into error when confronted with the simplest of her words and sentences.

Perhaps there is a slight trace of malice in her eternal elusiveness. Serene in her consciousness that we are her vassals in fact, she remits any reverence in word. Perhaps there is a certain savory humor in this situation for her: that we should shout of our freedom the while we are tethered fast. We must allow her her little joke; in the main, she is a kind mother. If she is a shade too indifferent to the fate of the individual to suit our fancy, we must admit her concern for the group. She will drive a fleet to disaster, but not all the ships of the sea. She will overwhelm a city, but not all cities. Careless whether she bring all her children through to maturity or not, still is she certain that some will survive.

What wonder then if we talk of her through all time, and in speech about her find something of our ancient simplicity and earthiness? True enough, we use few words directly, but speak instead of the climate or the season or the weather, as if these were disembodied attributes of our great mother. Still, it is a ritual, and the most common and best beloved of all. There is no worship where there is not beauty and mystery and a little cruelty, and our dear, harsh mother is beautiful and passing strange and more than a little cruel. Speak about her? How are we ever to cease? Generations of sophistication will not uproot the respect we have for one who can scan the sky and read there in the shreds of cloud the portent of rain or fair weather. We laugh, as we laugh at the deepest of faiths, never to be confessed; we laugh, yes, but one and all, we mumble the ritual, and find therein a deep world-old satisfaction.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TWO great proceedings fall in this month of December. One is Christmas and the other is the conference at Washington for the limitation of armament and the solution of other world problems. The thing to do, if possible, is to mix these two proceedings, for until the conference, or some succeeding one, makes a satisfactory performance, Christmas is likely to be a waning festival, and unless there is an infusion of Christmas into the work of the conference, the results are not likely to meet the situation.

The motto—the slogan, as one might call it—of Christmas and of the conference is precisely the same. For both of them it is “Peace on earth, good will to men,” and that for once is pretty generally recognized, for in these days all pious texts look more practical than they did. Since the war they have taken on that new aspect. We all know that we need peace on earth and we all know and are constantly reminded—particularly on the quarter day when some of us have to pay a tax—how much we need it. We also know, or begin to realize, that we won’t get it except at the price of good will to men.

Nothing narrower than that sentiment may guide the debates and decisions of the conference if they are to do much good. The Peace Congress at Versailles got so far away from that ideal and became so bedeviled with the fears and selfish aims of individual nations that it did not bring peace to earth in the degree that was hoped for. The aim of this present conference—well understood, even though not expressed—is to accomplish what failed to be accomplished at Versailles. They tell us that

it will be a long conference, lasting perhaps six months. If it develops a wise spirit and shows ability to accomplish important things, the world will practically be put into its hands for medication. If it can work out the limitation of armament and can reply successfully to the question, Who’s who in the Pacific? there is no telling how many other important points will be referred to it.

The President showed how important he thought it when he called upon everybody to pray for two minutes at the hour when the Council assembled. That recalls war times, when every day at noon a gong sounded in the government departments in Washington to call the war workers to two minutes of silent prayer. We were in earnest then and the government was not too proud to use all possible facilities. We had better use them all again, for this conference is a very grave matter. It is not putting it too strong to say that the world looks to it and to us for salvation. It is constantly put up to us that we are an indispensable part of the machinery of the modern world, and that unless we recognize our importance and our duties, and function as we ought to, there is no assurance that civilization can recover from its recent setback. Not that it will die; it can hardly perish; but it can be put back a long time, and if civilization is so put back, make sure that we shall be put back with it. We shall not forge ahead on our own account after failing in our duty to the rest of mankind. National progress does not come out of duty slighted, but out of duty met and fulfilled. We cannot skulk, we cannot shirk, and hope to get anywhere.

Skulking and shirking are not even good for business.

We have disappointed all the world by staying out of the League of Nations. The sentiment is only too general that without the United States the League is too much like a bobtailed flush. So long as the entrance into the League looked like duty to the American people, the great majority of them wanted and expected to go in. Practically everyone was for the idea of the League. Out of a long, tiresome, political squabble came a state of mind in these States when the purpose of the League was lost to the recollection of many people, and the defects of the Treaty loomed up big, and weariness of the whole subject brought the country to a dull acquiescence in any result. But the result that actually came was no result at all; it was merely a postponement. It was not accomplishment, it was not a step forward; it was failure. We had seen our duty and we had not been allowed to do it. Out of the requirements of the Constitution and the misgivings or perversity of some minds in Washington, we had been trapped into dereliction. In the conference hopeful people see another chance for us—a chance to get back where we belong, to do, not so much what other countries expect of us as what we have expected of ourselves. The conference is our hope. It is for us to get behind it; to insist that it shall not fail; so to place ourselves that if it falls, it shall fall on us.

We can do a great deal from the outside. The atmosphere the conference works in is very important. If we can create an atmosphere that will sustain its hope and encourage its best thoughts and best efforts, that will be a great service. It has a better chance than the Congress at Versailles because the war is far away and the consequences of it are better understood, and the immediate future can be much better calculated. The conference ought to know what is the real condition of every country—whether it is going backward or

forward, how many of its people will starve to death this winter, what trade it has, what unemployment it has, what it can produce, and what it can do with it. There are facts of that nature available at Washington that were not available at Versailles. Moreover, there are sober second thoughts at the end of 1921 that were not available in the early months of 1919. At Paris, in spite of everything, much was accomplished, and an arrangement was contrived under which Europe was to go on and has gone on. If we had gone on with it, it would doubtless have worked better, but if any good has come out of our detachment from it, it is that by holding off we have delayed the medication of the world until its case was better understood and the doctors more competent to handle it.

But are the doctors now more competent than they were at Versailles? Has any great new mind come forward that seems to understand the case any better? Perhaps General Smuts might be so regarded. His influence has grown, but it was very considerable two years ago; but apart from him there is no new doctor, and Mr. Wilson, whose gifts were very highly regarded by very many people, has been laid off. We had better not look for any glorious results of that conference from the development of individual talent, for the talent is not in sight. We may more reasonably hope that the conference may prove to be the instrument through which the aspirations of the forward-looking people of the world may take form and go on.

All the forward-looking people should work together then to help that conference, and especially the religious people. Everybody should get over the idea that religion is something apart from knowledge and not practical. Religion is not a thing apart. All knowledge belongs to it, and it belongs to knowledge, and is a supremely important branch of it. Scientists have fallen too much into the way of thinking of it as an eccentricity of the human mind

that is outside the precincts of science. Nonsense! Science is not so sacrosanct as all that. It is nothing but knowledge in the making—the sum of what scholars and students think is true at a given time. Its facts are unstable and its conclusions constantly change as knowledge increases, but it has a good name and is respected because, though often stupid, it is usually honest, and seeks truth. The facts of religion—of the Christian religion—belong to science as much as the facts of chemistry or physics. Those facts are not so much what the Bible records, as the observed effects of religion on human life. About the Bible stories there may be and always will be dispute, but about the effects of religion on contemporary life—on character, on conduct, for health, for illumination—something like certain conclusions should be reached.

Belief is a fact. What you believe may not all be true, but that you believe it is a fact. The effects of belief and of conduct affected by it are facts. If religion enlightens the mind; induces love, sanity, patience, forbearance; cures disease both mental and physical—all those things are facts which science, or the newspapers, or any observing person, may record and study. If religion is good for mankind and the world, especially in the present crisis, there must be and are accessible facts to prove it, and whenever they are observed with due intelligence it should be determinable what in current religion does good and what does evil. People work too much with theory in religion, and not enough with fact. They talk too much about what it claims to do and ought to do, and not enough about what it does. Science has quit that method. It tests every theory by fact and trusts no theory except as its facts support it. No doubt the weakness of religion in our day is that its facts have not sufficiently supported its theories and claims. Its great facts—its great results, are in the lives of men, and they may not have been good enough in our time to give

people the confidence in Christianity as a world saver that it deserves.

So much the more valuable, now, are all facts which make for confidence in religion, and in its power to rescue the world from its present plight. The very pith and essence of religion is the belief in an invisible world to which our visible and material world is related by the closest ties, and out of which it is possible to get help in the solution of our earthly problems. That is the sort of help we need for the Washington conference, and the call for universal prayer at the opening of it was an instinctive recognition that that help is needed. We want spiritual assistance. So much anybody of intelligence will admit. Anybody who thinks will concede that materialism has made a mess of the job of managing this world and that we need an infusion of what might be called spiritualism into the management, if we are to salvage what is left. But where do they expect to get their spiritualism—their spirituality? Is it a product of the material and visible world that they are so concerned about? No; it isn't! It is a product of the spiritual and invisible world, about which so many good and valuable people have only vague and timorous ideas, and no belief positive enough to accomplish what they would. They want spirituality—something to temper the selfishness of men, but the price of it is belief—an urgent, practical belief in a spiritual and invisible source of the spirituality that they want, and they cannot pay that price. They have not got it.

But there are those who have it, and they are, as usual, the hope of the world, and should be the best helpers of the conference. It is they, perhaps, who can furnish its inspiration. Our life here is largely an exercise in dealing with material things, and to do that successfully, even with all the spiritual assistance we can get, takes all our brains and much knowledge. The conference has predominantly to deal with material things, and

we all have confidence that its membership includes possessors of all the knowledge and experience necessary to that duty. The office of people, in the churches or out, whose belief is vivid and practiced enough to get help out of the invisible world, is to bring the conference that help. It will surely need it; it is likely to win or lose according as it gets it or not; and, since the world has need that the conference should win something effectual, let all helpers help with all they know and all they can.

Miss Jane Addams went to the League sittings at Geneva and reported when she came away that the League needed humanizing. So will the conference need humanizing, and it is the office of all of us—of the mass of interested people—to humanize it every day all we can. If it is to be a success, it must be a popular success. It cannot be a success of specialists. Whatever it achieves that is good must in the main be an achievement of human hearts. We may best keep Christmas this year by “rooting” for that conference, sustaining it, feeling its importance, helping it by mind, by will, by soul, by speech, and written word in so far as we can. There is a great chance for it, and, gracious! what a need! What difficulties confront it—Japan sensitive, aspiring, only a couple of generations from feudalism, instructed mainly in those methods of the Western civilization that were finally scrapped, we all hope, by the war. How will the conference think with Japan, feel with Japan, give Japan a fair deal, and yet do its duty not only by Europe and America, but by Asia? Japan is difficult, but, after all, Japan is human and the conference must be humanized enough to find her humanity. Everything that conference must do is difficult. France is difficult, and Germany, and all middle Europe, and the limitation of armament, and perhaps there will even be something to say about Ireland. Its dance is an egg dance. The more reason why we

should all help it by all the means we can, mental and spiritual, hand and voice and printed word.

Our best hopes for the conference and for any radical improvement in the methods of conducting human life on this planet are, frankly, religious hopes, based on the birth we celebrate at Christmas, and the ministry and the teachings that followed. If there is not enough in Christianity to save our present edifice of civilization—enough wisdom, enough illumination, enough power—then the outlook is far from bright, for other means have been tried repeatedly in past ages, and there are only ruins to show for the civilizations they could not save.

No, not ruins only; but besides them an imperfect record of experiences. We know, in a way, the course those earlier civilizations ran and through what processes they crumbled. In that knowledge we ought to be wiser than our fathers, and there is hope that we are. Besides all the pages of history, we have vividly before our eyes the spectacle of a war surpassing in destructiveness any that we have record of, and proceeding out of very much such circumstances and rivalries as those that destroyed in turn the civilizations that preceded ours. We know more clearly and more generally than was ever known before what lies ahead for us and all we have, if we cannot mend the ways of human life. We see limitless knowledge within our grasp if civilization can hold together long enough for us to attain it. We see destruction awaiting the present works of man if that growing knowledge takes destructive forms. We know what our case is and some of us know there is a cure for it. In the Washington conference there is a means to make that cure practically operative. It belongs to us to feel then that all that we can do to make that conference successful is done to save our civilization from what befell Egypt, Assyria, the Roman Empire, and all the rest.

EDITOR'S DRAWER



A.B. WALKER

HER HANDMAIDENS TRIED HARD TO COMFORT AND CHEER

A SLIGHT ANACHRONISM

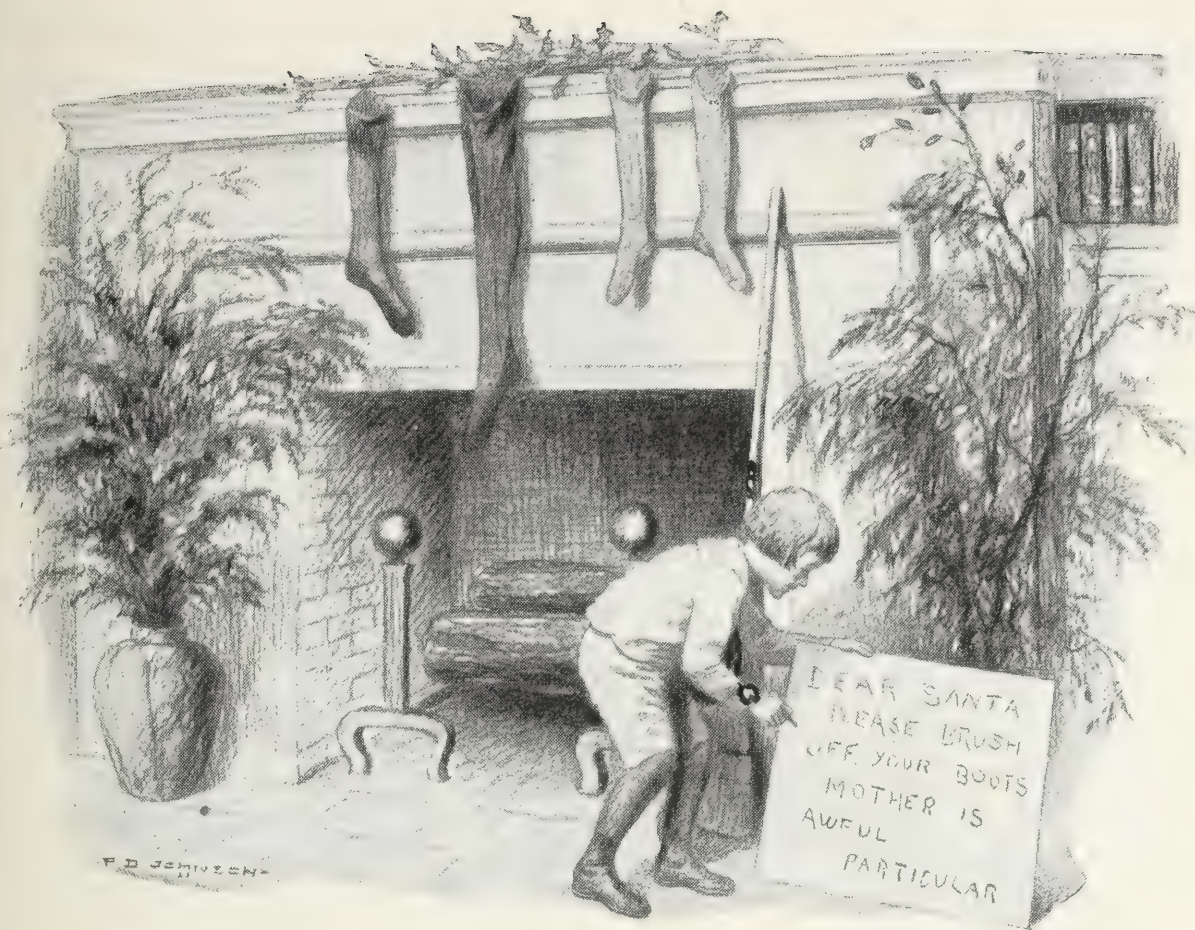
BY CAROLYN WELLS

MISS NIOBE FLAVIA CERES SERTORIUS
 Was a young Roman girl of a beauty quite glorious.
 She lived in the days of a Cæsar or Pompey,
 And was like modern damsels, but not quite so rompy.
 Well—here's for her story. 'Twas one Christmas Eve
 That Niobe Flavia sat down to grieve.
 And in manner quite childish for one of her years,
 Miss Niobe Flavia burst into tears.
 And this was the trouble. The damsel had heard—
 Had, maybe, been told by that famed 'Little Bird,'
 That the night before Christmas her custom should be
 To hang up her stocking. But then—don't you see?

'Twas a difficult feat, for, as you may suppose,
 She wore Roman sandals, without any hose!
 Now what could she do? I ask of you, what?
 Could she hang up a stocking, when stocking she'd not?
 And 'twould be simply silly—*that* there is no doubt of—
 To hang up her sandals for things to spill out of!
 And so it's small wonder Miss Niobe's grief
 Was incessant and noisy beyond all belief!
 Her handmaidens tried hard to comfort and cheer,
 But Miss Flavia Ceres did not even hear
 Their futile endeavors to lure or distract
 Their mistress's mind to some happier fact
 Than that of her destitute, stockingless state,
 As afresh she bewept and bewailed her sad fate.
 Till by chance, in the corridor, humming a song,
 The great Court Historian happened along;
 He heard the loud wails, and benigantly smiled,
 "What's the matter, Niobe? What ails you, my child?"
 She told him, amid her hysterical sobs,
 While her poor little heart nearly broke with its throbs.
 "Cheer up," he replied; "you're too previous, dear;
 Though Christmas is coming, it's many a year
 Before it is due. For, take it from me,
 Niobe, it's now only ninety B. C.
 You must study your history harder, my pet;
 Christmas Eves haven't really been started as yet.
 You can't hang up your stocking until there is one—
 I assure you, Niobe, dear child, it's not done!"
 "Oh, really?" she cried, and her sad face grew bright,
 Her lovely eyes twinkled with smiles of delight.
 She slipped on her sandals, ran laughing away,
 And danced in a manner quite care-free and gay.



AND DANCED IN A MANNER QUITE CARE-FREE AND GAY



Just to keep Santa Claus from getting in bad

A Miltonic Battle

HENRIETTA, aged four years, was forbidden to go off the lawn. One morning her mother found her daughter standing in the gateway with one foot on the sidewalk and the other foot within the gate.

"Henrietta," said the surprised parent, "have you forgotten that you are not allowed out in the street?"

"Well, Satan kept saying, 'Go on the street,' and God said, 'Don't go on the street,' so I put one foot out and kept the other foot in; and now they can just fight it out between them."

An Extraordinary Theft

ADVANCE agents of musical shows are usually careful to ascertain the peculiarities, the merits, and demerits of the theaters and halls they are to exhibit in, for the benefit of the performers when they arrive. One of these agents, having hired a hall in a Kentucky town, asked the proprietor of the building:

"How are the acoustics of your hall?"

"The which?" said the Kentuckian.

"The acoustics."

"Well, I'll tell you," said the proprietor, looking a little puzzled. "Thar was a minstrel comp'ny 'long here 'bout two weeks ago that stole 'bout everything they could lay their hands on, so mebbe they're missin'."

A Difficult Task

THE village grocery assembly was discussing the sudden death of a neighbor who had left a rather helpless family.

"And the worst of it is," said old Uncle Bill, "that there isn't one of those boys that has the head to fill the old man's shoes."

Not Untold

AT a reception in Washington the lion of the evening was a distinguished arctic explorer. A stout lady who had been presented to him gushed:

"It must have been terrible so far from civilization. You must have suffered untold hardships and privations."

"On the contrary, madam," rejoined the explorer, with a smile, "I have been telling them all this season to large audiences."

No Booster

THE motorist was on unfamiliar ground, and directly before him was a fork in the road with no signpost to tell him which way to go.

"Which way to Stumpville?" he asked of a dejected-looking man who roosted on a fence near at hand.

The native languidly waved his hand toward the left.

"Thanks," said the motorist. "How far is it?"

"Tain't so very far," was the drawling reply. "When you get there, you'll wish it was a durn sight farther."

A True Economist

HE was an ingenious and ingenuous small boy. "Mother," he said on one occasion, "will you wash my face?"

"Why, Hugh, can't you do that?"

"Yes, mother, I can, but I'll have to wet my hands, and they don't need it."

An Amended Alphabet

JOHNNY was learning the alphabet. "A," said his mother.

"A," said Johnny.

"B," said his mother.

"B," repeated Johnny, disinterestedly.

And so the letters came and went while

Johnny grew more and more bored as each new one made its appearance.

"This is G," said his mother, rather discouragedly.

Johnny was suddenly interested.

"G" he questioned, excitedly. "Is it G, mamma?"

"Yes, it is G."

"Well, where's whiz?"

No Occasion for Speech

LITTLE Louise was lost on the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said:

"What name does your mother call your father?"

"Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."

Late Contrition

SARAH, reprimanded twice within an hour for the same deed of mischief, was threatened with a whipping if she repeated it. She decided she would take a sporting chance, but mother was as good as her promise and led the little truant to the nursery.

As the slipper was about to descend, Sarah, with a saintly face, looked at her mother and in a very solemn voice said:

"God be merciful to me a sinner."

Somnambulism

LITTLE Bobby, aged four, was allowed to attend the christening ceremony of his baby brother. Bobby was entranced by the novelty of the occasion, and followed events with absorbed interest. But when the parson closed his eyes to pray Bobby's feelings became too much for him. Grasping his mother's hand, he exclaimed, loudly enough for all to hear, "Mother, why is that man talkin' in his sleep!"



"Did Santy Claus give you those?"

"Santy Claus me eye! We take off'n the Red Cross."

An Undisputed Authority

SOME tourists who were being driven through the Yosemite Valley asked the driver if he knew how old the big trees were.

"Sure I know," he answered.

"How old are they, then?"

"Three thousand and six years, goin' on three thousand and seven."

"How do you know the number so exactly?"

"Well, there was a smart young woman out herefrom Boston, and she said they was three thousand years old, and as that was a little over six years ago, they must be goin' on three thousand and seven now."



A Natural Preference

IT seemed a curious question to little Harry when his uncle asked:

"What part of the chicken do you prefer, my little man?"

"I like the meat," said Harry, as he passed his plate timidly.

"Give us ten cents worth of animal crackers—all lions and tigers."

"What's the idea?"

"'Cause they scare the baby."

Had proved the Brand

A BRIDE recently went into a provision shop and said to the proprietor:

"I bought three or four hams here a month ago and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"

"Yes, madam," said the owner, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there now."

"Well, if you are sure they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them," said the young woman.

The Voice of Sincerity

CHILDREN are said to be good, although unconscious, judges of human nature.

"Come here, my little darling," said the book agent to a little girl in Philadelphia. She had a face which belied her words, but she was trying to cultivate the little daugh-

ter of the lady of the house who had not yet come downstairs. "I do so love children!" she added, in a clear tone, as she heard footsteps on the stairs. "But you seem to like the kitty better than me. Why are you so fond of her?"

"Because she purrs as if she meant it," said the child, calmly.

A Natural Dilemma

MANY poor correspondents would like to make the excuse given by a lad who was spending his first year at a boarding school.

The first letter, anxiously awaited by his parents, was not received for more than a week, and then it was short and to the point.

DEAR PEOPLE—I don't believe I shall be able to send you many letters while I'm here. You see when things are happening I haven't time to write, and when they *aren't* happening I haven't anything to write. With love to all.

HARRY.

Intrinsic Value

A YOUNG man, whose business acumen marks him as a future millionaire, was seen recently on the streets of Washington with a litter of puppies.

"How much are these puppies worth, little boy?" asked a young woman, stopping.

"A dollar apiece, except that one, and he's a dollar ten. He swallowed a dime yesterday."

Marketing in the Country

"SODA crackers?" asked the customer of a country storekeeper.

"Yes, ma'am," said the proprietor. "I got 'em. I'll send 'em to you."

"Why," said the woman, surprised, "I wanted to take them with me."

"Yes, ma'am; but you see Tom Garver, he's a-dozing on top of the barrel, and jest now he ain't in the best of humors."

A Worthwhile Accident

MR. JOHNSON always meant well, but was addicted to the habit of saying the wrong thing at all times and in all circumstances. An acquaintance had suffered severe injuries in a railway wreck, including a broken nose, the loss of three or four teeth, and a gash across one of his cheeks; but his

hurts were not serious, and he was soon on the street again, somewhat disfigured, but sound.

One of the first to greet him after his recovery was Johnson, who grasped him cordially by the hand and exclaimed:

"Hello, Driggs! I understand you have been pretty badly hurt. I am glad to see you so much improved!"

A Zoological Definition

CLARENCE, who had been to the circus, was telling his teacher about the wonderful things he had seen.

"And, teacher," he cried, "they had one big animal they called the hip—hip—"

"Hippopotamus, dear?" asked the teacher.

"I can't just say its name," exclaimed Clarence, "but it looks just like nine thousand pounds of liver!"

Good and Osgood

A BOSTON woman, extremely proud of her mother's family, created a sensation on one occasion and made her listeners wonder a little when she remarked:

"My father filled many responsible positions; we all have the greatest respect for him. He was a good man, but"—and a certain stiffening of the shoulders and an added expression of firmness in the lady's face added importance to her conclusion—"my mother was an Osgood!"

A Hidden Treasure

ONE of the finest collections of stuffed birds in the United States is in the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences," observes a gentleman from that city, "and I chanced to be there one day when a certain millionaire was examining the collection in the company of a curator.

"'Yes,' said the curator, 'this collection of stuffed birds is worth thousands and thousands of dollars.'

"'Is that so?' said the millionaire. 'Why, what are they stuffed with?'"



PRECOCIOUS YOUTH: "I've read Shakespeare a couple of times and I don't think much of him, but I'm going to give him one more chance."



VISITING FRIEND: *"Is it a risky operation?"*

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE: *"Yes, very. James is not at all sure he'll ever get paid for it."*

A Neglected Whistler

LITTLE John's father was an architect and his mother an artist, and so among other lovely things in their home was the picture of Whistler's mother, which hung over the fireplace.

One morning the architect discovered his son, pad and crayons in hand, seated in front of the fireplace busily at work.

Always ready to encourage him, the father laid his hand on his son's head and asked: "What are you drawing, son?"

"Oh," replied the lad, "I'm drawing Whistler's father. Nobody ever speaks about him."

A Satisfactory Answer

A BUSINESS firm recently adopted Edison's plan for testing the intelligence of men applying for positions. A man applying for a position as superintendent would be expected to answer all the questions on the list submitted. One wishing to become a clerk

faced only half the list; as the job applied for dwindled in importance, the amount of knowledge necessary to secure it grew smaller.

A colored man who had applied for a job as porter received a card bearing the single question, "Who invented the cotton-gin?"

"Well," said the clerk, to whom he returned the card, "what's the answer?"

"Say, boss," answered the ducky, "Ah dunno who 'twus fust made 'at stuff, but Ah knows whar you kin git some."

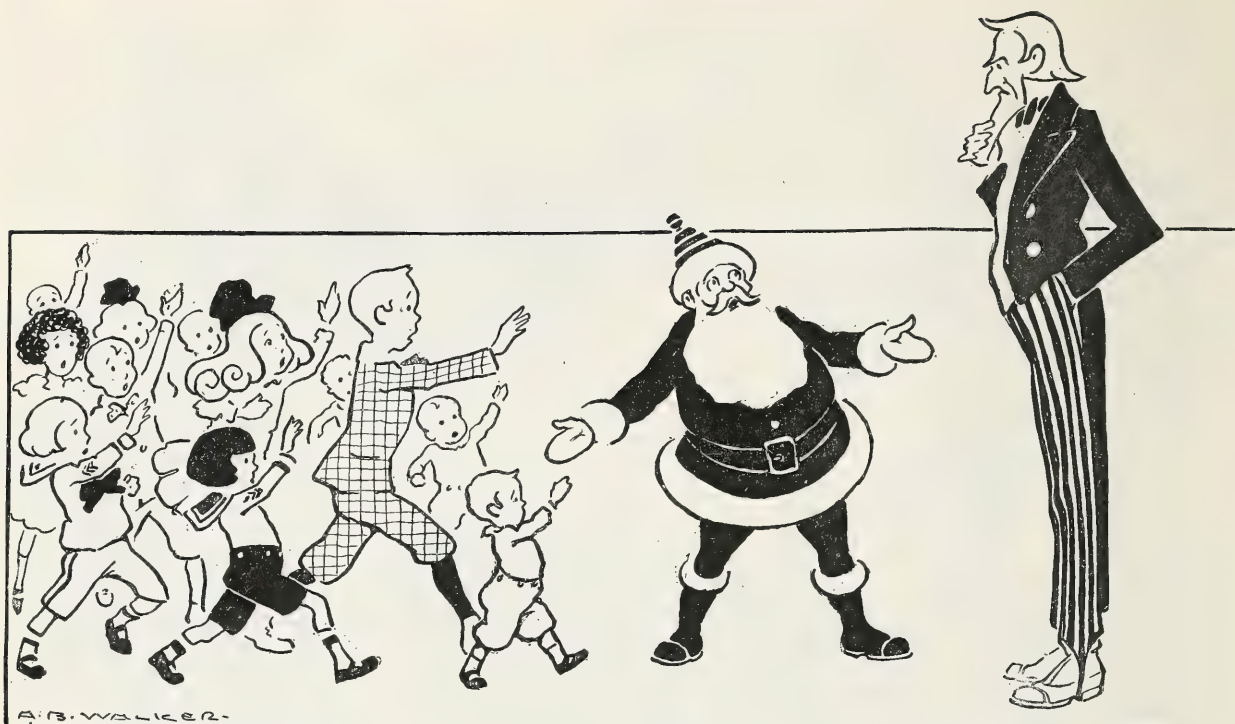
Celestial Laundry

LITTLE Ada was calling on her mother's friend and, noticing a picture of angels in long robes, asked:

"Does everyone in heaven wear white clothes?"

"Oh yes," her hostess answered.

"Well," sighed Ada, "I hope God has got a better washwoman than my mamma has."



UNCLE SAM: *"I think I ought to put a luxury tax on you, Santa."*
 CHORUS OF CHILDREN: *"Oh, no. He's a necessity."*

A Long Flight

A LITTLE Virginia boy, walking with his aunt, saw high in the blue sky above the mountain a bird sailing.

"Is that a turkey buzzard?" he asked.

"Yes, dear."

For a minute he watched it, so high above him, and then comprehension came.

"I reckon," he said—"I reckon he smelled a dead angel!"

A Wise Precaution

"THESE are mighty fine cigars, Doctor," remarked his colleague. "Where do you get them?"

"Oh, I just ordered one of my millionaire patients to stop smoking," the doctor replied, "and confiscated his supply so he wouldn't be tempted."

The Natural Method

THOMPSON, who is an indifferent card player, drew as his partner a lady who prided herself upon her knowledge of the game. While the cards were being dealt she sought enlightenment as to Thompson's method of play.

"Do you discard from weakness or from strength?" she asked.

"It all depends," replied Thompson. "If I have a good hand I discard from strength, but if I have a poor hand I discard from weakness."

No Wish for a Larger Field

A DELEGATION had called on Blivins to ask him to serve on the house committee of the country club.

"Gentlemen," said Blivins, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the honor which you wish to confer on me, but there is absolutely nothing doing. I have a wife, a son-in-law, and a second-hand car, and I think that is trouble enough for one man."

A Precocious Citizen

AT an examination for fourth-class ship's draftsmen, held at one of the navy yards, the applicants were required, before answering the questions, to set down on paper certain information concerning their age, education, and training.

One form was filled out by a young Irish emigrant as follows:

Age.—I am 22 years old.

Color.—Green is my favorite color.

Citizenship.—First papers taken out, but I generally vote Democratic.

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

John Burroughs's name calls up so many happy memories among our readers that we may assume he was known and loved by all. The story of his boyhood, written by the great naturalist for his son, began in the January number, and will be continued through the March issue. **Clinton Scolard** is one of the best-known American poets, with more than a score of published volumes of verse to his credit. **Alexander Porterfield** is a young writer whose delightfully amusing stories have appeared in recent numbers of the Magazine.

Arthur Bullard, a leading authority on foreign affairs, writes from Washington his article pertinent to the problems of the Limitation of Armaments Conference. **Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer** is a poet and writer whose books form a link between old and new New York. **Frances Little** (Fannie Caldwell Macaulay), author of *The Lady of the Decoration*, was reintroduced to our readers in the December number. **Fleta Campbell Springer** stands in the first rank of American short-story writers, and is the author also of one novel, *Gregg*. **Mary Brent Whiteside**, of Atlanta, Georgia, is a contributor of verse to this and other periodicals.

Arnold Bennett, the English novelist of the Five Towns, is less well known as a writer on travel, though his *Your United States*, which appeared originally in *HARPER'S MAGAZINE*, will be remembered as a notable achievement in this direction. **Mrs. Henry Dudeney** is an English writer whose stories are always welcomed by the Magazine. **Anne Goodwin Winslow** (Mrs. E. E. Winslow) of Governor's Island, New York, is rapidly becoming familiar as a poet to

readers of the best magazines. **Charles P. Steinmetz** of the General Electric Company writes, as few can do, with authority on the interrelation of electricity and civilization. Other articles from his pen will appear in early issues of the Magazine. **Louise Morgan Sill**, the author of several books of poems, was born in the Hawaiian Islands, and now lives in Paris.

Donald Corley is a New York architect. His first *HARPER* story, "The Daimyo's Bowl," appeared in the Magazine in 1919. **Carol Haynes**, a new contributor to our columns, sends this verse from Newport, Rhode Island. **Robert R. Updegraff** will be remembered as the author of "Prophets and Pattern Followers," which dealt with a different angle of his present subject—the value of imagination to the business man. **Ruth Comfort Mitchell** lives in California. She is the author of several novels, and much short fiction and verse.

Robert Hillyer, well known as one of the younger generation of American poets, whose verses have appeared in the Magazine, now sends us a bit of autobiographical prose. **Frederick L. Allen** is the secretary to the Corporation of Harvard University. **Harry Kemp**, the author of several books of poems, lives in New York City. **Florence Guy Woolston** is a frequent contributor to the pages of this Magazine and the *New Republic*. **Cambray Brown** appears for the second time in the Editor's Drawer, his first story, "The Time Clock of the Taj Mahal," having been published in February, 1921.



We certainly have no intention of disputing the belief that fame is worth while, or that it is impossible to have too many friends.

We want to keep all the old ones we have and to make as many new ones as we can. But, we must confess, that sometimes a pseudo-friend can cause a little disturbance—as in following instance. A few days ago one of the best-known writers in Boston, whose name is familiar to all readers of the Magazine, sent us the following query, "Have you on your staff—or in any capacity at Harper's—a Mr. Thomas?" And when we answered in the negative, we waited for the explanation, which soon followed.

It's "one on me." Over a week ago a man called "from HARPER'S MAGAZINE," name Thomas, cousin of Miss Edith M. Thomas, simple direct manner, talking about Mrs. Freeman, etc. I wasn't at home, but a friend staying with me saw him, primarily to see if she could make some appointment for me to see him, knowing I should be "so sorry to miss anybody from Harper's!"

He, with appropriate frankness and bluff embarrassment, explains his difficulty, connected with meeting a brother and automobile, etc. (I've forgotten the yarn and I don't want to stir up my sorrowing friend) and he wants to borrow a little money to get him and his wife to New York. So he blithely borrows \$15, and "will send a check at once," and, in his gratitude, wants to entertain my friend in New York. So far as I can find out he was a true artist. Yes, it's one on me—or rather fifteen on me. Ought I to warn downy authors through the *League Bulletin* or something? . . .

I think the real point of the story is the magic of the name of Harper's. My friend is no softie. She would have been hard as nails to a dying Bolshevik or a Sinn Feiner singing the woes of Erin, or a million headless Armenians. But Harper's! Another matter entirely.

Of course, we always regret losing a subscriber, whatever the reason, but there are some persons who have such a gift when parting from the Magazine that it takes all the sting out of our regret as is the case with the writer of the following letter which comes to us from Connecticut. We have not lost a friend and at some future time we know we shall welcome her back.

I shall have to tell you not to continue sending HARPER'S MAGAZINE. I shall buy it from time to time and see it in the public library, but as times are now I, like many others, have to save every

quarter I can. My doctor claims every cent I can get just at present. I can't tell you how much HARPER'S has meant to me. My mother was a writer and sold things to such magazines as *Century* and *Youth's Companion*, and I was brought up in a refined and book-loving atmosphere.

Just when I was getting ready for college my mother died, leaving four of us, and so since I was 16 I have only had what education I could get by myself. When I say that HARPER'S has been as near to me as a mother's guidance, in educational matters, I mean it from the bottom of my heart.

I can read with joy "The Mind in the Making," every one of the travel stories, and Mrs. Cornelia Parker's articles I am delighted with. She has done just what I would like to myself, but has stuck to it with more pluck than most people would. She certainly knows what "work with joy" means.

I thank HARPER'S for a good many things, but for the present shall have to content myself with borrowed copies and when there is one I want to keep I will buy it.



The occupant of the Editor's Easy Chair has no one but himself to blame—if he were the kind of person who would blame anyone—that his mail bag grows increasingly heavy, for, as one of Mr. Martin's correspondents from Minnesota writes, "I see you have invited discussion and I will give you some of my thoughts along the line." Referring to his paper in the October Easy Chair on the spread of Christianity, she continues:

Your correspondent must surely be very ignorant concerning the great and ever-increasing influence of Christianity throughout the world. Many of the men at the head of affairs in what were once Heathen Nations received their training in Mission schools. The great work of Medical Missions among nations, heretofore without help for their physical ills, coupled with religious teaching is one of the wonders of this century.

The Churches will always be faulty, composed as they are of faulty people, yet they are the hope of the world. I think the criticism that "They serve mainly at present as a powerful influence which the wealthy use to keep in subjection the poor and simple-minded" is as unjust as it is untrue. The great majority of the wealthy church members are the large givers to every good cause.

The work of Christian missions has enlarged the opportunities for commerce between nations, and this has added immeasurably to the wealth of this nation. Last winter I spent in Arkansas with a daughter, and while there became acquainted with the *Christian Observer*, published in Louisville, Kentucky, for which I wrote a paper on the "Benefits Derived from Foreign Missions," in which I tried to show how Christian missions had been the means of enriching our museums, libraries—adding to our geographical knowledge, etc., etc. But I must not long dwell on this phase of our topic. You ask, "Is there more or less concern for immortality in 1921 than in 1904?" I answer yes, more decidedly.

The tremendous impetus that has been given to all branches of Christian work proves this. Never before in the history of the world has money been poured forth so freely for all kinds of religious work. Where in other than Christian countries, have the huge sums been given to stem the awful tide of starvation and misery? . . .

There is one other article in this October number I would like to refer to—*viz.*, What a woman of 40 thinks of men. Like all generalizations, there are many exceptions. I am a widow, past 40 when my husband left me, but I do not agree with the writer who says—"necessarily he is not a lover any more." Yesterday I saw a dear old man wending his way to his farm about a mile from town, where he and his wife, now dead, had lived many years, and had brought up their children. They were always lovers, and he was never a conceited man. Many more such instances I could give where men give their wives not only love but great deference. My husband died before the times of automobiles. I recall how he would put his arm around me when we were out driving, just as lovingly as when we were young lovers.

I am very glad that from this article of yours in the October number I can think of you as a Christian believer, one with a strong hope of immortality. May you be a powerful influence for good in the high position in which you are placed. Don't take trouble and time to reply to this letter. I will not expect it.

Basil King, whose novel, *The Empty Sack*, was published a few weeks ago, writes also an appreciation of the Easy Chair:

A line from this far land—almost on another planet—to express the hope that Martin's Easy Chair article in the September number may be published as a little brochure which we can all buy and distribute among our friends. It contains

the wisest words on our present distress that I have read anywhere.

The September number is one of the most brilliant—in my humble judgment—you have ever brought out. In addition to Martin's article I specially liked Julian Street's story—a really original theme—"Brothers," and Walter Prichard Eaton's "Woodland Notes."



A certain international quality in "The Poppies of Wu Fong"—which appeared in the November MAGAZINE—has been commented upon in several directions. The following letter from Washington was received by its author a few days ago:

This place is all a-buzz now with the Far East and everything connected with it. And, incidentally, some time ago your story in the November HARPER'S came into the discussion.

I was lunching here at the Club with a friend who had been in the American consular and diplomatic service in the Far East, mostly in China, for fourteen years. He was telling me of what he had noted of the spirit of China, and spoke of the potent influence which the sense of the beautiful—the love of flowers, for example—has in molding the thoughts and actions of the Chinese. I asked him whether or not he had happened to have read the poppies story in HARPER'S. He had not, but became so much interested, when I outlined it to him, that he decided to lay international politics aside—he is attached to the American delegation to the Washington Conference—long enough to read the story. I left him in the Club reading room with the November HARPER'S in his hands.

When I met him later on, his first question was, "Look here. Do you know whether that writer, Hartman, has been in China?"—"Why?"—"Oh, he's caught the spirit of the thing marvelously."

Now have you—I mean, been to China?

But, whether you have or not, I know that I, personally, have read your story with intense interest and rare pleasure, and, judging by his remarks, so has my friend, the diplomat.



From far-off Morocco came to us the following cry for help. Though we have no way of knowing, we think it likely that copies of the Magazine containing the Moroccan articles by Wilbur Daniel Steele may have been the immediate impetus of this appeal. We have sent a copy of the letter to the State Department, calling attention to the conditions described by Mr. Fairfax.

May one, who is in the "living hell" of the Moroccan Hills, appeal to your many readers through your splendid magazine for a few necessary comforts.

Advancing day by day farther into the interior away from civilization, shut off from any city or towns, we, a few Americans, are hard pushed to keep ourselves fit. Everything we had has been stolen by the Spichs (Spaniards), standing only in the clothes we wear, and that's not much, we are regular guys. Lousy, rotten in the body, minus coat, socks, hair months growth (no razors issued in the army), we look regular brigands. Clothes torn to shreds, through marching through prickly cactus, legs swollen through same, we ask your sympathy in appealing to you for the following things:

- 5 jerseys, woolen,
- 5 pairs gloves, woolen,
- 5 pairs puttees, khaki,
- 10 shirts with pockets, khaki,
- 5 pairs socks.

We will, if we get back to Spain, refund you for all these things, but it will not be for a year or two, as we never go to any city till we get leave, and God knows when that may be.

The Spanish authorities have cheated us wholesale, the stipulated terms have been absolutely ignored, so much so that the 25 Englishmen have (or rather are), set the English Government on the Spicks authorities and there is hell to pay now.

I will not tell you now all the horrors of this place, or the treatment we undergo. All this in a few weeks will be in the English papers, but when you do read the account I am sure you will feel extremely sorry that any American should be treated as we are, and I wish to say sincerely and in all truth that the British representative from the British Embassy who was sent to interview the English here by the Rt. Hon. Lloyd George, I say the representative wept tears of agony. Yes, without shame, that man, who no doubt generally has a heart of iron, wept like a child. We are now going to petition Washington.

The chaps here ask me to expose these things, as the winter season is now on, and the cold at night is intensely cold.

They will be very grateful to you and your readers for your sympathy. Of course this letter is being written under difficulties, so I must ask for your consideration in this respect.

The boys ask me also to suggest if there is such a thing as butter and jam knocking around New York. There is none here, naturally.

Sir, I feel sure you will extend your fullest consideration and sympathy to your fellow citizen

out here now undergoing hell with these hell-dogs here.

There are lots of us who are simply near rags now compared to what we were, but we will have a chance to better our condition with the comforts we ask you for.

We await them most anxiously.

I am sir,

Yours sincerely,

A. S. FAIRFAX.

On behalf of my chums.

ARTHUR S. FAIRFAX,
2nd Bandera,
4th Compania,
Spanish Foreign Legion,
Segangan,
Melilla,
Morocco.

SIR,—Herewith please find inclosed list of things desired:

- 5 jerseys, woolen,
- 5 gloves, pairs,
- 5 puttees,
- 10 shirts with pockets,
- 5 socks, pairs,
- 5 razors,
- Cigarettes, butter and jam if possible.

A. S. FAIRFAX.



The anonymous author of "What a Woman of Forty Thinks About Men" has certainly stirred up a lot of discussion. The writer—also anonymous—of the following letter claims to throw new light on the original paper and the reply to it.

DEAR SIR,—The cat is out of the bag.

In connection with my article which appeared in your December issue, "What a Man of Fifty Thinks About Women," my wife called me up at the office yesterday and informed me that she had read it—recognized me under my deep-laid plan to give expression to my ideas without revealing my identity.

The intuition of women is something marvelous—beyond the comprehension of mortal man.

As we are both writing folks I "passed the buck" by reminding her that, even if the truth is stranger than fiction, there was some satisfaction in having made so good a publication as yours and that I would share with her the rewards of my perfidy on a fifty-fifty basis.

Whether or not this was inducement enough I don't know, but she replied, "Well, Seth, while I know it is all true—knew it all the time anyway—I guess it's all right. No, I'm not a bit mad."

All's well that ends well and we shall be able to do just a little more Christmas shopping as a result of this adventure.



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "Realities"

THEN SUDDENLY THE DOOR OF THE CABIN FLUNG WIDE

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NO. DCCCLX



MY BOYHOOD

PART I

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

Eight years before his death, Mr. Burroughs was urged by his son Julian to set down some chapters descriptive of his early life. It is this autobiographical record of Mr. Burroughs' boyhood and youth which Harper's Magazine is now privileged to give to its readers in this and subsequent issues.

MY DEAR JULIAN,—You ask me to give you some account of my life—how it was with me, and now in my seventy-sixth year I find myself in the mood to do so. You know enough about me to know that it will not be an exciting narrative or of any great historical value. It is mainly the life of a country man and a rather obscure man of letters, lived in eventful times indeed, but largely lived apart from the men and events that have given character to the last three-quarters of a century. Like tens of thousands of others, I have been a spectator of, rather than a participator in, the activities of the times in which I have lived. My life, like your own, has been along the by-paths rather than along the great public highways. I have known but few great men and have played no part in any great public events—not even in the Civil War which I lived through and in which my duty plainly called me to take part. I am a man who recoils from noise and strife, even from fair competition, and who likes to see his days “linked each to each” by some quiet, congenial occupation.

The first seventeen years of my life were spent on the farm where I was born (1837–1854); the next ten years I was a teacher in rural district schools (1854–1864); then I was for ten years a government clerk in Washington (1864–1873); then in the summer of 1873, while a national bank examiner and bank receiver, I purchased the small fruit farm on the Hudson where you were brought up and where I have since lived, cultivating the land for marketable fruit and the fields and woods for nature literature, as you well know. I have gotten out of my footpaths a few times and traversed some of the great highways of travel—have been twice to Europe, going only as far as Paris (1871 and 1882)—the first time sent to London by the government with three other men to convey fifty million dollars' worth of bonds to be refunded; the second time going with my family on my own account. I was a member of the Harriman expedition to Alaska in the summer of 1899, going as far as Plover Bay on the extreme northeast part of Siberia. I was the companion of President Roosevelt

on a trip to Yellowstone Park in the spring of 1903. In the winter and spring of 1909 I went to California with two women friends and extended the journey to the Hawaiian Islands, returning home in June. In 1911 I again crossed the continent to California. I have camped and tramped in Maine and in Canada, and have spent part of a winter in Bermuda and in Jamaica. This is an outline of my travels. I have known but few great men. I met Carlyle in the company of Moncure Conway in London in November, 1871. I met Emerson three times—in 1863 at West Point; in 1871 in Baltimore and Washington, where I heard him lecture, and at the Holmes birthday breakfast in Boston in 1879. I knew Walt Whitman intimately from 1863 until his death in 1892. I have met Lowell and Whittier, but not Longfellow or Bryant; I have seen Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Early, Sumner, Garfield, Cleveland, and other notable men of those days. I heard Tyndall deliver his course of lectures on Light in Washington in 1870 or '71, but missed seeing Huxley during his visit here. I dined with the Rossettis in London in 1871, but was not impressed by them, nor they by me. I met Matthew Arnold in New York and heard his lecture on Emerson. My books are, in a way, a record of my life—that part of it that came to flower and fruit in my mind. You could reconstruct my days pretty well from those volumes. A writer who gleans his literary harvest in the fields and woods reaps mainly where he has sown himself. He is a husbandman whose crop springs from the seed of his own heart.

My life has been a fortunate one; I was born under a lucky star. It seems as if both wind and tide had favored me. I have suffered no great losses, or defeats, or illness, or accidents, and have undergone no great struggles or privations. I have had no grouch; I have not wanted the earth. I am pessimistic by night, but by day I am a confirmed optimist, and it is the days that have stamped my life. I have found this planet

a good corner of the universe to live in and I am not in a hurry to exchange it for any other. With this foreword I will begin the record in more detail.

I have spoken of my good luck. It began in my being born on a farm, of parents in the prime of their days, and in humble circumstances. I deem it good luck, too, that my birth fell in April, a month in which so many other things find it good to begin life. Father probably tapped the sugar bush about this time or a little earlier; the bluebird and the robin and song sparrow may have arrived that very day. New calves were bleating in the barn and young lambs under the shed. There were earth-stained snowdrifts on the hillside, and along the stone walls and through the forests that covered the mountains the coat of snow showed unbroken. The fields were generally bare and the frost was leaving the ground. The stress of winter was over and the warmth of spring began to be felt in the air. I had come into a household of five children, two girls and three boys, the oldest ten years and the youngest two. One had died in infancy, making me the seventh child. Mother was twenty-nine and father thirty-five, a medium-sized, freckled, red-haired man, showing very plainly the Celt or Welsh strain in his blood, as did mother, who was a Kelly and of Irish extraction on the paternal side. I had come into a family of neither wealth nor poverty as those things were looked upon in those days, but a family dedicated to hard work winter and summer in paying for and improving a large farm, in a country of wide, open valleys and long, broad-backed hills and gentle flowing mountain lines; very old geologically, but only one generation from the stump in the history of the settlement. Indeed, the stumps lingered in many of the fields late into my boyhood, and one of my tasks in the dry, mid-spring weather was to burn these stumps—an occupation I always enjoyed because the adventure of it made play of the work.

The climate was severe in winter, the mercury often dropping to thirty degrees below, though we then had no thermometer to measure it, and the summers, at an altitude of two thousand feet, cool and salubrious. The soil was fairly good, though encumbered with the laminated rock and stones of the Catskill formation, which the old ice sheet had broken and shouldered and transported about. About every five or six acres had loose stones and rock enough to put a rock-bottomed wall around it and still leave enough in and on the soil to worry the plowman and the mower. All the farms in that section reposing in the valleys and bending up and over the broad-backed hills are checker boards of stone walls, and the right-angled fields, in their many colors of green and brown and yellow and red, give a striking, maplike appearance to the landscape. Good crops of grain, such as rye, oats, buckwheat, and yellow corn, are grown, but grass is the most natural product. It is a grazing country and the dairy cow thrives there, and her products are the chief source of the incomes of the farms.

I had come into a home where all the elements were sweet; the water and the air as good as there are in the world, and where the conditions of life were of a temper to discipline both mind and body. The settlers of my part of the Catskills were largely from Connecticut and Long Island, coming in after or near the close of the Revolution, and with a good mixture of Scotch emigrants.

My great-grandfather, Ephram Burroughs, came with his family of eight or ten children from near Danbury, Connecticut, and settled in the town of Stamford shortly after the Revolution. He died there in 1818. My grandfather, Eden, came into the town of Roxbury, then a part of Ulster County.

I had come into a land flowing with milk, if not with honey. The maple syrup may very well take the place of the honey. The sugar maple was the dominant tree in the woods and the maple

sugar the principal sweetening used in the family. Maple, beech, and birch wood kept us warm in winter, and pine and hemlock timber made from trees that grew in the deeper valleys formed the roofs and the walls of the houses. The breath of kine early mingled with my own breath. From my earliest memory the cow was the chief factor on the farm and her products the main source of the family income; around her revolved the haying and the harvesting. It was for her that we toiled from early July until late August, gathering the hay into the barns or into the stacks, mowing and raking it by hand. That was the day of the scythe and the good mower, of the cradle and the good cradler, of the pitchfork and the good pitcher. With the modern agricultural machinery the same crops are gathered now with less than half the outlay of human energy, but the type of farmer seems to have deteriorated in about the same proportion. The third generation of farmers in my native town are much like the third steeping of tea, or the third crop of corn where no fertilizers have been used. The large, picturesque, and original characters who improved the farms and paid for them are about all gone, and their descendants have deserted the farms or are distinctly of an inferior type. The farms keep more stock and yield better crops, owing to the amount of imported grain consumed upon them, but the families have dwindled or gone out entirely, and the social and the neighborhood spirit is not the same. No more huskings or quiltings, or apple cuts, or raisings, or "bees" of any sort. The telephone and the rural free delivery have come and the automobile and the daily newspaper. The roads are better, communication quicker, and the houses and barns more showy, but the men and the women, and especially the children, are not there. The towns and the cities are now coloring and dominating the country which they have depleted of its men, and the rural districts are becoming a faded replica of town life.

The farm work to which I was early called upon to lend a hand, as I have said, revolved around the dairy cow. Her paths were in the fields and woods, her sonorous voice was upon the hills, her fragrant breath was upon every breeze. She was the center of our industries. To keep her in good condition, well pastured in summer and well housed and fed in winter, and the whole dairy up to its highest point of efficiency—to this end the farmer directed his efforts. It was an exacting occupation. In summer the day began with the milking and ended with the milking, and in winter it began with the foddering and ended with the foddering, and the major part of the work between and during both seasons had for its object, directly or indirectly, the well-being of the herd. Getting the cows and turning away the cows in summer was usually the work of the younger boys; the turning them out of the stable and putting them back in winter was usually the work of the older. The foddering them from the stack in the field in winter also fell to the lot of the older members of the family.

In milking we all took a hand when we had reached the age of about ten years, mother and my sisters usually doing their share. At first we milked the cows in the road in front of the house, setting the pails of milk on the stonework; later we milked them in a yard in the orchard behind the house, and of late years the milking is done in the stable. Mother said that when they first came upon the farm, as she sat milking a cow in the road one evening, she saw a large, black animal come out of the woods out where the clover meadow now is, and cross the road and disappear in the woods on the other side. Bears sometimes carried off the farmers' hogs in those days, boldly invading the pens to do so. My father kept about thirty cows of the Durham breed; now the dairy herds are made up of Jersey or Holsteins. Then the product that went to market was butter, now it is milk. Then the butter was made on the farm

by the farmer's wife or the hired girl, now it is made in the creameries by men. My mother made most of the butter for nearly forty years, packing thousands of tubs and firkins of it in that time. The milk was set in tin pans on a rack in the milk house for the cream to rise, and as soon as the milk clabbered it was skimmed. About three o'clock in the afternoon during the warm weather mother would begin skimming the milk, carrying it pan by pan in the big cream pan, where with a quick movement of a case knife the cream was separated from the sides of the pan, the pan tilted on the edge of the cream pan, and the heavy mantle of cream, in folds or flakes, slid off into the receptacle and the thick milk emptied into pails to be carried to the swill barrel for the hogs.

I used to help mother at times by handing her the pans of milk from the rack and emptying the pails. Then came the washing of the pans at the trough, at which I also often aided her by standing the pans up to dry and sun on the big bench. Rows of drying tin pans were always a noticeable feature about farmhouses in those days, also the churning machine attached to the milk house, and the sound of the wheel propelled by the "old churner"—either a big dog or a wether sheep. Every summer morning by eight o'clock the old sheep or the old dog was brought and tied to his task upon the big wheel. Sheep were usually more unwilling churners than dogs. They rarely acquired any sense of duty or obedience as a dog did. This endless walking and getting nowhere very soon called forth vigorous protests. The churner would pull back, brace himself, choke, and stop the machine; one churner threw himself off and was choked to death before he was discovered. I remember when the old hatchel from the day of flax dressing, fastened to a board, did duty behind the old churner, spurring him up with its score or more of sharp teeth when he settled back to stop the machine. "Run and start the old sheep," was a command

we heard less often after that. He could not long hold out against the pressure of that phalanx of sharp points upon his broad rear end.

The churn dog was less obdurate and perverse, but he would sometimes hide away as the hour of churning approached and we would have to hustle around to find him. But we had one dog that seemed to take pleasure in the task and would go quickly to the wheel when told to and finish his task without being tied. In the absence of both dog and sheep, I have a few times taken their place on the wheel. In winter and early spring there was less cream to churn and we did it by hand, two of us lifting the dasher together. Heavy work for even big boys, and when the stuff was reluctant and the butter would not come sometimes until the end of an hour, the task tried our mettle. Sometimes it would not gather well after it had come, then some deft handling of the dasher was necessary.

I never tired of seeing mother lift the great masses of golden butter from the churn with her ladle and pile them up in the big butter bowl, with the drops of buttermilk standing upon them as if they were sweating from the ordeal they had been put through. Then the working and the washing of it to free it from the milk, and the final packing into tub or firkin, its fresh odor in the air, what a picture it was! How much of the virtue of the farm went each year into those firkins! Literally the cream of the land. Ah, the alchemy of life, that in the bee can transform one product of those wild, rough fields into honey, and in the cow can transform another product into milk!

The spring butter was packed into fifty-pound tubs to be shipped to market as fast as made. The packing into one-hundred-pound firkins to be held over till November did not begin till the cows were turned out to pasture in May. To have made forty tubs by that time and sold them for eighteen or twenty cents a pound was considered very satisfac-

tory. Then to make forty or fifty firkins during the summer and fall and to get as good a price for it made the farmer's heart glad. When father first came on the farm in 1827, butter brought only twelve and fourteen cents per pound, but the price steadily crept up till in my time it sold from seventeen to eighteen and a half. The firkin butter was usually sold to a local butter buyer named Dowie. He usually appeared in early fall, always on horseback, having notified father in advance. At the breakfast table father would say, "Dowie is coming to try the butter to-day."

"I hope he will not try that firkin I packed that hot week in July," mother would say. But very likely that was the one among others he would ask for. His long, half-round steel butter probe or tryer was thrust down the center of the firkin to the bottom, given a turn or two and withdrawn, its tapering cavity filled with a sample of every inch of butter in the firkin. Dowie would pass it rapidly to and fro under his nose, maybe sometimes tasting it, then push the tryer back into the hole, then withdrawing it, leaving its core of butter where it found it. If the butter suited him, and it rarely failed to do so, he would make his offer and ride away to the next dairy.

The butter had always to be delivered at a date agreed upon, on the Hudson River at Catskill. This usually took place in November. It was the event of the fall—two loads of butter, of twenty or more firkins each, to be transported fifty miles in a lumber wagon, each round trip taking about four days. The firkins had to be headed up and gotten ready. This job in my time usually fell to Hiram. He would begin the day before father was to start and have a load headed and placed in the wagon on time, with straw between the firkins so they would not rub. How many times I have heard those loads start off over the frozen ground in the morning before it was light! Sometimes a neighbor's wagon would go slowly jolting by just after or just before father had started, but on

the same errand. Father usually took a bag of oats for his horses and a box of food for himself so as to avoid all needless expenses. The first night would usually find him in Steel's tavern in Greene County, halfway to Catskill. The next afternoon would find him at his journey's end and by night unloaded at the steamboat wharf, his groceries and other purchases made and ready for an early start homeward in the morning. On the fourth night we were on the lookout for his return. Mother would be sitting, sewing by the light of her tallow dip, with one ear bent toward the road. She usually caught the sound of his wagon first. "There comes your father," she would say, and Hiram or Wilson would quickly get and light the old tin lantern and stand ready on the stonework to receive him and help put out the team. By the time he was in the house his supper would be going on the table; a cold pork stew, I remember, used to delight him on such occasions, and a cup of green tea. After supper his pipe, and the story of his trip told, with a list of family purchases, and then to bed. In a few days the second trip would be made.

As his boys grew old enough, he gave each of them in turn a trip with him to Catskill. It was a great event in the life of each of us. When it came my turn I was probably eleven or twelve years old, and the coming event loomed big on my horizon. I was actually to see my first steamboat, the Hudson River, and maybe the steam cars. For several days in advance I hunted the woods for game to stock the provision box so as to keep down the expense. I killed my first partridge, and probably a wild pigeon or two and gray squirrels. Perched high on that springboard beside father, my feet hardly touching the tops of the firkins, at the rate of about two miles per hour over rough roads in chilly November weather, I made my first considerable journey into the world. I crossed the Catskill Mountains and got that surprising panoramic view of

the land beyond from the top. At Cairo, where it seems we passed the second night, I disgraced myself in the morning, when father, after praising me to some bystanders, told me to get up in the wagon and drive the load out in the road. In my earnest effort to do so I ran foul of one side of the big door, and came near smashing things. Father was humiliated and I was dreadfully mortified. With the wonders of Catskill I was duly impressed, but one of my most vivid remembrances is a passage at arms (verbal) at the steamboat between father and old Dowie. The latter had questioned the correctness of the weight of the empty firkins which was to be deducted as tare from the total weight. Hot words followed. Father said, "Strip it, strip it!" Dowie said, "I will," and in a moment there stood on the scales the naked firkin of butter, sweating drops of salt water. Which won I do not know. I only remember that peace soon reigned and Dowie continued to buy our butter. One other incident of that trip still sticks in my mind. I was walking along a street just at dusk, when I saw a drove of cattle coming. The drover, seeing me, called out, "Here, boy; turn those cows up that street!" This was in my line; I was at home with cows, and I turned the drove up in fine style. As the man came along he said, "Well done," and placed six big copper cents in my hand. Never was my palm more unexpectedly and more agreeably tickled. The feel of it is with me yet.

At an earlier date than that of the accident in the old stone schoolhouse my head and body, too, got some severe bruises. One summer day when I could not have been more than three years old, my sister Jane and I were playing in the big attic chamber and amusing ourselves by lying across the vinegar keg and pushing it about the room with our feet. We came to the top of the steep stairway that ended against the chamber door a foot or more above the kitchen floor, and I suppose we thought it would be fun

to take the stairway on the keg. At the brink of that stairway my memory becomes a blank, and when I find myself again I am lying on the bed in the "back bedroom" and the smell of camphor is rank in the room. How it fared with Jane I do not recall; the injury was probably not serious with either of us, but it is easy to imagine how poor mother must have been startled when she heard that racket on the stairs and the chamber door suddenly burst open, spilling two of her children, mixed up with the vinegar keg, out on the kitchen floor. Jane was more than two years my senior, and should have known better.

Vivid incidents make a lasting impression. I recall what might have been a very serious accident had not my usual good luck attended me when I was a few years older. One autumn day I was with my older brothers in the corn lot, where they had gone with the lumber wagon to gather pumpkins. When they had got their load and were ready to start I planted myself on the load above the hind axle and let my legs hang down between the spokes of the big wheel. Luckily one of my brothers saw my perilous position just as the team was about to move and rescued me in time. Doubtless my legs would have been broken and maybe very badly crushed in a moment more.

But such good fortune seems to have followed me always. One winter's morning, as I stooped to put on one of my boots beside the kitchen stove at the house of a schoolmate with whom I had passed the night, my face came in close contact with the spout of the boiling teakettle. The scalding steam barely missed my eye and blistered my brow a finger's breadth above it. With one eye gone, I fancy life would have looked quite different. Another time I was walking along one of the market streets of New York, when a heavy bale of hay, through the carelessness of some workman, dropped from thirty or forty feet above me and struck

the pavement at my feet. I heard angry words over the mishap, spoken by some one above me, but I only said to myself, "Lucky again!" I recall a bit of luck of a different kind when I was a Treasury clerk in Washington. I had started for the seashore for a week's vacation with a small roll of new greenbacks in my pocket. Shortly after the train had left the station I left my seat and walked through two or three of the forward cars looking for a friend who had agreed to join me. Not finding him, I retraced my steps, and as I was passing along through the car next my own I chanced to see a roll of new bills on the floor near the end of a seat. Instinctively feeling for my own roll of bills and finding it missing, I picked up the money and saw at a glance that it was mine. The near-by passengers eyed me in surprise, and I suspect began to feel in their own pockets, but I did not stop to explain and went to my seat startled but happy. I had missed my friend, but I might have missed something of more value to me just at that time.

A kind of untoward fate seems inherent in the characters of some persons and makes them the victims of all the ill luck on the road. Such a fate has not been mine; I have met all the good luck on the road. Some kindly influence has sent my best friends my way, or sent me their way. The best thing about me is that I have found a perennial interest in the common universal things which all may have on equal terms, and hence have found plenty to occupy and absorb me wherever I have been. If the earth and the sky are enough for one why should one sigh for other spheres?

The old farm must have had at least ten miles of stone walls upon it, many of them built new by father from stones picked up in the fields, and many of them relaid by him, or, rather, by his boys and hired men. Father was not skillful at any sort of craft work. He was a good plowman, a good mower and cradler, excellent with a team of oxen draw-

ing rocks, and good at most general farm work, but not an adept at constructing anything. Hiram was the mechanical genius of the family. He was a good wall layer, and skillful with edged tools. It fell to his lot to make the sleds, the stone boats, the hay rigging, the ax helves, the flails, to mend the cradles and rakes, to build the haystacks, and once, I remember, he rebuilt the churning machine. He was slow, but he hewed exactly to the line. Before and during my time on the farm father used to count on building forty or fifty rods of stone wall each year, usually in the spring and early summer. These were the only lines of poetry and prose father wrote. They are still very legible on the face of the landscape and cannot be easily erased from it. Gathered out of the confusion of nature, built up of fragments of the old Devonian rock and shale, laid with due regard to the wear and tear of time, well bottomed and well capped, establishing boundaries and defining possessions, etc., these lines of stone wall afford a good lesson in many things besides wall building. They are good literature and good philosophy. They smack of the soil; they have local color, they are a bit of chaos brought into order. When you deal with Nature only the square deal is worth while. How she searches for the vulnerable points in your structure, the weak places in your foundation, the defective material in your building!

The farmer's stone wall, when well built, stands about as long as he does. It begins to reel and look decrepit when he begins to do so. But it can be relaid and he cannot. One day I paused by the roadside to speak with an old man who was rebuilding a wall. "I laid this wall fifty years ago," he said. "When it is laid up again I shall not have the job!" He had stood up longer than had his wall.

A stone wall is the friend of all the wild creatures. It is a safe line of communication with all parts of the landscape. What do the chipmunks, red

squirrels, and weasels do in a country without stone fences? The woodchucks and the coons and foxes also use them.

It was my duty as a farm boy to help pick up the stone and pry up the rocks. I could put the bait under the lever, even if my weight on top of it did not count for much. The slow, patient, hulky oxen, how they would kink their tails, hump their backs, and throw their weight into the bows when they felt a heavy rock behind them and father lifted up his voice and laid on the "gad"! It was a good subject for a picture which, I think, no artist has ever painted. How many rocks we turned out of their beds, where they had slept since the great ice sheet tucked them up there, maybe a hundred thousand years ago—how wounded and torn the meadow or pasture looked, bleeding, as it were, in a score of places, when the job was finished! But the farther surgery of the plow and harrow, followed by the healing touch of the seasons, soon made all whole again.

The work on the farm in those days varied little from year to year. In winter the care of the cattle, the cutting of the wood, and the threshing of the oats and rye, filled the time. From the age of ten or twelve, till we were grown up, we went to school only in winter, doing the chores morning and evening, and engaging in general work every other Saturday, which was a holiday. Often my older brothers would have to leave school by three o'clock to get home to put up the cows in my father's absence. Those school days, how they come back to me!—the long walk cross lots through the snow—choked fields and woods, our narrow path so often obliterated by a fresh fall of snow; the cutting winds, the bitter cold, the snow squeaking beneath our frozen cowhide boots; our trousers' legs often tied down with tow strings to keep the snow from pushing them up above our boot tops; the wide, open, white landscape with its faint black lines of stone wall when we had passed the woods and began to dip down into West

Settlement Valley; the Smith boys and Bouton boys and Dart boys, afar off, threading the fields on their way to school, their forms etched on the white hillsides, one of the bigger boys, Ria Bouton, who had many chores to do, morning after morning running the whole distance, so as not to be late; the red schoolhouse in the distance by the roadside with the dark spot in its center made by the open door of the entryway; the creek in the valley, often choked with anchor ice, which our path crossed and into which I one morning slumped, reaching the schoolhouse with my clothes freezing upon me and the water gurgling in my boots; the boys and girls there, Jay Gould among them, two-thirds of them now dead and the living scattered from the Hudson to the Pacific; the teachers, now all dead; the studies, the games, the wrestlings, the baseball—all these things and more pass before me as I recall those long-gone days. Two years ago I hunted up one of those schoolmates in California whom I had not seen for over sixty years. She was my senior by seven or eight years, and I had a boy's remembrance of her fresh sweet face, her kindly eyes and gentle manners. I was greeted by a woman of eighty-two, with dimmed sight and dulled hearing, but instantly I recognized some vestiges of the charm and sweetness of my elder schoolmate of so long ago. No cloud was on her mind or memory, and for an hour we again lived among the old people and scenes.

What a roomful of pupils, many of them young men and women, there were during those winters, thirty-five or forty each day! In late years there are never more than five or six. The fountains of population are drying up more rapidly than are our streams. Of that generous roomful of young people, many became farmers, a few became business men, three or four became professional men, and only one, so far as I know, took to letters; and he, judged by his environment and antecedents, the last one you would have picked out for such a career.

You might have seen in Jay Gould's Jewish look, bright scholarship, and pride of manners some promise of an unusual career; but in the boy of his own age whom he was so fond of wrestling with and of having go home with him at night, but whose visits he would never return, what was there indicative of the future? Surely not much that I can now discover. Jay Gould, who became a sort of Napoleon of finance, early showed a talent for big business and power to deal with men. He had many characteristic traits which came out even in his walk. One day in New York, after more than twenty years since I had known him as a boy, I was walking up Fifth Avenue, when I saw a man on the other side of the street, more than a block away, coming toward me, whose gait arrested my attention like something I had known long before. Who can it be? I thought, and began to ransack my memory for a clew. I had seen that gait before. As the man came opposite me I saw he was Jay Gould. That walk in some subtle way differed from the walk of any other man I had known. It is a curious psychological fact that the two men outside my own family of whom I have oftenest dreamed in my sleep are Emerson and Jay Gould, one to whom I owe so much, the other to whom I owe nothing; one whose name I revere, the other whose name I associate, as does the world, with the dark way of speculative finance. The new expounders of the philosophy of dreams would probably tell me that I had a secret admiration for Jay Gould. If I have, it slumbers deeply in my subconscious self and awakens only when my conscious self sleeps.

But I set out to talk of the work on the farm. The threshing was mostly done in winter with the hickory flail, one shock of fifteen sheaves making a flooring. On the dry, cold days the grain shelled easily. After a flooring had been threshed over at least three times, the straw was bound up again in sheaves, the floor completely raked over and the grain banked up against the side of the

bay. When the pile became so large it was in the way, it was cleaned up—that is, run through the fanning mill, one of us shoveling in the grain, another turning the mill, and a third measuring the grain and putting it into bags or into the bins of the granary. One winter, when I was a small boy, Jonathan Scudder threshed for us in the barn on the hill. He was in love with my sister Olly Ann and wanted to make a good impression on the “old folks.” Every night at supper father would say to him, “Well, Jonathan, how many shock to-day?” and they grew more and more, until one day he reached the limit of fourteen and he was highly complimented on his day’s work. It made an impression on father, but it did not soften the heart of Olly Ann. The sound of the flail and the fanning mill is heard in the farmers’ barns no more. The power threshing machine that travels from farm to farm now does the job in a single day—a few hours of pandemonium, with now and then a hand or an arm crushed, in place of the days of leisurely swinging of the hickory flail.

The first considerable work in spring was sugar-making—always a happy time for me. Usually the last half of March, when rills from the melting snow began to come through the fields, the veins of the sugar maples began to thrill with the spring warmth. There was a general awakening about the farm at this time: the cackling of the hens, the bleating of young lambs and calves, and the wistful lowing of the cows. Earlier in the month the “sap spiles” had been overhauled, resharpened, and new ones made, usually from bass wood. In my time the sap gouge was used instead of the auger, and the manner of tapping was crude and wasteful. A slanting gash three or four inches long and a half inch or more deep was cut, and an inch below the lower end of this the gouge was driven in to make the place for the spile, a piece of wood two inches wide, shaped to the gouge, and a foot or more in length. It gave the tree a double and unnecessary

wound. The bigger the gash the more the sap, seemed to be the theory, as if the tree was a barrel filled with liquid, whereas a small wound made by a half-inch bit does the work just as well and is far less injurious to the tree.

When there came a bright morning, wind northwest and warm enough to begin to thaw by eight o’clock, the sugar-making utensils—pans, kettles, spiles, hogsheads—were loaded upon the sled and taken to the woods, and by ten o’clock the trees began to feel the cruel ax and gouge once more. It usually fell to my part to carry the pans and spiles for one of the tappers, Hiram or father, and to arrange the pans on a level foundation of sticks or stones, in position. Father often used to haggle the tree a good deal in tapping. “By Fagus!” he would say, “how awkward I am!” The rapid tinkle of those first drops of sap in the tin pan, how well I remember it! Probably the note of the first song sparrow or first bluebird, or the spring call of the nuthatch, sounded in unison. Usually only patches of snow lingered here and there in the woods and the earth-stained remnants of old drifts on the sides of the hills and along the stone walls. Those lucid warm March days in the naked maple woods under the blue sky, with the first drops of sap ringing in the pans, had a charm that does not fade from my mind.

After the trees were all tapped, two hundred and fifty of them, the big kettles were again set up in the old stone arch and the hogsheads in which to store the sap placed in position. By four o’clock many of the pans—milk pans from the dairy—would be full, and the gathering with neck yoke and pails began. When I was fourteen or fifteen I took a hand in this part of the work. It used to tax my strength to carry the two twelve-quart pails full through the rough places and up the steep banks in the woods and then lift them up and alternately empty them into the hogsheads without displacing the neck yoke. But I could do it. Now

all this work is done by the aid of a team and a pipe fastened on a sled. Before I was old enough to gather sap it fell to me to go to the barns and put in hay for the cows and help stable them. The next morning the boiling of the sap would begin, with Hiram in charge. The big, deep iron kettles were slow evaporators compared with the broad, shallow sheet-iron pans now in use. Profundity cannot keep up with shallowness in sugar-making; the more superficial your evaporator, within limits, the more rapid your progress. It took the farmers nearly a hundred years to find this out, or at least to act upon it.

At the end of a couple of days of hard boiling Hiram would "syrup off," having reduced two hundred pails of sap to five or six of syrup. The syringing off often occurred after dark. When the liquid dropped from a dipper which was dipped into it and held up in the cool air formed into stiff, thin masses, it had reached the stage of syrup. How we minded our steps over the rough path, in the semidarkness of the old tin lantern, in carrying those precious pails of syrup to the house, where the final process of "sugaring off" was to be completed by mother and Jane!

The sap runs came at intervals of several days. Two or three days would usually end one run. A change in the weather to below freezing would stop the flow, and a change to much warmer would check it. The fountains of sap are let loose by frosty sunshine. Frost in the ground, or on it in the shape of snow, and the air full of sunshine are the most favorable conditions. A certain chill and crispness, something crystalline, in the air are necessary. A touch of enervating warmth from the south, or a frigidity from the north, and the trees feel it through their thick bark coats very quickly. Between the temperatures of thirty-five to fifty they get in their best work. After we have had one run ending in rain and warmth, a fresh fall of snow—"sap snow" the farmers call such—will give us another run. Three or four

good runs make a long and successful season. My boyhood days in the spring sugar bush were my most enjoyable on the farm. How I came to know each one of those two hundred and fifty trees—what a distinct sense of individuality seemed to adhere to most of them—as much so as to each cow in a dairy! I knew at which trees I would be pretty sure to find a full pan and at which ones a less amount. One huge tree always gave a cream pan full—a double measure—while the others were filling an ordinary pan. This was known as "the old cream-pan tree." Its place has long been vacant; about half the others are still standing, but with the decrepitude of age appearing in their tops; a new generation of maples has taken the place of the vanished veterans.

While tending the kettles there beside the old arch in the bright, warm March or April days, with my brother, or while he had gone to dinner, looking down the long valley and off over the curving backs of the distant mountain ranges, what dreams I used to have, what vague longings, and, I may say, what happy anticipations! I am sure I gathered more than sap and sugar in those youthful days amid the maples. When I visit the old home now I have to walk up to the sugar bush and stand around the old "boiling place," trying to transport myself back into the magic atmosphere of that boyhood time. The man has his dreams, too, but to his eyes the world is not steeped in romance as it is to the eyes of youth.

One springtime in the sugar season my cousin Gib Kelly, a boy of my own age, visited me, staying two or three days. (He died last fall.) When he went away I was minding the kettles in the woods, and as I saw him crossing the bare fields in the March sunshine, his steps bent toward the distant mountains, I still remember what a sense of loss came over me, his comradeship had so brightened my enjoyment of the beautiful days. He seemed to take my whole world with him, and on that and

the following day I went about my duties in the sap bush in a wistful and pensive mood I had never before felt. I early showed the capacity for comradeship. A boy friend could throw the witchery of romance over everything. Oh, the enchanted days with my youthful mates! And I have not entirely outgrown that early susceptibility. There are persons in the world whose comradeship can still transmute the baser metal of commonplace scenes and experiences into the purest gold of romance for me. It is probably my idiosyncrasies that explain all this.

Another unforgettable passion of comradeship in my youth I experienced toward the son of a cousin, a boy four or five years old, or about half my own age. One spring his mother and he were visiting at our house eight or ten days. The child was very winsome and we soon became inseparable companions. He was like a visitation from another sphere. I frequently carried him on my back, and my boy's heart opened to him more and more each day. One day we started to come down a rather steep pair of stairs from the hog-pen chamber; I had stepped down a few steps and reached out to take little Harry in my arms as he stood on the floor at the head of the stairs, and carry him down, when in his joy he gave a spring and toppled me over with him in my arms and we brought up at the bottom with our heads against some solid timbers. It was a severe shake-up, but hurt my heart more than it did my head because the boy was badly bruised. The event comes back to me as if it was but yesterday. For weeks after his departure I longed for him day and night and the experience still shines like a star in my boyhood life. I never saw him again until two years ago when, knowing he lived there, a practicing physician, I hunted him up in San Francisco, California. I found him a sedate, gray-haired man, with no hint, of course, of the child I had known and loved more than sixty years before. It has been my experience on

several occasions to hunt up friends of my youth after the elapse of more than half a century. Last spring I had a letter from a pupil of mine in the first school I ever taught, 1854 or '55. I had not seen or heard from him in all those years when he recalled himself to my mind. The name I had not forgotten, Roswell Beach, but the face I had. Only two weeks ago, being near his town, it occurred to me to look him up. I did so and was shocked to find him on his deathbed. Too weak to raise his head from his pillow, he yet threw his arms around me and spoke my name many times with marked affection. He died a few days later. I was to him what some of my old teachers were to me—stars that never set below my horizon.

My boyish liking for girls was quite different from my liking for boys—there was little or no sense of comradeship in it. When I was eight or nine years old there was one girl in the school toward whom I felt very partial, and I thought she reciprocated till one day I suddenly saw how little she cared for me. The teacher had forbidden us to put our feet upon the seats in front of us. In a spirit of rebellion, I suppose, when the teacher was not looking, I put my brown, soil-stained bare feet upon the forbidden seat. Polly quickly spoke up and said, "Teacher, Johnny Burris put his feet on the seat." What a blow it was to me, for her to tell on me! Like a cruel frost those words nipped the tender buds of my affection and they never sprouted again. Years after, her younger brother married my younger sister, and maybe that unkind cut of our school days kept me from marrying Polly. I had other puppy loves, but they all died a natural death.

But let me get back to the farm work.

The gathering of the things in the sugar bush, when the flow of sap had stopped, usually fell to Eden and me. We would carry the pans and spiles together in big piles, where the oxen and sled could reach them. Then when they were taken to the house it was mother's

and sister's task to get them ready for the milk.

The drawing out of the manure and the spring plowing were the next things in order on the farm. I took a hand in the former but not in the latter. The spreading of the manure that had been drawn out and placed in heaps in the fields during the winter often fell to me. I remember that I did not bend my back to the work very willingly, especially when the cattle had been bedded with long rye straw, but there were compensations. I could lean on my fork handle and gaze at the spring landscape; I could see the budding trees and listen to the songs of the early birds and maybe catch the note of the first swallow in the air overhead. The farm boy always has the whole of nature at his elbow and he is usually aware of it.

When, armed with my long-handled "knocker," I used to be sent forth in the April meadows to beat up and scatter the fall droppings of the cows—the Juno's cushions, as Irving named them—I was in much more congenial employment. Had I known the game of golf in those days I should probably have looked upon this as a fair substitute. To stand the big cushions up on edge and with a real golfer's swing hit them with my mallet and see the pieces fly was more like play than work. Oh, then it was April and I felt the rising tide of spring in my blood, and a bit of free activity like this under the blue sky suited my humor. A boy likes almost any work that affords him an escape from routine and humdrum and has an element of play in it. Turning the grindstone or the fanning mill or carrying together sheaves or picking up potatoes, or carrying in wood, were duties that were a drag upon my spirits.

The spring plowing and the sowing of the grain and harrowing fell mainly to father and my older brothers. The spring work was considered done when the oats were sown and the corn and potatoes planted—the first in early May, the latter in late May. The buckwheat

was not sown until late June. One farmer would ask another, "How many oats are you going to sow, or have you sown?" not how many acres. "Oh, fifteen or twenty bushels."

The working of the roads came in June after the crops were in. All hands summoned by the "path master" would meet at a given date, at the end of the district down by the old stone school-house—men and boys with oxen, horses, scrapers, hoes, crowbars—and begin repairing the highway. It was not strenuous work, but a kind of holiday that we all enjoyed more or less. The road got fixed after a fashion, here and there—a bridge mended, a ditch cleaned out, the loose stones removed, a hole filled up, or a short section "turnpiked"—but the days were eight-hour days and they did not sit heavy upon us. The state does it much better now with road machinery and a few men. Once or twice a year father used to send me with a hoe to throw the loose stones out of the road.

A pleasanter duty during those years was shooting chipmunks around the corn. These little rodents were so plentiful in my youth that they used to pull up the sprouting corn around the margin of the field near the stone walls. Armed with the old flintlock musket, sometimes loaded with a handful of hard peas, I used to haunt the edges of the cornfield, watching for the little striped-backed culprits. How remorselessly I used to kill them! In those days there were a dozen where there is barely one now. The woods literally swarmed with them, and when beechnuts and acorns were scarce they were compelled to poach upon the farmers' crops. It was to reduce them and other pests that shooting matches were held. Two men would choose sides, as in the spelling matches; seven or eight or more were on a side, and the side that brought in the most trophies at the end of the week won and the losing side had to pay for the supper at the village hotel for the whole crowd. A chipmunk's tail counted one; a red squirrel's, three; a gray squirrel's,

still more. Hawks' heads and owls' heads counted as high as ten, I think. Crows' heads also counted pretty high. One man who had little time to hunt engaged me to help him, offering me so much per dozen units. I remember that I found up in the sap bush a brood of young screech owls just out of the nest and I killed them all. That man is still owing me for those owls. What a lot of motley heads and tails were brought in at the end of the week! I never saw them, but I wish I had. Repeated shooting matches of this kind in different parts of the state so reduced the small, wild life, especially the chipmunks, that it has not yet recovered, and probably never will.

In those days the farmer's hand was against nearly every wild thing. We used to shoot and trap crows and hen hawks and small hawks as though they were our mortal enemies. Farmers were wont to stand up poles in their meadows and set steel traps on the top of them to catch the hen hawks that came for the meadow mice which were damaging their meadows. The hen hawk is so named because he rarely or never catches a hen or a chicken. He is a mouser. We used to bait the hungry crows in spring with "deacon" legs and shoot them without mercy, and all because they now and then pulled a little corn, forgetting or not knowing of the grubs and worms they pulled and the grasshoppers they ate. But all this is changed and now our sable friends and the high-soaring hawks are seldom molested. The fool with a rifle is very apt to shoot an eagle if the chance comes to him, but he has to be very sly about it.

The buttercups and the daisies would be blooming when we were working the road and the timothy grass about ready to do so—pointing to the near approach of the great event of the season, the one major task toward which so many other things pointed—"hayings," the gathering of our hundred or more tons of meadow hay. This was always a hard-

fought campaign; our weapons were gotten ready in due time—new scythes and new snaths, new rakes and new forks, the hay riggings repaired or built anew, etc. Shortly after the Fourth of July the first assault upon the legions of timothy would be made in the lodged grass below the barn. Our scythes would turn up great swaths that nearly covered the ground and that put our strength to a severe test. When noon came we would go to the house with shaking knees.

The first day of haying meant nearly a whole day with the scythe, and was the most trying of all. After that a half day mowing, when the weather was good, meant work in curing and hauling each afternoon. From the first day in early July till the end of August we lived for the hayfield. No respite except on rainy days and Sundays, and no change except from one meadow to another. No eight-hour days then, rather twelve or fourteen, including the milking. No horse rakes, no mowing machines or hay tedders or loading or pitching devices then. The scythe, the hand rake, the pitchfork in the calloused hands of men and boys did the work, occasionally the women even taking a turn with the rake or in mowing away. I remember the first wire-toothed horse rake with its two handles which, when the day was hot and the grass heavy, nearly killed both man and horse. The holder would throw his weight upon it to make it grip and hold the hay, and then, in a spasm of energy, lift it up and make it drop the hay. From this rude instrument, through various types of wooden and revolving rakes, the modern wheeled rake, where the raker rides at his ease, has been evolved. At this season the cows were brought to the yard by or before five, breakfast was at six, lunch in the field at ten, dinner at twelve, and supper at five, with milking and hay drawing and heaping up till sundown. Those midforenoon lunches of mother's good rye bread and butter, with crullers or gingerbread, and in August a fresh,

green cucumber and a sweating jug of water fresh from the spring—sweating, not as we did, because it was hot, but because it was cold—partaken under an ash or a maple tree—how sweet and fragrant the memory of it all is to me!

Till I reached my teens it was my task to spread hay and to rake after; later I took my turn with the mowers and pitchers. I never loaded, hence I never pitched over the big beam. How father watched the weather! The rain that makes the grass ruins the hay. If the morning did not promise a good hay day our scythes would be ground but hung back in their places. When a thunderstorm was gathering in the west and much hay was ready for hauling, how it quickened our steps and our strokes! It was the sound of the guns of the approaching foe. In one hour we would do, or try to do, the work of two.

How the wagon would rattle over the road, how the men would mop their faces, and how I, while hurrying, would secretly exult that now I would have an hour to finish my crossbow or to work on my pond in the pasture lot!

Those late summer afternoons after the shower—what man who has spent his youth on the farm does not recall them! The high-piled thunderheads of the retreating storm above the eastern mountains, the moist, fresh smell of the hay and the fields, the red puddles in the road, the robins singing from the treetops, the washed and cooler air and the welcomed feeling of relaxation which they brought. It was a good time now to weed the garden, to grind the scythes and do other odd jobs.

When the haying was finished, usually late in August, in my time, there was usually a let-up for a few days.

(To be continued.)

THE WHITE THOUGHT

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

WHEN yesterday I felt the smart
Of the shrewd north, its bitter glee,
I took a white thought to my heart,
And bade it comfort me.

“Patience!” it whispered in my ear
(Its words were sweeter than a lyre!)
“The turning of the road is near,
The dawn of your desire!”

And so, content, I bide the hour,
And the rich guerdon it will bring—
Out of the winter’s dearth the flower
And loveliness of spring.

MANY INTENTIONS

BY ALEXANDER PORTERFIELD

Mr. Charles Augustus Dampierre was a modest young man of eight-and-twenty who thought little of golf, but a good deal about greatness; indeed, it was Mr. Dampierre's avowed intention to accomplish prodigious things in the world, and this was no mere gesture against the universe. The business was begun, and the composition of a comedy of modern manners, in three acts, decided upon as the most likely vehicle to greatness; and thus it was—though somewhat indirectly—that Mr. Dampierre happened to spend a week-end with the Harcourt Snellings, at their little place in Sussex.

Now it had not been in his original scheme of things, upon leaving London one bright April afternoon, to spend the week-end with the Harcourt Snellings or with anybody else, but there is something odd and uncertain about the best intentions—they are so apt to go astray. Mr. Dampierre's intentions were of the best; he fled from London (when no man or woman pursued him) for the express and admirable purposes of walking across the downs and thinking out the details of his imminent contribution to the contemporary drama; and across the downs, a little south of Dorking, he started, smoking a pipe and thinking valiantly, if rather vaguely, about Shakespeare and Sheridan and Sir A. Pinero. Spring was early; a tremendous number of larks sang overhead; and in the hollows, where the slanting sunshine was a rich, submerging glamour, oaks and beeches were already masses of foamingly golden foliage. The ground was soft and springy underfoot. The wind—well, with that clear breath of distant surf in one's face, ideas in hurried multitudes followed one another through

one's mind in rapid succession. It blew away the cobwebs.

After half an hour's walking Mr. Dampierre experienced a sudden alarm. Would he be able to remember so many gay, eventful ideas when he came to jot them down in that little inn where he planned to spend the night? Should he stop and make a note of them? Or trust to luck? . . . He came to a perplexed halt and looked up questioningly at the sky.

What did all that cloud stuff on the horizon portend? And then the wind—now was there or was there not a certain suspicious iciness about it?

But his preoccupation had made him rather careless. In another minute he was thinking about his play again and striding ahead recklessly, wandering farther and farther through the gorse, away from the track. He forgot about the clouds banking up threateningly upon the horizon—black, formidable clouds which could mean only one thing. And then, very suddenly and in great astonishment, he looked upward once more.

Rain! Rain, and not the sign of a house for miles!

Mr. Dampierre turned up the collar of his jacket and continued his way through the gorse, but rather more quickly; in fact, he began to run, and succeeded in falling promptly into an old trench dug during those enthusiastic days of the late war and never filled in, a very deep, muddy trench out of which it required not merely persistence, but a kind of low cunning, to climb.

It was then raining perceptibly. . . .

"My dear, I don't think that young Masterman is going to turn up at all," said Lady Eva Snelling to her husband,

as they stood at a window of her drawing-room late that afternoon, watching the downs withdrawing slowly into the growing dark and the rain, "and I don't know *what* we can do. We're a man short."

"A man short, dear?" repeated Mr. Harcourt Snelling. "By Jove! think of that!"

"I am," said Lady Eva, shortly.

Mr. Harcourt Snelling peered hopefully out into the deepening mistiness of that wet April twilight. "I say, dear, couldn't we—er—couldn't we jolly well call up somebody on the phone?" he suggested. "Gladsby, for instance, or—"

Lady Eva interrupted him gloomily. "Many are called, but *few* are cozened—on a Friday night," she said. "But what on earth is that?" she exclaimed, imme-

diately, "*that*, over there by the rhododendrons?"

"What? Where?"

"*There*, just by those larger rhododendrons!"

As a matter of fact it happened to be Mr. Dampierre, who had contrived to climb out of the trench into which he had fallen, and who, after an hour or so of stumbling savagely through the dark and that steady downpour of rain, was trespassing across the rather cluttered-up lawns of the Harcourt Snelling's place with a disastrous and zigzagging indifference to shrubbery and freshly turned flower beds astounding to behold.

"I don't care a damn who it is!" exclaimed Mr. Snelling, furiously. "He's not goin' to wander over my flower beds *that* way. Hi, sir! You! What the devil are you doin'?"



"DO FORGIVE US! MY HUSBAND THOUGHT YOU WERE A POACHER"

This through the hurriedly opened window.

As it was, Mr. Dampierre was inwardly smoldering with blasphemies. He had lost his stick in that confounded trench and his cap in the course of certain further misadventures among some loose coils of unperceived barbed wire, and his temper with it. He had been betrayed by the weather and was wet to the skin and very cold and muddy. But to be shouted at, as if one were a tramp—or worse!—

There were recriminations. . . .

"I'll—I'll have him committed! I'll telephone for the police at once; he's undoubtedly a very dangerous ruffian!" shouted Mr. Harcourt Snelling, and started to ring for the servants with extraordinary violence. "I'll—I'll—"

"Stop, please," said Lady Eva, suddenly. She peered into the window at the dim, threatening figure. "I seem to recognize that voice," she explained, uneasily. "It—it sounds like Mr. Masterman's!"

"Masterman!"

Silence.

"Is—is that *you*, Mr. Masterman?" said Lady Eva, anxiously.

"No, it isn't!" replied Mr. Dampierre, vindictively, "and if this is the way you usually receive him I don't wonder it isn't!"

"Then go away, sir!" the indignant Mr. Snelling broke out again, bending out of the window and shaking his fist at Mr. Dampierre, "or I'll call the police!"

"Go away!" shouted Mr. Dampierre, in return, instantly losing all pretence of self-possession. "Go away! What do you think I'm trying to do—*stay* out here in this infernal rain all night?"

There were a good many people staying with the Harcourt Snellings that week-end: Mr. Willetts and Lady Crummits, the Easton Smiths and the Gerald Trelawneys, and Miss Lily de Lisle. Mr. Masterman ought to have been among that gay number, but that young

man happened to have been detained in town, and therefore Lady Eva found herself a man short and Miss de Lisle had retired to her room with the feeling that all was not particularly right with the world that week-end.

She was a slight, bright-eyed, and rather cheerfully maladroit young lady with an unfortunate idea of tact, a good deal of nervous courage, and a great enthusiasm for her great profession. It was, however, for a remarkable idea of tact that she stood out notably among all other young ladies. Indeed, it was something more than remarkable, that idea of tact of hers—an extraordinary blending of good intention and indiscretion, with an added ingredient of misunderstanding, which, as a rule, was rarely regarded in the spirit in which it was exercised.

There appeared to be a particularly good opportunity for this just then. Those angry voices!—that astonishing ringing of bells!—and then Lady Eva's high, well-bred voice!—and then that shouting!—

Hastily she pulled on a kimono and hurried to the window, sponge in hand, and peeked out excitedly between the curtains. She could see nothing—but those voices! Some one was swearing from the largest flower bed, swearing vigorously and very effectively.

Miss de Lisle leaned slightly forward in her excitement and immediately dropped her sponge. It was an ample, expensive sponge, a pale, golden-colored thing clearly visible even in that gloominess of dusk where it lodged in the branches of a mulberry tree, directly under her windows. She could see it quite plainly. And then it occurred to her that she recognized the voice which seemed to come from the middle of that largest flower bed.

"Mr. Dampierre!" she called, in a clear, low voice, which was perfectly firm and perfectly audible; then, bending a little farther out of the window, "Mr. Dampierre, is anything the matter?"



"WE'VE HAD SUCH AN EXCITING WALK"

A second but rather more ominous silence.

"Mr. Dampierre!"

Still that extraordinary silence.

"Mr. Dampierre! I've dropped my sponge out of the window and it's lodged just below me in a mulberry tree—at least, I think it's a mulberry tree—and I wonder if you'd mind getting it for me?"

Mr. Dampierre swore softly but very fluently under his breath.

"You seem to know Mr. Harcourt Snelling and Lady Eva already," continued Miss de Lisle, ignoring the prolonged silence tactfully and being only gay and gracious, "but I'm afraid you don't remember me. I'm Lily de Lisle."

Lily de Lisle! Now who in heaven was Lily de Lisle?

And then he remembered, vaguely and with exasperated indifference, but he was beyond coherent speech. He stood hatless in the dark, staring up at that window from which he had been addressed with a numbed stupefaction. He was faintly conscious of more voices:

"What! *Haven't* you met Mr. Dampierre? Oh, *how* extraordinary! Mr. Harcourt Snelling and Lady Eva. . . ."

Then a very penetrating tone cut these confused sounds with the precision of a razor: "My dear Mr. Dampierre, do forgive us! My husband thought you were a poacher. Please come in and let us try to explain, anyway."

Explain!

"Explain and apologize," continued Lady Eva, briskly. "I'm sure you'd like a whisky and soda. You must be simply *soaked*."

"And don't forget my sponge!" cried Miss de Lisle.

It occurred to Mr. Dampierre that evening, as he climbed into a pair of his host's pajamas in front of a thoughtful fire, that seldom, if ever, had he met a more exasperating young lady than Miss de Lisle. She was pretty, but she did not even pretend to listen to what one said to her. And the things *she* said! She seemed to rejoice in saying silly things—the sillier the better.

It had been an abominable evening.

One irritation had followed close upon the heels of another, and, while he had no idea where he was or how he could get anywhere else that night, he regretted the mood of unwary weakness in which he had let Lady Eva persuade him to stay overnight—though one cannot battle with the elements and forgotten bits of martial ingenuity all night trying to find an inn.

But almost anything would have been better than that dinner. Lady Crummits he knew before and detested. The Easton Smiths could talk of nothing but golf, and he despised golf! The high voice of his hostess irritated him to such a point that he did not dare allow himself the liberal though somewhat relaxing quantity of port he liked. The cigars had been bad, astonishingly bad. Mr. Dampierre could not smoke Egyptian cigarettes, and, of course, Mr. Snelling had nothing else. Those Virginias in his own case were ruined; but worse—much worse—than all these vexations was the fact that instantly after dinner he found himself at a bridge table with his hostess, Mr. Willetts, and Miss de Lisle, and unable, therefore, to jot down those many splendid thoughts about his play which had come to him earlier in the day.

Under the pretense of writing a letter, he had asked for note paper before he escaped to his own room, and to remember those brilliant ideas. . . . That thing about the duke—now, what on earth had *that* been? Something very witty and ironical, of course; he remembered he had laughed heartily when it occurred to him; still, what exactly was it?

He wanted a cigarette, not one of those beastly fat Egyptian things, but a decent Virginia. . . . How could anybody write—or try to write—when one wants to smoke and can't? Besides, what on earth could he write about?

Nothing!

Internally, Mr. Dampierre was a well of deepening but barren blasphemies.

That glimmering of a plot, the char-

acters, the stinging ironies, everything—everything he had thought of, in fact—was gone, vanished in an extraordinary miasma which slowly but surely resembled Miss de Lisle. It was more than extraordinary; it was intolerable. He began to feel a growingly vindictive desire to pay back Miss de Lisle for her intrusion into his reflections—for meddling in his affairs, because, of course, if she hadn't dropped her confounded sponge out of the window . . . Well, it was no use thinking about *that*. He would have been sitting in some upstairs room of a small but comfortable inn, writing down all those ideas of that afternoon—those crowded, glowing ideas!

Then a sudden thought struck him—one of those clear, unexpected pieces of pure inspiration which come to a man once in a lifetime.

Of course! *That* was it!

Here indeed was a play ready-made to his hand—plot, characters, everything! The perfect comedy of modern manners. As if in a glass (but by no means darkly) he perceived the whole tremendous thing—the gay and imbecile procession skillfully caricatured, satirized, brilliantly drawn—Lady Eva, Miss de Lisle, those confounded Easton Smiths with their chatter about greens and stymies and heaven knows what—everybody, and especially Miss de Lisle, with her bright-eyed imbecility and cheerful indiscretions! He resolved to put them all in—every one of them.

"Oh, I'll jolly well get my own back!" he exclaimed, savagely.

He prowled excitedly about the room, and presently sat down again and commenced to write, in a rapid, fluent hand:

MY LADY MAKES THE RUNNING

A COMEDY OF MOODS AND MANNERS

ACT I

The morning room of Lady MacGregor Wood's country house, near Epsom. . . .

He was tired when he came down to

breakfast, but in a tremendous good temper; he felt oddly grateful to Lady Eva and Miss de Lisle and everybody else in the actualities of April sunshine—in tweeds they all seemed too good to be true. He hoped they would all say silly sorts of things about golf and the weather which he could jot down immediately afterward. If he could manage to be polite and attentive, so he might be able to hang on with the Harcourt Snellings another day or two. . . .

He apologized profusely. "Had an excellent night," he said, truthfully, as he shook hands with his hostess. "Too excellent, I'm afraid—"

"Better late than never," replied Lady Eva. "Tea or coffee?"

She waved a milk jug blandly in his direction, and Mr. Dampierre elected tea.

"Coffee is poisonous stuff," remarked Mr. Snelling, as he looked up from the *Times*. "No man can play a decent game of golf who drinks coffee; it kills his nerves. Now a professional at St. Andrews told me once . . ."

"Do you play golf, Mr. Dampierre?" asked Lady Eva.

Mr. Dampierre was about to remark firmly that he did not, when Miss de Lisle intervened gayly in that conversation.

"Oh no! Mr. Dampierre *writes* things. Plays, isn't it, Mr. Dampierre?"

"Of course. The quill is mightier than the club, isn't it?" said Lady Eva.

"Yes, it's almost a law, really," said Miss de Lisle, "the better you are at being odd or intelligent the more idiotic you are at games."

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Easton Smith. "And they say the new Chancellor of the Exchequer's a very clever man. Do you know," he asked Mr. Dampierre, nervously, "if he plays golf?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Mr. Dampierre.

"I thought you might. You see, I've a theory that if one's rates and taxes were decided rather on the lines of one's handicap at golf— Well, the battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, you know."

"*Was* it?" asked Miss de Lisle, suddenly. "I—I thought it was won in Belgium or Holland or some place near Hamburg."

Mr. Easton Smith hurriedly explained that he spoke metaphorically.

"Oh, I see! Just as you might say that Vimy Ridge was captured by the Canadians at Upper Canada College."

"Or Passchendæle," said Mr. Dampierre, with a guilty feeling that it was



MR. DAMPIERRE SAT UP VERY SUDDENLY. "LILY DE LISLE?" HE REPEATED

slightly unworthy of the usual high canons of his satire, "near Stoke Poges."

Mr. Harcourt Snelling looked up from his copy of the *Times*. "Stoke Poges?" he repeated, doubtfully. "Stoke Poges? Eton, my dear fellow, is nowhere near Stoke Poges."

"I knew a man at Stoke Poges once," said Miss de Lisle, "who liked pigs as pets. He used to say"—she paused and considered Mr. Dampierre delicately—"scratch a pig and find a person." And then, very brightly, "Do you still go on writing plays, Mr. Dampierre?"

She spoke as if there were some association of ideas between the two; but then, most actresses seemed to think that, silly idiots! He made no answer, however, and thought consolingly about his play. He laughs best . . .

Still, it was getting to be not merely dull, but disagreeable. Mr. Dampierre was conscious that his toleration was leaking away rather too rapidly through innumerable little irritations. That confounded air of patronage, for instance! And all that infernal nonsense about the Alma having been won upon the golf links at St. Andrews! Silly idiots! He foresaw that he would have to preserve a strict and unending vigilance if he hoped to get through the day without losing all semblance of self-command. Then he perceived that Lady Eva was speaking to him.

"Don't you play golf, Mr. Dampierre?"

"Do you hunt, Mr. Dampierre?"

"Don't you like tennis, Mr. Dampierre?"

These questions further exasperated Mr. Dampierre. He did not play golf and he detested people who did; they could talk of nothing else. He did not play tennis. He loathed hunting, and wanted to say so, but of course the sensible thing to do was to pretend at least a certain toleration, so that he could hang on a little longer and study such imbecility rather more thoroughly. But it was going to be difficult; in fact,

he was beginning to see that it was going to be very difficult indeed.

"But, God bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Easton Smith, in that immense astonishment of one who has stood silent upon a peak in Darien long enough, observing a new and extraordinary ocean. "Not—*not* golf?" And then, "But why not?"

Then Miss de Lisle, blithely commanded his services for the rest of the morning in order to talk about the theater, which was somewhat better than golf, but which in her hands became a fearful and infuriating subject of conversation. Mr. Dampierre ceased to make little mental notes to be put into black and white later. The pent-up irritations of the day bubbled inside that supremely distracted young man until he felt he was approaching the point of suffocation. Or bursting. That was it, he felt almost bursting.

She spoke to a man who was rapidly approaching the importance of Congreve with the condescension of the late Mrs. Siddons speaking to a stage carpenter. She talked about Shaw and Sudermann as if they were schoolboys out on their holidays. And she was so slim and proud and radiant to see, strolling through the bright April sunshine, with a delicate lit glamour upon her hair, her lips, her hands, and in her clear, unperplexed blue eyes. In his incipient comedy he could see her passing from act to act, in her extraordinary beauty and imbecility, if he could only transfer her bodily into the thing! But human endurance, after all, has certain limits.

He decided that he would abandon everything by luncheon, and fly. . . .

"Shall we walk over toward the golf links?" asked Miss de Lisle, after a prolonged silence. "It's quite a pretty walk and we shall see everybody."

Another and rather more prolonged pause.

"How do you *think* of your plays?" asked Miss de Lisle, presently. "I'm sure I could write a splendid play—only



"GOOD!" CRIED THE FAT MAN, INDIGNANTLY. "WHY, SHE'S IMMENSE!"

I'm never able to think of anything to write about."

She looked at the dark, scattered woody spaces of the Weald in sudden preoccupation.

"I've always wanted to play *Mona Lisa*," she said; "something romantic and subtle and mysterious, you know, like the *Mona Lisa* or *Joan of Arc*."

And then, noticing for the first time that he was silent and staring distantly at the downs, she said: "Are *you* thinking about a play like that? With a part *I* could play, very strange and inscrutable and beautiful?"

Strange and inscrutable and beautiful!

Idiot! What could anybody say to such an infernal piece of silliness!

Mr. Dampierre swore savagely, but to himself.

"I think I must have discovered your secret," she cried, delightedly, with a miraculously added glamour in her eyes and on her lips and hair a petal-like

face, "but I'll keep it faithfully. Of course, I won't say a *word*, not a word—to anyone."

They climbed silently over a stile and made a somewhat preoccupied passage across a field of quiet browsing sheep to a smooth green spot where a little red flag fluttered gayly in the sunshine. Mr. Willetts and Mr. Easton Smith, with enormous solemnity and under the critical observation of a very small caddy, were studying the grass. Beyond, in astonishingly delicate detail, were houses, fields shut in by tidy hedgerows, dark wooded stretches, here and there the gleam of open water, a church spire, and a great many sheep. Mr. Dampierre wondered if that soft blur against the horizon could be Chanctonbury. . . .

"Well, *that* saves me," remarked Mr. Easton, in thick satisfaction, holing his ball from a distance of ten yards or more.

Mr. Willetts regarded the intruders glumly. "Go ahead," he said to Mr. Easton Smith, adding, with a significant glance at Miss de Lisle and Mr. Dampierre, "and at the *next* hole—"

But Miss de Lisle was displaying symptoms of great conversational urgency, and Mr. Smith rested on his club and looked at her patiently.

"We've—we've had *such* an exciting walk," she started, breathlessly, "and Mr. Dampierre's told me all about his new play; but I've promised not to tell anybody else about it, as it's a great secret."

Mr. Dampierre scowled distantly at the downs in desperation which threatened to be disastrous. And then he heard Mr. Smith's suave voice: "Capital! I'm sure we'll all be int'rested—very int'rested indeed—in it. But I suppose you'll be back for luncheon?"

"For luncheon? Why, of course!"

"Then we'll hear all about it there," said Mr. Smith, and addressed his ball.

But the sudden recollection of a pressing engagement—he had been thinking up some tremendous lie all morning, in his heart of hearts, which would enable him to escape from the Harcourt Snellings without too marked an incivility—prevented either Mr. Easton Smith or anybody else from hearing Mr. Dampierre disclose the particularly interesting details of his new play.

Lady Eva was tearfully insistent.

"But, my dear Mr. Dampierre, you

can't—really, you *can't*—leave us like this. It's—it's *too* unkind!"

"And your play! Surely you're not going without telling us more about your play," said Miss de Lisle. "We're—we're all so excited about it!"

"Good-by," said Lady Eva. "You must let us know about your play. Remember, we're all frightfully

interested, Mr. Dampierre. Don't forget under any circumstance to let us know *all* about it."

"I won't," said Mr. Dampierre, grimly.

And quite as grimly he resolved that he indeed would not forget—anything or anyone!



W. MORRIS

"OH, I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH"

made a comedy put on by Mr. Gadgetts notable. He went in for the soft, subdued, rather smothered result of candle-light, or late-lingering twilights. Everybody remembers his production of "The Flight that Failed." Or "The Decreased Wife's Sister." "The Importance of Being Anything." These were a few of his more remarkable achievements.

A bubbling elation filled Mr. Dam-

Mr. Lionel Gadgetts was a producer of the more austere intellectual sort and his specialty was comedy, of the modern social variety, very brilliantly done things with odd, expensive effects of extreme simplicity. The lighting alone

pierre to the very brim of his being. He wore a large flower in his buttonhole. In fact, his outward and visible person corresponded exquisitely with his inner and spiritual self; he strolled briskly in the direction of the Attic Theater, a well-rolled umbrella under one arm, his hat tilted jauntily to one side of his head, splendidly brushed and barbered and careless, with an air of gay, prosperous importance perceptible in his entire essential being. He was going to see Mr. Gadgets about the cast of "My Lady Makes the Running," which that distinguished actor-manager proposed to produce shortly, and an enthusiasm which was like some rare, ineffable fluid seemed to flow from him.

Mr. Gadgets greeted him warmly; indeed, the interior of his dimly lit but delightful offices seemed a fitting background for so rich, so well-ordered an enthusiasm as Mr. Dampierre's. No doubt Mr. Gadgets perceived that fact—he perceived most things, in spite of a marked uncertainty of manner. He offered cigars and a whisky and soda—no, by Jove! a bottle of champagne (Bollinger, 1911, if you please)—and these things were balm of Gilead to the rising dramatist.

"And now for the bothersome business of getting these parts fixed up," said Mr. Gadgets, finally.

Bothersome! With such cigars—and Bollinger, 1911?

"Look here," said Mr. Gadgets. "I've thought of almost everybody in London for the leading role, but I can't make up my mind."

Mr. Dampierre puffed thoughtfully at his Larranaga.

"There's Mrs. Blackley" continued Mr. Gadgets, "but she's old—ninety, old boy, if she's a day."

"But good, dam' good," said Mr. Dampierre.

Those splendidly heavy curtains! That dignified furniture! All those richly framed photographs, and that paneling and great, many-cushioned sofa in front of the enormous fireplace, and

the discreetly shaded lights! *What* an admirable place to discuss the casting of his play! Mr. Dampierre again puffed contentedly at his cigar and let his gaze rest upon Mr. Lionel Gadgets' thin, intellectual face.

"Good, of course," said that great manager. "Very good, but going. . . . Now, what we want is some one like Miss St. George, only rather different."

"There's Rosemary Rector," suggested Mr. Dampierre.

Mr. Gadgets coughed slightly, yet significantly, and looked upward at the ceiling.

"There's Gertrude Hilton—or Helen West."

Great names, these; they seemed to fill the room like stiffly embroidered and puissant banners, and from where he lounged in his immense, deeply upholstered armchair Mr. Dampierre felt not merely the captain of his own particular soul, but the commander-in-chief of everybody else's.

"Oh, they're both good," he said, and added, loftily, "but *old!*"

"You've said it," said Mr. Gadgets, who had been in America.

And he went on to explain that what they really wanted was some bright, hitherto unexploited young actress of astonishing ability and beauty—some one who would carry the part with debonair defiance and adroit skill—like Lily de Lisle, for instance.

Mr. Dampierre sat up very suddenly.

"Lily—Lily de Lisle?" he repeated.

That Miss de Lisle?

"She happens to be resting," said Mr. Gadgets, "and I know we could get her—jolly cheaply, too."

"But—but—"

"Oh, I know she's young and a bit inexperienced," said Mr. Gadgets, carelessly, "but she's young, and that's the great thing. And cheap."

"But—"

"She's jolly good looking—you know, in that bright—er—*lit* sort of way. Why, she's ideal for the part! She'd *make* it!"

"Make it?" echoed Mr. Dampierre,

in a dazed voice. "Make it? Or break it?"

"Come, come! . . . She's not so bad as *that!*"

"But—"

"She's exactly the sort of girl we want."

"Hang it all! I— Well, that's just it."

"Just it? What do you mean?"

"Well, the part's written—"

"That's it," interrupted Mr. Gadgets, "written precisely for her. It will fit her like a glove. She's that sort of a girl."

That sort of girl! Mr. Dampierre made a little gesture of helpless irritation, and then he stood up. Fit her like a glove! How in the dickens was he to explain? *Fit* her like a glove!

"Of course it fits her," he said, eventually, having gulped a whole glass of Bollinger, 1911, down first. "Of course. Dash it all! the part's *her!* Don't you see? I—I wrote it *about* her!"

"Did you?" said Mr. Gadgets. "Well, *think* of that! However, it's an odd world. And of course that makes it all the simpler, my dear old boy. She's the one woman in the world for it. We're made!"

"Good God!" exclaimed Mr. Dampierre, hopelessly.

"And now, now we've settled all these little things," said the businesslike Mr. Gadgets, briskly, "I think that's about all. I'll let you know later about reading the play."

He shook hands with Mr. Dampierre rather more warmly than before, and patted him on the back several times, and that young man, in a state of internal haziness which would pass muster anywhere as an exact counterpart of a London fog of somewhat greater density than usual, wandered toward the door. He wondered vaguely if he had inadvertently written a play with only *one* part.

"You just leave ev'rything else to me," said Mr. Gadgets, "and don't bother—well, until the first call." He waved his hand cheerfully. "I'll fix everything. Ta-ta, old boy!"

Ta-ta!—Mr. Dampierre went out into the October sunlight in a simmering

mood of indignation: *Ta-ta!* And then he thought of that infernal Miss de Lisle. . . . There was no use trying to fix anything; she'd see to that. And as he made his way back across Leicester Square he felt, with the late Mr. Carlyle, that the lives of authors make a good deal drearier reading than the Newgate Calendar: at any rate, he would have felt that if indeed he had read the works of that great stylist and philosopher.

There is something very disillusioning about success.

Mr. Gadgets proposed putting "My Lady Makes the Running" into rehearsal as speedily as possible, and Mr. Dampierre crossed to Paris for a few days' holiday before that obvious ordeal. He intended to see what was on at the Marigny, and the Comique; there was certain to be something worth seeing at the Variétés, and besides it would be pleasant to sit out on the pavement in the last of the good weather, lazily watching the gay, leisurely traffic of the Boulevard of an afternoon. As a matter of fact, he promptly came down with a brisk, if somewhat belated, attack of measles.

This intelligence was telegraphed to Mr. Gadgets, who was thereby enabled to pass a vote of confidence in his Creator with a perfectly clear conscience and to get on with the rehearsals in his own particular way, without the rather interrupting assistance of the author. Mr. Gadgets thought much of art, but little of authors. They were not merely necessary, but essential evils and easily offended; they had prejudices which they called principles and which were extremely impractical things—in the theater—whatever they were called.

"The play's the thing," remarked Mr. Gadgets, with severe simplicity, "and the playwright's not—by a million to eight."

"But," exclaimed Miss de Lisle, in radiant despair, "*how* am I to find out about my part? It's so vague in spots.

I can't think what Mr. Dampierre means! In the first act, for instance—"

"Well?"

"Am I simple, or—"

"Oh, simple!" said Mr. Gadgets, hastily. "Er—simple and sweet. You know, lovable, and all that."

Miss de Lisle felt enormously relieved. Some of her lines seemed curious, to say the least of it—not at all the sort of things Joan of Arc could have said, possibly, or La Gioconda, or even the well-bred and charming girl she was obviously to be in the play.

Meanwhile Mr. Dampierre (in his darkened room) suffered certain unsimilar doubts as well as measles. That telegram Gadgets had sent him, *that* was reassuring enough, but he continued to think about Miss de Lisle. Perhaps she saw through the satire of the thing! People did recognize themselves in satires and sued for libel. Of course, she'd be mortally offended. He wondered if, at that hour, it would be possible to replace her in time.

Probably the piece would be a ghastly failure, anyway.

But if she would only be her gay, inconsequent, imbecile self! Well, she couldn't be anything else if she read her lines correctly. He supposed that Miss de Lisle was sufficiently gifted in that she *could* read as well as act; a good many actresses were!

Mr. Gadgets wired him every day. Everything seemed to be going on perfectly. But whenever Mr. Dampierre thought of Miss de Lisle—which was on an average of some five and fifty times a day—his air resembled that of a man who has sat down with some gusto upon the seat of a chair simply bristling with tacks—long, sharp-pointed ones arranged in deadly precision. He sat up in bed with precipitous agony! She *must* have seen through the thing by that time! The lines she had! He rather congratulated himself upon catching the measles; after all, he didn't have to watch her being herself upon the stage! Or to explain!

But was she capable of being herself?

Mr. Dampierre wriggled wretchedly beneath the bedclothes. She was such a bright, contrary, clear-eyed, enthusiastic young lady. And confident—she was capable of anything. So, perceiving herself in the part, with its delicate imbecilities and incongruous pretences and maladroitness intentions, she probably wouldn't go on at all, and if she didn't . . .

It was no wonder that the nurse, who was a French nurse and unused to eccentricities of the Anglo-Saxon sort, like swearing softly to oneself for no apparent reason, or going off into morose silences, summoned the doctor who was attending Mr. Dampierre in prodigious alarm, that the doctor in turn called into consultation other doctors; that convalescence seemed the farther off in inverse ratio to the approaching first night of Mr. Dampierre's comedy. Or that that young man, muffled in an ulster of generous proportions and presenting generally the outward and visible signs of inward and spiritual perturbation, escaped one evening altogether.

Still, it appeared to be more or less mysterious to the French nurse and the several doctors concerned in the case, and their mystification was not perceptibly diminished by the perusal of a crumpled telegram which the nurse found in one corner of the deserted sick-room:

Miss de Lisle immense. Like Johnny Walker, everything's going strong. Many congratulations.

Indeed, the doctor's diagnosis seemed radically wrong, even to that physician himself.

"That man, and his friends," he remarked, with a somewhat understandable professional bitterness, "are mad. It is madness and not measles *he* is suffering from."

"Ah, but they are all alike, these English," said the nurse.

"They think of nothing but beef, even in their women," said the doctor,

who admired thin, delicate women himself.

The nurse shrugged her shoulders.
She herself was thin.

Day was rapidly drawing to its appointed autumnal end when Mr. Dampierre stepped out of the boat train on to the platform at Victoria station. Faces gleamed palely in the dusk; the lights of a bookstall made a brilliant splash of color at one side of the station, into which most of the people living in London appeared to be pouring, not merely hastily, but hopefully; and there was a great blowing of whistles. For some minutes Mr. Dampierre was under the impression he had arrived back in London just in time to participate in a revolution. He was rather disappointed when he realized that it was simply the six-o'clock rush for Surbiton or Chorley Wood; the trip from Paris had not improved his temper.

And then it was that he made another and rather more important discovery. Large, triumphant posters were visible upon every side, announcing in striking type that

MR. LIONEL GADGETTS

PRESENTS

MY LADY MAKES THE RUNNING

A NEW COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAMPIERRE

He bought an evening newspaper, and, glancing at the date, perceived that he had arrived in time for the first performance of his play, and not, as he had supposed, for the dress rehearsal. It was, of course, too late to do anything—providing there was anything he could have done!

Except, as a matter of fact, dressing and going to see the thing. Of course, there was that; he wondered if, the play being a success, he would be called upon to make a speech; and he was instantly very hot and fretty and uncomfortable. He also felt he needed a drink—a good stiff whisky and soda.

Then he'd dress and dine.

And then the play!

He dined alone at the Savoy, neither wisely nor particularly well, and it was perhaps inevitable that he met Lady Eva and Mr. Harcourt Snelling as he was going out, immediately afterward. They were with a grave, bearded, bald, and rather Socratic-looking man in the *foyer*; and Mr. Dampierre, whose agitation that evening made him a little unwary, wandered absentmindedly upon them before he quite realized it.

"Why, Mr. Dampierre! One hardly expected to see *you* here to-night—at least, not until afterward!"

Great idiot!

As if a playwright had no appetite!

"We're going to see your play to-night, of course," said Lady Eva. "And I saw the dress rehearsal yesterday. My dear Mr. Dampierre, it is positively too sweet and delightful for words."

Sweet!

"Lily de Lisle is charming," Lady Eva rippled on, gayly, "simply charming. Of course, she has an extraordinarily lovely and sympathetic part—"

"Sympathetic!" In a satire? . . .

Mr. Dampierre winced. Of course the thing was damned, and worse. And then he was aware that Lady Eva and Mr. Harcourt Snelling were staring at him in a perplexed, disapproving way, and that their Socratic friend appeared to have swallowed something rather difficult to swallow.

"Er—of course—in fact, splendid, isn't it? I've—er—I've been in France, you know, ill. . . . Sympathetic! By Jove! That's just the thing. . . . Er—difficult to convey, you know—"

The Socratic man, in a very deep, booming voice, was speaking. "As Vanbrugh says, the business of comedy is to show people what they should do by representing them upon the stage doing what they should not."

"Ah, but such gay, simple comedy as Mr. Dampierre's!" said Lady Eva. "Now that's quite another thing."

"*Straight* comedy," said Mr. Snelling.

"Exactly."

Mr. Dampierre fled, pursued by startled, frigid glances. "I think, my dear," said Mr. Harcourt Snelling, severely, to his wife, "that that young man has been drinking."

"He—he seemed to resent anybody saying anything *nice* about his play," said Lady Eva, in a puzzled voice, "but then he's probably dreadfully nervous."

"Probably," said the Socratic man, gravely.

By the end of the second act it was increasingly evident, even to those austere members of the inmost *intelligentsia* who despised the British drama, that the piece was a triumphant success. From the anonymous obscurity of the gallery, where he had hid himself in a moment of terrified modesty, Mr. Dampierre watched Mr. Gadgets appear upon the stage after innumerable encores and hold up a suave, halting hand.

Everybody was shouting by that time.

"Speech! Speech!"

There were even calls of "Author," but they were rather negligible and of dwindling persistence. Finally complete silence.

Mr. Gadgets made a short and admirable speech in his happiest vein. He thanked them for the kind appreciation, and regretted that, in the absence of the author in France, owing to an unfortunate attack of measles (What on earth did he glance up at the gallery for?), the privilege of expressing their joint thanks, as well as the thanks of the company, devolved on him. They had liked two acts; there was still a third of that little comedy of seven unsophisticated egoists. He hoped they would like that, too.

Unsophisticated egoists! Little comedy!

Everybody—even that triple-plated idiot Gadgets—missed the whole point of the thing!

Mr. Dampierre wriggled his way recklessly into the bar. He wanted a good stiff whisky and soda—perhaps two.

And fresh air. He did not want to see the third act.

It was simply ghastly. He shuddered as he thought of it. Those deftly sweet lines! That infernal spotlight! And that damnable muted music, off stage! And yet everybody applauded. *That* was the silliest part of the entire business.

Of course everybody in the place—and the play—missed the point. Mr. Dampierre gulped down his whisky and soda and ordered another and wondered at his own moderation.

"Jolly good, isn't it?"

Some cheerfully friendly person at his elbow smiled over his drink and went on, quite undiscouraged by Mr. Dampierre's visible black looks and silence.

"Now this is what I call a comedy," he said, confidentially, leaning forward on his elbows. "No blooming rot about sex or psychology, you know. Just straight, simple comedy—the sort of thing that makes you simply burst, laughin'."

Mr. Dampierre hastily ordered his third whisky and soda.

"Well, I've seen 'em all, my boy," a fat man immediately behind him was saying, "but this—*this* is abso-blooming-lutely the best that ever was."

"She's good, isn't she?"

"Good!" cried the fat man, indignantly. "*Good!* Why, she's immense! You know, a sweet, simple sort of gel you'd met anywhere, sir. And love. She's English—none of your dam' complicated ironical pieces they put in plays nowadays."

The friendly individual next to Mr. Dampierre nudged him on the arm. "Comin' in to see the last act?" he asked.

"No, I'm not," snapped the exasperated author.

"Not comin' back! Don't you *like* it?"

"No!" shouted Mr. Dampierre. "It's—it's bloody, sir!"

Sweet! And simple!

He shook his fist vindictively in the

direction of the stage and attracted the practiced attention of the somewhat superior young lady in charge of the bar. She nodded at him, to her assistant.

"Don't you serve 'im again," she whispered. "'E's 'ad enough, as it is. Ought to be ashamed of hisself, a-goin' on that way."

Mr. Dampierre wandered aimlessly round to the stage door and smoked a cigarette in silence with the doorman, who regarded him with deep suspicion. Sounds of tremendous applause drifted out to them. Mr. Dampierre lit another cigarette.

Would the infernal thing never end? Mr. Dampierre fidgeted restlessly and in silence, for what appeared to be an interminable period, up and down the dark alley which led to the stage entrance of the Attic Theater. He barked his shins on an ash barrel; then he stumbled over an empty box; and finally heard sounds of "God Save the King" with relief and renewed irritation. He made his way into the theater.

It was very dark inside and a good deal seemed to be going on. Dying echoes of applause still drifted back; people were hurrying about, slapping one another on the back and shaking hands. No one paid any particular attention to him.

He tripped over a chair. . . .

"Is that—is *that* Mr. Dampierre?" exclaimed a radiant, delighted voice.

"Yes, it is," said that indignant and unhappy young man, rising to his feet

and dusting the knees of his trousers. And before he could go on—he thought of a good many things just then he wanted to say—a slim, warm arm was thrust through his and he found himself being led off the stage by a very breathless and excited Miss de Lisle, looking infinitely more beautiful than ever.

"Oh, I *can't* thank you enough," she was saying, in a clear, grateful, delicious voice. "It's—well, it's *too* wonderful! And to think it all came of our little chat the day we went for a walk together on the downs! Do you remember?"

She glanced at him shyly, rather proudly, and pressed his arm in hers. "I—I never told anyone," she said, simply.

Mr. Dampierre swallowed hard several times.

After all, what *could* he say?

"Wonderful?" he repeated, faintly.

"Yes, my part—the whole play. But now you must come and see my flowers," she said.

He was ushered triumphantly into a dressing room filled to the very ceiling with the most splendid and expensive flowers imaginable. Miss de Lisle paused and looked at him a moment in silence, bright eyed and radiantly happy. And then she broke off a large spotted orchid of pale lavender from its stem and fixed it carefully in the buttonhole of his evening coat.

"There—*that's* better!" she said, smiling. "We'll share everything, of course—even these flowers."

ARMS AND THE INSTINCTS

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

WE commonly hear people who claim to be qualified to speak for the instincts scoff at proposals for the limitation of armaments. They tell us, with much assurance, that all such hopes are illusions, "because they go against human nature." We are born of a fighting stock. Our ancestors survived in the struggle for existence because they ate others, instead of being eaten, and we are slaves to this belligerent inheritance. The future, according to them, belongs to the nation which invents the most deadly weapons.

How far is this so-called "scientific argument for war"—first seriously developed in Germany—really scientific?

During the last century the old tradition of a golden age in the past, when our ancestors lived beatifically in some fair Arcadia "in a state of nature," was definitely discredited. Man has arisen from humble beginnings—not only humble, but quite hideous.

Probably the first sensation of our remotest jellylike progenitor was the ache of hunger, and perhaps the next oldest sensation was fear of the hunger of others. The demands of the belly dominated all life, through epochs so long as to make our few thousand years of recorded history seem insignificant indeed; and when our ancestors acquired enough leisure to give attention to something besides their own diet they discovered the existence of other living things equally hungry—and there was not enough food to go round. So our forbears, whose existence for millions of years had been based upon the distinction between edible and inedible, had to adapt themselves to a new sensation—the fear of being eaten. Very early in

the process of life, the dangers which come from inanimate environment sank into insignificance compared with the struggle for existence among living things. As the "unfit" quickly became food the competition in armaments began.

The research of the last few decades in psychology has thrown further disrepute on our ancestors and has stridently emphasized the importance to us of our heritage. Instincts are habits which became fixed in remote generations. Our mental machine is compared to an iceberg, of which only a small part, the conscious mind, is visible; the greater bulk is hidden from view below the waves. This unseen, subconscious mind, which—we are told—rules us, is in turn ruled by the instincts, inherited from distant ages of the *lex talionis*. It is a realm of dark and dreadful jungle lore. Our conscious thoughts may wear civilized evening clothes, but our instincts, which have the final word, are hairy and brutish. We feel—a much more important matter than how we think—as did our uncouth and savage ancestors. Compared with the overmastering control on our behavior exercised by the subconscious mind, the influence of reason is so small—according to the more excited disciples of Freud—that we wonder why Nature wasted her time inventing intellect.

Explorers are often imaginative. Marco Polo claimed to have encountered monsters more fantastic and fearsome than the ordinary run of hippogriffs, and Columbus, in his official reports, described the mud huts of the West Indies as if they were the gold and jade palaces of Cathay. This tendency to exaggerate is also common among the adventurers

of science; their discoveries in the new territories of knowledge rarely turn out to be quite so important as they at first report. While a considerable skepticism is prudent in regard to the travelers' tales which these psycho-analysts bring back from their explorations into the *terra incognita* of our subconsciousness, there is accumulating proof from many sources that we have every reason to be ashamed of our ancestors. We may be grateful to them for having won out in the gruesome and disfiguring struggle of the old times, but it is entirely comforting to know that they are decently buried and so cannot drop in on us for tea. But even if they are dead, the pessimist reminds us, their blood runs in our veins; their old and disreputable habits still live as instincts within us and are part of the mental equipment with which we approach the discussion of the limitation of armaments. The diplomats who gather at Washington are direct descendants of jungle warriors.

But these bellicose pessimists who try to sanctify militarism by the "scientific argument" disprove their own case. The evidence they submit proves too much. In one breath they tell us that we cannot raise our modern morals above the fighting habits of our forbears, and in the next they paint an extremely unlovely portrait of these ancestors. But if they demonstrate that our progenitors were very much more unpleasant people than we are, they prove — what all optimists contend — that human nature does change. Obviously there is some method of escape from outgrown and hampering instincts.

"The popularization of science," so largely due to Huxley and the evolutionists, was loudly advertised as a panacea for all the ills of democracy, but that promise has not been fulfilled. The accumulation of laboratory reports has been so vast that—just as with statistics—you can find evidence to support almost any political theory. Most efforts to reduce politics to science have been

misleading because they did not consider all the data, but centered attention only on those facts which seemed likely to help the politician keep in office. The most striking case of the application of scientific terminology to partisan disputes is what might be called "political Darwinism." Such phrases as "the struggle for existence" and "the survival of the fittest" fell in very neatly with the desires and habits of thought of the successful class. It is not probable that many of them read Darwin carefully, but they misquoted him glibly. No theory could be more congenial to people convinced of their own fitness. It relieves them of all vexatious worries about bearing one another's burdens. It is a sweet opiate to troubled and troublesome consciences, making it so easy to dismiss from all consideration those on whose backs we ride, as obviously "unfit." The Prussian doctors called them *Minderwertigvolk*. In political oratory, Darwin generally appears as a servile poet, chanting odes of glorification to the ruthless, self-made captain of industry.

Carried *ad absurdum*, this "political Darwinism" gives the palm to the one who murders most. If I could invent a poison gas to kill off all the race except myself, the bare fact of my survival would prove my supreme fitness! We frequently hear people oppose the efforts to feed the ill-nourished children of the devastated districts of Europe in the name of Darwin, on the ground that it is "only keeping the unfit alive"—as if there were some mystic law of nature which assured us that the race would be automatically purified by starvation. But there is nothing that Darwin ever wrote to indicate that John, the Beloved Disciple, could have gone without food longer than Judas.

Of course such political glorification of tooth and claw is bad science. In the long drama of evolution, Life—that resourceful and untiring inventor—has contrived other means besides combat

for the preservation and development of the species. One of these other methods has been aptly described by Kropotkin as "mutual aid."

The "survival value," which a species could develop by co-ordinating the activity of a large number of its individuals, was quite as important as strength of muscle or tough, thick skin. In fact, several species which went in for this other method of preservation have outlived those which were more conservative about the limitation of armament. Some of the insects have proved themselves more capable in the organization of mutual aid than we of simian stock, but even from the earliest days of our family history the practice of co-operative enterprise has played a large role in our development—in the development of our instincts. When our prototypes came down from the treetops and began to walk erect they were not very formidable animals in a fight, yet the oldest records we have of them show that they successfully hunted the mastodon. As individuals, they could not have prevailed against such monsters. We need some other explanation than an internecine struggle for existence when we consider the complicated systems of piles still standing in the Swiss lakes on which our neolithic kin built their community dwellings. We know very little about "the Druids of eld" who built Stonehenge, but it was not a one-man temple built for individual worship, nor was it a fortification of a culture stage when every man's hand was against his neighbor. It was a community effort, of organized and sustained co-operation—a matter of large-scale mutual aid. The particular monkeys who have the honor of being the ancestors of Pericles, Dante, Napoleon, and of us won supremacy over their contemporaries by the cleverness with which they devised more effective habits of working together.

The very words "politics" and "civilization" are derived from the old Latin and Greek names for "city." The most distinctive thing about us, as compared

with the other mammals, is our knack for community life. The members of the first family who decided to stick together and pool their interests did not have any different blood, nor any different hereditary instincts, from those who preferred to fight for existence single-handed. They simply had a little more sense, they had discovered a better method. The experience of superior strength which came from family unity was the first step in the age-long process of civilization, the first of the innumerable experiments in forming larger and more powerful groupings. By neolithic times the family had grown into the clan, and very slowly through the centuries some of their thatch villages grew into eternal cities. More recently principalities have developed into great powers. This is one point on which the verdict of science is entirely clear, we are in the midst of this process of synthesis. We have no reason to consider ourselves as end products.

The modern nation is indeed very modern. Our current customs, the habits and fashions of the day, have not had time to crystallize into instincts, but the series of experiments on which our present civilization is built is very, very old. Even those prehistoric neolithic lake villages must have had some regular customs about the disposal of garbage—they may have called them "tabus" instead of "municipal ordinances." A psycho-analyst exploring the subconscious mind would, if he looked for them, be sure to find instincts of mutual aid quite as venerable as those of conflict.

Science is, on the whole, very comforting about this business of "changing human nature." It is generally agreed that among our more remote ancestors were fish. In the first days of our embryonic existence we show a remarkable resemblance to our marine ancestors, but by the time we are born we have pretty well lost our fish instincts. Perhaps our subconscious mind occasion-

ally swims in our dreams. Even when waking we sometimes say that our "heads swim," but this is about all the trace we can find of our piscatorial descent. It is not till a year or two after birth that we lose the preadamite instinct to use our arms as forelegs. And as for feeling at home in the treetops—and the acrobatic habits of our arboreal progenitors should have left deep traces in our instincts—most of us find at forty that we are none too steady on top of a stepladder.

The same thing happened to the pernicious habits and destructive instincts of our ancestors as did to their tails. They got in the way of progress and were discarded. Painstaking research uncovers certain ignominious vestiges, but not of sufficient importance to concern the practical politician.

The mechanistic explanation of how instincts and characteristics, once strong and of great importance, fall into eclipse when their survival value is gone, was furnished by Galton's study of inheritance. In the May issue of the *Journal of Heredity* there is a photographic chart of the inheritance of one family, which gives a striking visualization of the way old instincts can fade out. According to Galton, half of our inheritance comes from our father and mother; half of the half which is left from our grandparents; and half of the remaining half from the great-grandparents; and so on back in decreasing geometrical progression.

Your sixteen great-great-grandparents, who were living toward the end of the eighteenth century, contributed one-sixteenth to the stock in trade with which you began life. If you are the direct descendant of a passenger on the *Mayflower* you have the right to boast of it to the extent of about one two-hundred-and-fifty-thousandth. Twenty generations ago, about a century before Columbus was born, you had in the neighborhood of half a million ancestors (making allowance for a certain amount of inbreeding); they together contributed one five-hundred-and-twenty-four-thou-

sand-two-hundred-and-eighty-eighth of your congenital make-up. Individually each of them was responsible for the square of this fraction—something less than one two-hundred-and-fifty-billionth.

If we accept these conclusions of Galton's, it is no wonder that human nature changes and changes pretty rapidly. The influence on our heredity of the ancestors who lived in the trees is almost incalculably small compared with that of the more recent generations who had forgotten how to climb.

Turning from biology to psychology, we again find that the very authorities to which we are referred by those who argue that we can never escape from the fighting instincts of our pugnacious ancestors teach that human nature can and does change. The whole thought of the psycho-analyst school—these daring explorers of our pandemonical subconsciousness—centers around the mechanism of rational control, which Freud called "sublimation."

Surely this is an unfortunate word, with its almost mystic suggestion of the sublime, for so simple and commonplace a process. The alchemy within us—the only mysterious part of the proceeding—sometimes generates a certain amount of energy automatically, without any direction from the intellect, just because it is in the habit of doing so, as it unconsciously supplies energy to the suction pumps of the heart and lungs. It does so in obedience to some old purpose, which was formerly of vast importance, perhaps procreation, or self-preservation. But for any one of a thousand reasons the conscious mind does not, under the present circumstances, want to use this energy for its original purpose. (In their technical language, "the normal outlet is inhibited.") The energy has been produced without our willing; it is there ready for action, dumbly demanding action. If it is kept idle it is more than likely to fester and produce the weirdest symptoms of hysteria or

shell shock. When the psycho-analyst discovers this festering energy, he suggests to the patient some way to work it off and he calls the proceeding "sublimation"—just as the old-fashioned practitioner, if he were prescribing "kitchen soda," would give it a cabalistic Latin name.

The man who returns to his office after an active summer finds desk work irksome. His internal laboratory has formed the habit of generating sufficient energy for golf or tennis, and he can no longer spare the time for so much exercise. The symptoms of his trouble, principally irritability, are at once noticeable to his business associates, but he does not need to despair. There is probably a furnace in his cellar and he can "sublimate" this excess energy shoveling coal.

In the delicate matter of mating there is always the conflict between "the heart that desires and the reason that reprehends." The psycho-analyst would prefer "subconscious" and "conscious mind" to the phraseology of Molière, but he would admit the conflict. We do not, in fact, follow slavishly the habits of our remote progenitors in regard to sex; we have achieved some self-control. Freud himself has gone to great pains in describing this process of "sublimation," by which the ancient urge of generation is redirected into channels of creative art and constructive statesmanship. To pretend that we cannot escape from the combat instincts is on a par with arguing that because the dark people of the jungle days gave free rein to their lusts, we, who are their offspring, cannot be civilized in love.

It is unfortunate that the psycho-analysts have called this simple, commonplace process of controlling the instincts by so transcendental a name as "sublimation," because the long word makes it sound difficult. It is this same simple and common-sense process—by whatever name it is called—which is involved in discussing the possibility of organizing the world for peace. Un-

doubtedly it is easier—more "natural"—for the nations to distrust and fear one another than it is to learn confidence. The first steps toward "civilization" were not the only hard ones. Our forbears have been working untiringly and undismayed at experiments in community organization these millions and millions of years, and there is still terribly much to learn. Every step in social life, the family, the clan, the nation, has been hard, contrary to some instincts. Every step forward has necessitated some change in human nature, has been a "sublimation," a triumph in conscious self-control, a redirection of energy from an outgrown and hampering purpose to some progressive enterprise. It is not easy to control the instincts, but it is possible—at least it has always been possible for our ancestors.

History adds its testimony to that of the natural sciences. Within the last few hundred years we have seen alterations in human behavior more sweeping than those required to realize a limitation of armaments.

There has been no noticeable change in the blood strain of the Italians since the last barbarian invasion, no abrupt break in the hereditary characteristics of the nation, but in the days of Dante the combat instincts of the Italians found vent in fratricidal strife. The walled towns of the north were chronically at war, and when there was no good fight on with a neighboring city the Guelphs and Ghibellines fought out their petty feuds in the streets. To-day it is no longer fashionable for Italians to kill one another.

What has become of the ancient enmity of Highland Scot and English Lowlander? It has been absorbed into the larger unity of Great Britain.

A friend from the South, whom I knew in New York, enlisted in '98 for the Spanish War. He went home on leave to bid his family good-by, but his mother would not let him into the house because he wore the hated Federal uni-

form. After the experience of national unity in 1917, it is difficult to remember the rancors of the Civil War and Reconstruction—but it is very comforting.

Sancta Sophia is not to be condemned because some of her acolytes take her name in vain and try to marry her to Mars. The real prelates of Science have more often found in her revelations reasons to believe in progress and in developing peace.

This family of ours is very old. It has outlived innumerable dangers and has eaten often of adversity. Not once nor twice, but very frequently, it has been threatened with extinction. Floods and famines, wars and ghastly plagues, are an old, familiar story. Earthquakes more terrible than any since we have invented instruments of precision to measure them, climatic disturbances more catastrophic than any our very modern weather bureaus have recorded, have been survived. Savage and uncouth as they were, our ancestors had marvelous vitality. Not even the creeping glaciers could destroy them. We come of a sturdy stock.

Our generation has just gone through a new ordeal by fire. It is impossible as yet to assess the damage done by the war. The actual destruction of capital—the debit which the bookkeepers can compute—has been staggering, and the loss which is symbolized by all the new graves in Europe is at once harder to calculate and more appalling. The gaps in the next generation are even a graver matter. And in the recent months we have begun to realize still another wound of the war, the breakdown of credit and the consequent dislocation of the economic machinery of our civilization. Unless the wheels of industry begin once more to turn, we shall find it increasingly difficult to keep the survivors of the Great War alive. Our family is inured to hardship, but the novelty of our present situation is that the danger comes not from an outside enemy, but from ourselves. The wounds from which we still bleed are self-inflicted.

The agonies of these last years have forced us all to give thought to their causes. We know more than we did a decade ago about why men fight. So, added to our worries about the Sisyphean labor of rebuilding what we have destroyed, is the fear that we are aiming for—arming for—a new war.

The disputes of to-day are so sickeningly similar to those which preceded the last war—rivalries for foreign markets, trade barriers, strategic frontiers, the new irredenta, access to the sea—the old competition in armaments intensified. It seems so dismally certain that we are drifting in the same direction, toward the same reef, and we all know that what was only devastation a few years ago threatens destruction a few years hence.

Those who strive to ward off this danger—as our ancestors, through all the millions of generations, successfully warded off the dangers which threatened them—need not be cast down when certain jumble-heads misquote Science to prove that the preservation of the species is contrary to the natural instincts. Science, on the contrary, tells us how our ancestors, when they found life in the swamps no longer possible, came ashore and learned to climb trees for safety. The task before our generation is modest indeed compared with that great achievement.

While pseudo-science is just as dangerous as the slander which is half true, Science and the scientific habit of mind are the one hope we have. The better understanding we have of all this new knowledge about heredity and psychology, the more chance we will have of working out sound projects for the prevention of wars. We shall not improve ourselves by denying our ancestors. We shall only make ourselves ridiculous as well as miserable if we pretend to be descended from doves. But it would be just as foolish to act as though we were the progeny of the saber-toothed cats or the heavily armored reptiles.

We come of a stock which learned to live by its wits, the most inventive, ver-

satile, and adaptive of all the species. While it is true that we have in our blood a hereditary taint of churlish quarrelsomeness, we have also a long tradition of progressive self-control. Our forbears were contentious, self-assertive, suspicious—"sudden and quick in anger"—but they knew how to conquer themselves.

They were also clever. Alone of all the animals they invented language, and for our delectation and instruction they left us histories of their wars, their follies, and their dreams. To be sure, they loved a fight, but they were also star gazers. Among the very oldest written words the archæologists have dug up are the records of their study of the stars.

The love of knowledge—an insatiable curiosity—is among the most precious treasures of our heritage. And modern science is very explicit in teaching that very little progress can be hoped for from merely denouncing naughty instincts. Negations and interdictions accomplish little, for docility is not a strong trait in our race. Monastic vows have not proved so helpful to man in his struggle with rebellious passions as good hard work. William James understood how recalcitrant we are to "thou-shalt-nots" when he wrote his essay on "A Moral Substitute for War." The way to control the instincts is not to tell them to be good, but to give them a man-sized job.

The modern psychologists, while giving us more and very important information about the combative instincts we have inherited, also teach us how to deal with them. Their testimony, instead of being discouraging, corroborates the lessons of history. The victories of mutual aid, of peace, have not been won by ignoring the old instincts, but by their redirection toward some new purpose. Life may, of course, invent some novel expedient, but in the past this progress has always come through the absorption of local and limited patriotism in some larger and more inspiring loyalty.

Our Atlantic seaboard would have re-

mained backward and "Balkanized" if, after the Revolution, the irreconcilables of that day, who insisted on the undiminished sovereignty of the thirteen states, had had their way. Disarmament agreements between them would have had small worth if the citizens of Massachusetts and Virginia had continued to center their patriotism on their respective State Houses instead of gradually transferring it to the national Capitol. It was the active co-operation of the different states in solving common problems—a co-operation hard to achieve and never perfect—which overcame the first intense separatism, at last made union a reality and gave strength for the conquest of the continent.

Undoubtedly there were irreconcilables among the monkeys, when they faced their great decision, who refused to come down from the treetops. Such of their descendants as still survive never come any nearer to civilization than the primate house at the zoo. Our ancestors came down. And the people who inhabit this planet a few hundred generations hence will be the descendants of those of us who are not afraid of innovations, who prove ourselves most adaptable to the new needs of this new day.

Science and history, as well as common sense, are pro-league. It matters very little who gets the credit for the idea or what name we give to the co-operative organization of nations; but if we are going to stop distrusting and hating one another—fighting as often as we catch our breaths and with constantly increasing fury—it will be because we have begun working together and through constant association in a common purpose are building up a common loyalty.

Whatever new discoveries the explorers of science may make, whatever new and bewildering names they may give to old instincts and familiar methods of controlling them, it is evident, from the bare fact that we are alive to-day to disparage the dead, that our forefathers

were dominated by a master instinct—the instinct of life. They surmounted so many difficulties, survived so many dangers, pressed so consistently up the steep grade. Whenever some venerable habit of mind, some inherited instinct, or an inconvenient tail got in the way of life, they sloughed it off.

So, when we face the difficulties and dangers of our own day, however low

an opinion we may have of those shaggy, dirty, choleric ancestors of ours, we may take heart from the knowledge that they faced and outfaced worse. They always found the wit to survive. They knew how to change their natures. If we fail in our present crisis, go down to extinction because we cannot control our instincts, we shall prove ourselves unworthy of them.

ASKED OF MY AGE

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

ASKED of my age, honest I dare not be:
None would believe, and Time might punish me.

If neither part can answer for the whole,
Which hath the weightier voice, the body or soul?
If one says *I am old*, and one says *No*,
Which should have credence, contradicted so?
Surely the soul—but others cannot see,
As I, this one-part of the double Me;
And if in them the parts go hand in hand,
And not in me, how shall they understand?

My body groweth old, I'll not deny,
But young within it dwells the authentic I.

She laughs, of course, behind her barriers,
To find their evidence construed as hers,
Yet knows that all of me must play Time's game,
And as my year-mates are, pretend the same. . . .
Forgive me, Youth, that I dare not confess
To them, grown old, thy lasting friendliness,
But must instead to Age lip-service pay,
As though I too had come the wintry way.

Forgive me that I walk but secretly,
Lest Time confront us, vernal paths with thee.

WHAT PATRICIA HEARD FROM TOKIO

NEW LETTERS FROM JAPAN BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE DECORATION"

PART II

BY FRANCES LITTLE

TOKIO.

PATSY,—It has happened! So have many other things since I wrote you. By *it* I mean Otani San has left.

The first I knew of it was Kate coming into my room with cheeks flushed and very bright eyes. She'd just had a visit from the broker-man. He rushed over here when he found pinned to a plush pillow a note saying:

I have a duty to perform. It may take me ten years, maybe twenty. I shall not return. Giru San knows why.

I can't remember the poetical phrasing, but this is plainer than poetry and quicker in the telling.

Kate frankly gave all the information she had. It wasn't much. Otani had said she was going some time. Her little daughter should have a chance which had never come to her. "But I did not know her determination was fixed or dated. I see it is. If I can find her I shall do everything I can to help her stick to it," declared Kitty; and I can see her back stiffen as she said it.

I am truly sorry to have missed that interview, for when it is a battle of standards between a sure saint and a determined sinner fireworks are bound to follow.

The man fought for self and all his unquestioned privileges. My missionary friend fought for right, and woe be to any unrighteous soul that clashed with her weapons. I'd pick Kitty as a sure thing any time. Don't reprove me, Patrick! I'm excited. And I am telling one Christian soldier about another of the same kind. If they aren't sure, who is?

Mr. Broker-man wasn't defeated; only

knocked dizzy. Maybe it was the confused state of mind which made him consent not to pursue. Instead he handed a roll of bills to Kate, asking her to find Otani San and give her a message. If she would return, the better part of his fortune and the child were hers to do with as she would. But Kitty, who knows something about everything, says the man has an attack of genuine love! Who can say? Love is a reckless bomb-thrower.

Do you think I am making too much of this? Not a bit of it. It's a sign of the times. A few years ago the thing simply could not have happened. And even now there are those who contend that, though the way be open for escape, the desire for a luxurious life is stronger than desire for the straight and thorny path of hard work and poverty. Time and Katherine will tell this story.

While Kate was gone on her search for a runaway lady, your fat, newsy letter came. Still at it, I see! Keeping your little-big world astir with enthusiasm, polishing up jaded people and weary hearts with your clear vision and kindly deeds!

Of course you didn't say so, but I have an enthusiasm or so myself. The two biggest ones in my treasure-box are you as a miracle-worker in turning handicaps into victory for yourself and others, and Katherine Jilson's fearlessness in tackling the devil in any disguise.

Every time she does it you can fairly see the crumpled horns and drooping tail of the personage in question, and you want to race to life's score-board, wherever that may be, and hang up a double number for Kit.

Deep snow at home, have you? You should see it out here! For a week the sun has been raining diamonds on the sea. All the plum-trees of the land have flung out their blossoms, white and pink and deep red. And the young willows are joyfully waving their long green fringes to every passer-by. The *yanagi* is a wonderful tree. It is like a tall and lovely lady, clothed in silken garments of brown and palest green. I knew of an especially beautiful one. It stood in a miniature garden which held infinite joys, and the whole affair belonged to an old-time pupil. Being assured of a welcome at that house at any time, I went.

But it is not of the tree or the garden I am going to tell you. Nor shall I repeat the oft-told tale of the greetings offered by a Japanese hostess to her guest. But, since you touched on the piled-up difficulties of housekeeping in America, I am going to give you a taste of what it means in Japan to be a housekeeper and a home-maker. Pass it along to the first complainer in your Home Problem Club.

In this land of flaming maples, housekeeping is no merry experiment, tried out just for fun in the rosy afterglow of honeymoon time. It is a profession, for which a large share of the nation's girlhood goes through a machine-like grilling. It begins in early school life. It ends only when the housekeeper is gathered unto her foremothers, in that perfect place where dust and duties do not collect, and covetous serving-maids do not break through and steal. Here's how my hostess summed it up:

"Ladies first is not Japanese idea. Of course men protect and take care of women and children, *but* man is always honored and respected high, because he is a man! Women and girls must be taught how to serve him, and to look after him, and don't give him trouble at home; then he can take his whole heart and put into his work!"

Isn't it easy to see why skilful housewifery is a heavy asset in the matrimonial market? And, as matrimony is the end for which almost every Japanese

daughter is born, it behooves the father to command the mother to urge the teacher to prepare the daughter for her high and inevitable calling.

It is some climbing to attain the proper standard for wifehood. The average girl's education embraces about everything, from picture alphabet to ponderous Chinese classics. I have often wondered how the latter applied to housekeeping and motherhood. But far be it from me to dally long enough with those ancient Asiatics to solve the mystery.

You might think, when a girl has mastered the art of making herself mistress, wife, mother, and hostess all at the same time, to say nothing of having pigeonholed in her memory recipes for an endless variety of dishes with strange ingredients and impossible names, it was time for a breathing-spell. Not yet, nor soon! There's the bookkeeping, sewing, and learning to direct many servants.

Flower arrangement takes five years of any young life. With it goes correct standing, which is mostly sitting, precise angle of folded hands, and, above all, soft speaking, with reverent silence emphasized when relations-in-law are near. Otherwise, I'd have you know, the young bride-to-be is hardly worth the jinrikisha ride that brings her to her parents-in-law's house, or the three cups of wine consumed in making the twain one—and that one the man.

"Suppose the bride is a daughter of the soil? Would the requirements be so very exacting?" I can hear you asking it just that way—and here's my answer: 'Spose she is? Hers is still some job. To the qualities of a good housekeeper she adds those of a good farmer, as she usually works close upon the heels of the man of the house.

With gentle skill she manipulates the stupid ox attached to the crude plow. She helps to sow the seed. She coaxes the crops and follows the reapers in the harvest. Betweentimes she mothers her children, serves her husband's parents, and takes a moment to breathe a prayer



UYENO PARK, TOKIO, IN CHERRY TIME

at a wayside shrine. She finds time for it all. Her eight-hour day is multiplied by two.

Long before Fuji's snow-capped dome begins her morning blush, housekeepers of the land are up and doing. Sometimes the home is servantless. Then wife's first duty, after her own quick toilet, is to slide back the wooden doors which inclose four sides of the dwelling. This makes way for the glory of the sun or the beauty of the mist. Her bedding is lifted from the floor to its resting-place behind wall-panels. The night light is safely removed. She fans the *hibachi* charcoal to a fresh glow and arranges husband's apparel so conveniently near, and with such care, a semi-blind man could array himself without missing a collar-button or a loop.

But listen to the silence with which it is done. There is a reason. The master of the house, "because he is a man," must

have his beauty sleep. And you and I and the universal sisterhood of housekeepers will agree it is most desirable that the "He" arrive at the breakfast-table with temper unruffled. Happily the Danna San's mood is usually in tune with the harmony around him and the breakfast awaiting him completes the score.

Wise lady, she is to have hat, shoes, overcoat, and cane ready to be placed on the "precious person of her honorable husband." She follows him to the gate, and I dare any of his species to be proof against the farewell smile she gives as he goes to his work. Don't get too sorry. It's her life and she lives it cheerfully. It's a sort of comradeship business with duty well done on both sides, and on the average works out with quiet content. Husband and wife may not be radiantly enthusiastic about each other, but it's a different story when it comes to the children.

Of course there are children. There must be, whether begged, borrowed, or adopted. And you just want to get up and hug somebody when you see with what care each small body is made ready, started schoolward, fresh and happy, carrying in his heart some gentle reminder of duty. Thrice blessed the household when the gracious gods supply it annually with a brand-new baby. If ever the mother is a spendthrift of time, it is when she lingers over her morning's delight of bathing and dressing the latest cherub.

It is the same feeling with which some women pin a bunch of priceless orchids to their belt and hie them forth to a banquet that a Japanese woman ties a little pink- or blue-kimono baby on her back and goes about

her household duties. I'd wager, if you told Jimmy Lou to go to the Daidoroko, she'd up and tell you she was too much of a lady.

In Nipponese it stands for kitchen, and in some homes where I have been the food-cooking place is the shiniest spot under the roof. The morning sun streams through the paper windows. It catches up its thousand reflections from pan and brass kettles, making flirty little haloes to float about child and mother as the daily scrubbing and polishing goes on. Between rubs the many picturesque tradesmen appear on the scene—the fish-man, the egg-man, the chicken-dealer, maybe a duck-trader, the vegetable-vender, and the flower-seller. They come early and linger long with baskets swung from a pole carried across the shoulder;

each one declares that nothing grows outside the garden of the gods so rare as the thing he offers. He is so earnest you are almost convinced he's telling the truth. This precious bit has been grown *especially* for madam. And so very cheap! Does not the lady see with her own honorable eyes? She is so clever. She is good. Also she is beautiful.

Eggs? Surely! That very morning six faithful hens provided twelve fresh eggs for the special needs of this house. And the flowers? Ah! Truly Onu San is beloved of the gods! By the space of an hour these blossoms burst into bloom, only to greet her eyes!

The flattery is never dimmed by repetition, but rarely does it penetrate the consciousness of a Japanese mistress.

It is a time-consuming ceremony. But, servant



JAPANESE FARMERS GOING HOME AT THE END
OF THE DAY'S WORK

or none, it is a skilful game every good housekeeper chooses to play for herself. With keen judgment she selects the fish, mushrooms, and eggs for making of the dinner soup, or buckwheat for the cereal. She chooses the long, slick eel with care. When boiled to a finish and chopped up with rice, the ancient four-and-twenty blackbirds are no more deserving of fame and song than he.

Suppose you ran up against something so nearly a twin to a cake of white soap you'd hesitate whether to put it in the soap-dish or the soup-bowl? That's Tofu. I leave it to you. Wouldn't you like a little early training on the subject?

The old adage, "the way to a man's heart is over his tongue" was no news to Japanese women. They had known it since men were. The first foreign food was to be found in delectable tea-houses, served by irresistible geisha maids. Seeing their mankind fall easy victims to savory dishes from across the sea, wives and mothers rose as one and met the demands by mastering the strange ways of the invader.

It is a far cry from that day of fun when Kate Jilson, demonstrating biscuit-making before a class of enthusiastic going-to-be housekeepers, requested a baking-pan, and was handed a shiny, new dust-pan—to the present time of gas-ranged and highly equipped domestic-scienceschools which dot the face of the land.

Many a Japanese housewife can now manipulate the preserve-kettle, steak-broiler, and the canning process as surely as Jimmy-Lou and all her kind.



TO THE QUALITIES OF A HOUSEKEEPER THE JAPANESE WIFE ADDS THOSE OF A GOOD FARMER

Wouldn't it seem quite enough for one lifetime to live up to all this? But there's the sewing of kimonos, big and little, and all the bed-clothes. Both must be hand-made. Machines can't do it.

Has she finished? Not yet. To make sure nothing is skipped, the law, unchanged with changing years, steps in and has a word or so to say.

It declares that on a certain date in March and in December there shall be an official housecleaning. On this day every householder in all cities, towns and villages must dust, sweep, and scrub every part of the premises from lodge-gate to goldfish in the garden lake.

Coming along with this proclamation is a courteous but significant little notice. It tells the story of a small brown gentleman, in brass-buttoned uniform, who will call late in the evening to inspect the premises. That is all-sufficient. Every-

body who knows the blossom kingdom knows that the law will get you if you don't look out

As if by prearranged signal, on the day named every house in the empire empties its contents into the narrow highways of town and city. Possessions rich and poor are laid bare to the public; and, if every housekeeper had not too many troubles of her own to sum up her neighbors', the tragedies and comedies revealed by these possessions would furnish gossip for all holidaystocome.

It seems to me that day-break comes an hour earlier on the official day. But whether it does or no, with the dawn the land begins to resound to the swishing of scrub-brush and broom; the tattoo of a thousand heavy sticks beating dust from the padded floor mats adds a vigorous note to the great anthem of national clean-up! Dust specks are hunted like criminals. Germs are boiled into vapor. Household articles, including the house, are scrutinized and sterilized.

The work complete, the worker refreshes herself in the boiling bath, arrays her body in company kimono, arranges her hair faultlessly, kneels upon her immaculate mats, and serenely awaits the visiting inspector. He comes, examines, approves, and congratulates, and with his coming those wonderful tones of

temple bells boom out over a land fragrant as a flower and spotless—for the time being!

Aren't you glad that for the faithful and untiring there should be a holiday time all their own? There is, and it comes with a festival called Hari no Kuyu. It means the end, for the time, of needlework and such like, also the privilege of entertaining in the housekeeper's very own way. For twenty-four hours she is

nobody's slave, and directs affairs to suit her own fancy. To her honor be it said, she seizes the opportunity to extend gracious hospitality and gentle courtesy to her neighbors, or the accidental stranger within her city gates. But it isn't hard to see why she walks with lifted chin and an air a bit lofty.

In the old hermit-nation-days it was no more permissible for the wife to appear at functions private or public than it was for her to "sass" back if her hus-

band grew peevish. Of course she may have spent days and nights foreseeing preparations for the occasion, but when it arrived she "made absence"—to the dim recesses of some far-off chamber.

Then comes the rude West a-rushing in where only gods had flitted about. It brought along with it new ideals, new standards, and queer customs.

The shock jolted the gracious lords of the land into a change of heart, and up



JAPANESE FARMER AND WIFE

went the status of women many notches. From an invisible convention-shackled force, she came into her own as comrade and partaker as well as worker and overseer. With something doing almost every minute in the day, the average Japanese housekeeper joins in a mild social life, either with her own special friends, or the guests of her husband who are bidden to his feasts. She even manages to get in some hours of recreation.

In her work with the Red Cross she combines joy of merciful service and delightful friendly intercourse. The all-day family theater parties contribute much to her simple pleasure, and she counts among her blessings the many open-air festivals and excursions in cherry-blossom time.

If home cares grow too tense and threaten her nerves there is always the unmusical koto on which she can twang her troubles in mournful ditties. And it argues not an indifferent housekeeper, but a superior soul that shines up nagging, commonplace duties by painting bits of landscape, or writing a poem as dainty as the paper on which it is penned.

In her love of the beautiful, a Japanese woman finds her escape from corroding monotony. No responsibility is too heavy for the natural instinct to find expression.

Maybe it is the way she pounds the rice for the New-Year Mochi, into fluffy, puffy cakes; maybe it's the way she molds the red beans into festive shapes. Perhaps it is in the set of her sash, or the joy-compelling rose

in her hair. But, whether maid or matron, princess or barefooted field woman, the touch of the artist is inevitable.

A great-souled empress found heart's-ease from royal burdens in the beauty of simple rhyme or flower culture.

A lowly woman water-carrier forgot her heavy toil and sang:

"All round the rope a morning-glory clings.
How can I break its beauty's dainty spell?
I beg for water from a neighbor's well!"

Now, Patrick, after all this you should be well prepared to match the tales of trials and delights of any housekeeper from any land. But take warning! There



THE VEGETABLE AND FLOWER SELLERS COME
EARLY AND LINGER LONG

are other women of other types in this new-old country. I'll tell you about them later.

Katherine has just returned and it is nearly twelve o'clock. She did not find Otani San, but, being naturally obliged to find something, she brought home a soiled, half-starved baby.

TOKIO.

DEAREST PATRICIA,—My last letter left Kate coming into the house holding a baby. I assure you she hasn't been holding it all this time, but that night as she entered the room she made a picture I'll not soon forget.

The beautiful day had ended in a wintry storm. Kate looked like a bright-eyed, middle-sized polar bear in a dolls' house, as she stood, all covered with snow, in the center of the cozy little library.

I saw the bundle under her arm and I saw it move.

"Kate! What have you got?" I almost shouted.

"Don't wake up the neighborhood. It is only a baby."

"Where on earth did you get it?"

"Didn't get it on earth. Found it on a bridge," replied Kate, as unruffled as if it had been a bundle of beans she had picked up.

It was foolish of me to have been so astonished. This thing has been happening ever since I knew Katherine Jilson, and it has become as much of a habit as picking strawberries off her little hot-bed vine.

There is nothing new in this story. It was just so sudden—to me at least. In walking across a bridge that night on her way home, Kate heard a whimpering sound. Thinking it a lost kitten, and being a collector of animals as well as other strays, she looked about her. This frost-bitten sprout of humanity was easily found. We haven't an idea where it came from. Possibly never shall.

This land is telling the same story as others of its kind. Poverty is racing neck to neck with the great prosperity

which has swept the country. Tokio farmers, once poor, may now ride to the city in satin-lined motors. But there *are* those who sell their babies to keep starvation at bay. When food gives out the first struggle is to save the children by any means.

Nor do we know the age of the mite. If it opened its eyes on this stormy earth the 31st of December, on January the 1st it would be two years old, for, according to Japanese count, it has lived in two different years. They begin early in this get-old-quick scheme. There's something in it, too. The faster you get there the more honor and ease is yours.

Kate wasted no time in speculating on age nor source of supply. In a breath she had the house astir, made a bonfire of baby's rags and had the baby itself sterilizing in a hot bath.

Her big, capable hands ran the shears over the tiny head and wrapped the small body in clean clothes with a deftness which said plainly enough she was an old hand at the job. So she is; and the beauty of it is that under Kate's care and tutelage the many little heads and bodies of babies she has tended have grown into big good ones, with their feet set on the path to honest living. There are four of them about the house now, as happy as sparrows, earning their tuition and food by odd jobs Kate finds for them.

The last find is lying before me in a straw basket waving two thin heels to a bright fire and cooing as intimately to a red-paper butterfly on the wall, as if she had just flown in from Butterfly Land.

Just count on it; there'll not be many butterfly times in this kiddy's life, but plenty of honest-to-goodness ones which make all Kate's toil worth-while.

In the excitement I almost forgot about Otani San; but I remembered to ask before I said good night.

Kate said, "Nothing doing—yet," and I held my peace.

As you can believe, our rest was some-



A PICNIC PARTY IN CHERRY-BLOSSOM TIME AT ASUKAYAMA

what broken that night. The next day we were content to sit and watch the wonderful pictures in the garden. All color is not lost in the snow. Plum blossoms, red and pink and white, shone out bravely from their white covering. Bamboo-trees, tall and short, bent gracefully under their snowy mantle, and two old crows in the notch of an old pine told the whole world the story of the storm.

Toward evening Katherine spoke. "I need a change. We will go to a picture show!"

We did. And it is worth going a long, long way to attend a movie in Japan. To give you some idea how the merry-go-round of time changes customs and prejudice, let me tell you a little of the very big subject of olden-day theaters.

In feudal days, and days of feuds, there was, of course, such a thing as a theater. Its patrons consisted mainly of

the lowly mechanic, the despised merchant, and ladies whose names would never appear in *Who's Who*.

The Samurai, who were supposed to set the pace in the best circles, were so occupied in keeping perpetually ready to die a loyal death for their daimio, that their ideas of human enjoyment were too grim to include anything so trivial as a theater. You see, polishing up their swords, with which they never parted even when making a visit to comrade, or nearest kinsman, took time and was more exciting. They might be called on to use them at any moment. Of course they had their relaxations—the awfully solemn, heavy-with-dignity variety. But such things as theaters, dancing, picnics, or any pastime other people might label pleasure, were known to the fighting men by a name only to be despised.

There is something to be said, too, on

the side of the ready-to-die-in-a-minute gentlemen. However monstrous their code of living, they carried it out to the bitter end, sincerely and stoically.

To see old Japan pictured as a land of never-fading cherry-blossoms, with gaily attired butterfly ladies and gallant Samurai tangoing on the greensward, played by a group of low-class plebeians, might be a delightful illusion to the light-hearted. The serious-minded warriors, who were the real thing, could only look on it with intolerable disgust. So they stayed at home or went a-swording and cut the theater off their visiting-list.

Not so the civilians, high or low. They made the most of the precious few pleasures in vogue or permissible at the time. As there were no parks, no museums, no libraries, nor art-galleries, the theater had to be the thing. And the pleasure-seekers did not delay till afternoon or evening to begin their holiday, either.

Not at all. With the first crow of the

household bantam the whole family—say of a merchant, wife, babies, grandfather and grandmother—would arise and begin preparation of food to take with them. They took plenty of time to put on all their best clothes, too, paint and powder and perfume. Then, with a train of servants carrying baskets of eatables, comforts, fans, and most of the necessities of life, they started theaterward.

Once there, not for a minute would they think of buying one little row of seats. They bought one of the big squares into which the floor of the theater was divided, like a giant chess-board. Father was generous, so he hustled the servants to spread the blankets and open the food-boxes. In came the family and the fun began. No hurry. It was usually an hour or two before the stage curtain was pulled aside. But there were next-door neighbors to gossip with and others to sip toasts with, so



LITTLE MAIDS AT THE GAME OF POETRY CARDS

why worry about so small a thing as time?

When the drama began at last, it found almost everyone in the mellow state where the rankest play took on something of a beautiful romance. The party made merry till nine o'clock that night. When home was reached it had to be all talked over. One day's pleasure was lengthened into another.

I have been many times in one of these old theaters—smile all you wish, gay Patricia! The times were not those of feudal lords and warriors fierce. Like these merchant folks of long ago, I have watched plays good and bad by the light of lanterns dim, and sat in the same kind of inclosure on my feet till they were petrified and my body stiff with cold.

Now you can see the why of my enthusiasm of being ushered to a theater, warm and well lighted, the second floor lined with cushioned chair seats for those who wished. Kate and I wished hard. The small girl usher, uniformed and with all her sweetest smiles, took the hint—no tips allowed—and placed us in full view of the audience below. It was divided in groups, each group in a square and each square covered with floor mats.

We were but two of a kind. The crowd was many of the same species. It proved as diverting as the screen picture. The picture on the floor was of a different kind. Class prejudice gave up the ghost when movies reeled in. Rich and poor, high and low, unquestioningly sit where their tickets say they must. From our perch it was like roosting in a high tree and looking down into a many-colored flower-garden. Everybody was there who could get in. Fathers' and mothers' dark clothes were rimmed in by kimonos of many colors on the bodies of the young. The lights went down, the music began.

A professional story-teller stepped upon the stage. His the business of interpreting the picture that the onlookers might not have to make a guess. The

story lost nothing in the telling, for, if the professor did not know the story, he did know his audience, and, being an imaginative soul, recited the tale of the picture according to his own light.

Kate said the man could have made his fortune as a seller of patent medicine.

The picture was a thriller. So was the hero. And when, after overcoming astounding difficulties, this one-time champion boxer easily disposed of twenty highwaymen, the applause that greeted his victory was an echo of the cheers he has heard many times in reality. Of course I cheered. Wasn't the picture American and the leading man, too? And wasn't the orchestra playing "Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party"?

The unconquerable hero had been put to it for his life. He was trying to save it by swinging out on a flag-pole. The staff was giving way under his weight. Death waited on the pavement thirty stories below. It was stopped by a cry!

"Wait! Wait! Give me a light!"

Up flashed the lights. In rushed the ushers. What do you suppose? A woman had lost her baby. And at such a breathless time. In her excitement her son had rolled out of her lap. They found him curled up in the corner of the square. Still asleep, he was this time securely tied to Mamma San's back.

I suppose you think there are a good many babies in this merry tale I am trying to tell you. True enough. There are more of them in Japan than anything else. Hence their constant intrusion.

The picture which followed told a story of love with all the trials attached. The audience got more mirth out of that picture than most Americans do out of pure comedy. The more touching the scene the greater the glee.

I must confess the tale seemed to me a bit jerky and disconnected. I looked around to find Kate as hilarious as the rest. I asked for the joke. Here's the secret which everybody knows and hugely enjoys:

The up and coming Far-Old-East still declines to recognize kissing as a symbol

of love or anything else. Therefore when a movie comes across the seas filled with kisses or such like, the censor heartlessly nips them out. But does that careful censor consume them with fire that the morals of young Japan may not be tainted? He does not. Neither does he believe in wasting good material. So he cuts them out of a public picture, pastes them together, and has accumulated some thousands of feet of film kisses of every style and period for private views only.

But there are hundreds of other theaters which exclude both the frivolous and the foreign. There is an especially beautiful one on our street. It is built on the edge of a canal. And, day and night, the slow-moving waters fling back a thousand dancing reflections of huge lanterns, bright banners, and long limbs of of pink-paper cherry-blossoms.

It's worth the price of admission, two dollars and a half, to stand on the outside and see the wondrous illumination and the gorgeous crowds going in. Here is given the classic "No." That time-honored drama which enshrines the stirring deeds and virtues of the ancient race. Before Shakespeare it was, the "No" was an old story and it is still going strong.

To my mind it takes something more than mere joy in entertainment to sit enthralled through two hundred and thirty-five episodes, dramatic or otherwise. But to the cultivated and poet-

ically inclined the many hours required to give the "No" play are hours of pure delight and enjoyment.

If something doesn't happen I am afraid the broker will spend the rest of his life with us. I wouldn't like to say how often he comes nor how long he stays, talking of Otani San. Always of Otani San, till I should think Kate would be able to number the hairs in the woman's beautiful head. But big-hearted Kitty is never too busy to listen, and, unbelievable as it sounds, by some magic she is slowly winning the man to her side.

The postman has just handed me your letter. No, he didn't hand it to me; he bowed it to me. Anyway, I got it. Hurrah for the news! Little Dorothy is married! Who cares if the groom is fat and forty and a tin shopkeeper? It is home and food and safety for Dot. Good for you! Nice old robber of fate and factory that you are. How I should love to have seen the bridal party start off through the alley gate on their honeymoon trip around the Park!

Wish I could send you a picture of our little maids as they sat on the floor in a circle while I told them about Dorothy. No need of putting a single fringe on the story to make their eyes dim with tears or sparkle with joy at the end. I shall take them all out to-night to celebrate. It will be a feast of raw fish and rice with plenty of sauce! Don't get nervous. I shall not take the baby.

(To be continued.)

REALITIES

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

ELDRIDGE has always maintained that the story of Sten Kerrigan and Enid Lang is a saga, a Norse saga, and nothing else in the world. But Davis, who is a musician, says, "It's an opera, that's what it is—a smashing opera!" And somehow Davis, perhaps by his superior gifts of persuasion, has made me see it through his eyes.

It is certainly not a saga, though one can see, of course, what Eldridge means. It is because of the setting—the far north . . . snow, dazzling white wastes . . . ice-bound waters . . . solitude. And because of a timeless legendary quality there is in the tale. Then, too, Eldridge is a writer himself, and naturally finds his analogies in literature. And there is a suggestion of viking in Kerrigan. But Enid Lang, with her sensitive dark beauty, her spirited, witty, intellectual face, is far from suggesting the blond-braided heroines of those ancient northern myths. Enid Lang was for cities, for all the brilliantly colored intricacies of sophisticated life. . . . No, for me at least, it is not a saga, whatever else it may seem to be.

Now Davis, being the musician, sees it as an opera because of the great part music had in it; and the fact is that the whole thing does compose itself with astonishing clarity into operatic scenes and episodes. Thinking of it in that light, it almost seems a libretto ready for the composer's hand. Which may, if you don't happen to care for opera, prejudice you against it. Well, it isn't necessary to think of it in that way. And you haven't heard Davis on the subject, which leaves you free.

I first saw Enid Lang in that beautiful room of the house in Lombard Street

where she always received her friends, and which was somehow so like herself. An intricate, lovely room, full of a hundred subtleties of color and interest, of ease and harmony—and all of it dominated by the great piano which stood in the center of the room, just as music stood at the center of life for Enid Lang.

It was Davis who introduced me to Enid Lang, and she who made me welcome in that rare and spontaneous company that made the house in Lombard Street their gathering place. Not all musicians, by any means, though some of them were, of course. But no dull spirits among them, no mere fillers in. There was, for instance, the inventor Perrier who talked like a transcendentalist, but whose most transcendental fantasy had materialized for him a startlingly concrete fortune at the age of thirty-two. I think Perrier understood music better in some purely instinctive and imaginative way, without having studied it, than any man I have ever seen. And wherever else their talk and interest veered, music was the real spirit of that comradeship at Enid Lang's.

She was really a lovely creature there in the midst of her guests, vivid, eager, quick to argument, quick to laughter, quick to sympathy, touching the hour to splendor if she played or sang.

I had been astonished to discover how remarkable a musician she was. Davis had told me a great deal about her, but somehow one always distrusts the enthusiasms of one's professional friends, particularly when the enthusiasm is for an amateur.

But Enid Lang was not an amateur. One immediately forgot the phrase. She was a musician, and a musician to be

respected anywhere. She had simply never had the exhibitor's instinct which would have led her to the stage. Hers was not the strained and anxious life of the student bent upon "success." She had had time to live, time for friendships, time for frivolities. Above all, time to study as she liked; freedom to explore strange musical bypaths, to adventure wherever her fancy and her interest led.

It was this freedom, this lack of professional stress, that had given to Enid Lang her marvelously free and imaginative touch. Music was still to her the most satisfying and delightful of games. And it was that spirit, I think, that always made the gatherings in Lombard Street so gay.

I saw once in a laboratory a group of young physicians amusing themselves with chemical experiments. Often I have been reminded of them at Enid Lang's. I remember the bright-colored vials, the shining instruments—the alert, bent heads, and the consciousness I had that only a profundity of knowledge had gained them the lightness of such play.

There was one among them bolder than the rest. He held up in one hand a glass receptacle, half filled with a bright, glowing liquid. Smiling, he took up in his other hand a vial of muddy brown. They were all watching, and as he made to pour the contents of the brown vial into the bright-colored liquid, they cried: "You can't do that, Mac!" "You can't do it!" "It won't go!" But with a little laugh he poured it in. . . . It began to swirl, to foam, with an angry, hissing sound. . . . They all drew back from it—covered their ears, as if they expected it to explode. But with a sudden dart the bold one had dipped up on the end of a spatula an infinitesimal quantity of gray powdered stuff and tossed it in just as the boiling, angry fluid reached the top. Like magic it swirled inward and back; like magic the color changed—and the whole thing resolved itself before our eyes into an amazing shade of violet,

brilliant and beautiful, just filling the glass, level to the brim.

There was a gasp, a little flurry of admiration. He made a gesture like a prestidigitator at the conclusion of a trick.

"Discovered that little thing this morning," he said.

"What was it?" they broke out all at once, crowding about to see. "What did you use?" And again the alert, bent heads, and the unintelligible scientific jargon while the mystery was explained.

So, in Lombard Street, Enid Lang at the piano, her fine, sensitive fingers on the keys, experimenting, improvising—curious progressions, experimental intervals—the others grouped about her, watching, listening, amused.

She plays a phrase—a liquid, flowing phrase in some major key—and then abruptly, without preparation or approach, she follows it immediately with another phrase, harsh, conflicting, in a foreign, wholly unrelated key. "You can't do that!" they cry, with expressions of actual pain as the warring vibrations assail the nerves, "You can't do it, you know!" She smiles, and sounds both phrases boldly, side by side, again. . . . They cover their ears with their hands . . . the antagonist overtones meet and destroy each other in the air. . . . Then her hands go back. Once more both phrases are heard . . . but this time she has inserted between them the magic of three strange, slight intervals, a mysterious modulation of passing chords . . . and, presto! the whole thing from beginning to end stands whole—a single bold and brilliant musical period.

She makes the little prestidigitator's gesture with her hands.

"What was it?" they demand, crowding about the keyboard to see. "What was it you used?" And here, as in the laboratory, the sudden grouping of alert, bent heads, and the chatter of technical jargon while the mystery is explained.

That was the sort of play that went on almost nightly at Enid Lang's. Lit-

tle gales of laughter constantly sprang up; and there was always in the air the capricious counterpoint of animated talk. An atmosphere in which one could be infinitely happy, or infinitely uncomfortable, according as one "belonged"; and one knew at once whether one "belonged" or not.

It was into this setting, and upon this scene, that Kerrigan presently came. The entrance, as Davis puts it, of the "Kerrigan theme" into the opera. Steady, dominant, and sure; heroic, if you like—the hero theme.

He appeared suddenly out of that region which has always seemed a little fabulous to me, the "Far North," and out of his still more fabulous exploits there. He had come down on business ostensibly, arriving in San Francisco only the day before. Yet there he was, on the second day, calling on Enid Lang.

A big, fair man, he sat in a low, upholstered armchair beside the round, magenta-shaded light; sat still without moving, while everyone else in the room seemed to be moving—moving—not exactly nervously, but animatedly, across and around and about.

He rose easily, and stood quietly to be introduced as people came in, and sat down again in his place as before. He had the effect of being the only person in the room who could sit still. To the rest it was necessary to move about. When they talked they got up and walked, with gestures and dramatizations of what they were saying which had never seemed quite so evident or so nervous before.

Obviously, he didn't "belong," in our old sense of the word; he wasn't one of us. But that didn't bother Kerrigan. He simply sat there completely at his ease, answering freely enough in his quiet voice when he was spoken to, but with the attitude not so much of listening to the things that were going on about him, as of waiting—just quietly waiting—though for what we didn't know. You see, we didn't know then

what we afterward learned, that Kerrigan had met Enid Lang only once before, and that casually at the house of an acquaintance, on his last trip two years earlier.

I suppose that in spite of himself, against his will, the thought of her had been drawing him back to civilization all the time. Though why it should have been "against his will," I don't know, except that one had the impression that his coming was an interruption he wouldn't have chosen to make if he had been able to leave off thinking of her. At any rate, one had the impression immediately on seeing him there in Enid Lang's room, among Enid Lang's friends, that he had come down out of his North to marry her; that he had come in obedience to an impulse which he had failed to subdue, and that he would transmute that failure into success with her. A cynic might have said that it was equally evident that Enid Lang was going to marry Kerrigan, though of course it was still unconscious with her. It hadn't begun to dawn upon her yet.

He was the type of man who becomes, at least once in her life, a temptation to every woman. Big and calm and solid and sure. And to Enid Lang's type—provided they meet auspiciously—inevitable. He was other things besides big and calm and solid and sure. He was an adventurer. A queer combination of practical business man and adventurer. Even dressed as he was in the most conventional American business man's clothes, there was something about him, which suggested corduroys, high boots, fur-lined mittens and cap. We all saw him a little romantically. That was part of his charm. For he had charm; there was no other word for it.

I remember how that first night we all put ourselves out to make him feel at home; and it was the first time I had seen that happen at Enid Lang's. I suppose it was our instinctive admiration for an opposite type.

A stranger might have thought them

products of different civilizations, Enid Lang and Sten Kerrigan. Yet they were born within three blocks of each other, and went, though at different times, to the same public school; but they were not aware of each other's existence in those days. And when she was sent to study in Europe, he was already leaving college and beginning his business career.

Their fathers were both successful, American business men, with nothing about them to explain or foretell what their children were going to be, except, perhaps, certain physical attributes—the thin, scholarly face of Henry Lang, and the commanding bulk of old Randolph Kerrigan; and also, perhaps, their adventurous spirits, which had prompted them to seek their fortunes in that young city on the Western coast. Surely Sten Kerrigan had inherited that; and Enid Lang . . . well, we do not adventure always toward the West.

I remember her singing that night, and his listening. The surprised lift of his head when she began, how he watched her while she sang, and the look on his face when afterward, rising at her approach, he said to her, "I didn't know you could sing like that."

She smiled her quick, responsive smile. "You liked it?" she said. "I'm glad."

Some one called to her from the piano to come back and settle some question, and presently she was involved in one of their good-natured arguments in which they all illustrated their points by little snatches of melodic phrases, isolated bars played on the piano, and repeated differently a second later by another hand.

Kerrigan sat down again in his low, wide chair, and the notion came into my mind that he was like a man alone in a forest listening, for lack of anything better to do, to the twitter and chirp of birds in the branches overhead. Words flew to and fro like the flash of bright-colored wings. . . .

Davis dropped into a chair beside him, and they began to talk, men's talk—what had happened in San Francisco

since Kerrigan had been away, the position of the government on some new Alaskan question, a little politics. Once while they were talking Enid Lang's voice rose in a full singing phrase—just once and stopped, no doubt to illustrate a point. Kerrigan lifted his head in her direction.

"She ought to do something with that voice," he said.

"She sings with it," said Davis, and Kerrigan sent him a quizzical glance which seemed to say that that was funny, but really didn't make sense.

He left, I remember, early, saying his good night quietly, and leaving, when he had gone, a rather surprising gap. It was some time before we managed to fill it in. Queer, when he had done nothing, said nothing remarkable; he had simply been himself. And beyond expressing, everyone of us, our liking for him, we did not talk of him. But we all understood that we should see him there again, as, of course, we did.

We soon grew accustomed to finding him there, sitting among us at his big, comfortable ease, his eyes resting upon Enid Lang as she moved here and there in the room, and always with that curious attitude of waiting, waiting patiently for something in which the rest of us were to have no part. Only now and then his fingers drummed a little tattoo, lightly, on the arm of his chair, as if conscious of having nothing to do.

I don't mean to say that he was superior, or bored. He was far too friendly a soul for that, and far too contented just to be where *she* was; remember, that was why he was there. No, he often beguiled us with some story casually begun of things that had happened to him in the North, stories which abounded in queer-sounding names and words out of a life and vocabulary entirely strange to us. It gave us a glimpse of him as something else—a man a little out of perspective in that intricately furnished room. It gave us a sense of our not quite seeing him true,

as he really deserved to be seen. And he didn't like talking about himself; he only told us those tales because, having dropped some word, we urged him to go on. I suppose he couldn't understand our omnivorous curiosities, particularly since the things we elected to be interested in were not at all the things which seemed to him the striking or important ones—the business end of it, the industrial romance of the project in whose interests he sought to conquer those wild lands. It was the little things, the sharp detail, the swift dramatic incidents that made pictures in our minds, that we urged him on to tell. Perhaps he sensed the other things would lie outside our range. It may be that he more than once had “dropped some word” concerning them, and that we had not urged him on.

Of course, he *did* think us trivial. It would have been a little unnatural, since he was what he was, if he hadn't thought us that. Even Perrier, the inventor—it was really funny about Perrier. I am sure that in the beginning he regarded Perrier as the most trivial of us all. He didn't even do anything the others did. He did nothing in the world but talk. And such talk! Listening to him in some flight of sheer absurdity, no wonder Kerrigan thought him the most useless idler of the lot. That was, of course, before he knew who he was. And then somebody told him that he was Perrier, the inventor—the Perrier. He was absolutely abashed, and sat staring across the room at the slight animated figure of Perrier as if he found it impossible to believe. And then, suddenly, the mystification cleared from his face, his old, familiar placements all restored.

“Inventors are always mad,” he said, and dismissed that inconsistency from his mind.

For the rest of us, he liked us well enough, accepted us, but I don't think we can flatter ourselves that he would have chosen us if it hadn't been for Enid Lang; and what he was really always waiting for, unconsciously perhaps, was

for us to finish our trivialities and leave him alone with her. He must have been seeing her at other times, when no one else was there; but of course it was only normal that he should resent the fact that others seemed so easily to share with her certain things that he would never be able to share.

Still, he should have been satisfied. She was falling in love with him. It was plain in all the little ways by which a woman reveals to others that she is in love before she has admitted it to herself.

One was aware of it first in her voice—when she sang, I mean. Just as a malady first shows itself at the weakest point, so it seemed that with her this deep new happiness revealed itself through her happiest attribute.

There was a particular night when I first realized that she was in love with Kerrigan. I had known all along, of course, that he was in love with her.

She sang that night some ancient Hebrew hymns, the sacred ritual music of the Jews, drifting into them by chance as she turned over the pages of some old piano scores, and playing her own accompaniments. I will not attempt to describe what it was that came into her voice. Tenderness . . . triumph . . . or something in between . . . or both. Beauty and passion are words too over-used. You have seen a woman's face changed and illumined by love. In that same way her voice was illumined, changed . . . so that we knew—or might have known if we had not ourselves been caught up into the dark magnificence of those alien Hebrew words.

When she had ended, she looked about at us, startled and half bewildered by the potency of the magic she had worked; then went straight as a die to Kerrigan, with no other purpose than in that high moment to be near. No matter whether he understood, no matter whether he felt what she felt, or what the others felt. And again he rose as she came, and stood silent merely looking down at her, while there passed

between them something in which the rest of us had no share.

Yet even that night, later on, he said to me that it was "a pity to waste that voice."

I am perfectly sure that he would have been the first to object to her going on the stage, opera, concert, anything professional. It was just part of his nature, part of his driving force to *do* and to *get somewhere*; and to him Enid Lang's voice must naturally have seemed idle capital, like a proved but unexploited mine.

Well, he had come in the fall—September or October I think it was—and, although it was understood that he had come "on business," he kept on extending his stay from month to month, and saying less and less about going back. We imagined him every day, morning or afternoon, in an impressive office somewhere vaguely downtown, sitting with other men of his type round a massive "directors' table"—controlling policies, deciding upon plans. If he had expected to go back he must have found it difficult to explain his long delay, or perhaps he simply "changed the policy." He didn't, as I've said, talk much about those things to us.

By the middle of March the engagement was announced. And often between that time and their marriage I was led to wonder whether it is really only possible to love what we do not understand. Of course that is absurd, but no more absurd than truth often is.

But if they seemed the most ill-mated couple in the world, it was curious how at the time, and still, for that matter, it also seemed the most natural and inevitable of marriages. One felt instinctively how right it was; how like two halves of the perfect one they were, two sides of the coin that will buy happiness. Masculine, feminine; positive, negative; the bass and the treble of life. Only Nature seldom finds her types so verified.

They were married in June, and went away at once for what I have always

believed was the most idyllic of honeymoons. It was spent in a mountain camp in the high Sierras, far from anyone they knew. He had seemed a little surprised at her choice of a place, but she chose it intuitively, as she did most things in which Kerrigan was concerned. For she, more highly civilized than he, more artificial, if you like, yet responded more instinctively to nature's theme.

They came back to town in the autumn looking very happy indeed, but with their differentiation even more apparent than it had ever been. Perhaps it was the secret of their happiness, their being just so joyously themselves.

Two weeks after their return Kerrigan left on his long-delayed trip to the North. He had put it off as long as possible; now he had to go. He would come back the moment he had accomplished the work he had left unfinished the year before.

So Enid Lang stayed on in the house in Lombard Street, and, except for his presence in the background, that winter was just the same as the winters before she had known Kerrigan.

Letters came, bearing their outlandish postmarks—Coldfoot . . . Itidarod. . . . And there was one long stretch—how many weeks I don't remember now—when she didn't hear, and she was pale from sleepless nights, and entirely unembarrassed about her anxiety.

It was spring when he returned. At once, then, they moved into their own home, another charming house that they had arranged to take before Kerrigan went away. And there they began their life together; the life, one supposed, they had planned to live—to make permanent.

Yet eight months after they had moved into the new house they closed it up and left for Alaska, both of them. Not one of those sophisticated centers of life and gayety like Dawson or Nome, but far beyond, in a vast wild region where few white men, and certainly no white woman, had ever been before. Their destination was the farthest point

to which Kerrigan had penetrated on his last trip in; his reaching it the first time had been a matter for extended comment in the papers when he returned. And now he was taking *her* there, to the very cabin he had built and left.

What Kerrigan's reason was for taking her upon a trip so difficult, and, even for the strongest of men, so potentially dangerous at that time of year, no one can ever really know. But I have my guess, and circumstances bore me out enough, at least, to make it the only acceptable argument, liking Kerrigan as we did.

I doubt very much whether he himself knew the obscure reasons that prompted him.

In the first place, Kerrigan had come back to find life flowing on unchanged in Lombard Street, its surface as rippled and gay as when he had first entered it the year before. Then came the new home, and in it there was again a long, beautiful room on the second floor, a favorite arrangement it may have been of the same architect. Even the windows seemed to frame a variation of the view from Lombard Street; and there, as in that room in Lombard Street, was the same intricate subtlety of furnishing, at once rich and delicate, the personality of Enid Lang. And in the middle, as in that other, the grand piano stood. Soon it had drawn to itself the same sounds, the same talk, the same music, controversies, play. And Kerrigan, no longer with that old attitude of waiting, but making for himself many small duties in his capacity of host. Now and then he was reinforced by some invited guest of his own, though not often. He hadn't the natural gregariousness of his wife, and he was keeping close to her.

I suppose he still went to that vague office somewhere downtown. But I don't think he ever went through a routine day after day, dictating to stenographers, buzzing for clerks, holding the hundred strings of an office taut. I

can't imagine Kerrigan doing that. Calm as he was, he could never have been the slave of routine. I think rather that he was sitting quietly, looking out some window and scheming new schemes for his syndicate. I had a general impression of mines, and of railroads; though the railroads, it seems to me now, may have had also to do with the mines.

We had wondered, all of us at first, whether "the lure of the North" mightn't descend upon Kerrigan, and I remember asking him one day if he didn't expect it to. He looked at me, smiled his easy smile, and slowly shook his head, as if amused at the idea. "Why should it?" he said; and, catching a glimpse just then of his wife, I, too, could see no reason why it should.

So the months went by, and it seemed that, different as they were, their lives were destined to flow forward happily, harmoniously, without any of those swirling undercurrents that trouble the waters of most marriages.

But sometimes at its most fluid moment life seems to crystallize itself; the future seems suddenly to present itself cast in its permanent mold. And it may have been some such realization as this that all at once came upon Kerrigan. I don't know.

It was toward the end of the summer that a kind of restlessness began to be evident in him. Not physical restlessness, but something secret that troubled the depths of his spirit, and of which he was even a little ashamed. Something which came to the surface occasionally just long enough to be seen, before he could conquer it.

For the first time I heard Kerrigan use the word "Realities." And by it he meant *his* realities—material obstacles, battling with the elements, conquering the earth, wresting riches from it—such "realities" as he had always faced.

There had been other small things noticeable before that—phrases that took color now from this. Once I remember he had said, "All this"—waving his

hand about the room, to include the piano and the rest of us—"is all right, and necessary enough, but it's not real. It doesn't get anywhere."

And that was the one time when she made any reply, or seemed even to notice it. She spoke lightly, smiling directly into his eyes.

"What *does* get anywhere, dear?" she said.

He didn't answer; not, one felt, because he couldn't, but because he considered her question conciliatory—a tiny white flag fluttered to remind him of good taste. And he, poor fellow, tried most beautifully to make up for it.

But all the time it was there, underneath, forcing itself to the surface, making itself felt.

You may say that this was obviously no more than the longing that had come upon him for his old life, the "lure of the North"; that he scorned his wife's mode of life, her friends, her occupations, interests. But I am sure it was not so. He admired her too much for scorn. He was proud of her cleverness, her popularity, her accomplishments. (But of course it *was* quite simple to him that such things were not "realities.")

No, it was something purely between the two of them; the manifestation of that perpetual conflict between men and women—the conflict that seems constantly to increase the distance between them, yet strangely at the same time to increase their love. And Kerrigan had no words for such obscure emotional states; although I've an idea that he may have been even more sensitive to them than most men—perhaps for the very reason that he could not bring them to the light. And I think he had always been secretly more troubled by the differences between them, their temperaments, their valuations, their interests, than she.

Now at last it had broken through in that queer repetition of "Realities," which seemed to say itself in spite of him. Not that he really repeated it again and again; I can't, now that I

think of it, recall more than twice that he actually used the word, but each of those times it sounded so strange from Kerrigan, and one had so strong a sense of its having welled up from some deep inner source, of its being propelled upward by some other force than his will, that it seemed important far beyond the ordinary meaning of the word.

There was the night when we were talking of little Louise Cadwallader, and Kerrigan said, "I wonder what would happen if she ever had to come to grips with realities—if she were compelled to live, say, like some of those women I've seen in the North—in a cabin all winter, with the thermometer thirty and forty below; nothing but hard tack and tinned meats and salt pork."

His wife answered him.

"I don't believe," she said, "that Louise would mind it in the least."

"She wouldn't?" said Kerrigan, trying to smile.

"She mightn't *choose* it," said his wife, "but if she had it to do, I don't think she would mind."

"Wouldn't *you*?" he asked.

"Why, I mightn't choose it any more than Louise—cold places have never had any lure for me. But if I were there I should probably find 'coming to grips with realities' a very interesting experience." . . .

It was the memory of that conversation that took the edge off our surprise when later they told us that she was going with him on that Northern trip. Her passivity in the face of his "realities" had piqued him into pressing the point. He was exactly like a big boy who had tried to frighten a little girl, and she, in that annoyingly self-confident way of little girls, had looked upon his dark preparations with the pleasantest of anticipatory smiles. Well, he was going to let her see whether it was a thing to be passed over so lightly or not.

If Alaska had always been more or less of a fabulous land to me, the thing that

happened to Enid Kerrigan there has certainly done nothing to dispel its mystery. Yet the outlines of that climactic setting are sharp and clear in my mind. I have seen it so long concentrated and clarified into the final scene of Davis's opera—very modern—not cluttered with detail, only the essential outlines and colors painted in. And, after all, I don't see how it can be very far wrong. There was snow—for miles, unbroken and white—and Kerrigan's lone cabin set in the midst of it. That much I do happen to know, and that is all that is essential to the telling of what happened there.

Not that I haven't been told the details often enough. I have. But they have always been submerged beneath the stronger colors of the final scene. If you must have local color and detail, you have had it over and over again in romances of the North; and if you happen to know the country, you can provide it for yourself.

My impression has persisted that the place was somewhere in a vast unexplored area beyond Itidarod. But Itidarod may merely have caught in my memory because of its queer sound, and because I know that they did pass through it on their way.

They had, of course, every equipment for such a trip—dogs, provisions, proper clothes. The plan was to kill their own fresh meat and game. Kerrigan was to go on with his investigations, and make a report.

Remember that they were far from the last outpost of civilization, and absolutely alone. Even the natives, a tribe so little known as to be almost traditional, had retreated farther and farther into the fastnesses before the white man's advance. Kerrigan had encountered a few of them in the hills the previous year, and had planned now to draw upon them for workers if he needed them. But the once or twice that, following game into the hills, he had caught sight of one of them, they had fled at his approach; and after that they kept even closer to their fastnesses. So for

that year, at least, Kerrigan had to abandon hope of their help, and this left their isolation complete.

One can imagine them in that solitary cabin at nights, the light of their oil lamp shining through the one window. (There *was* only one window, and that one small. It happens to be one of the essential details—the “practical window” of the opera—so that I remember it.)

One can imagine Enid Kerrigan learning day after day more about game and trapping and guns and how best to bank a fire—picking up all sorts of queer bits of information that had been outside her range.

There is her own word for it that she did find it “fairly interesting, as an experience,” though certainly not so exciting as some things she had done in her life. It was “confining,” she said (and she must have used that word to Kerrigan). When you went out you must wear certain clothes, so that your movements never felt free; but there was no intermediate—if you attempted to go out more lightly clothed, you froze; that was all, nothing halfway. It had the effect of *rules*, as if the country imposed its rigid convention of deportment and dress, and punished you if you diverged from it. . . . In the cabin there was always the hot little stove. . . . And when you did go out, what was there to do? She didn't go with Kerrigan on his long hunting tramps, because it would have been absurd. She had no skill with guns or traps, and had always disliked killing things. She would only have been in the way. There was the cabin to keep clean and neat, and the cooking, which was amusing and certainly simple enough—like a child's playing house. Beyond that there was so little to do. One could see, of course, what she meant. Not particularly uncomfortable, if you were equipped; but it *was* a “confining” kind of life.

One can imagine her saying it to Kerrigan. . . and he had thought it would frighten her!

Now of course I shall never know how important the business was that made it necessary for Kerrigan to take that hurried six-day trip to the nearest telegraph, or by just what reasoning, either of hers or his own, he was persuaded to leave her alone for those six days and nights.

Here, too, we have her word for how it came about.

It was a matter of some instruments of which Kerrigan stood in pressing need, and some urgent message to be sent to his associates in the States. There was no other way for it. He would have to go in to the nearest station where there was a telegraph. He put the problem before her. Since there was no one to stay with her, she would have to go along. He was sorry, for the trip had its discomforts and dangers at that time of year. She said it wasn't the trip she minded, but she did dislike being a hindrance, an impediment; her going would entail such elaborate preparations which he, alone, could do without. It would mean slower progress, added responsibility, altogether a nuisance in every way. Of course he replied that there was no alternative except staying alone, and certainly she would be afraid to do that, wouldn't she? She said—Afraid? There wasn't anything to be afraid of; they hadn't seen even a caribou for weeks. He suggested that she might be afraid of *not* seeing anything, of the silence—of just being alone. And then it occurred to her that probably never again in her life would there be a combination of circumstances which would make it possible for her to experience six whole days and nights of unbroken solitude—it couldn't really happen anywhere else. She would like trying it; she had a notion that one found out all sorts of queer things about oneself at times like that. The more she thought of it, and weighed it against the trip, the more reasonable it appeared to her. There was really nothing to fear, and she would have Big Jim, the malamute, to protect her in case of emergency.

Of course Kerrigan protested, but in the end he went. He would be back in the quickest possible time, but with the best of luck it would take six days.

All of the first day she had the sense of Kerrigan's retreating figure. She could see him within range of her imagination, receding farther and farther away—into the distance—toward the South. By evening it had grown a little dim, as if her mind's eye could no longer quite follow him. By night he was completely gone.

Silence closed in about her—spread away on every side—endless and white. . . . There was the sensation of lighting the lamp, of being the single point of light in the heart of that vast darkness—of exposing herself thus to the stealthy silence that lay like an entity outside. And then that faded, too; and she put out her light and went to bed. The malamute lay on the floor at her feet, restless at first with his master gone, but after a little ceasing to stir.

It was then, if ever, that she had expected fear. She was alone—the only living, sentient thing in her universe. . . . It was eerie. It was different. But she was not afraid.

She lay there thinking about it. After all, she supposed, she was too civilized, too oversophisticated, to feel afraid. Fear was a primitive thing, and wouldn't bear thinking or reasoning. Children and savages had it. . . . She remembered being afraid when she was a child, and she lay there in the dark remembering things she had been afraid of years before, and smiling to herself at how absurd they were, until at last, as on any other night, she fell asleep.

She woke to a sharp sense of surprise that it was morning, and that she had slept all night. The dog lay blinking at her, waiting for her to wake, and when she opened her eyes he beat his tail on the floor and gave a little friendly yelp. She got up, and began the second day.

It passed as the first one had passed—a little strange because Kerrigan was not

there, a little different, but nothing to make her afraid. No, she had left that behind with her childhood, which was, she supposed, a good thing if one were to be much alone in such places as that. When she spoke to the dog now and then she was conscious that the sound of her voice struck queerly into the solitude. And she would go on improvising upon the theme, imagining what effect solitude might have if you stayed long enough alone; and, thinking of it, she would lose all sense of its present reality. . . . It wasn't imagination, she thought, that made people afraid; it was the lack of it.

And neither that day, nor the night that followed, nor the day after that, was she so much as brushed by fear.

There were times when she was conscious of a sheer intoxication of identity. And there were times when, waking at night she felt herself to be wholly one with the stillness and the dark—her identity utterly blotted out; and moments when her consciousness seemed suddenly to approach near to the ultimate mystery. These were sensations too keen and too near ecstasy for fear. Knowing Enid Lang, I can imagine how she made of those days a "fairly interesting experience."

It was about nine o'clock on the third night that, sitting reading beside her lamp, she saw across the top of her book the malamute abruptly lift his head. His ears were pricked, his body tense, his eyes fixed on the door.

She did not put down her book, but sat perfectly still watching the dog.

With a snarl he got up and went toward the door. His hair bristled on his back.

She still sat motionless, holding her book before her in her hand. It could be no one. No human being, at least. Some prowling animal. . . . That was what the dog invariably did when he heard animals about the cabin at night. . . . It was not wolves; she would have heard them long ago. . . . It was some small prowling animal.

The dog went closer to the door, ears pricked, and growling steadily.

With a quick, decisive movement, remembering how Kerrigan always did, she put down the book, crossed to the door, and opened it.

Like a shot the dog was past her, across the tiny square of illumined snow, and swallowed up in the night. She waited. There was one sharp, harsh yelp, and after that silence. She called after him, "Jim!" but the black night gave back no sound. She stood a moment irresolute, searching the darkness beyond, then closed the door. Big Jim had gone in pursuit. She would hear him when he came back. He would whine and scratch at the door.

Afterward, long afterward, she admitted to herself that from the first she really hadn't expected the dog to come back. From the instant of his one short, harsh yelp, she felt that something—she couldn't know what—had happened to Big Jim. Why else did she sit there rigidly hours into the night, pretending to read and to wait for him? And why else was it that only by telling herself over and over again the reasonable story that he had gone in pursuit of his prey, and would come back presently panting and victorious, did she persuade herself to put out her light, and, wrapped in a thick fur robe, lie down on the bed, where at last, by sheer exhaustion, she fell asleep? . . .

Hours later, awakened, as she thought, out of some deep, bewildering dream, with the sound of it still in her ears, she lay a moment in that half-conscious state between waking and sleep. Still struggling to recall the dream, she slowly opened her eyes. It was dawn—dim and bleak and gray. . . . But that sound—? It was still in her ears—an insistent, all-enveloping sound. . . . Was it not then part of a dream? She raised her head, listening. Was it coming from outside—outside the cabin? It seemed to come from no direction—but to be pressing in, beating in upon her from all sides, from everywhere—an uneven, throbbing

sound, a sequence of three repeated over and over and over, without pause, endlessly. . . . It was louder now. What was it? Where?

She sat upright, got to her feet, crossed the cabin to the little square window, and, gripped by some horrible premonition, drew aside the curtain and looked out.

Fear swept her, unreasoning, sickening; every nerve of her body informed before her brain. . . . In the gray dawn, at a distance of twenty yards, a ring of barbaric figures encircled the cabin . . . facing inward, shoulder to shoulder, three deep; their faces, like the faces of grotesque animals, almost obscured by fur. Only their eyes were visible in the dim light, and their slightly open mouths, every one open alike. And from them there issued unceasingly that amazing repetition of three. . . . Human voices they were, yet no intervals ever heard in the human voice before. . . . Not only her nerves, but all the tissues of her body seemed to respond to it . . . to some uncanny *intent* in the sound, some knowledge her brain refused to receive. . . .

A scene came back to her—a scene and a voice . . . Kerrigan's voice, in Lombard Street—telling a legendary tale—“*They say it's absolutely true, no man ever survived the thing more than two or three days.*” The voice of a normal man telling of magic in which he believes. . . . And a page in a book, with a phrase midway of the page, “*the aboriginal rite of Singing to Death, by which they rid themselves of an enemy.*” . . . She could see the capital S and the capital D. . . . She could hear the voice, see the bright scene. . . . A tale to tell. A sentence in a book. But never . . .

She must wake up! It was some hideous nightmarish dream. Why had she gone to sleep, still dressed, wrapped in the fur robe? She had been waiting for something. What?

It came back to her with another sickening surge of certainty. She had been waiting for the dog, Big Jim. . . . Big Jim, what had become of him? She looked about the

cabin, dazed. No, the dog was not there. . . .

Very cautiously she moved inward toward the center of the room. The discordant rhythm followed her, louder, more insistently. And as she went there reached her, not a consecutive thought, but a single flash of realization that seemed to insert itself between the waves of sound . . . like a message direct and sinister. . . . They knew she was alone. Kerrigan was their enemy—he sought their land—if he came back and found her dead, her whom he loved, without mark or wound, he would go away forever, and leave their land in peace.

Her mind accepted the motive without question or surprise. It seemed even to bring a kind of sanity in its wake, to renew something within her which a moment before had been destroyed; to bring the thing that was happening into the realm of possibilities.

She was standing upright in the center of the room. The destroying waves of sound beat inward, converging upon her, with their horrible sickening intent. She moved away, avoiding the center of the room—and the sound seemed to pass through her flesh, leaving it quivering.

With all of her strength she sought to resist, to gather her forces together to think—to think. . . .

If it would only pause for an instant—long enough to finish a thought. If only the rhythm would vary—slower, faster, anything! But on and on and on it went, never abating, never changing, on and on and on. . . .

Again and again she was driven inward to the center of the room. Again and again she moved away, but always came back to it. At last, impelled by some instinct to save her strength, she forced herself to sit down in a straight chair, beside the table. And so she sat, head bowed, her thin, firm fingers tightly gripped and interlaced, while hours passed—beating themselves by in that hideous heavy rhythm of three, that filled the cabin, that filled the world! And her strength was spent in

resistance—in the futile effort to concentrate her sanity. . . .

She had lost all sense of time. Three days! Was it possible that any human soul had ever survived it a single day? With an effort she lifted her head, as against some inconceivable weight—and turned her eyes to the clock, the nickel clock that hung against the wall. It had stopped—at four minutes past eight it had stopped—its rhythm succumbed to that other rhythm from without, as sooner or later the rhythm of her own heart would succumb. . . .

The terrible sequence of three tore through her flesh in three different ways—tearing, catching, beginning again—tearing, catching, beginning again—not smooth and cutting like knives, but jagged-edged, rough, like broken bits of iron and steel—a body caught and mangled in some catastrophe of invisible machinery. . . . Unless something happened, unless she could *think*, there would soon begin the ghastly dissolution of her will. Already her thoughts were torn and mangled, as her body was. Yet somewhere in the incorruptible center of her being her shocked and habit-driven intelligence groped toward the secret of that unbearable progression, those monstrous intervals. . . .

She had risen again and begun to walk—up and down and across—up and down and across.

But suddenly she was standing still, head up, as if somewhere in those inimical vibrations she had heard a clue. . . .

Then deliberately she moved to the center of the room. Her hands went out, and with a strong, wide gesture of her arms she seemed to be sweeping up into herself all those conflicting intervals! It had come—the secret was hers! She, too, was a sorcerer! Her power against their power—her magic against theirs! . . .

Fearless — triumphant — she moved toward the door. . . .

Imagine now that scene: The lone cabin, and that weird circle surrounding

it—like some strange, dark-hued flower set in that vast expanse of snow. The colors rich and glowing under the mid-day sun . . . and shedding inward steadily its poisoned sorcery of sound.

Then suddenly the door of the cabin flung wide—and in it a woman—and a Voice. A voice that swept upward those three notes, and by some magic more potent than their own, transformed, sustained them there, and, leaping far above them then, poured forth from that amazing throat—a single, high, victorious aria!

Like petals blown upon by some unforeseen and devastating wind, the grotesque figures fell apart, then paused, bewildered, dazed. And, seeing her stand defenseless in the door, one arm still upraised, they fell upon their faces in superstitious awe of the strange white woman with the blazing eyes and pale, triumphant face, who by some miraculous power had done what had never been done by mortal before, what could never have been done except by intervention of the gods. They remained prostrate before her, their foreheads touching the snow, until at last first one and then another began cautiously to rise, and to retreat, backward, as if fearing to turn their faces away from her.

At a safe distance, they turned and fled swiftly toward their hills, never pausing to look back at the solitary figure in the door. . . .

It was so that Kerrigan found her. Kerrigan who, tortured by remorse, and smitten with some sudden premonition of danger for her, had turned back on the second day of his journey to race with his unnamable fear back over the way he had gone . . . and, coming at last in sight of the cabin, he beheld the last of those terrible figures departing swiftly over the snow. . . .

Then he saw her—standing alone in the cabin door—empty-handed and unhurt.

How much she found it possible to explain to him—and how much he was

able to understand of it—I do not know. But she made it, seeing his terror and remorse, as simple and as natural as there were simple and natural words for it. She used, I believe, wireless, and all sorts of electrical analogies, transformers, wave lengths, things acceptable to him as material realities. One can imagine that she kept away from music and all musical terms—by which she might, to a musician, so easily have explained.

In the end, I believe, he professed to understand. . . .

Well—I see them now and then, but only occasionally. I've been away from San Francisco a good deal these last few years. They still live safely and contentedly, to all appearances, in their charming and hospitable house; even more in love with each other, I think, than they were at first. But whenever I

see them together, I am reminded of the letter Davis wrote me just after their return, when I happened to be away. "You would think," he wrote, "that she had sufficiently demonstrated her 'realities' to him. But I honestly believe, no matter how much he professes to understand, that Kerrigan really suspects her of some kind of magic, or some queer feminine wile that he hasn't got the straight of yet. He simply can't believe in the 'reality' of the thing she did!"

I am reminded of it because more than once it has occurred to me that he is still just a little afraid of her.

She has always wanted to go back again to the North. But Kerrigan will never go.

So, there you have it—Davis's opera—one moment in it, at least, to satisfy the most imperious diva's dream.

OLD SELVES

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THOUGH my songs may hint of wings;
 Touch on magic, secret things,
 They are only shadowings
 Of the many selves in me,
 Shrouded each in mystery.
 For my heart knows every tongue;
 It is old and very young.

Autumn speaks in tawny grapes;
 Through the snow a hint escapes
 Of the pear tree's flower shapes.
 But these selves of mine retain
 Stranger mysteries than pain;
 Darker secrets than are read
 From the cold lips of the dead.

In the flames that leap and fall,
 When dusk creeps across the wall,
 There is life and death—and all.
 In the coals that feed the flame,
 First was life, and then death came.
 What is there to hold or hide—
 Songs are old selves that have died!

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PORTUGAL

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

THE first call of outward-bound British steamers in Portugal is Leixoëns (a name which nobody can pronounce correctly, and few can spell), the seaport for Oporto. Oporto lies across the Douro, a few miles up the river; Leixoëns, however, is not at the mouth of the Douro, but slightly to the north of it. British steamers, when they enter Leixoëns harbor at early morn, seem to make a point of waking the whole of Portugal with their sirens. Leixoëns, considered as a town, is nothing at all; it apparently has far more boats than houses. But we had no difficulty in hiring there a good car. In pursuance of the great principle that it is always wise to employ two men on a one-man job, this car was run by a couple of fellows, both very obliging and courteous. One of them did naught but wind up the car when necessary. The other was reported to be chauffeur to a Portuguese general; he was not in uni-

form, but this did not prevent us from being militarily saluted when we passed barracks. We had been warned about Portuguese roads and Portuguese driving, and the chauffeur-in-chief was earnestly exhorted to drive slowly—so that we could observe Portugal! Perhaps he did drive slowly, according to his conception of the adverb. But it is quite certain that he would go round absolutely blind corners in populous streets at thirty miles an hour. Nevertheless, no living thing was assassinated, and at the end of the day the car was still whole, though more loosely articulated than at the beginning. The roads were as appalling as rumor had made them and the climate as exquisite.

The perils of the road were intensified by the numerous oxen-carts, which, to the exclusion of the horse, divide with the automobiles the road-traffic of the Oporto district. These carts must have started at the other end of civilization



A CORNER OF THE PRINCIPAL SQUARE
OF OPORTO



THE GREATER AND LESSER HALVES OF OPORTO ARE UNITED BY AN IRON BRIDGE

some thousands of years ago and they have now met the automobile at this end. Their massive wooden wheels have only two spokes. Their burden seems to be chiefly barrels. The pair of oxen, unshod, move at about two miles an hour, and take about a quarter of an hour to deflect themselves from the middle to the side of the street. A little boy walks between them, and a man sits behind and guides, without touching them, by means of a thing that looks like a goad, but is only a pointer. The Portuguese treat their animals in a reasonably sympathetic spirit. The yokes are works of applied art, elaborately carved, sometimes also painted in bright tints, and sometimes tufted as well. It is evident that they are handed down from generation to generation. The danger to automobiles of the oxen-carts lay in the far-spreading horns of the

oxen. One lived throughout the day in the expectation of getting a horn-point in the eye. Whole families might have encamped under the shadow of those vast umbrageous horns.

The Douro is a beautiful river with precipitous, richly verdured banks, romantic, coquettish, and yet very dignified. And the little villages that border it, with their tiled façades to prove that the Moors really existed, show a picturesqueness to match it. But the city of Oporto makes you forget the Douro. It is sublimely situated on various hills. From any summit its antique red roofs flow down in great curves to the dwarfed river, composing, amid the vivid green and under the transparent blue, a picturesqueness that is merely marvelous. True, the greater and the lesser halves of Oporto are united by a very high iron bridge designed by the happily inim-

itable Eiffel, who ruined the entire aspect of Paris at one blow; but, unlike the Eiffel Tower, the Douro bridge is not everywhere visible. The winding and climbing configuration of Oporto is such that unless you are on a summit you can see only about ten yards of the city at once.

There is nothing of exciting interest in Oporto; the whole is more exciting and more lovely than any part. This is my own opinion, not the city's. The city is certainly capable of being excited by its Stock Exchange. And I admit that the Stock Exchange, though never achieving beauty, is imposing by reason of its dimensions, its costliness, its specially designed furniture, its floors, its granite staircases, its spittoons, its ball-room, and its general demonstration that the stockbrokers of Oporto, having determined to do something big, did it.

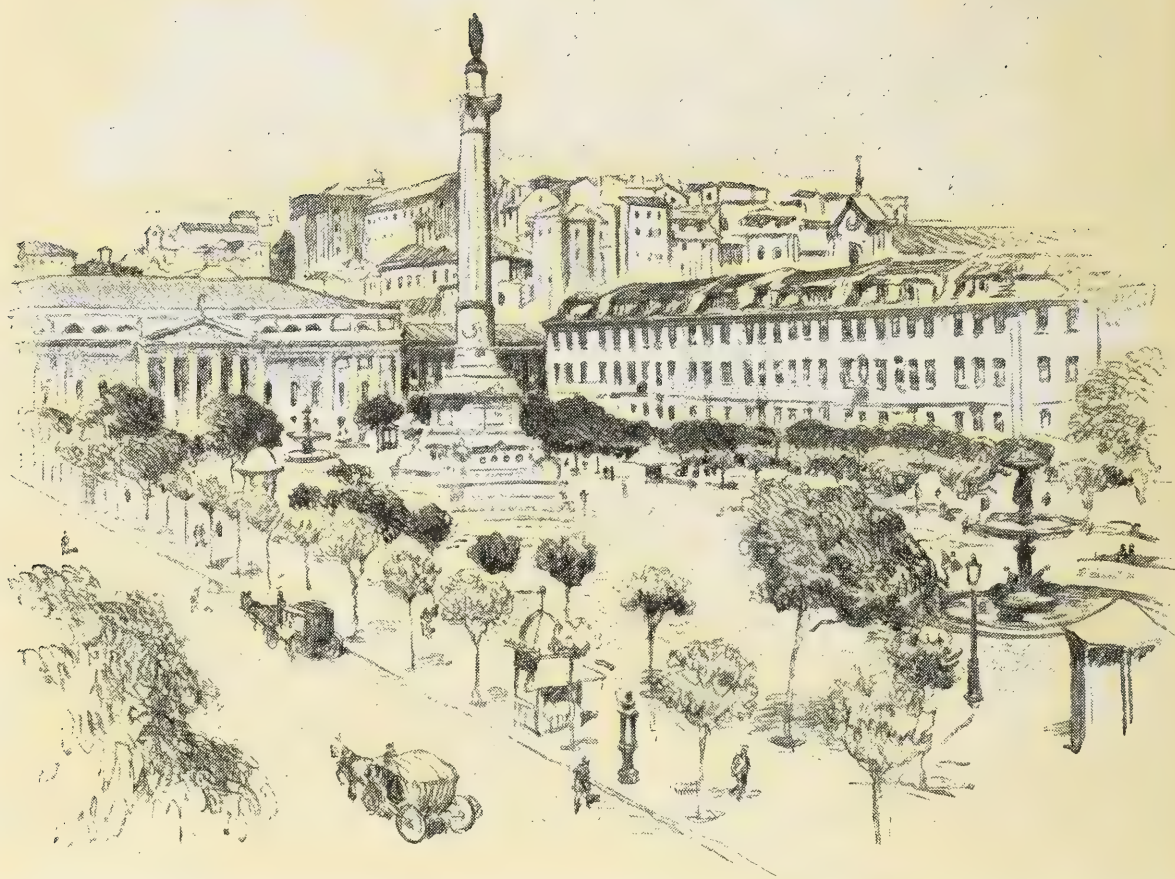
In the guardian of the Stock Exchange (not at the moment functioning) we had our first example of Portuguese expert-

ness in throat-clearing, expectoration, and cigarette smoking. This man, like his race, had attractive manners and a mildly morose wit. When he led us into the Court of Commercial Justice, a great hall covered with bright frescoes, he said, blandly: "Yes, but no justice in Portugal! Justice too high," and pointed to the figure of Justice portrayed on the lofty ceiling.

The Bourse was so exhausting that we had to go and have lunch, and, under advice, we went to the establishment entitled the Crystal Palace. It is on a summit, and so great that it has its own private railway siding in its gardens. Within and without its ingenious ugliness is exacerbating—nearly, but not quite, as exacerbating as the ugliness of the original Crystal Palace. Still, we counted on the reputation of its cuisine. As the head-waiter could speak a little French, I said to him, in reply to his request for the order: "We leave it to you. Give us the very best luncheon



CASCAES, ONE OF THE SMALL RESORTS ON THE PORTUGUESE RIVIERA



THE ROCIO OF LISBON, THE THEATRE DONA MARIA ON THE LEFT

you can." He was flattered, as head waiters always are by this gambit. He gave us the very best luncheon he could. It comprised eight courses of solids, fine wines, fine cigars, fine liqueurs, and excellent coffee. And it was entirely admirable, with a touch of native originality. I doubt if you could get a better lunch outside Brussels, and we marveled that a provincial town of moderate size could produce such a repast at ten minutes' notice. Clearly, the Portuguese understand eating, which is powerfully in their favor. The bill for three persons was monstrous—fifteen thousand, three hundred reis, less than six dollars. (Oh, rate of exchange!)

Thus fortified, we went to inspect the cathedral, which nobody seemed ever to have heard of. Apart from its cloisters, whose archæological interest is considerable, the most interesting architectural

thing about the cathedral is a dwelling-house which somebody negligently built, perhaps a century ago, high up between its towers. Exceedingly odd, this house! In front of the main entrance to the cathedral, at three o'clock in the afternoon, twenty or thirty lads and boys were playing and making an acute noise. They all helped us to find the residence of the sacristan, and most of them begged vociferously and were rewarded with British pennies. Some, however, did not beg. These got the first pennies. I asked one of them, who seemed rather mature, how old he was. "Eighteen." Why this youth was not helping to do the world's work he did not explain.

The sacristan was cast in the same mold as the guardian of the Bourse. He showed us everything with great and bland deliberation. For him, the *clou* of the edifice was the bishops' robing-

room, a splendid chamber, somberly glittering with chased brass. Its main features were huge coffered full of ancient embroidered stuffs and a whole series of important mirrors. "What are all these mirrors for?" we demanded. The sacristan answered: "Bishops are just as human as other people. They like to look at themselves." We were silenced.

Feeling now that we had "done" Oporto, we joyfully realized that we were at liberty to search for second-hand shops and discover unprecedented bargains in the antique. We explored one street that was thick from end to end with jewelers offering rings at three million reis apiece; but nobody in the street had ever heard of a second-hand shop, and we came out of it having spent a mere ten thousand reis or so on Oporto silver-filigree work, which we assuredly should not have bought had not the rage for spending been upon us. We descended the high street of Oporto, and saw the rich *bourgeoises* of Oporto promenading with Latin and other dignity in

black velvet. The assistant chauffeur sought to impress us with the information that the church tower at the top of the opposite slope was the highest in all the world! He also suggested that it would be a good plan to visit the pawnshops. We rapturously welcomed the plan. We visited the pawnshops. What places! Up wide and rickety and filthy staircases with peeling walls, into dubious interiors (with pews for pawners) peopled by frowsy officials who bent over enormous and yellowed books of account. Balzacian places! But we drew blank—absolutely blank. Then the assistant chauffeur delivered the news that his mother kept a second-hand shop. We flew to his mother, but the total value of her stock could not have exceeded ten dollars.

At last, somehow, we had wind of a real second-hand shop. We drove there, impatient. The great door was locked. An employee reluctantly opened to our summons, and we had glimpses of long vistas of old furniture and bric-à-brac. We rejoiced. But the employee could do



THE MUCH BEPRAISED VIEW OF LISBON AND THE TAGUS



THE DISTRICT, INCLUDING CINTRA, IS DOMINATED BY THE PALACE OF PENA

nothing for us. He said his master was away and that he himself knew not the price of things, and that, moreover, all the things "of an important value" were put away. He asked us, with kind nonchalance to call again on Monday. (This was on a Friday.) But as we could not share his high and characteristic Portuguese contempt for time, we shook our heads and drove back in the beautiful, cold, clear evening to Leixoëns and the ship, where time was a tyrant.

Impossible to resist the conviction that the importance of Leixoëns as a port was strangely incommensurate with the importance of the city it served. In the Douro we had noticed only one or

two small steamers, and schooners and on its banks only one trifling shipyard. In Leixoëns harbor were several large schooners, a Dutch steamer, a Japanese steamer, and a new American steamer (one of those which, according to an American present, take six weeks to build and six months to repair). Nothing else, save launches, smacks, and rowboats. No dock accommodation whatever. And this for a commercial city which is badly served by railways and through which passes all the port wine in the world. The last clause reminds me that I have said nothing of the famous "wine-lodges" of Oporto—endless catacombs of port. We had purposely avoided them, frightened by the

obligation to taste ten different ports in half an hour.

You go to the Portuguese Riviera from Lisbon by a special railway that runs along the north shore of the Tagus estuary, defacing it all the way, and ends at Cascaes. Cascaes stands at the beginning of the estuary, a fishing town to some extent residential, in whose apology for a harbor a pilot steamer lies night and day, for ever and ever, to catch arriving ships. Beyond Cascaes, civilization ceases. The coast-line curves round to the north, and for a great distance there is nothing but lighthouses, dunes, ceaseless and immense breakers, and bold capes. The authorities have constructed a good road from Cascaes north but, after proceeding courageously for several miles, it finishes in sand. One heard of a project for a pleasure-town somewhere in those fine wastes, and one

will probably continue to hear of the project for many years to come. If ever the thing is conjured into existence the inhabitants will live in an eternal booming of breakers, comparable to that of Treasure Island.

Between Lisbon and Cascaes the shore is a necklace of townlets strung onto the railway line. They touch one another, so that in a duration of an hour and a distance of less than twenty miles the train stops about twenty times. At some points the time between starting from one station and starting from the next scarcely exceeds a minute, and the hotel porters do not hurry in fixing your baggage; if the train moves off while they are on board, they just let it take them to the next station and then gently walk back, an affair of five minutes. The trains are by no means *trains de luxe*, or expresses, but they do exhibit the chief virtue of a train—they are prompt.

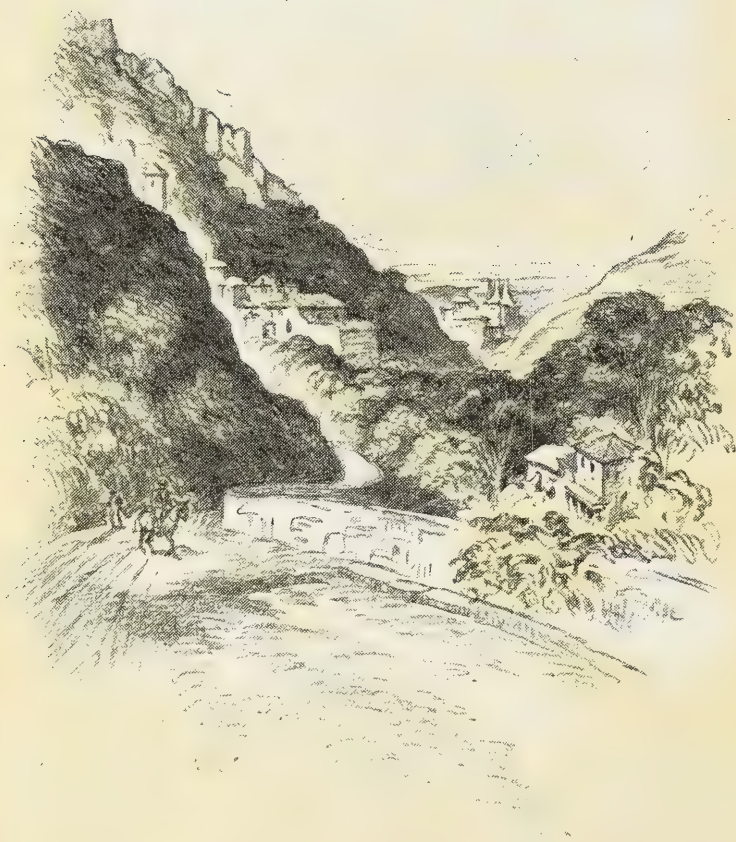


THE CLOISTER OF BELEM, THE MOST GLORIOUS SIGHT IN LISBON

The line is no doubt one of the most efficient in Portugal. And the roads, speaking generally, were the best we saw in Portugal. In fact, it was plain that the district must be inhabited by people of influence who knew how to look after the amenities of their life. A number of the residents were "daily-breaders,"

they missed the train; but there would be another in three-quarters of an hour, and the day had twenty-four hours. Impossible to deny that these commuters understood the value of possessing their souls in philosophic tranquillity.

As the line gets farther from Lisbon so does the character of the townlets develop until in the Estoril region, which consists of three contiguous townlets—St. John Estoril, Estoril, and Mont Estoril—the architecture becomes fantastic, orchidaceous, incredible. There are hundreds, thousands, of villas, at different elevations on the slopes, and each is more marvelous than the others. Architectural tradition is simply ignored in the majority of these gleaming white, pink, blue, and yellow houses. They caricature mediæval castles, Italian renaissance palaces, English country-houses. They are frescoed; they are fretted; they are inlaid. Some are rather good; a few grotesquely miss fire, but none is ordinary. Seen in the mass, during a soft, lucid sunset, they come nearer to constituting a fairyland than anything else modern I ever saw. The most extravagant of all the



THE OLD PALACE OF CINTRA WITH MOORISH CHIMNEYS
IN THE DISTANCE

commuters — otherwise season - ticket holders. They behaved, however, in a Portuguese fashion. You could see them walking calmly to the station as the train was arriving. Not a sign of haste. The train would stop in the station. Still not a sign of hurry. Then the train would whistle and puff, and then only would the commuters run. Of course

confections, a building that again and again we would walk a mile and a half to see, proved to be a garage. Far more grandiose than the house to which it was attached, it resembled nothing in the history of evolution. It was superbly ugly, but it exercised a most potent spell. We inquired about it from a lady who had resided long in the district. "Yes," she

said, "that was built by a man who felt sorry for an architect who could never get anything to do." I doubt not that it was the only job that the architect ever got. But he has not lived in vain.

The Estoril region is the tripartite queen of the Portuguese Riviera. It lies next to Cascaes, and is on the part of the northern shore which juts out beyond the southern shore of the estuary, so that the view therefrom is of the unbounded sea. It appears to consist exclusively of villas, hotels, and little casinos. The absence of chimneys strikes an Englishman, but the climate explains that. Less explicable is the dearth of shops. Shops there were, but very few and very paltry. And by what machinery of distribution physical life was sustained in the region we never discovered. Mont Estoril is supposed to dominate the three Estorils; it is easily the best known of the three in the great Anglo-Saxon community of globe-trotters. But its days of domination appear to be numbered. Estoril (between Mont and St. John) is erecting a tremendous pleasure park on a quite cosmopolitan scale, and comprising hotels, baths, a casino, and even arcades of shops. When this dream is fulfilled—and it is very nearly fulfilled, for the glass is in most of the million windows—Mont will have to take second place and will then of course make a point of its select quietude. The new hotels are not likely to be better, in essentials, than the plain but well-run and moderately priced hotels of Mont Estoril, which in the methods of their excellent management seem to be Swiss or Italian.

But all these things are nothing. The chief matter in the Portuguese Riviera is the climate. We spent February there. On the first morning I went out before breakfast under the bluest sky and the most magnificent sunshine I have experienced anywhere save in the Sahara. I did not put on an overcoat; it would have been monstrous to put on an overcoat. Well, the east wind went through me like a dagger through a ghost. Never have I met with an east wind so dead

east as that wind. Half an hour of it gave me neuralgia for three days. But ere the three days had elapsed the climate had relented, and it soon grew to be paradisiacal. In a week we loved it, and girls were bathing in the sea. (True, they were Scotch girls.) The climate is vastly superior to that of the French Riviera—you can be frozen to death on one side of the Avenue de la République at Nice and roasted to death on the other—if only for the fact that the temperature scarcely falls at night. Indeed, the nights are warm in winter. Clemency is the true name of the climate. We had three days of rain, and at the end of our stay somebody broke it to us that February was the rainy month. Undoubtedly the most favored periods would be the six weeks beginning the 1st of March, when the wild flowers, of which we saw the infancy, must cover the hill-slopes with color, and the six weeks beginning the first of October. In summer, it appears, great winds blow, and the shores are crammed and bursting with Portuguese parents and babies. (After all, it is their country.)

Cintra is one of the show places of Portugal. It used to be—in Southey's time, for instance—one of the show places of the world. You reach it from the Estorils northward across a rising, rolling, austere country of scrubby trees and umber earth which is enlivened by bright gorse, a huge decaying palace or so, a penal agricultural settlement, and a few unkempt picturesque villages whose inhabitants are very much patched and not in the slightest degree picturesque. The villages, however, are perhaps not as barbaric as they appear, for a tumble-down house in one of the most remote of them bore an inscription in Portuguese signifying, "United Recreative Club of Pinho."

Having turned the flank of a sierra, you perceive Cintra lying on the northern slope thereof, high above a vast plain lined with obviously good roads that lead to the glittering Atlantic. The

horses have never stopped trotting. They will unremittingly trot eight, ten, twelve miles, gently but steadily, accepting ceaseless hills with calm fatalism; they continue, they continue. Occasionally the driver reminds them of the seriousness of their vocation with a flick; he does not lash, or even whip.

The whole of the district, including Cintra, is dominated by the palace of Pena, set on a peak in the clouds. The Moors probably had good reason to build there. The Prince Consort who tried to improve on them by grandiosely imitating mediævalism in the middle of the nineteenth century had no good reason. Only a vain and lunatic fool would have imposed on the labor of his country the heartrending task of transporting to the summit of the sierra the materials for this incredible mass of architectural mediocrity. Such fantastic tricks must put a strain on the great principle of divine right.

Cintra itself is dominated by a twin pair of bottle-like or kiln-like or gourd-like constructions that spring with a curious abnormality from the roofs of the royal palace in the center of the town. You want to investigate those twins, and you want still more to have lunch; but you are a tourist and therefore the slave of tradition, and the unchangeable tradition is that before lunch tourists must persist for several miles beyond the town in order to visit the gardens of Montserrat, once the home of Beckford of Fonthill and *Vathek*—double-asterisked in the pre-war Baedeker. You know in advance that the gardens of Montserrat will be a bore. They are. True, they are less of a bore than the gigantic, world-renowned private gardens of Bordighera, but simply because they are less extensive. The detested landscape gardener has created them the negation of a garden; and all the captive trees are rare, and every tree has a label in clear Latin tied round its neck. There are two redeeming mercies—no guide is permitted to accompany you, and the gardeners are not labeled.

The delayed lunch at the Hotel Netto atones. You see at once that the head waiter, in a white jacket, is a human being. He is urbane, grave, dignified. He does not ask you what you will have for lunch. He brings you the lunch—and promptly—receiving it himself, course by course, through an aperture like a ticket-window at a railway station. It is an excellent lunch, from the omelette, of which you have heard the sizzling on the other side of the aperture, to the oranges on their stalks. The waiter knows it is an excellent lunch. About the Collares wine he allows himself a discreet enthusiasm, for it is a special vintage of the hotel. He is a careful man. He will not serve your drivers until he has bowed down to your ear like a butler and ascertained that you intend them to lunch at your expense. You feel that he comprehends human nature. He has character and he can weigh the character in you, and he takes a tip with neither servility nor condescension. There is again character in the middle-aged women outside who cajole money out of your pocket in exchange for adequate sweetmeats and quite inadequate post-cards. They, too, are urbane and dignified and yet with a dash of flirtatious or roguish insistence. Poverty has not caused them to forget that they were once girls and are still acutely feminine. They win, and you accept defeat with relish.

But the most human human beings in the town are certainly the custodians of the summer palace. The first greets you from his cubicle at the top of the first flight of steps. Having taken your money, he emerges to welcome you not as an official, but as a fellow-man. You perceive unmistakably that he is enormous; that he is rubicund, that he is juicy, that the savor of life distends his great nostrils. He smiles richly. He is like a man of butter in a blue suit. It might be said of him that his paths drop fatness. He gives you the illusion that nobody has ever visited the palace before, and that your advent is a mile-

stone in his career, and that if all the moments could be like that moment he would scorn to receive wages for guarding the palace. He abounds on every side of you for ten paces, and then suddenly, in broken French, informs you that it is forbidden to him to accompany you farther. At his suggestion you ascend another flight of steps and ring a bell. You do ring. No answer. The custodian below grins and makes a furious motion of the arm to indicate that you aren't half ringing. You ring with sternness. He approves. The door is opened by custodian Number Two, while Number One beams upward, as if saying, "Precisely what I said would come to pass has come to pass."

Number Two is thinner—an India-paper encyclopedia of the palace. Though not servile, he is a courtier, and, though a courtier, he is very firm. He may be distinguished from all other officials in Portugal by the fact that he is not smoking a cigarette and does not spit—even into a spittoon. The excellent adroit fellow has really nothing to show, but he shows it with grandeur. Except Moorish tiles and a few suits of armor and the chimneys of the tremendous Moorish kitchen (which are in truth the bottle-like constructions dominating the town), there is naught of the slightest esthetic or practical interest in the whole castle. No worse pictures were ever painted than hang on these walls.

There are, however, the private apartments. "Please abandon your cigarette," says Number Two. "I am about to show you the private apartments of the ex-king and queen." A proof, this, of the existence of the historic sense in a republican official. Poor, dark little private apartments! You see how monarchs till quite recently lived in their summer *villegiatura*, and the revelation is pathetic. The chief of the furniture is protected from you by a cord, in imitation of Fontainebleau. What furniture! What a tasteless, vulgar mixture of styles and no-styles! The desk of the

assassinated Carlos might have been bought at a celebrated second-hand establishment in Kingsway. The leather arm-chair might have come out of a hotel, the plush sofa out of a dubious house. It is terrible, desolating, frightful. It would not be believed on the stage—no, not on the provincial stage. The bedroom, after the other rooms, is comparatively innocuous. The washstand shows modern plumbing, coquettishly finished. Here the queen used to bend with pride over a hot-water tap device invented in England, the same queen who, with a bouquet of flowers her sole weapon, tried to shield her husband from the bullets of a political executioner in Lisbon. . . .

When you get out of the palace the unctuous and jolly Number One runs forth rapidly at you, as you pass, with buttonhole posies. A delicate attention! You must accept them or break his heart. Remunerate him or not as you choose—that is a detail—but accept the offering of a brother.

After the palace, nothing in Cintra! An agreeable enough little town, with a real train and two or three tram-cars, and a bookshop (where tobacco maintains the balance of the balance-sheet), but scarcely worthy to be the cynosure of a continent. Byron wrote bits of "Childe Harold" there. You can see the building; it was and is a hotel. The mimosa is perfectly marvelous—mimosa in full blossom meets mimosa across the thoroughfares in winter. No doubt in summer the display of vegetation is prodigious. And what then? As a resort, as a public monument, Cintra must decay. The modern tourist is more aware of relative values than Southey was, or Byron, who compared the town to Eden. The globe is more familiar to him.

A word concerning Pena. Geographically it is only about half a mile from Cintra, but as it is on a crag just a third of a mile high, the hairpin road from town to Pena is probably several miles in length; even so, its gradients are such as effectively to cure the magnificent

horses of their habit of trotting. As you ascend the scenery takes on a more and more panoramic grandeur, and Cintra gets smaller and smaller, and before you are anywhere near the gates of the park you can look down the champagne-bottle chimneys of the summer palace in the middle of the town. The feature of the luxuriant mountain-side is the immense boulders, some of them weighing a hundred tons or so, poised on one another like the transient edifice of a child. The Lisbon earthquake must have put the fear of heaven into those boulders for a few years. The hanging gardens out of which the towers of Pena rise are full of black swans and fountains, and the February climate may be judged from the fallen camellia blossom that lies everywhere.

The great castle is surrounded by a narrow terrace, and the tremendous views from this terrace are in the highest degree sublime. Nothing finer can exist outside Yellowstone Park. If Southey lived on the peak before the Arabian remains were rendered habitable, then he is justified of his words. Byron is not. The affair is overwhelming, but it bears no resemblance to the Edens of the old illustrated family Bibles. Possibly Eden may be located in the Moorish castle which—though from the town it seems almost as lofty as Pena—is now perched far below on a lesser crag. When you enter the modern residence, all is over, for you are in one of the worst royal houses ever seen. True, there are a very few fine things, and especially there is an Italian fifteenth-century alabaster altar (which must have needed some engineering up those slopes); but the ensemble is uglier even than the interior of the palace in the town. The inconveniences, the discomforts, the pettinesses, the obscurities, the monstrosities are simply tragic. Only one room, Queen Amelia's chamber, had a fireplace—seemingly transported from Cromwell Road. Look on the wall at the Christmas card (with an English greeting) hand-painted by King Carlos, and at the

water-colors by the same and by Queen Amelia. Look at the yellowing periodical literature (all dated October, 1910) scattered about—*Modern Society* ("the mirror of the social world"), *Gil Blas*—and the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*. Look at the cheaply framed reproductions of old masters, issued at a shilling apiece by William Heinemann. Search in vain for the bathroom. . . . But every little window frames a celestial view. The prince consort climbed seventeen hundred feet to erect all this formidable masonry into the false semblance of something antique and fine; he employed a colonel as architect; he spent a fortune to produce an abode that any stockbroker would sniff at; he desecrated a unique, miraculous site, and in sixty years of use a royal line failed to make the place better than a congeries of expensive wigwams. The last sound and the first which we heard within the castle was that of an oil-engine. Doubtless it was employed to actuate the dynamo for the "wireless" installation whose wires are now stretched between the towers of the great eyesore. The republic has had the wit to turn to utility a monument which ought not to exist, but which it would be foolish to destroy.

One of the most satisfactory things about Lisbon is that you can enter it from the sea without any passport formalities. Indeed at no Portuguese port had we to show passports or to give any information whatever as to our foreign selves. We might have been emissaries of Lenin carrying the seeds of conspiracy and Bolshevism, for all the Portuguese authorities seemed to care. Travelers in Europe will admit that this is a great point in favor of Portugal.

As for the renowned view of Lisbon from the river, I have seen finer views of cities from the water. It was good but did not induce ecstasy. The view from the highest of the hundred hills upon which Lisbon is built was much more striking than the view from the river.

The city has importance, but exactly how important it is nobody knows. In 1900 it had a population of three hundred and fifty thousand. Just before the war it was supposed to have a population of half a million or more. To-day, such has been the influx from the countryside, the lowest estimate puts the population at three-quarters of a million, and some statisticians with a love of round figures put it at a million. But only the next census will discover the truth. Anyhow, the city has a frontage of seven miles to the Tagus, which is something—especially along the Lisbonian streets. The pity is that the most glorious sight in Lisbon—the church and monastery of Belem—(the latter now a well-run orphanage) lies at the wrong end of the seven miles. The spectacularly remarkable thing about Lisbon is the fact that, owing to the number and precipitateness of its hills (some of them rise at an angle within a few degrees of the perpendicular), half the buildings appear to be perched on top of the other half. The crest of one hill is reached by an elevator that ends in a short horizontal gallery. To erect this elevator right in the middle of the city was a stroke of genius on the part of the city council. Of course the elevator itself is ugly, but it is well masked by big buildings, and the panorama from the summit at dusk is of a magical beauty. The time to see the romance of Lisbon is after the glare of the sun on the white, pink, and yellow buildings has begun to fade, when the washed clothes that flow down on poles from the windows of every story in the quieter streets have lost their intimate detail in the twilight and become mysterious. And even the most modern white streets of the shopping center look lovely at night in the diffused radiance of arc-lamps often hidden round a corner; they are monumental then, simplified, grandiose, immensely impressive. And “Oriental” Lisbon, ravines of streets, climbing, descending, curving, is as picturesque as any one can desire.

The population everywhere intensifies

the picturesqueness, for it is thoroughly mixed, diversified, and tinted in all shades. Every variety of cross from 99 per cent Latin-Moorish and 1 per cent negro, to 99 per cent negro and 1 per cent Latin-Moorish, can be seen; and racial purity of any sort is rare. There is no color prejudice in Portugal; there could not be. You can see the races of the earth in Chicago, if you visit different quarters, but in Lisbon you can see the races of the earth in a single individual. This complexity of breeding appears especially strange in the central square of Lisbon, where newspaper-offices, hotels, restaurants, cafés, stores, picture-theaters, gaming-houses, and a spider’s web of electric tram-wires give a physical illusion of unadulterated Western modernity.

Lisbon is as different from Oporto as New York from, say, New Orleans. Not less picturesque, but differently picturesque. One meets few oxen in Lisbon, and the Lisbon oxen have plain yokes and horns less like the antlers of a stag. On the other hand, there is a full and even generous supply of automobiles, and the picturesqueness of these is vocal; it consists in the noise they make and the wind of their rushing. A story runs that a Portuguese profiteer bought a Rolls Royce, and the next day complained that it was not satisfactory. The vendor anxiously interviewed the chauffeur, who said that the car functioned to perfection. But the owner protested:

“Nothing of the kind. It’s absolutely noiseless. You can’t hear it move.”

The vendor soon remedied that defect and made the owner quite happy. When you are trying to sleep, and not succeeding, at the Avenida Palace Hotel, which gives on the famous Avenue of Liberty (a respectable but dull imitation of the Champs Elysées), the row, din, and uproar of the automobiles of Portuguese profiteers develop into a phenomenon surpassing all other phenomena on earth—and it is a phenomenon that persists during twenty-one hours of the twenty-four. Compared to it, Fifth

Avenue is like a side-street in Concord, and Piccadilly like a churchyard. Possibly cross-breeding may account for this excruciating passion for noise and restlessness which to my mind removes Lisbon from quite the van of the procession of progress.

Nevertheless, Lisbon is in the movement. Its picture-theaters are packed, and Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford are adored there. Its huge opera-house, with a hundred private boxes and a shoe-shine parlor, attracts considerable audiences to performances that compare not unfavorably with those of Paris. It has libraries. It has national art collections (though the rules for admittance thereto tend to dissuade the visitor from attempting to see them). It has fire-engines, which fly toward conflagrations to a warning accompaniment of tin whistles. It has lots of newspapers; it has a theatrical newspaper. It has one or two good restaurants, and one very good indeed—but not better than at Oporto. It has strikes. It has many strikes. I should not be surprised to learn that Portugal has more strikes per square mile and per head than any other country in the world. In Oporto the trams had struck. No sooner had we entered the restaurant of our first hotel in Lisbon than we had to assist at a strike in the making. The proceedings were conducted in French. With a magnificent disregard of hungry clients, the waiters crowded round the hated employer who demanded of them with all the arts of rhetoric, "Am I the master here or are you?" If I had been asked to reply, I should have said: "Neither of you. And that's either the curse or the salvation of the situation—I don't know which." Still, the affair tranquilized itself, and we obtained our meal—not a good one. The telephones in Lisbon had been on strike for weeks and weeks. The postal service was so disorganized that enterprising firms would organize their own service when they could. The railways were on the eve of striking. But the Portuguese

have the art of life, which is the attainment of calm and of fatalism.

You could see the art of life in full practice in the sugar-queues, which abounded in the streets as sugar itself abounded in the hotels; you noticed respectably dressed old gentlemen standing placidly in these queues, and still standing there when you passed the same spot two hours later. You could see it in the use of the monocles which the golden youth and middle-age of Portugal deem to be an essential part of their raiment. An official told us that ten thousand monocles of plain glass were imported into Lisbon every year. The same official told us that forty thousand persons were employed in the gambling trade in Portugal; that there were four hundred gambling-houses in Lisbon, and over a hundred within a hundred yards of the Rocio—the central square of the city; and he told us further that, since business men had a habit of gambling till 2 or 3 A.M., it was difficult to make appointments with them before noon.

We gradually came under the obsession of the great Portuguese gambling idea. We heard again and again that the best food at the cheapest prices and the best dancing and the best diversions generally were to be had in the gambling-houses of Lisbon. And at length we determined to visit the most chic—of course solely in the interests of social science! We arranged a rendezvous for nine o'clock, because our information was that nobody would dream of dining in a Lisbon gambling-house before nine-thirty. As the hour approached we grew positively excited, and we drove up to the door in a fever of anticipation. The door was shut. A small crowd of young quidnuncs said that the place was closed by order. Impossible! Everybody had agreed that the authorities would never dare to shut up the gambling-houses. We tried another one. Closed. Another. Closed. Lastly we went, under guidance, to a mysterious establishment in a dark and dubious

street. Our guide said that the authorities would not succeed in closing *that*. Closed. Presently we became aware of cavalymen prancing up and down the thoroughfares in couples. The thing looked like a revolution. But it was only the Portuguese method of closing gambling-houses. The next morning a military sentry stood in front of the door of each of the four hundred gambling-houses of Lisbon. Naturally we rejoiced as virtuous and hard-working men at the suppression of this terrible vice. Yes, we rejoiced. But somewhere in the recesses of our minds was a notion to the effect that the Portuguese government would have done well to postpone the suppression for just twenty-four hours. We had to leave Portugal without the slightest notion of what kind of a paradise a truly chic Lisbon gambling-house really is. A few days later the English papers talked descriptively of a revolution in Portugal. But we knew what it was and that it wasn't a revolution.

From British inhabitants and frequenters of Portugal we heard various verdicts on the Portuguese. One man said that Portugal was corrupt from top to bottom—from the policeman on the pier to the chief of the state; that the profiteers had taken all the best houses, that the house famine was extremely

acute, that no effort whatever was being made to cure it, and, finally, that the middle-classes were being ground to powder between the millstone of the profiteer and the millstone of the proletariat. Nothing in this indictment struck us as novel. We had heard much the same of other countries that could eat Portugal without too much indigestion. The general verdict was decidedly more favorable. Foreigners who had spent their lives in Portugal spoke well of the Portuguese. They said that they were polite, amenable, and satisfactory to deal with, provided that you could smile pleasantly and refrain from trying to hustle them. To try to hustle them was fatal. They held strongly that Portugal was deserving of the utmost possible sympathetic treatment, seeing that it had gone into the war with expectation of great advantage, and come out of the war with nothing but high prices and debt. And they attributed the relative instability of government not to the capriciousness of the people, but to the absence of permanent officials in the state-machine. Strange to say, terrible to relate, the Portuguese people, unlike more imposing races, are not faultless. Nevertheless we, in our brief acquaintance, took a considerable fancy to them.

THE FEAST

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

ON one day of the year Beatrice Pelham went off her head. On that day you must not ask her to come to work, for she would savagely refuse. Her face would darken and her fine big body would look like fighting. Neither must you go to her cottage, for she only wanted one visitor—the man who never came.

Leave her alone on Christmas Eve and she'd work hard all the rest of the year. Beatrice was cheerful, full of common sense. She washed and scrubbed and polished—always for other people. She asked for a shilling a day and her food.

There was only one day of the year when she became tragic, contemplative, yet playful—one day when she'd sit by the fire with her coarse hands idly folded, sit looking through the window for the one who never came.

The village where she lived was folded up in great hills. Unrolling them, you found, as in a napkin, the humble, pretty houses. Beatrice had a tiny cottage at the edge of a wood and it was her own. So she saved nearly all the money she made, for her neighbors fed her and gave her cast-off clothes.

But every Christmas Eve she made a grand feast and spent lots of her little hoard. Christmas Eve! Her day of indolence and of high spiritualities, the one day of the year that discovered her not as a drudge, but as an immortal human being—a creature who contained within herself some inch of God.

"Reckon we wun't see nothin' o' you ter-morrer, Beetrus," said the wheelwright's wife, laying the shilling in her neighbor's palm.

"Reckon you wun't. 'Tis Christmas Eve ter-morrer, but I'll be along Christmas Day same as usual. I allus do come ter you thet day."

Beatrice spoke gayly, and her happy, wild laugh pealed round the washhouse.

"I do wish"—the wheelwright's wife meant mischief—"thet you'd come ter-morrer. I got my hands s' full. Mabel an' the childern comin'; Fred wi' his wife."

"Now what's the woman talkin' about?" Beatrice spread her big hands on her bunchy hips. "'Ain't I ter hev one day ter myself?"

Mrs. Daborn twinkled, yet stepped quickly back. "You can't take a joke, Beetrus."

"'Tain't a jokin' matter." Beatrice turned suddenly gentle. "You did orter know thet; but some folks they wun't l'arn."

She marched out of the house and down the road. Mrs. Daborn watched her. There was a funny little grin on her prim old mouth.

"I must hev my joke," she said, as she turned from the window; "Beetrus orter know thet. Her an me sech old friends."

Then she bustled about for the rest of the day. She had her married children and their children coming for Christmas and she hardly knew how to find corners in the house for so many.

Neighbors fell into two camps concerning Beatrice. They had gossiped about her and chaffed and wondered. But now they were tired, because it was a topic more than twenty years old. They took her—and her one day's difference—as part of the village life.

There were some who, as they watched

her march out of the village to-day, had a lump in the throat. There were others, like the wheelwright's wife—more foolish than the oxen—who could never realize that a fine spirit may be, by little tiny things, fretted to madness. The neighbors of this camp would have laughed, had they dared, when they saw her go through the village alone, not looking at them, but staring in front of her, with glory in her eyes. One woman did call out: "Merry Christmas, Beetrus! But you keep yours a day afore the rest of us."

She did not answer, she did not look back. Perhaps her shoulders trembled. When she got away from them and stepped along the empty, muddy road, the mood which she knew on Christmas Eve covered her up. She looked beautiful, in her big, rough way, as she went in at her gate.

She had a lath-and-plaster cottage a hundred years old or more, and it stood in a little garden that was surrounded by a low brick wall with a rounded top. Near the door was a bush of monthly roses and it still bloomed. She picked a handful and took them indoors. When she shut the door she knew that she would be alone—unless he came—until Christmas morning. And—if he did come—she would keep house for him. She would not have to work for other women—a shilling and her food every day. For she was his wife.

Her strong body suddenly shook and, dropping down at the square table in the middle of the parlor, she hid her face in her arms and cried. It was a mighty tempest; not one woman in the village had ever cried like that.

This was her yearly storm. She always did the same things every year, yet they never became less poignant. She suffered and she thrilled as she had always done, and as she would do till the end—unless he came. If he came—that would change everything, forever. She longed for this to be, yet she barely realized it.

Every year, before she started getting

ready for him she had her good cry. For the rest of the year she had no time to cry, nor did she want to. She was happy and busy all the other days. She thought of him only once a year; of what he had meant to her before he went away and of what he would mean when he came back. For he would come back; he had promised.

She remembered their love-making and their nonsense—those delicious things which the once-worshiped woman can never possibly forget, however old she grows, however hard she works.

She wiped her eyes, laughed, and jumped up. She took off her outdoor things, she made some water hot. Then she scrubbed the house from top to bottom. She polished the furniture and made every bit of brass or copper shine. She made up their two beds. He should lie in the front room to-night, for he'd be tired, coming off a long voyage. As she smoothed the top sheet she stooped and roguishly kissed the pillow. She believed in his return. Yes, this year he should come!

When everything was clean, she hung mistletoe above the parlor table and stuck holly behind the pictures and round the face of the old clock in the tall case and among the china figures on the mantelpiece. Most of this she did by lamplight, and when it was done she was stiff and dead tired. But there was nothing left to do to-morrow except the cooking. It must be a hot dinner to-morrow, a Christmas dinner upon Christmas Eve. They had decided this on the day he went away.

She went to bed and slept soundly. Next morning, when she had got in her wood from the shed outside, she bolted the house door, shutting herself rigorously in. Nobody must come. Nobody would come; they all had the sense to keep away. She'd kill anybody who tried to force that door. He must be the only one, and he should steal in gently. She would pull him in with her two hands.

Moving about happily, doing it all

with skill, she cooked, and as she cooked she sang. Her face was very tender and her eyes blazed. She stuffed the turkey and got it in the oven in good time; she made the mince pies and put the pudding on to boil.

The cottage got hot; the turkey and the sausages sizzled. "Smells good!" she said, cautiously opening the oven door. Then she set light to the parlor fire. She used this room only once a year; it smelled of dry rot and soft soap. But very soon it was fragrant with peat and fir cones and little logs. She always bought a load of peat for Christmas, and for weeks before Christmas she'd go through the woods picking up wood and gathering fir cones. These she stacked in the shed.

All the morning her delight and energy never flagged. She laid the table for two, putting on the best cloth, which had been a wedding present from his mother. There were three silver spoons that had been her mother's. And there were two green wineglasses. She put the jug of roses in the middle of the table.

The mild, green hours of this warm winter day unwound—and he did not come.

She let the kitchen fire down, so that the oven was only gently hot and the pots on the top just softly burbled.

She laid out dessert on the mahogany sideboard. She had good furniture, for she came of an old family. So did he. She was a Pierpoint who had married a Pelham, both good Sussex names, and in both cases their families had come down in the world, as these old families do, wavering in the social scale, as their long pedigrees show.

She put out the dessert. She was like a child and wanted to pop the pretty things into her mouth. But she would not touch a thing till he came home. If he did not come not a crumb of any of it should ever pass her lips. She never had tasted this yearly feast and she never would, unless they could sit together, a man and his wife at their Christmas dinner.

Last of all, she took the lid off a box of crackers and the pretty tinsel paper drove her silly with delight. It was all so grand. She had forgotten nothing, grudged nothing. She never did.

When she went upstairs to take off her working dress she carried a jug of hot water into his room. For they must sit down like gentlefolk.

She had hanging up in her bedroom cupboard the frock she'd worn on that last Christmas Eve, which was the night that he went away to join his ship. She wouldn't put it on, for that would be like play acting, "An' I couldn't get it round me, fer I've growed s' broad," she said, and laughed.

She put on her new black dress with the white-lace vest and cuffs. It had not been given her. Once a year she bought a new dress. She wore it on Christmas Eve; for the rest of the year she wore it on Sundays when she went to church. After that, she did with the festive dress what she did with the food. Twenty dinners and twenty dresses had gone that way—but to-day he would come back.

She went downstairs and sat by the parlor fire, facing the window, her hands folded. So she sat for hours, and the room got dark. Inside was fugitive firelight; outside were naked trees that took on wicked shapes.

She said, briskly, "I'll wet myself a cup of tea and then I'll smoke my pipe."

He had taught her to smoke, for he said it made good company when a man and his wife smoked together, puffing, one each side of the fire. It was a little pipe that he gave her and she had kept it all these years.

She drank her tea, then sat and smoked in the fragrant firelight. The slow, stern sweetness of her face and of her infrequent slight movements became awful. There was nothing about her to suggest driveling. She did not seem a crackpate. She was simply a loving woman waiting for her man and never doubting that he would return.

Suddenly she jumped, screaming.

Then she laughed—the laugh that her neighbors did not like to listen to.

Something walked along the low wall outside. It was only the black-and-white cat from the farm below; yet she had not known before that green eyes and white whiskers, with a black patch over the eye, could be so horrible!

She had jumped up; now she sat down. She began to feel that she wanted to shut the shutters; but she must not, for on Christmas Eve she kept the window bare. When he came, from such a long way, after such a long time, he must be able to look through and find her sitting by the fire smoking.

Suddenly her teeth clenched on the pipe and she started to her feet again—but not a sound did she make this time!

Past the window, between the low wall of the garden and the wall of the house, went a man. He looked through the window and she knew him at once. It was her man, come home to her at last.

The great tempest of joy nearly swamped her, and, almost crawling, she reached the front door. Her great, quivering hands lifted to the bolt and drew it back.

He had been walking all day, footsore, jolly hungry, pretty desperate, and not caring much what he did, so long as he got a square meal. What made things worse was that the world was so confoundedly Christmassey. Plenty of money about. All day long as he tramped he had listened to country sounds—hens cackling, people chopping wood. He was a countryman born, and these sounds touched him forlornly. Anyhow, he was back in England and this seemed something.

He passed a bit of common where an old man with a wooden leg was digging turf and flinging it—spiky, faintly pink, and smelling pungent—into a hand cart. He chuckled when he saw that wooden leg, feeling thankful that he had come out of the war whole. But what is the good of that to a man if he can't find a job? He walked hopelessly away, forc-

ing on his empty body. Hunger became the main thing. He must have food, and nothing else mattered.

He loitered a long time by a farm at the bottom of a lane. There was a pond near and a gate near the pond. He sat on it, watching cart horses come down to drink and seeing the swirling green eddies of the water.

He became too weary to get off that gate, and he remained perched up until dark. But he couldn't stop there all night and freeze. Stiffly, at last, he slid down.

At the top of the lane was a funny cottage. It squatted crookedly on the edge of a wood. He could just see its yellow face and irregular windows. Freakishly, he thought of a torn blanket—this cottage looked like that.

He saw the uncurtained window and the genial firelight. There was a low wall with a rounded top; there was a wicket gate. He opened it and walked up a narrow, bricked path. As he passed the window he saw a woman sitting by the fire. She arose quickly.

The smart flinging back of the door, the pull of her strong hands drawing him inside, took his breath away. Hardly knowing why, he shivered when he saw her draw the bolt of the door. They were shut in here together. She led him into a comfortable room with good old furniture, a fire that smelled sweet, and a table laid for two.

The fine smell of food filled the house, and, snuffing like a dog, he seemed to go mad.

He stared at the pipe so tightly clenched in this woman's mouth. She saw him and she took it out, putting it carefully on the shelf.

"You teached me ter smoke," she said, gayly.

He kept on staring and he saw a woman—forty or so, and handsome once. Her hair was black and tightly twisted, her eyes were bright and very tender, her mouth seemed bashful.

She glowed and looked expectant. Was she waiting for him to kiss her?

"You 'ain't changed a bit," she said, dropping back to scrutinize him.

Then she got a photograph and held it to his eyes. He saw a young man, dressed as a sailor and wearing a close beard. Not unlike him; very like him, indeed, had he grown a beard. It was striking. A faint idea of what was happening stole across his tired brain.

Four years he had been a soldier, with all that it means—wide travel, unchecked ferocity, unexpected patches of tenderness. He had very often, through the war, been tender to old women and young children. Standing here, bolted in with this strange woman, he was subtle and he was reckless.

She took away the photograph, hanging it on its nail. Coming back to him, she leaned forward. She seemed as if she meant to throw herself upon his breast, then, looking at his haggard, sullen face, she faltered back and, laughing in a ringing way that he hardly liked, said:

"You wun't be yourself till you've had a good wash an' a good dinner. I've took your hot water upstairs. Ef it's got cold, you jes' holler down an' I'll bring some more."

He shook his head and he dropped into the comfortable chair by the fire, nearly groaning with the joy of it.

"Let's have something to eat," he said. "Never mind washing."

"But you wur allus s' particular." She seemed puzzled for a second or two, then she added, briskly, "It wun't take me a minit ter pop on my apron an' dish up."

She bustled off. He listened to the clattering crockery. She was singing in a hearty, tuneless way. When she came back she asked, archly:

"You too tired ter help me, then?"

"Yes, I'm done for," he returned, and stuck out his muddy feet to the fire.

He smiled vaguely into her happy face.

She put upon the table a finely browned turkey with a ring of sausages. Then she went off again, and he, getting up, leaned down and smelled that tur-

key. His face grew scarlet, for nothing stirred him but the thought of food and the feel of the fire.

She kept coming to and fro, carrying things, putting them on the table. She shut the door at last, and, leaning over him as he slouched in the good depths of the stuffed chair, said, merrily:

"All ready."

They went to the table and she added, "You say grace, dear."

"No, you say it."

He watched her put her hands together, big, rather terrible hands. He heard her say, piously, "'For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful.'"

Then she came round to where he was standing and the comic terror came to him again. She expected him to kiss her. He moved abruptly and the implied rebuff drove her off. Going back to her chair, she said, pointing a finger:

"There's mistletoe hung over the table."

"And there's a jolly fine turkey on it," he said, and smiled at her kindly.

"'Tis a fine bird." She sat down. "You carve."

"Shall I?"

"'Course you'll carve. Master, ain't you?"

He picked up the carvers. From the moment that their meal began he indulged her and he tried to say the things that she expected him to say, to be the man that she wished him to be. He listened eagerly for cues. But—beyond everything else—he filled himself. Never had he eaten more gloriously. He became assured, commonplace. He found himself saying to her, "Bit more sausage," or, "I didn't give you half enough stuffing."

She returned, peacefully: "I got plenty, dear. You look arter yourself."

Slily, with a great joy, she watched him eating. Now and again she came round to heap his plate with vegetables, bread-sauce, and gravy. About her there was a wistful, eager tenderness, and several times she said:

"You'll be yourself arter a good dinner."

He returned: "I feel better already. I was frozen and starved when I got here."

She carried away the turkey and the dishes. She brought back the pudding and the mince pies. His eyes shone, for he hadn't eaten nearly enough yet. She marked with amazed joy his stupendous appetite.

"I wur allus a good hand at puff pastry. You 'ain't forgot thet, hev you?" she asked him suddenly.

He found her voice valedictory, and he looked up, meeting her intent glance across the table.

"You don't seem quite yourself, dear. You bin knocked on the head or summat? Lots was."

"Yes"—he seized gratefully on this—"knocked on the head. Been through the war."

"I knowed you would be in the war." She seemed proud. "Navy, was it?"

"Yes." He took another pie and nodded. So long as he kept his mouth full she couldn't expect him to talk much.

"You're paid off now, ain't you?"

He nodded again, not looking up.

"Then you an' me ull keep house together, like the rest o' the married couples. I sha'n't be forced ter swill down other folks' places no more."

Her voice turned ferocious, yet somehow it was tender still. It was melting—for him, implacable toward the rest of the world.

He did not speak, but he looked at her hands, and he saw her broad wedding ring half buried in harrowed red flesh. He was getting into the habit of looking at her when she was not looking at him.

He felt uneasy. Dinner was nearly over—and what would happen after dinner? He must get away. Yet he did not wish to hurt her feelings, for, sitting as she did, so sweetly patient at the table and delighting in his vast appetite, she touched his heart. Once, when their glances met, he smiled vaguely into her

flushed face before he stared beyond her at the photograph of the bearded sailor—the man supposed to be himself. He was very young, and before the war he had been a junior teacher in an elementary school; he had merely exchanged the confusion of the cemented playground for the confusion of the battlefield.

He had known nothing of women, but this woman was showing him to-night a side of life that he had not suspected. So he was faintly stirred by the piquancy of the thing. And he would stay a little longer; he would talk to her a bit, when she had told him some more about herself and about the man that he was supposed to be—when he had learned what it was safe to say.

She wasn't so very old. Her hair was shining; with her bright eyes and her pink skin, she looked handsome. There, to him, was the implied terror of it, the tragedy and the doubt. She blazed with life. Had she been a bent old soul he would not have bothered to listen to her. He would have eaten his fill and then got out. She couldn't be much more than forty. That, so he had heard, was the prime of life. He was little more than half way there himself.

Yearningly sweet as her face was, behind it lay some horrible strength, and he sweated.

She said: "'Twas me what sent you fer a sailor. You was a scaffolder by trade when we got married, but I couldn't abear you ter be on the scaffold, so you ses, 'Well, then I'll goo ter sea.' An' you went, my dear, an' you bin gone twenty year." Her voice vibrated.

"Don't fret, mother, for I'm come back."

"Mother!" She laughed at him wildly. "No, I nivir wur thet. We hadn't bin married six months when you took yourself off. 'Twas Christmas Eve. Remember? An' you ses, time you kissed me good-by, 'I'll be back by next Christmas Eve, Beetrus, so mind you has a turkey.' Ivery year since then I've bought one."

"You have!" The returned soldier finished eating; he fell back in his chair. He was replete, amused. What was there in her for him to feel afraid of?

"You done?" She arose gladly, then, reverently, she said grace again. "Now, while I clears away, you draw up the sofa ter the fire, an' get the little round table handy, fer we can set our sweets an' things on thet. We can munch by the fire till midnight ef we chooses, fer I sha'n't wash up till the mornin'."

So he did as he was told.

When she came back she set upon the round table plates and sweetmeats and fruit, a bottle of wine, and the old green glasses.

"Nutcrackers!"—she bustled playfully to a drawer. "You sim"—she stared at his mouth—"ter hev kept all your teeth, but some o' mine they had ter goo."

She sat down on the sofa, close to him, and her eyes twinkled upon the array of good things to eat. Then she jumped up, laughing gayly as she went to the sideboard. She returned, carrying a square box full of bonbons.

"Remember when you an' me larst pulled crackers?"

He nodded.

"We was on'y sweethearts then, but now I'm your wife, George."

So his name was George! It struck him as comic, yet he could not grin. Chill and a sickness of the heart seized him, and when he watched her joyfully holding the gay box in her vast hands he could have cried—as if he were a woman himself.

She was so sure of him. He stared at the picture of the sailor on the wall, the bearded young man who seemed to watch them, with his eyes smiling. He felt sorry for her; and yet he was savage—for what did she mean by playing the fool like this? He was young, so he hated to feel ridiculous.

She held a cracker out and they pulled. She held another and they pulled. Then she put the box aside, saying, frugally:

"We'll save the rest. 'Tain't Christmas yet."

She was reading the mottoes aloud and tittering. She was pulling open the paper caps. Her fingers shook when she fitted a miter of blue paper with silver stars upon his closely cropped head.

"Lord! An' mine's a foolscap wi' a tassel," she said, jovially, and stuck upon her own head a pink thing with a green tassel.

So they sat, and he furiously wanted to shout. He looked at the fast-shut door. She put her spread, coarse hand on his and stroked it shyly. When he drew away she said, in tones of pained apology:

"I got fingers like sandpaper. I knows thet, dear."

They sat upon the sofa, munching. They passed each other boxes and plates. She said, contentedly:

"You pour out the wine, fer you're the master."

He cracked nuts and gave her one. She took it, saying, with ringing delight:

"You 'ain't forgot how fond I am o' walnuts."

Outside, the trees in the wood were groaning; trees in the dark wood were suffering tempest. Rain dashed against the windows; it spat upon the fire, for the old chimney was big and it went up straight.

She said, drawing closer: "Ain't you glad you got home afore the storm come? I knowed it 'u'd rain."

He returned. "Yes, I'm glad. Mind if I smoke?"

"We'll both smoke, darlin', like we useter."

So they sat there puffing. They were done with eating, but he kept filling the glasses. The cloud of smoke between them made him feel easier, yet whenever a pause came he started talking, about the war and about the devil of a mess that it had left in the world.

Then she stopped him angrily, asking: "Don't you want ter talk about old

times? An' don't you want ter know about your father an' mother?"

"Yes—of course I do, of course," he returned, lamely.

"The old lady's dead this fifteen year. I may as well tell you thet at once, George."

"Dead! Mother dead? She was a good sort."

"An' your feyther he's dead, too. He only lived six weeks arter her."

"I was never so fond of father."

"Course you warn't. Who could be? Drank like a fish, didn't he, now? But we mustn't speak ill o' the dead."

She went on telling him the history of the village; of all that had happened since he went away. She chuckled when she said:

"Remember 'Liza Stone, the dress-maker, wi' her soft fingers? She did make sheep's eyes at you. I wur jealous."

"You needn't have been jealous."

He said this and met the waiting mischief in her eyes. She seemed full of fun. It was awful.

"Tell me thet you nivr cared a farden fer her, George dear."

Laughing out loud, he returned, "I can truthfully tell you that."

"Well" — she turned peaceful — "she've gone this sixteen year. Died wi' her fust baby. She married Dick Burden. You remember him? The farrier chap wi' no roof ter his mouth."

He nodded. There came another pause and he drew his very breath with caution. Yet why should he feel afraid of her? And sorry for her? And savage with her? It was all a joke and it would be over soon. Yet he wished that he had not come in at the gate of the crooked cottage. It was a fine dinner that she had given him—but—

She said, laying down her empty pipe, "You 'ain't called me once by name."

"We don't need names, do we?"

He knocked out the ashes of his own pipe, turning a broad shoulder to her. Her hand fell heavily on that shoulder.

"You might say 'Beetrus' just once. I'm hungerin' ter hear you."

He turned round. "I'll say it, then. Beatrice. That do?"

Her hand dropped to her lap and linked with the other. She shook her head. "'Tain't the way you did say it. Sims ter me, you've lost your Sussex tongue."

"I've traveled a lot, and your tongue picks up tricks," he told her, soothingly.

She was at once relieved. "Reckon it do," she said, in her comfortable way.

The clock struck and he looked into the corner where the handsome old thing with the brass face and the gilt knobs touched the ceiling.

"Fine clock!" He was incautious. "Where did you get it?"

"Get it! Why 'tis Granfer Pelham's—'twur, then. Your fambly; not mine. Fancy you forgettin'. I don't like thet." Her voice lifted.

"Didn't I tell you I was knocked on the head?" he asked her, sternly.

"So you did, dear." She was remorseful at once. "An' theer's some things you must ha' forgot. But old Granfer Pelham—your own fambly—"

"Yes"—his laugh was hearty—"I remember him now." He was thinking, "My name is George Pelham. That's it, is it?"

He laughed again, staring at the picture of the sailor on the wall.

"Theer's some things a man's bound ter forgit," she began.

He interposed, eagerly, "Bound to."

"But he don't forget love. Do he, George?"

"He couldn't forget that, Beetrus." He said her name carefully.

She listened, and said, joyfully, "You got your tongue back—your good Sussex tongue."

"I'll get it back. Take's time; that's all."

"Some does forget love." Her voice was solemn; it welled with pain. "Remember Mabel Gorringer? Her thet married the pig butcher. He goes off ter Uckfield market one foine day an'

she niver see him no more. I'd up an' murder a man what sarved me so."

"You would?"

"Yes, I would. But you're not thet sort."

"I swear I'm not."

"Don't you trouble ter swear, my dear." She spoke to him in melting tones. "I'd niver suffer one o' they other women ter say a word agen' you. I felt sure you'd come home agen. An' now we'll live together all our lives, an' we'll be easy. Reckon you've saved?"

"Not a penny." He was truthful. "Have you?"

"I 'ain't saved much." She appeared downcast. "I bin reckonin' on you. Every year I bought a good Christmas dinner in case you come back. An' thet cost money, fer I bought the best an' I niver grudged."

"It's all jolly good—the finest I ever tasted. But, look here—Beetrus. What happened to all the other dinners? Christmas Eves when I didn't come home. Took you a long time to eat the lot, didn't it?"

"Me eat it!" She was shrill. "Why, I niver touched a mouthful. Fust traveler thet come ter the door Christmas mornin' I give un the lot. 'Cept the crackers. I hands them ter the childern when I goos down the village. An' my frock." She puckered together the lap of her skirt. "I on'y put this on first time ter-day. Bran'-new frock ivery Christmas Eve. The old one I gives ter the fust woman what calls at the door."

"Tramps, you mean?" he asked her.

"Yes, travelers, poor souls. Folks what 'ain't got a good home like you an' me. 'Tis my house. I've allus kept it. 'Tis mine ter keep."

"Yours!"

She laughed in his face. "You niver quite liked it bein' my house, an' not yours, did you, George? But Pierpoints they saved, an' Pelhams they niver had a penny ter fly wi'."

"But it's my clock," he said.

"Yes; 'tis your clock—an' the on'y thing in the place what didn't come from

my side o' the fambly. You ain't cross, are you?" She peered at him; he was smoking again. "I'm forced ter brag of my fambly. I allus did."

"Yes, you allus did. No, I'm not cross, but I'm dead tired, to tell you the truth."

He yawned, and she watched him despondently.

"'Tis s' early." Her eyes sought the clock. "Christmas Eve an' our fust together fer twenty year. But ef we goos ter bed now we can be about betimes in the mornin'."

"That's it. Christmas morning, too."

He arose instantly and, going to the door, took from the hook, where she had hung them before dinner, his overcoat and cap.

She instantly pounced. She came up behind. Her strong arms were round him.

"Where be gooin'?"

"Don't strangle a chap! To lock up the shed."

"Shed!" She was softly derisive, and she held him more firmly. "Ain't nothin' in it. I brung in the wood. Coal's in the cupboard under the stairs."

"But there's garden tools. Better lock the place. Safer," he said.

"Now you don't step acrost this threshold ter-night." She pulled him to the fire.

"All right," he yawned again. "Have your own way, for I'm dead tired."

"Pore chap!" She stroked his face softly. "Then you come up ter bed. I've put you in the front room, fer I knowed thet when you did come off the sea, arter a long journey, you'd be dead beat. Twenty Christmas Eves I've spread the best sheets on the front-room bed, an' twenty Christmas mornin's I've took 'em off an' cried—bitter."

She left him, moving cautiously, not taking her eyes off him. She got a bedroom candlestick from the sideboard and lighted it, holding it to him.

"Which way?" he asked. He looked round the room, which was a trap.

"Why, you're half asleep a'ready

—not to know the way!" she rallied him.

She led him into the passage and opened the door that shut in the narrow stairs. They went up, he in front with the lighted candle, she behind. With great pride she flung open the door of the spotless room in front and, going to the washstand, said, with glee:

"Cake o' scented soap an' all. Do you want water fer a wash? I'll hot some up."

"No. Cold 'ull do. Don't you bother."

She said, looking at him very hard and speaking pathetically, "I'll seem more like your mother than your missus when we goos ter church ter-morrer."

"We going to church, then?"

"Course, dear. Christmas mornin'. An' you wun't be your old self till you've had a proper night's rest. I can see thet."

Her eyes—sad, keen—roamed over his confused face.

"No, I sha'n't. You're right." He took the jamb of the door in his hand and started to shut it. "I'm dropping off as I stand. Good night—Beetrus."

She heard him bolt that door. The sound did not perturb her, yet it made her head seem funny as she went down the stairs in the dark. She returned to the parlor and dropped feebly to the sofa.

"Dunno when I've felt so wore out," she muttered faintly, and sat looking at her hands as they lay in her lap. She remembered that when her hands touched his he had drawn away. This hurt her.

He meant to slip out of the house as soon as ever he could, directly she was safe off to sleep. That must be her bedroom on the other side of the landing. She was mad, and he must get away from her. He felt sleepy, confused, afraid. He did not mind if he walked the wild country roads in the storm all night, or if he huddled up in the shed; he must get out of the cottage—and that was all.

He kicked off his boots; then he threw himself upon the bed to wait; but he was dog tired and slept heavily at once. When he awoke it was dawn. God had called the world. He crept out and listened at her door; there was not a sound. He went downstairs, carrying his shoes. Almost impalpably he opened the parlor door, his firm young hand moving as a mist.

He saw her fast asleep upon the sofa. She was sitting there and had doubled forward in her sleep. Her fine black head was fallen on her wide breast, her hands were linked in her ample lap. He could see her brow and the white lids of her eyes. She appeared to him inscrutable, and he developed a reverence for her—that and a healthy young terror.

Standing before her for a moment, he said, with a soft jeer on his lip, as it moved cautiously:

"Well, good-by, Beetrus!"

Last night he had been hungry, weary, spent. This morning he was fed and rested, so he knew that he was young, and that therefore the world was at his foot for him to kick whichever way he fancied. She had given him food last night, that—and lots to think about.

As quick as he could he got the food together, stuffing it into a clean sack which he found in the washhouse. There was no theft in this, for hadn't she said that she always gave to the first tramp that called? Everything went into the sack except the crackers.

Upon the floor at her feet were the caps which he and she had worn last night—one blue, one pink. It did not seem true that he had sat and played the fool with this big woman last night!

When he opened the cottage door frosty air of Christmas morning kissed his cheek. Church bells were ringing for communion.

He went away with a sackful of good food; yet that was the least thing that he carried, for she had taught him things. He whistled as he went and tried to feel cheerful, callous. Yet the weight of her tragedy and her tenderness lay upon

him. He suspected that somewhere—deeper than he had dug—lay that eternal zest to living, which was love.

When she woke up, Martha Daborn, the wheelwright's wife, was standing over her, looking concerned, yet waggish. She said:

"Your old man come back, then, Beetrus? I see the dirty plates as I come through. An' there 'ain't a bit o' food left in the place."

Beatrice sat up, and her eyes comprised the room. At first she seemed scared; then she laughed, that laugh which nobody liked.

"My *young* man he come home," she said, proudly. "He don't look a day older. Might be my son. I reckon he've gone agen, to jine his ship. Told me larst night he wur paid off; hadn't got the heart to tell me the truth. George wur allus tender. But he'll be back next Christmas Eve an' then he'll

stay fer good an' all." She stared at the clock, then stood on her feet. "Nearly ten. I nivor!"

"Yes, an' I bin waitin' fer you ter draw them turkey giblets, fer you've got wrists stronger 'n a man. Tell you what it is, Beetrus, you'll be murdered one o' these fine days. Why, the door warn't bolted, an' some tramp hev bin in a'ready an' cleared the house."

"My George couldn't bolt it arter him, could he?" Beatrice was unconcerned, cheerful, and quite herself. "You wait a bit while I have a sluice down at the sink. Fancy me fallin' off like thet an' nivor takin' my clothes off!"

When the wheelwright's wife was alone in the parlor she picked up the paper caps and folded them.

"Make believe! Beetrus gits worse instid o' better," she said, thoughtfully. "But leave her alone Christmas Eve an' she'll come round by Christmas mornin'. Ready, Beetrus?"

A NEW ANTHOLOGY

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

YOU are the little book
 I read all day and fold away
 With one last look
 At night; gilt top so bright,
 White pages fair,
 And those blue covers that you wear—
 You are so gay,
 With all the rippling songs that through you run
 Like pebbles in the sun!

I think the Hand that wrote you knew quite well
 How best to tell
 Just what I best would love to read;
 O priceless little screed,
 If He had only written one thing less,
 Just one,
 And I need never guess
 That there must be,
 When all the songs are done,
 An elegy!

ELECTRICITY AND CIVILIZATION

BY CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

THE chief characteristic of our age is man's independence of his immediate surroundings. The savage necessarily must depend upon his immediate neighborhood for the necessities of life. Some barter and commerce developed during the barbarian ages, but in the absence of any efficient means of transportation, even up to fairly recent times, such commerce could deal with luxuries and rare articles only, but for the common necessities of life man was still dependent on his immediate surroundings, and a local crop failure meant famine and starvation.

The great French Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century made man politically free, changed him from a serf to a citizen; and so unfettered the ability, initiative, and ambition of all. The invention of the steam engine advanced man from a machine doing the mechanical labor of the world to a machine tender, directing the machines capable of doing the work of thousands of men, and set him mechanically free. The higher intelligence and knowledge required for this demanded education of the masses of the people, and so gave them an intellectual freedom which the illiterate man of former ages could not have possessed.

Thus came the great and rapid development of our modern industrial and engineering civilization, which is characterized by the almost complete independence of man of his surroundings. No matter where we live, whether in the center of the great metropolis, or in a small village far out in the wilderness, anything that man and earth produce anywhere, is available to us; the mail takes the order at our house, and in due

time, by steamship and railway train, by express company or mail, it is delivered at our house.

This development of the means of transportation of materials by the steamship lines which cover the oceans, the railways which cover the continents with a network of tracks, the system of express and mail service, has been the great achievement of the nineteenth century, the foundation of our civilization, as we are forcibly made to realize whenever the transportation system breaks down in the slightest degree, as it did during the last years.

But civilization depends on two things—materials and energy. As vitally important as materials, from the necessities of life to its luxuries, is energy, or power, as we often call it. That is, the thing which makes the wheels go around, which drives the factories and mills, which in the steam locomotive carries us far better and faster than our feet could; which, in the rays of the electric light or the gas flame, lights our homes and turns night into day; which, in the heat of coal burning in the stove, warms our houses and makes our climate inhabitable, and in our homes fetches and carries, cools the air by the fan motor or cooks our food, drives the sewing machine or the ice-cream freezer, sweeps and dusts by the vacuum cleaner, washes, irons, and does more and more of the manual labor, and can and will do still more in the future to make life agreeable and efficient.

But while the methods of supply, transportation, and distribution of materials have been developed highly by the transportation systems, which were the great work of the last century, we

are still backward in the energy supply for the needs of man; and this is the present great limitation of our civilization which the engineer is endeavoring to overcome.

We cannot make or create energy. Thus, we have to take it from where we find it in nature, and bring it where we need it. The two big stores of energy in nature are in the coal mine and the waterfall, the former supplying the chemical energy of fuel (coal, oil, natural gas, etc.), which is set free as heat energy by combustion, and the latter supplying the hydraulic or mechanical energy.

The first problem which we meet, then, is how to transport the energy from its source to the place where we need it. We can do this well enough with the chemical energy of coal, by carrying the coal in railway train or steamship, and so we are doing, though it is rather an inefficient way, as it costs more to bring the coal from the mine to the consumer than it does to mine it. But mechanical energy, as the hydraulic energy of water power, we cannot transport as such at all (or "transmit," as we usually term the transportation of energy), and before the advent of electrical energy transmission the water powers were practically useless. The only way was for the user of energy to locate at the water power. But the place where the water power is found is rarely suitable for an industry, hardly ever for a big city, and these are the two largest users of energy. It was the electrical engineer who made the water powers of use, by changing, "transforming" the hydraulic energy of the waterfall into electric energy, to send it over the electric transmission line to the distant places where energy is needed, and distribute it as electric energy.

There are only two kinds or forms in which energy can be economically carried over long distances, "transported" or "transmitted"—as the chemical energy of fuel by the railway car or steamship, and as electrical energy by the

transmission line; and when from your train window you see the coal cars going by or the electric transmission lines flying past, you realize that both fulfill the same function, carrying the energy—that is, the power of doing things, on which our civilization depends, from its source where it is found in nature to the place where we need it.

But, while fuel energy and electrical energy both can be economically transported or transmitted, there is a vast difference in them when we arrive at the destination and meet the problem of distributing and transforming the energy into that form which we need—heat energy to warm our homes and cook our food; light energy to extend the hours of daylight; mechanical energy to fetch and carry, to bring us to and from our work or pleasure, to turn the wheels of industry, drive the motor, whether the small fan motor of a fraction of a cat's power which cools our room, or the giant motor in the steel mill, which with the power of ten thousands of horses squashes steel ingots of tons of weight, as though they were soft putty, into the shape of rails to carry the train, or steel beams to support our building structures, or span the rivers as bridges.

We can change the chemical energy of fuel into heat by burning it in our stoves and furnaces in a fairly simple, though rather inefficient, manner.

But when we wish to convert the fuel energy into mechanical power we can do it efficiently and economically only in very large units, in the huge and highly complicated steam-turbine stations of ten thousands or hundred thousands of horse power; and we cannot mechanically distribute this energy except in a highly wasteful and inefficient manner, by shafts and belts and countershafts.

If we want light, we have to select special fuels, as kerosene, or first convert the fuel energy of coal into that of gas in gas works, and distribute the gas; and even then we are far from the convenience and cleanliness of the electric light.

It is the characteristic of electric energy that it can be distributed and converted into any other form of energy in a very simple and highly efficient manner, and that the economy of distribution and conversion is practically the same, whether we want the minute amount of energy to ring our door bell, or the power of hundred thousands of horses to drive the propellers of the battle cruiser.

I press the button, and the electric light flashes up; I close the switch, and the fan motor starts at my desk, or the elevator begins to move, carrying tons of load, or the giant electric locomotive starts pulling the thousand-ton train. And there is little difference in the efficiency of the small motor driving a sewing machine and the giant motor on the rolling mill of the steel plant: either gives in mechanical power practically the full amount of the electric power which it receives.

Electrical energy is unique in this respect, and it is the only form of energy which can be transmitted, distributed, and converted into any other form of energy with high efficiency—that is, with losses which are almost negligible, in the simplest possible manner and with practically no attention: closing the switch starts it, opening the switch again stops it, and that equally well and efficiently for the most minute power as for the largest amounts of power.

Electrical energy thus is the form of energy best suited for the transmission and supply of the world's demand for energy, is indeed the only form of energy capable of doing this; and when you see the electric transmission lines crisscrossing the country and spreading over it in a network of wires, just as during the last century the railways spread their network of tracks over the country, you should realize that the electrical engineer is doing to-day for the world's energy supply what the railway engineer did during the last century for the world's material supply—he is organizing the world's energy supply required

to complete and maintain our civilization.

Thus, electric energy is the most useful form of energy, and at the same time it is the most useless; it is not found in nature in usable quantity; the electrical energy of the lightning flash is too erratic and too small in amount to make it worth while to collect it, even if it could be done, and all electric energy is produced by conversion from some other form of energy—mechanical in the generator, chemical in the battery. Electric energy is never used as such (except in minute amounts occasionally medicinally), but when used, it is always first converted into some other form of energy. Thus, electrical energy is the intermediary in the problem of taking some form of energy from somewhere and delivering it as some other form of energy somewhere else. Electric energy is the only energy fitted for this function as intermediary, as carrier between the source and the user of energy, due to its ease, simplicity, and efficiency of production from other forms of energy and conversion into other forms of energy, and the efficiency and economy of its transmission.

Thus, with the rare exception where a power user can locate at the waterfall, water powers are always converted into electrical energy and transmitted and distributed as such, and it was the development of electrical engineering which has opened up to the uses of man in the water powers, the second largest source of energy. The chemical energy of fuel, from coal mine, oil well, or gas well, is still usually transmitted or transported as chemical energy by railway train or steamship line. The proposition has been made and discussed to burn the coal at the mine under steam boilers, convert its energy into electrical energy, and transmit it as such. To some extent, at least, this will undoubtedly be done in the future, as the major part of the cost of coal is not its mining, but its transportation, and, besides, a considerable part of the coal taken out of the

mine is wasted by being so poor and mixed with dirt that it cannot be economically transported; it could, however, be burned in proper furnaces at the mine, and so made useful as electrical energy. The extent, however, to which we could hope to do this is limited by the limitation of the steam engine. The steam engine requires not only fuel to produce the steam, but also large amounts of water to condense the steam, and very often such condensing water is not available at the coal mine.

But, while most of the fuel energy is still transmitted or transported as such, when it comes to the distribution of energy, more and more the electrical form of energy is used. That is, in a big electric station near the demand of power—the big city, mill, or factory—the fuel energy is converted into electrical energy, and distributed as such. We could distribute and deliver the energy as fuel—coal, oil, or gas—but what then? There is no simple and efficient way to convert the energy of coal, etc., into mechanical energy to propel the trolley car, or drive the sewing machine, into light to light our homes, etc., such as is afforded by the electric power. The difference in the usefulness of electrical energy in deriving any other form of energy from it, compared with the energy of coal, is best illustrated by such a simple convenience as the electric fan—push the button, and the fan starts; push it again, and it stops. Now imagine the problem of operating your desk fan by means of the energy of coal; you have attached to the fan a little steam engine, and to it a little boiler, and a little coal furnace, and when you want to start the fan you start a fire in the little furnace on your desk and get up steam in the little boiler, and operate the little steam engine to drive the fan. You see how impossible it is to use fuel energy for general energy distribution. You may say: "We should not use coal, but gas or oil, in a gas engine. We should have a little gas engine attached to our fan." This is simpler, but you fill your

room with the ill-smelling hot exhaust gases, and, after all, to keep the gas engine running you have to have a magneto for ignition, and this is larger than the whole electric-fan motor. Or, if you use battery ignition, the power you take out of the battery could by a small electric motor drive your fan.

This illustrates the superiority of electric power in energy distribution, and so a whole new industry has grown up in the last twenty-five years—the industry of electric-power generation and distribution. From the small electric-lighting stations of the early days have grown up huge electric-power stations, some of them approaching a million horse power, and more and more supplying all the energy demand of the city or country, whether for lighting homes or streets, for driving the surface trolleys or the rapid-transit systems and the terminals of the steam railroads, supplying energy to factories and mills—in short, taking care of the energy supply and distribution.

In the field of rail transportation, the electric motor has superseded all other means, except the steam locomotive on our trunk-line railways. But every engineer who has looked into the situation knows that the steam locomotive is doomed by its frightful wastefulness, and electrification is inevitable. By electric operation of our railways, even if all the electric power were generated by steam and no water power used, we should save about two-thirds of the coal now consumed by the locomotives—that is, hundreds of millions of tons—and at the same time, without a single mile of additional track, increase the capacity of our railroads by a quarter or more, due to the quicker start, better control, and higher speed of the electric train.

In factories and mills the electric motor is replacing the steam engine, and thereby changing our industrial system. So we have seen in the last twenty-five years the cotton industry shifting from the New England states to the South, due to the economic advantage afforded

by the abundant water powers of the Southern streams.

When, in changing to electric power, we replace the steam engine by the electric motor without any further change, this is rarely the more economical way, as the electric motor can do many things which the engine cannot do; and this permits a rearrangement of power supply, resulting in a great increase of economy. The steam engine is economical only in large units, and requires constant care and skilled attendance. Thus, it is not possible to place a small steam engine at every machine where power is wanted, but one big steam engine drives the factory, through numerous shafts and counter-shafts and masses of belts, in which quite commonly more than half of the power is wasted, even when the factory is running full; and the waste becomes still greater when the factory is operated only partly, or when only a few machines have to be run for overtime work. The electric motor, however, whether large or small, requires practically no attendance. Thus, a separate motor may be attached to every machine, whether a sewing machine requiring a twentieth of a horse power or a mill motor of a thousand horse power. Thus all the shafting and belting disappear, light is let into the factory, and the safety vastly increased, and the enormous losses of power in the transmission saved. So also in transportation—the electric locomotive is more efficient than the steam locomotive, but more efficient still is the electric motor car, and, while steam trains have become larger and larger, to use the largest and most efficient locomotives, wherever possible, in electric traction individual motor cars are used, giving a more frequent and thus better service.

It therefore has been said, "To do a thing well and efficiently, do it electrically," and there is a great deal of truth in this.

In our households, and generally in everyday life, electricity is playing a larger and larger part.

Electricity is the only commodity which during the last twenty-five years has steadily decreased in price, due to the rapid advance of electrical engineering, and even in the last few years, when all other commodities doubled and tripled in cost, the price of electricity has hardly increased at all, so that domestic uses of electricity, which once were a luxury, now have become more economical than the old ways, besides being far more convenient, cleanly, and sanitary.

Thus, electricity is supplying household power and saving labor, eliminating the drudgery which formerly made household work so unattractive—fan motor and vacuum cleaner, the motor on the sewing machine or the ice-cream freezer, the washing machine and ironing machine, the doorbell, the electric flat-iron; electric cooking, from special services, as electric toaster, coffee percolator, etc., to the electric range replacing the coal- or gas-fed cooking stove—in all these electricity has found its field. It is reasonable to expect that all the domestic and industrial work of the city, all locomotion and transportation, will some time be done by electricity, and that in a not very distant future, and that fires and combustion will be altogether forbidden by law within the city limits, as dangerous and unsanitary. It is not reasonable to believe that our civilized society will always allow the air and the sky above our cities to be filled with soot from a thousand smoke-belching chimneys, or the air of the city streets to be poisoned by the ill-smelling exhaust gases of thousands of gasoline cars, when electricity can perform the duty in a safer and better manner.

As we have seen, it is not the best economy, in industrial electrification, merely to take out the steam engine and put an electric motor in its place; but best economy requires a rearrangement, the elimination of the mechanical power distribution by shafts and belts, and putting an electric motor at every machine. So in domestic electrification it would be hopelessly uneconomical, even

with the lowest prices of electricity, merely to replace the grate of the coal stove or the burner of the gas stove by an electric heater, due to the enormous waste of heat inevitable in the coal stove, and even gas stove. But electric heat can be employed so much more directly, and with so little loss, as to make electric cooking economical, and often even cheaper than cooking by coal or gas stove, though the heat from electric power must always remain much more expensive than heat by the combustion of coal.

This is most marked in domestic heating. Suppose we take out the grate from our hot-air, steam, or hot-water-heating furnace in the cellar of our house, put in an electric heater and try to use the present heating plant; even at the lowest imaginable rate of electric power, the cost would be such as to make it economically hopeless. We get a better economy by putting an electric heater in every room; but still the cost of heating would inevitably be much greater than our present method, so that it could be used only in special cases, in the business centers of big cities, where the space occupied by the heating system is very valuable, or to heat some individual room, as a sick chamber or a bedroom, without the need of starting the entire heating plant—that is, as auxiliary to the coal furnace of to-day.

It is not possible that the cost of electric heat compared with that of coal can ever decrease sufficiently to make electric heating of our present houses generally economical. When electric energy is produced from coal, even in our most efficient huge steam-turbine stations, we get only 15 to 20 per cent of the energy of the coal, as electric energy, due to the inherent limitation of the steam engine. If, then, this electric energy is used for heating, the coal used in producing the electric energy costs five to six times as much as the coal which would produce the same amount of heat directly by combustion. The cost of the fuel is only a part, often less

than half, of the cost of the electric energy, so that the actual cost of the heat produced from electricity in domestic service must be ten to twenty times as great as that of the cost of the same amount of heat produced by the burning of coal, and the price thus still higher. There is no possibility that cheap hydraulic power could ever reduce the price of electricity so radically as to make the cost of electric heat comparable with that of heat from coal. Some people still believe that electricity from water power costs nothing, or very little, because no fuel is consumed in producing it; but the cost of fuel is only a part of the cost of electric power; a large part of the cost of power is the interest in development, and depreciation of the plant. Hydroelectric plants almost invariably cost several times as much as steam plants, due to the much more expensive and extensive hydraulic development, the cost of transmission lines, etc. Therefore, what is saved in the hydraulic station, in the cost of fuel, is in general pretty nearly lost in the higher cost of the development, with the result that electricity from water power can differ little in cost from that from steam power. That is, some water powers can produce electricity cheaper than the average steam station, and some large steam stations cheaper than the average water-power station, and in general hydroelectric power is a little cheaper and a little less reliable than steam-electric power, but the difference is not sufficient to give the water power any radical economic advantage.

We also must realize that if all the possible water powers were used—that is, every drop of rain which falls in the United States were collected and its power converted into electricity—and all this electric power used for heating, the total amount of heat produced would be only about one-third as much as that given by our present coal consumption.

Nevertheless, even with the present prices of electric energy for domestic purposes, electric house heating might

be economically feasible. But it means an entire rearrangement of the heating and ventilating methods, even of the construction of our buildings, it means the "house without a chimney."

The walls of the house would be built insulated against losses of heat by conduction through them; double or triple glass used in the windows; all the cracks and openings, through which cold air might enter, made perfectly tight; double or triple entrance doors used, not to lose appreciable heat when opening them—so it would be possible to reduce the present losses of heat to a small fraction. There remains the question of ventilation. Usually we let fresh—and cold—air in and the foul warm air out and so lose all the heat contained in the latter, and over and over again have to

heat new volumes of cold air. With the expensive electric heat this is not permissible and is not necessary, but a regenerative system of ventilation is used. That is, the heat contained in the foul warm air which leaves the house is transferred to the fresh cold air entering it, and so heats it by the outgoing air passing around the pipes which carry in the fresh air. An air-tight house, and a regenerative system of ventilation would reduce the amount of heat required to keep our homes warm during the cold season to such a small fraction of the heat required with our present method of building construction that electric heating would become economical with the present price of electricity. Such a change, obviously, can only come gradually.

TIGERS

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

I SAW eight royal tigers in a ring
Barred round with iron like a monstrous cage,
And in the midst a man, a puny thing,
With whip, pole, pistol shot defied their rage.

Their golden bodies, like the cage black-barred,
Were lithe as houris in a paradise,
With sneering nose and snarling lips to guard
The deathless fire of hatred in their eyes.

And for their righteous hate I loved them. Power
Had violated, mangled—to its shame—
Unconquerable beings for an hour.
My spirit joined with theirs as flame to flame.

God-made they were. Let man respect their right!
God-taught were they to love their freedom so.
And, tragic puppets, prisoners of might,
They were unchanged as water in its flow.

Whatever force may lie in love or hate,
The soul is scarless, and resists forever.
Man's soul is like the tiger soul, its mate,
That may be trapped and bent, but broken never.

THE GOD FROM THE SHELF

BY DONALD CORLEY

TALK had languished on the deck of the *Claudion*. The air was motionless; the bay was as still as water in a tumbler; the moon was like a brass tack on the edge of the sky. Even the little lights in the houses and aboard the ships at anchor in the bay of Papeete burned steadily and unwinkingly.

A Chinese deck boy, dressed in yellow silk, had just removed the coffee cups from the rattan table aft, and was shuffling toward the companionway with his tray.

"Bringsome more champagne, Yuen," his master called after him, lazily.

The group in the languorous deck chairs stirred; a wave of relief swept over the four men and three women. It was as if each of them said: "Oh, well—yes . . . more champagne. . . . It's a dull evening."

Only the woman sitting at the stern, apart from the others, did not stir in her chair. Her red hair glinted like metal in the moonlight; her white profile was sharp against the night; her long, angular hands were clasped listlessly around a vanity chest upon her knees.

A match was lighted, and the sound was followed by a little hiss as it struck the water a moment later.

The silence persisted.

"Are we waiting for that champagne, or . . . are we all . . . just bored?" ruminated the man who smoked a pipe.

No one answered.

One of the women tapped a cigarette languidly upon the arm of her chair, affixed a long jade holder to it, and regarded it thoughtfully, as if undecided whether to smoke it or not. Her ritual was perfect.

"Great motive force," the man with the pipe went on, "boredom. Starts

war. Stops it. Drives men to make things, and women to break them—"

"The same things, Marvel?" queried the woman of the jade cigarette holder.

The man waved his pipe loosely. "Doesn't matter," he said, "whether they're made—or broken."

"What *does* matter to you, 'Vel, you old destructionist?" inquired the host and owner of the *Claudion*.

"Lots of things, Barney," said the man with the pipe, quietly. "What people do to escape boredom, what men make, and what women break; what *I* do to escape, for instance; what the beach comber, whom I saw ashore yesterday below the town, expected to find when the tide came in."

"Why didn't you ask him?" said the second woman, who was not only charming, but worse. And still, her query was not quite flippant, but plaintive, rather.

"I did," 'Vel rejoined, "and he said, 'You always find what you need to find.'"

"But one wants so many things that one doesn't need," I suggested.

"Limit your choice," said he; "do not want so many things, and you will get some."

"Well, that disciple of Epictetus seemed to have precipitated his life, so to speak. He lived by the tide; it was his clock, as well as his daily argosy—variable as to time, as well as cargo—returning, as he saw it, from the ends of the sea, bringing to him his pro rata, as he regarded it, of the things of this earth. Took me to his house, and offered me—what do you suppose? Char treuse, in a little cup hollowed out of a bird's skull.

"This come ashore, too?" I asked.

"He nodded. 'All of my clothes came ashore,' he told me."

"Strikes me, 'Vel," said the host, "you've got more out of Papeete than any of us. Wish you'd take me to see your beach comber to-morrow."

"I thought we were leaving to-morrow," said the worse than charming woman.

"We *did* decide that, didn't we?" he acknowledged, regretfully.

Yuen appeared in the rectangle of light at the companionway, tray in one hand, bucket in the other. Rubber-footed chairs were hitched toward the table, making little bruised sounds.

Yuen uncorked a champagne bottle and filled the glasses. At a slight gesture from his master, he took one, carefully, and carried it to the woman at the stern. She remained oblivious, and he placed the glass on the arm of her chair.

The champagne somewhat banished lethargy. The woman with the jade cigarette holder solicited a light; the two men who had not spoken came out of their reverie. One of them, who had been an officer in the French army, a

man still under the haze of shell shock, began, languidly:

"I'm not so sure but that you're right, 'Vel. I remember being at a listening post in a hollow tree of concrete for six days, in nineteen sixteen . . . near Soissons . . . unable to stir except before daybreak and after dark. Had to sit there all day in the sun; over there was the unknown, very near. I could see men moving; could pick up a word or two now and then. Might have been blown out of that field any minute, but my chief sensation was that of extreme boredom. The tree was uncomfortable. I couldn't smoke. Hadn't any water most of the time. But I was, mainly, just bored."

"What do you think about it, Evelyn?" asked the host, of the worse than charming woman.

"I think women are in little better plight, Barney. First they're amused by expectation, then by calculation, then just by the business of being a woman. I mean being *chic* and all that. Later they



THE CHINESE DECK BOY MOVED SILENTLY AMONG THE CHAIRS

are amused by acquisition—a husband, ‘things,’ children, or a keeper—but it seems to me that the woman who acknowledges that she *is* bored, is apt, being desirous of having ‘a good day’ *every* day . . . well, I should say she had, then, an ambition, and that’s a fortunate thing for her. But most women don’t know that they *are* bored, you see—or won’t confess it to themselves—afraid to—so they don’t even become actively ambitious, but simply take whatever offers.”

“Wouldn’t we welcome some one who would amuse us this evening?” asked the man who had said nothing. “We leave our environment, taking with us all of it that will go aboard a yacht, and we come to find what Gauguin and the others told us *they* found. But we don’t seek after it as they did. We sit on deck, with precisely the same things about us that we have at home—the things without which we feel ill at ease; and so we find nothing that Gauguin and Melville found. We need to be lifted out of our environment—I don’t mean the physical one, but out of our way of thinking. We need to play a new part, to have to think unfamiliar thoughts, to be thrown into a totally different galley, mentally, to stop being bored. We are like the Englishman and his dinner coat in the Never-never Land of Australia. He had only ‘damper and tea’ for dinner, but he was dressed for dinner just the same.”

“But I like that!” said the woman of the jade cigarette holder.

“So do I,” said the man, gently. “I liked *him*. Ritualist. But I liked better the man I dined with the next day after that, in the Never-never Land—a man who caught fish and baked them over an open fire, and managed a dessert out of this and that, and talked of the Renaissance with me until daybreak. When I awoke he was gone, leaving me one of his two books as a gift. He had no dinner coat with him, and was in search of opals. The book was Judith Gautier’s *Livre de Jade*.”

“Vera, don’t you want your cham-

pagne?” called the host to the woman at the stern, genially.

The woman turned her head slightly and looked at him, but answered nothing. Her silence was explicit. It indicated everything. It was not rude, but infinitely remote, detached, absent, beyond boredom, and filled with the dignity and the beauty of a spiritual isolation.

Her champagne remained untouched; it bubbled and became still, like the woman.

Yuen appeared, phantomlike, dressed in white instead of yellow silk, a straw hat in his hands. He approached his master interrogatively.

“Oh yes, you’re going ashore, aren’t you?” said Barney, rising. “Here, I’ll help you with the boat. Tom ashore, too?”

“Yeppy,” said Yuen.

“Try to get back by nine to-morrow,” said Barney, kindly, and he lowered the boat.

The sound of Yuen’s feet upon the landing steps died away, succeeded by an oar splash. Barney lounged over to his chair, stretching his arms and yawning—a big man, with almost too much strength.

“Good boy, Yuen,” he remarked. “Never says a word. Thinks. All the crew gone, and Tom, too, but Yuen knows I keep promises. Told him a week ago he could go ashore to-night. Trusts me. I like him for that.”

“Do you think Yuen ever gets bored?” asked the second woman.

“No. . . . You see, he expects to go back to Canton some day, with the money he can save, and pay his father’s fine—political crime. I offered to give it to him once, and d’you know what he said? ‘All samee, all-timee no-timee.’ When he pays it, you see, he can then be a mandarin. I forget the degree. Bored? I think not. In the summer he spends his spare time carving bones into miniature temples, and taming crickets down at Easthampton, and in the winter he works on a book he’s writing. . . .



"GOOD EVENING, GENTLEMEN," WAS WHAT THEY HEARD

Columbia man, you know." Barney spoke affectionately, a little sadly, as if he, too, would like to carve temples out of bones and write books.

"Any of you men want to come down and play bridge?" asked the woman of the jade cigarette holder. "Evelyn?"

The officer of the French army and the other man rose, and Evelyn, too, acquiesced. The four paused at the companionway, as if hoping for some alternative, but no one made any comment. 'Vel lighted a new pipe, and he and the host drew toward each other, a trifle tacitly, as if to be out of earshot of the woman at the stern, who had not moved. She sat there, well in the moonlight that came in under the awning, a mute and impassive figure; and the light touched her white face, and the large golden comb shaped as a cithera in her hair, the stones of her rings, and the

buckles of her slippers. A languid breeze stirred her skirt. She was like some beautiful moth, brooding upon a window curtain, without impulse, scarcely conscious of its loveliness . . . simply pausing in the timelessness of a summer.

The two men stared at her with a certain awe, some anxiety, and with a great deal of intentness.

"Glad to be going back, Barney?" asked the other.

The big man ran his hands through his hair abstractedly.

There crept up from below the insinuating sound of a piano played with soft pedal behind closed doors, played hesitatingly, yet surely, with unexpectednesses and sharp changes, staccato surprises and adagio pauses; at once brooding and assertive, dreamy and despairing, and full of interrogation.

"I guess auction had no charms,"

said Barney, and then, in an under key: "*I'd like to stay,*" he ruminated, with a sidelong glance at the woman, "but when she gets like this—been this way for two days now—I don't know what else to do. Suggested running over to Shanghai, Bangkok, Saigon, and up by elephant to see the Cambodian palaces, but . . ."

'Vel nodded his perfect comprehension.

"I'm afraid," Barney went on, almost in a whisper—"I'm afraid she's—she's got to the end—with me. . . ."

'Vel reached out a hand and patted Barney's silently.

"You know," Barney went on, almost inaudibly, "she's never had anything that she really wanted—not that she hasn't had everything that a woman may have. I guess she never wanted *anything* very much, but I don't know. . . . Maybe *I* haven't got it—but she's the only woman I could ever marry," he added.

"But *you*, now," 'Vel asked, with an exceeding gentleness, quite as an elder brother would speak, although he was much the younger of the two, "shall you like to go back to South Broad Street, to motor back and forth from Long Island? I mean, do you get any fun out of your life at home . . . apart from—?" And he nodded imperceptibly in the direction of the woman.

"Born in it," said Barney, tersely, with profound acceptance, but with a tinge of sadness. "Wouldn't know how to break away. Always wanted to, though. Guess I never can. How about you, 'Vel? But you're happy anywhere, happy as anyone can expect to be, who values nothing particularly, I mean."

"And everything," dropped 'Vel, quietly, with a furtive look at the woman.

The music from below suddenly became party to their conversation, as it were, with complicated chime chords, followed by a recitative, poignant and searching. The woman in the chair stirred, and the clasp of the pomegranate-colored vanity chest ended a phrase

of the music with a sharp snap. Both of the men started, and Barney, after a moment, remarked:

"Evelyn always plays as if she had a big glass retort, and was bent upon pouring every known chemical into it, to see what would happen."

"I guess she finds out new laws of musical chemistry that way," said 'Vel, lightly. "It's her form of speculation."

As if a door below had opened, the improvisation became wild and brilliant and Slavic. It seemed to fill the vast, empty, brittle night.

Suddenly a voice from the landing steps made both men turn their heads.

"Good evening, gentlemen," was what they heard, charged with mockery, amusement, self-possession; a well-bred voice with a merry devil in it.

The man that they saw standing there, in a blue shirt and white trousers, bareheaded, was smiling serenely, but the moonlight glittered upon something at his belt that they both saw was a revolver. The apparition leaned against the rail, his left hand in his trousers pocket, his right on the rail—a fine, nervous, alert hand, they saw, too.

'Vel simply looked at the man, but his eyelids flickered, in half recognition.

Barney started up from his chair, but a quick movement of the stranger's hand stayed him.

"Please don't get up," was the courteous, affable request he made, but in as sure a tone as if he were commanding. "I only came up to get something."

"What?" asked Barney.

"Well, the truth is, I'm rather short of champagne," said the man, lazily, "and . . ." His eyes wandered quickly around the deck, taking in everything, resting on the woman at the stern for an instant.

"Who the devil are you?" inquired Barney.

"That is of no consequence—for the moment," replied the other. There was something in his demeanor that was amused, baffling, superior.

"Pirate, eh?" said Barney.

The man shrugged his shoulders negligently.

A head appeared behind him, and a younger man came up slowly. He, too, carried a revolver, which he partly drew out of its holster.

"Just go down and ask the lady to keep on playing, Caleb," said the pirate, without looking at him; "and don't be abrupt," he added, as the man went noiselessly down the companionway.

"About how much champagne do you think you want?" inquired Barney, ironically.

The woman at the stern had turned her head, and was looking on with something like interest.

"Oh, I think I shall need a great deal," was the response, "but I'm going to leave you two cases besides the one you

have open. The other seven— Oh, Bill!" he called, softly.

A second head appeared, and a weather-beaten man came up, and saluted.

"Bill, this gentleman has seven cases of champagne down below that he is going to contribute to our welfare."

The man called Bill went below with quiet celerity.

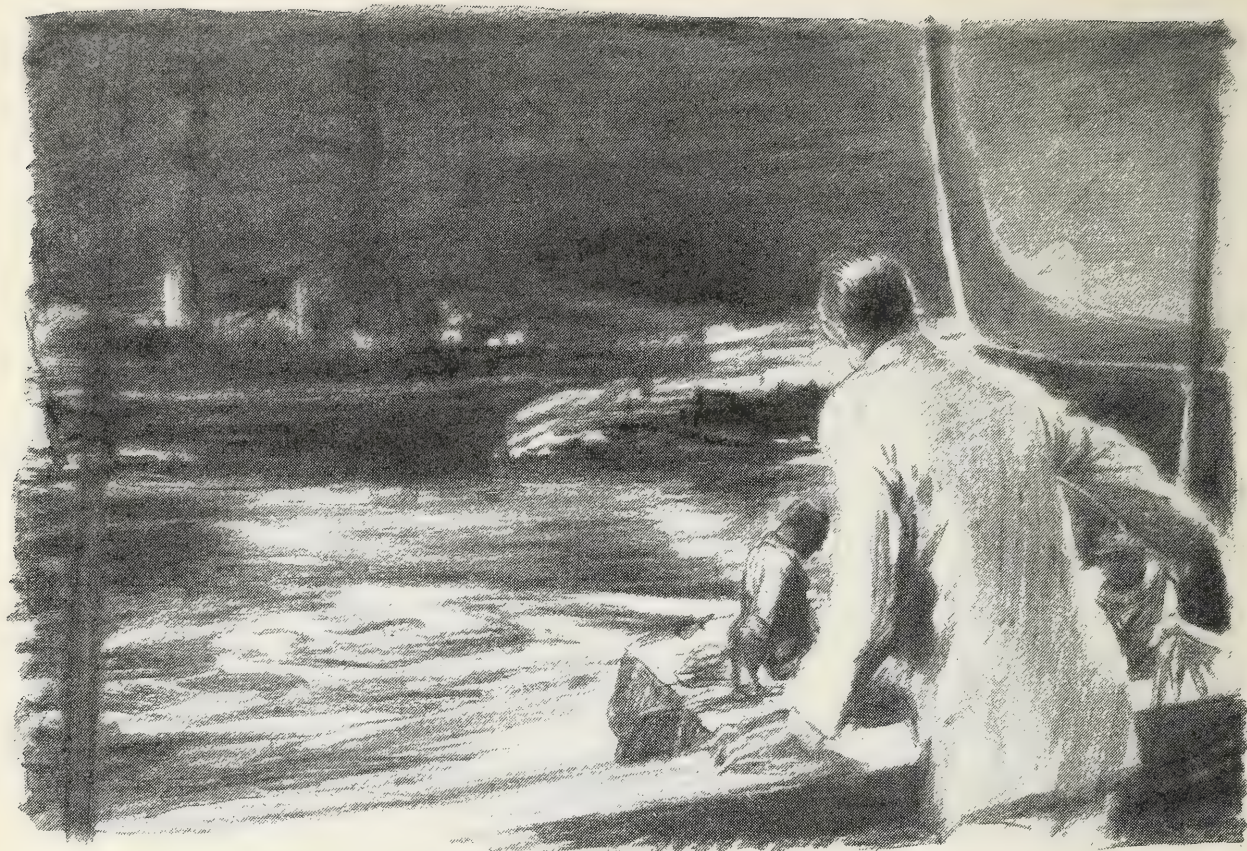
The piano had paused for a moment, then it went on, with slightly more vehemence. Evidently "Caleb" had been abrupt.

"I'd like a cigarette," said the pirate, and lounged over to the table. "With your permission?"

Barney waved his hand toward the box on the table. The pirate remained standing, alert, easy, without constraint; selected and lighted his cigarette with



THE PIRATE REGARDED HER WITH A SOMBER FIRE IN HIS EYES



THE PIRATE'S BOAT WAS PASSING THE YACHT'S BOW

his left hand, taking a match from his pocket.

'Vel blew a great cloud of smoke, and smiled.

Barney, who sat tensely in his chair, turned and looked toward the town, as the man called Bill came up the companionway with a case, which he took to the landing steps, and down.

"Well," said Barney, "you're pretty cool," as Bill returned and went below again.

The pirate smiled. "Aren't you?" he inquired.

"See here!" Barney exploded. "What the hell *is* your game? You don't look like a man who steals champagne."

"No?" said the other, indifferently. "And you don't look like a man who would keep the price of sugar up. But you do, when it suits you, and—if you're looking out for your crew," he added, in an amused tone, "I shouldn't worry about them if I were you; probably they'll come back to-morrow afternoon,

with a bit of a head—hydra, as it were—drank a little too much square-faced gin." (There was a deprecating cough from the man called Bill, who was passing with his third case.) "All asleep down the beach there in a hut. . . . As I was saying, it's a predatory world—shark eats big fish; big fish eats little fish; little fish eats worm; worm does the best he can; but the shark has an ally—"

"The pilot fish?" inquired 'Vel.

"Right," said the pirate, with a twinkle. "Goes along to show the shark the way; gets immunity, among other things."

"What part do you play in this allegory?" asked Barney, interested in spite of his irritation.

"None," said the pirate, calmly. "Been all of them, at one time or another. I'm a little 'outside.' You take what you need" (and he glanced at the woman curiously as he spoke; their eyes met for the first time, in a cool, level

stare)—“or what comes,” he went on. “I happen to need some champagne this evening—giving a little dinner day after to-morrow.”

Barney stared at him, and suddenly grinned. “You’re not a bad sort,” he remarked. “Wouldn’t you like a drink now?”

“Don’t mind if I do,” said the other, affably, and drew up a chair, facing the woman at the stern.

Barney uncorked the second bottle in the bucket and poured first a few drops in his own glass, and then filled one near the pirate. ‘Vel waved his pipe in refusal, and Barney’s mute interrogation of the woman netted him nothing, so he filled his own glass.

The man called Bill had appeared and reappeared, with cases, noiseless, efficient, never once glancing at the group at the table.

The pirate held up his glass, and looked through it, either at the moon or the woman; tasted it with relish, almost with the gesture of a toast—to the moon or the woman—and spoke over his shoulder to the man called Bill (who had set his last case down at the rail, and was waiting there, staring at vacancy), “That’s all, Bill.” He seemed to know that Bill had finished his task, though his bare feet had made no perceptible sound.

“Doesn’t your man want a drink?” said Barney, easily.

“Never touches it,” said the pirate.

“Mind telling us a little about yourself?” inquired ‘Vel. “You see, we’ve all been a little bored, and conversation had almost ceased when you came. . . . Not asking you anything personal” (he gave a sharp look at the pirate, with a quizzical lift of his eyebrows), “of course, but—?”

“Sure,” grinned the pirate, cheerfully, after a long look at ‘Vel. Something like a wink was exchanged between them. “I’m only working out my destiny; was bored once, myself; got born in the wrong *milieu*, stuck in it, feeling responsible, until one day I realized I wasn’t responsible to anyone, any more, except

to myself; so I cleared out, having duly provided for the contingencies of my *milieu*. . . .”

A shade of wonderment passed over ‘Vel’s face, and he nodded his head.

“I had no longer anything to fulfill, you understand; had done pretty well what was expected of me, didn’t owe anything more to human relationships—so here I am, *to-day*,” he added, with a certain quaint emphasis on the word.

‘Vel, who had been tilting his chair backward, brought it down with a thump, and began, in a leisurely fashion, to trepan his pipe with a match, looking down into the bowl with an inquisitive air, as a *rabassier*, having found his quarry, scratches in the ground and waits for his master to come, saying, by his uplifted paw, “On my word of honor as a dog, there’s a truffle here.”

“Get much fun out of piracy?” inquired Barney, as of a fellow craftsman, with the polite interest of the perfect host who finds all matters worthy of discussion. “*Have* some champagne.”

There was a slight cough from the man called Bill. And the pirate, after tasting his second glass, pushed it negligently away, and helped himself to a cigarette.

“*Awfully* good cigarettes,” he murmured, appreciatively.

“Like some to take along?” said Barney, affably. There was in his tone a little of the gratification of the man who hears his private blend of tobacco praised, and a little of something else, smoothly disguised. ‘Vel smiled with deep amusement, as Barney fished some keys out of his pocket, and, selecting one, signaled to the man called Bill.

“In number one,” he said, pleasantly, “top locker, left side, three tin boxes of a thousand each. Bring up one, will you?”

“Thanks,” said the pirate, and to his perceptible nod, the weather-beaten man went below with the keys. “*Awfully* decent of you,” he added, to Barney.

‘Vel smiled to himself, as Barney started to rise.

The pirate’s chair went back an inch.

"I *beg* your pardon," said he, very quietly, but in a tone like cold steel, and he stared Barney in the eyes, all of his cheerful *bonhomie* gone. His look said: "My man is *not* a sneak thief; and you needn't think, either, that by sending him downstairs on a courteous errand you can put anything over on me. For the moment I'm your guest; that would be a dirty trick. Just now I was a pirate, but there is a time for everything . . . and just because I *have* sat down to drink with you and discuss philosophy is precisely why this is a time of truce."

Barney understood him perfectly, as a practiced gambler, and relaxed into his chair again, thinking better of whatever ulterior motive he had.

The pirate flicked the ash from his cigarette, and hitched his chair forward. The rules had been preserved. 'Vel finished his trepanning, reprimed his pipe, and lighted it, with a humorous side glance at the woman.

The music that stole up from below had become a little, nervous, dissonant, restive.

"It's just a game with you, then?" inquired 'Vel, of the pirate, breaking the tension.

"Call it an art," said the other, his easy-going manner coming back. "You see—" He hesitated, and looked fixedly at the woman, who was looking out over the bay again, her face averted; and, as if giving up his reticence with the ash from the end of his cigarette, "Of course, gentlemen, you will never repeat what I'm going to tell you" (he spoke half boyishly, looking all the time at the woman), "but my ambition has always been to restore, where possible, and not to destroy, to contribute a little order to the universe—or even a little agreeable disorder."

The man called Bill returned with a tin box, gave the bunch of keys to Barney, and went over to the rail, where he stood, immobile, with the box under his left arm.

"About the world there are certain things that are not in their proper

places," the pirate resumed; "shall we say they are simply waiting to be returned to their original niches or market stalls, or—? And those other things that have never been in their natural *locales*. Please understand, I do not include your champagne in either of these abstractions."

Barney made a wry face, as if to say, "It's *your* champagne now," and lifted his hand resignedly.

"And I do my humble part as carrier. . . . You've seen hothouse flowers in a Northern greenhouse, that not only leaned to the sun, but almost pleaded to be set free and returned to the morass they'd never seen. You've observed, no doubt, a lioness born in captivity who nevertheless knew, in her eyes, at least, how *her* world ought to look. You've also seen," he went on, in another key, "certain inanimate things, that were stolen and never got returned. If they had been, they might have become animate, the bronze horses of St. Mark's—so called—thus giving the credit to the thief. But you see what I mean? The bronze horses were returned to St. Mark's after Napoleon had stolen them; but why shouldn't they have been taken back to Constantinople, where Enrico Dandolo stole them, and thence to the Arch of Trajan, or just a little farther, to the place that they were first set up, from which they were first stolen? *That* would be poetic restitution."

"Is that *your* procedure?" asked Barney, interestedly.

"Most of the time," said the other. "Naturally, it's more fun sometimes to take things for the fun of taking, or out of necessity. But I picked up a chap once who had got shaken out of the dice cup at Trinidad, when he needed to be in Florida, and I landed him on a key. Another time it was a little Lucarelli that had been stolen from some friends of mine in Ancona."

"And you stole it back?" inquired 'Vel, amusedly.

"There is a temple in a village up the Payankiang River, in the province of

Chekiang," the pirate went on, ignoring the question, "where one god was missing from the row on the stone shelf—had been missing for forty years. The priests had turned out hundreds of prayer rolls for the return of that god. . . . Well, I saw him one day, sitting on a buhl table in—well, let's say in the East Eighties, or the Avenue Henri Martin, it doesn't matter where. He was a bit nicked and battered, having journeyed nearly around the world, and rested uncomfortably on so many buhl tables, and behind the doors of so many antique-shop cabinets. He had been repainted in places, but—well, he's back on the stone shelf, in his right place, and the priests of Quang-ho have time to pray for other things now. Do you see?"

"Yes," said Barney, "but *I'm* interested to know about your takings for the fun of taking?"

"Now you couldn't expect me to tell you much about *that*," the pirate grinned; "that's always impulsive, you see . . . might happen any time. The other is deliberate, foreplanned, an intellectual abstraction."

The woman at the stern had abandoned her vanity chest and was occupied in drawing off her rings and putting them on again, without looking at the men. There was a flavor of mockery in her gesture.

"Once—" the pirate began, intently. There was a very slight, sepulchral cough, casual enough, but definite, from the man called Bill, and he cut short what he had begun to say, and turned to 'Vel. "Wonder if you'd mind going down," said he, "and telling Caleb to come up?"

"Certainly," said 'Vel, pleasantly. The two looked at each other for a long moment, and the pirate held out his hand, which was warmly shaken.

"Some other evening," said the pirate, and 'Vel nodded and went below.

"Got to be running along now," he said to Barney, getting up. Barney rose also, and the woman clasped her hands and stared at them. They were both

big, strong, seasoned, adequate. They stood looking at each other, and the intruder smiled.

"Thanks for the cigarettes," he said, simply, but did not extend his hand, nor did Barney.

"Anything else you'd like?" asked the latter, half ironically.

"Yes . . . there is," was the quiet answer.

"Well—what?"

The pirate looked past him at the woman, who had got up, laying the vanity chest on her chair.

Barney looked from one to the other; it seemed to dawn upon him, dimly, what was happening, as the woman walked slowly down the deck, and past him, with scarcely a glance. There was an atmosphere of abandon in her movements, a definite relinquishment in the way that she drew three rings from her fingers and laid them on the rattan table. They made a clinking sound, like ice in a thin glass. They were put down gently, as things once cherished, but now irrelevant, unimportant.

She faced the pirate, a tall woman, in her early thirties, ripened and firmly molded and infinitely mysterious in her self-containment, as if life had never touched her poignantly until this moment. The pirate regarded her with a somber fire in his eyes, and after a tense and pregnant pause, Barney seemed to come to some acceptance in his mind, and the pirate kindled to flame as the woman went swiftly past him, brushing his arm with hers, to the landing steps, where the man called Bill was holding his arm in readiness for her. Caleb appeared at this moment, closing the doors of the companionway behind him. He locked them and thrust the brass key into his pocket.

"Locked 'em in saloon," said Caleb, hurriedly, as if he hadn't altogether liked doing it, and went to the landing steps.

The pirate turned on his heel and followed him, without looking at Barney again. But Barney stood transfixed

where he was, and made no movement. The sound of an auxiliary exhaust, well muffled, aroused him, and he staggered to the rail. The pirate's boat was passing the yacht's bows, and a sharp rap on the forward deck, and a metallic clatter, caused Barney to lurch in that direction. Something glittered on the deck and he stooped and picked it up. It was the key to the companionway doors.

He looked at the thing stupidly, and then at the boat making seaward rapidly. The moon glinted upon the golden comb in the woman's hair, and Barney passed his hand over his eyes to shut out the sight. Then he made his way back to the stern, to the empty chair, picked up the pomegranate-colored vanity chest and came back to the table. In it he placed the three rings scattered there, and, moving deliberately now, returned to the chair. Over the back of it was a scarf of iridescent glass beads. He wrapped the little chest in it, carefully, held it to his lips a moment, and

dropped it overboard. The splash of it died away, and after a little the big man heaved his shoulders, took out a cigarette case, and lighted one of his "awfully good cigarettes."

Presently he returned along the deck, looked about on the table, found the brass key, unlocked the companionway doors and opened them silently. Then he found a chair and sank into it.

'Vel lounged up to the deck a moment later, unruffled, unperturbed.

"Hello!" said he. . . . "The pirate gone?"

Barney nodded.

'Vel looked about. "Take anything else with him?"

"Vera."

"Vera?"

"Yes."

"Well . . ." said 'Vel, slowly, coming over and looking down at him, "I saw that *that* was to happen when . . . he came aboard. . . ."

"So did I," answered Barney.

ON THE TRAIN

BY CAROL HAYNES

LAST summer, when we went to Maine,
 We traveled overnight by train.
 At evening, when my prayers were said
 The porter came to make my bed.
 He drew the curtains all around
 And shut me in all safe and sound
 So I alone could snugly lie
 And watch the stars go sliding by.
 What fun it was! and as I lay
 The moon came up as bright as day
 So I could clearly see at last
 The country as we hurried past—
 The cows asleep upon the hill,
 The little houses dark and still,
 A lighted town, a bridge, a brook,
 Like pictures printed in a book.
 But what seems puzzling to my mind
 We never left the moon behind—
 It shone above as clear as day
 And stayed right with us all the way!

IMAGINATION IN SELLING

BY ROBERT R. UPDEGRAFF

ONE morning some twenty years ago a crowd was gathered around a shoe-store window on Summer Street, Boston, watching a man at work. Other pedestrians, seeing the group, stopped and edged their way toward the window until they, too, could see the man behind the plate glass.

Inside the window was a buzz saw driven by an electric motor, and with this buzz saw the man was sawing up shoes. Z-i-n-g! would go the saw, and then the man would hold up for the crowd's inspection the two halves of a brand-new shoe of the make sold in the store. Z-i-n-g! And the crowd would be shown the two halves of some other maker's shoe, so that it could see the difference of the material which went into the soles and heels of the two shoes.

Hour after hour the man sawed shoes—new shoes, half-worn shoes, dilapidated old shoes. The window was heaped with shoes, sawed and unsawed.

People stopped to look and stayed to marvel at the company's daring in thus ripping their own shoes to pieces and showing them in comparison with shoes of competitors.

"This company's shoes must be made of good materials or they wouldn't dare do that," was the first thought. "They *are*—I can *see* that they are," was the second. And this was followed in so many cases by a third, "I must buy a pair," that inside of a few months men were sawing up shoes in the windows of this company's stores all over the country.

For weeks these window demonstrations continued. So great were the crowds they attracted that in some cities the police had to request the man in the

window to stop sawing at intervals in order to relieve the sidewalk congestion.

The man who developed that simple idea of sawing up shoes to show people how well they were made exercised shrewd imagination about people and their buying processes. He knew that in selling shoes he faced the same fundamental selling resistance which confronts a huxter, for instance, when selling a basket of strawberries or a watermelon—the eye may be sold by the outward appearance, but the intellect demands to know what is underneath or inside. The huxter tips the basket of strawberries into his hand to show the buyer the berries on the bottom of the basket, or he plugs the watermelon to show that it is sound and ripe inside; the shoe man sawed his shoes apart from toe to heel for the same purpose. The demonstration sold shoes so successfully that it is credited with being one of the largest single factors in winning a national reputation for this make of shoe.

Probably no subject in the world has more fascination for the keen-minded business man than the study of how people are influenced to exchange their money for the commodities of life—why they will spend willingly for one class of commodities and grudgingly for another; why they will buy this and will not buy that; how they may be led into new buying channels; and what methods are most effective in stimulating the buying impulse.

Buying is a mental function, and as such it is peculiarly subject to the influence of imagination applied or supplied from without—*applied* to the buyer's mind in such a way as to take advantage of his mental ductility, or to the product in such a way as to cause it to react

favorably on his mind; or *supplied* to his mind so that he sees the product in a new light and as something he desires.

The man who first conceived the idea of putting trays of penny candies, wrapped individually in waxed paper, right above or beside the piles of newspapers on the Subway and Elevated news stands was applying his imagination to people. He believed that by tempting people by one-cent units he could induce them to spend the change they had left after buying their newspapers. To find how right he was in his imagination about people one has but to stand for half an hour beside one of these news stands and count the number of persons who lay down a nickel and pick up a newspaper and two or three of the penny candies. The unit of sale is small; the merchandise is always right in the same place; the sale is coupled with the almost automatic purchasing of the evening newspaper; the result is the development in time of what amounts almost to subconscious buying. The sale falls within that class of transactions which are made frequently without the aid of conscious decision, such as the buying of the newspaper itself, the paying of one's car fare, the signing of a club luncheon slip. Fortunate indeed is the man who can enlist the subconscious minds of his customers in his sales transactions with them!

The two North Dakota men who took the "middlings," "shorts," and "bran" of wheat, mixed them, bleached them white, and put up the resulting cereal in packages as a breakfast food, applied imagination to a product. These grades of wheat have always presented a difficult selling problem to millers; they have generally been sold in bulk at a low price for stock feed. But put up in a form that pleases the eye, and marketed under a name that pleases the ear, a large volume of these formerly despised, though none the less delectable and nutritious, grades of wheat has been sold at a good price and profit for consumption at American breakfast tables.

The seedsman who devotes a page in his catalogue to collections of seed packets suitable for various complete gardens—a city garden, a country garden, a suburban garden, an old-fashioned flower garden—is supplying imagination to people who need to know what they shall plant in their gardens. Undoubtedly he sells several more packets of seeds to most of the customers ordering these garden collections than he would do if these customers made up their own combinations. The principle involved is the same as that behind the marketing of such units as sets of books, chests of silver, and week-end candy packages. Its success is based on the proneness of people's minds to accept suggested assortment units of merchandise rather than to use their own imaginative function.

These are homely examples, but they serve to illustrate the difference between imagination applied to a product, and imagination *supplied* or *applied* to people; and they also give us a glimpse behind the scenes of the human mind when going through the process of buying.

It is when we enter the field of imagination applied to people that we find some of the most interesting stories of marketing successes.

Several years ago a man by the name of Tilyou came into sudden fame by applying his imagination to the problem of marketing amusement. It had always been assumed that when people paid money for amusement they expected to be amused, and amusement enterprises of the Coney Island type, with their merry-go-rounds and roller coasters and shoot-the-chutes, were operated chiefly upon that principle.

Then came Tilyou with imagination about people, and he built an amusement enterprise based on the idea that people would just as gladly pay their money to be permitted to amuse themselves. When he opened Steeplechase Park at Coney Island people swarmed there to slide down polished inclines and

roll around on revolving tables and walk across agitated floors, shrieking with laughter as they worked at amusing themselves.

To-day nearly every large amusement park of the Coney Island type is equipped with some of these self-amusement devices, and the greatest hilarity is usually found in them, for they foster that absolute abandon which is the real essence of amusement.

Amusement is such an elemental problem that it is a great wonder so many years passed by before a man appeared with the imagination which carried him back to the elemental period—childhood—for the secret of play, and then was able to apply that secret to the amusement of grown-ups. We all know that the average child can derive more real pleasure from a sloping cellar door or a broken egg-beater or a stick and a string and a puddle of water—things he or she can play on, with, or in—than from the most elaborate form of planned juvenile entertainment, though it involve the costliest paraphernalia. Yet the world waited long for the discovery that under our adult crust of convention we are all children and that we will play hilariously as such if we can but be induced to laugh ourselves out of our self-consciousness—a process which is now one of the first concerns of the amusement vender.

Another instance of the use of imagination in connection with marketing amusement is the midnight show.

A certain New York theatrical producer bethought himself that there were many persons who, having started out to "make an evening of it," were not ready to go to their homes or hotels at 11.30 P.M. They were still in the market for amusement. For years he had marketed music and dancing and costumes (or the lack of them) at 8.15 P.M. Now his imagination about people suggested that he market the same commodities, but at a new hour—midnight. This he did quite successfully until prohibition, putting too much of a strain on the sober

imagination of his patrons, made the entertainment unprofitable.

Venturing into the field of national psychology, we find that it was an Englishman's imagination about the English people that saved a certain American food-product manufacturer from possible failure in the English market. The American manufacturer's selling campaign in the British Isles was falling far short of the success he had anticipated, and which he believed he had a right to expect in the light of his phenomenal success in America. He was baffled. At a banquet in London he happened to be seated next to a young Englishman who had imagination about the English people. During the course of the dinner the two men fell to discussing the selling campaign for this food product. The American confided his fear that his product was not going to be accepted by the English public as he had hoped it would be, and he admitted that he was at a loss to understand the reason. The young Englishman explained to him that he believed the problem to be a very simple one—one of psychology rather than product.

"You are trying to market your product as a health food," he said. "If there is one thing more than another to which an Englishman objects, it is to be thought in poor health. He may have one foot in the grave, but he wants people to think of him as 'topping.'" Then, smiling, he asked, naively, "Why don't you offer your product to the English people as something good to eat?"

The result of that conversation was that the American food-product manufacturer engaged his young table companion as the English sales and advertising manager, to win the English market for his product. In a short time the trick was turned. The product which had not interested the English people as a health food they took to quickly as "something good to eat"; and a large business was developed in the English market as the result of this young man's

imagination about his fellow Englishmen.

This experience in racial psychology illustrates convincingly the importance of accurate imagination concerning the people of any new country in which a product is to be introduced.

The selling of bread is probably one of the oldest marketing problems in the world, which makes it seem all the more remarkable that extended chains of a new type of bakery store are just now rapidly spreading over America. For many, many years the working part of a bakery was regarded as a "No admittance" place. Baking must be done in some mysterious floury precinct where no one could possibly see the bakers at work. Then came a man with imagination about people and turned the bakery inside out. He thought people would like to see their bread baked and to know that it was fresh and clean, and so he put the ovens and the bakers in the front window! Then he went farther; and I am told that it was not until he took this last step that he was completely successful—he cut holes in the fronts of his open-face bakeries and set in blowers to blow the smell of the fresh-baked bread out to the sidewalk to lure people in to buy. This man merely applied to bread the same selling psychology that has been the success of the delicatessen, the cafeteria, the glass-walled pop-corn machine, the "hot-dog" man, and the modern bakery-restaurant with its windows full of high-art pastry. He recognized the important fact that food is sold to the masses through their eyes and their noses; and with keen marketing imagination he put these two purchasing senses effectively to work in selling this staple of life.

In the year 1910 a bank accountant in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, applied his imagination about people to the problem of marketing the services of savings banks. He conceived the idea of inducing school children to save a cent a week on the cumulative plan and, at the end of a certain period, he returned their

savings to them in the form of a check. A fellow accountant, perceiving that the plan seemed to appeal to young people, in turn applied his imagination to adapting it to adults.

It is a fact generally recognized in savings-bank circles that it is difficult to get people to save money unless they are supplied with a definite incentive for saving and a definite time is set when their saving stint shall be completed. This the second accountant did by applying the weekly saving plan to the universal need of money for buying Christmas gifts. Christmas presented a definite time, and a Christmas fund presented a definite incentive for saving. The plan he finally developed was to have people deposit a definite, and increasing, amount each week during the year until two weeks before Christmas, when a check for the entire amount with interest would be returned to each depositor. He called this new saving system the Christmas Club. Within ten years three thousand banks in the United States were conducting these Christmas Clubs, with a total membership of more than three million depositors, and the enormous sum of one hundred and ten million dollars on deposit.

The success of this plan represents more than the success of an ingenious scheme. It is true that the *mechanics* of the plan do appeal to American people; their minds seem to like to play up and down the scale of increasing weekly payments, just as children like to climb up and down ladders. But the roots of the plan's success undoubtedly go deeper into human nature; they feed on pride, the motive that drives people into "keeping up" with their neighbors and friends in their Christmas expenditures. Furthermore, the incorporation of the word "club" in the name undoubtedly helped to start the movement along the right psychological path. A willingness to follow a crowd in almost any direction is one of the characteristics of human nature. To have called the scheme the

Christmas saving "plan" would have made it an individual affair lacking in popular appeal; but by using the term "club," the founder made use of that impression of crowd motion without which no scheme of this kind could hope to enjoy the fullest success. Thus imagination, applied with a proper appreciation of the psychology of saving, developed millions of dollars of new business for the savings banks of America.

Another instance of imagination applied to the Christmas-giving problem is the merchandise certificate now used by so many men's furnishing stores. Probably the man whose imagination first told him that a gift certificate would appeal to people on account of their lack of imagination regarding what to give for Christmas and their laziness about shopping, had no idea it would develop as it has done. Even to-day few persons realize to what an extent these certificates - in - lieu - of - imagination are used. Gift-certificate sales of over a thousand dollars to a single customer are not uncommon in some of the larger city stores, and they sometimes run up into five figures. Probably the record sale which can be definitely traced to this paper-slip idea is one made by a large Chicago store. One morning shortly before Christmas the head of a large corporation walked into this store with a list of every customer with whom his corporation did business, and a long list of personal friends, and explained that he wanted to send them all gifts of haberdashery, but he did not want the "bother" of making selections. In a short time he walked out again, leaving a check for thirty thousand dollars! The average small haberdashery store does not sell thirty thousand dollars' worth of stock in an entire year. Yet this store completed the sale in a few minutes with some little paper slips that represented not merely merchandise, but some one's imagination about people and their attitude toward shopping.

Mail-order houses have learned that often they can almost double the sale of

certain types of articles by supplying their customers with imagination. The experience of a well-known mail-order jewelry house in connection with a little glass candle lamp forms a good illustration. The first season this candle lamp was described in the catalogue as *a* candle lamp, and priced at \$1.50. The next season an experiment was tried—the price was quoted as, "pair, \$3.00; singly, \$1.50." There were almost as many orders for pairs that season as there had been for single candle lamps the season before. To carry the experiment still farther, attention was called in the catalogue the following season to the fact that four of these candle lamps made a most attractive table decoration, and the price was quoted thus: "set of 4, \$6.00; pair, \$3.00; singly, \$1.50." Observe that no reduction was made in the price; yet that season there were many orders for sets of four, whereas before there had been practically no set-of-four orders, and pairs still continued to sell almost as heavily as the single candle lamps had sold the first season.

Of itself this experiment is of little importance, but as illustrating a fundamental principle of marketing it is of very great importance because it clearly shows the possibilities of raising the unit of sale in many lines of merchandise by the simple expedient of supplying the customer with imagination. Had a pair of the candle lamps been illustrated in the catalogue originally, instead of a single one, it is probable that a majority of the orders from the first would have been for pairs, for most people's minds readily accept the pictures presented to them, since they lack the imagination to recreate or rearrange them for themselves.

When it comes to the uses to which a product may be put, we find another great field for the application of imagination in marketing. It is not uncommon for manufacturers to advertise contests offering substantial cash prizes for suggestions for new or unusual uses of their

products. Generally there is a double purpose behind these contests. One purpose is to make the masses read about the present uses, and thus supply them with more comprehensive imagination; the other is to discover the two or three—or perhaps six or eight—persons in the United States who have given the most thought to that particular product. It may be a woman in Nashville, Tennessee, who has done more kinds of cooking in a particular make of fireless cooker, or a man in Boston who has developed more unusual uses for a leather preservative than has anyone else, or a stock-room clerk in a Detroit automobile factory who has discovered that glass fruit jars of a certain type make the most satisfactory containers for the thousand or more small parts that must be carried in stock on his shelves. Whoever and wherever these persons are, they are worth finding, for frequently their imaginations have gone farther than the manufacturer's own.

Some of the uses developed by these prize contests are most interesting. A varnish company, for instance, found that on the alkaline plains of a certain Western state its varnish was used extensively for the protection of horses' hoofs from the action of the alkali, while in another section of the country it was used to coat watermelons to preserve them for winter consumption! A company making a syrup for use on pancakes discovered that women were using this syrup instead of sugar for sweetening drinks and desserts. Since the war that practice has become quite common, but at the time it came as a great surprise to the syrup manufacturer. Another company which makes a preparation used for painting over cuts and breaks in the skin to protect them while they heal, learned that women were using a touch of its product on each shoulder to seal the shoulder straps of their evening gowns, and thus prevent them from slipping.

An amusing case of imagination applied to a product by outsiders was the

puzzling experience of a large company making, among other things, bright-colored celluloid penholders. Quite suddenly there was a noticeable increase in the orders for these penholders which the sales department was at a loss to explain. As the days passed the orders grew steadily larger, until the capacity of the machines was insufficient to meet the demand. But still no explanation was forthcoming. Finally the company sent out sales scouts to find out where those penholders were going.

Then it all came out; millinery fashions called for feathers that season, feathers with colored quill points sticking boldly out of the hat crowns. Quill points in the brilliant colors of the feathers were not to be had, but some milliner's imagination had suggested that colored celluloid penholders would do very well if the cork part intended to be gripped by the fingers when writing were removed. And so manufacturing milliners were soon buying these penholders by the thousands, stripping them out of their cork finger grips, and using them to trim hats. It was fortunate for the company in question that it investigated carefully enough to discover this before ordering new machines, for the millinery fashion changed presently and the demand ended as suddenly as it had started.

There is, of course, always a danger of applying faulty imagination to the merchandise one has to market. A case in point was the experience of a certain paint company which spent a large amount of money developing an automobile refinishing outfit to be marketed to the owners of motor cars, so that they could refinish their own cars and thus be independent of the paint shop and the professional finisher.

This outfit contained paint for the body and hood, auto-top dressing, brass polish, brushes, sandpaper, etc. It was a fine outfit; the only trouble was that people would not buy it. The merchandise was good, but it had been put together with faulty imagination. After an

unsuccessful attempt to market these refinishing outfits, the company came to the tardy conclusion that, while many car owners would do a bit of retouching here and there, few would tackle the whole job at once.

This experience recalls a line written by Samuel Johnson on the value of traveling. "The use of traveling," wrote Doctor Johnson, "is to regulate imagination by reality." Substitute "experience" for "traveling," and the quotation is an apt one as applied to marketing.

Sometimes all three applications of imagination are called into play to solve some particularly difficult marketing problem. One of the most interesting examples of such a triple use of imagination is the story of a certain company dealing largely in two humble commodities—pitch and roofing felt. Many years ago this company became concerned over the fact that its business was so largely competitive that roofers would quote a low price and then "skin the job" by using fewer plies of felt or less pitch in order to make their profit, and that as a result the company was building up very little good-will for its products. Furthermore, builders could buy roofing felt and pitch from many sources, and sales were generally dependent almost entirely on price. For was not pitch merely pitch, and roofing felt merely roofing felt? For a long time the heads of this business struggled with the problem. The quickest way to build good-will was to advertise, but how could pitch and felt, two basic materials, be advertised profitably? They might have been struggling yet had not one of the men who was working on the problem come down with malarial fever. A doctor gave this man a prescription for a certain malaria specific, explaining that when Henry M. Stanley went to Africa to find Livingstone, the physician of the party, Doctor Warburg, had, under the pressure of necessity, worked out this prescription, afterward giving his secret to the world.

"Any doctor can write this prescrip-

tion, and any druggist can compound it," explained the physician.

During the weeks that followed the malaria patient's imagination began to work. "If only a prescription could be written for the roofing business," he thought to himself. "If only we could prescribe so many layers of felt and so many layers of pitch, laid in a certain way, and sell roofing materials by prescription rather than as merely unbranded materials!"

To-day a large percentage of the important buildings in all parts of the country are roofed according to a prescription which this man had leading architects and engineers of that day work out as a result of that spell of fever. You can mention the name of this prescription to almost any builder or roofing contractor in America and he will know what you mean and can lay a roof accordingly.

Neither the felt nor the pitch has been changed in the slightest, yet, thanks to the application of imagination and broad advertising, this firm's brands are now probably the largest selling brands in the world, with an enormous good-will value. In this case imagination was applied to the products; they were combined in a new conception, a finished roof. Imagination was also applied to people; the fact that the public's ready acceptance of, and faith in, a prescription extends far beyond the bounds of medicine was capitalized. Imagination was also *supplied*, in the form of a definite roofing prescription for the guidance of builders. In the whole field of marketing there is probably no better example than this of the marketing power of an *idea*.

Ideas are the coins of imagination. It is with them that one must always buy success in marketing, whether one is selling merchandise, morals, or magazines, for, as mentioned previously, buying is a mental process and the mind buys, not with words or pictures or material forms, but always with the idea behind these symbols.

In connection with the marketing of magazines, Edward W. Bok, in his autobiography, brings out the fact that in his thirty years as editor of *The Ladies Home Journal* he found that the public would respond more quickly to an idea than to a big name, and that the most pronounced successes, from the standpoint of building circulation for the magazine, "were those in which the idea was the sole and central appeal," such as the simple idea of giving American women an opportunity to look into a hundred homes to see how they were furnished. This was simply applying imagination about people; and Mr. Bok is authority for the statement that the idea increased the circulation of the magazine by one hundred thousand copies.

Thus may the tremendous power of imagination as applied to marketing be

exemplified in many and diverse ways. The man with marketing imagination, if it is based on sound psychology, is almost beyond the reach of competition. Others may imitate him, but his imagination will carry him on still farther. He is in the position of the man Kipling writes about:

They COPIED all they could follow, but they
couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing, a year
and a half behind.

One might conceivably "corner" the nation's wheat or the nation's coal or oil or beef or wool, but there is no way to "corner" imagination; and an interesting corollary is that as the prices of other commodities drop, the value of imagination goes up, for imagination, "regulated by reality," is to-day the most potent selling aid in the world.

VOYAGERS

BY RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

A TIRED old doctor died to-day and a baby boy was born—
A little new soul that was pink and frail and a soul that was gray and worn,
And—halfway here and halfway there—
On a white high hill of shining air,
They met and passed and paused to speak in the flushed and hearty dawn.

The man looked down at the soft, small thing with wise and weary eyes,
And the little chap stared back at him with startled, scared surmise:
And then he shook his downy head—
"I think I won't be born," he said.
"You are too gray and sad!" He shrank from the pathway down the skies.

But the tired old doctor roused once more at the battle-cry of birth
And there was memory in his look of grief and toil and mirth.
"Go on!" he said. "It's good—and bad:
It's hard! Go on! It's ours, my lad!"
He stood and urged him out of sight, down to the waiting earth



THE LION'S MOUTH

ARMADAS IN MINIATURE

BY ROBERT HILLYER

THERE is an old joke that reappears every Christmas, and probably will reappear as long as there are Christmases—I mean the joke about Daddy presenting little Johnnie with toys and playing all day with them himself, ostensibly with the purpose of showing Johnnie how they work. I call it a joke; as a matter of fact, it is one of the tragic truths. Convention, which has decreed that we must eat our soup from the side of the spoon, that we must never use a knife to cut a refractory lettuce leaf, that we must not begin our letters with the pronoun “I,” has also decreed that we must put our toys away forever as soon as we appear in long trousers or lengthen our skirts. It is a ruling against all nature and gives rise to what our lamentable friend Mr. Freud would probably call a play complex. In the holiday seasons, when the toy-shop windows are glittering with all sorts of splendors, nothing is more pathetic than the group of middle-aged and white-headed folk who elbow the children aside to obtain a glimpse of the railways, the dolls, the boats, and all the other delights of the world in miniature. The sentimentalist remarks, “Poor things, they are wishing they had enough money to buy that doll for little Annie or that pony cart for little Alec.” Bosh! They are wishing they had enough courage to buy them for themselves and play with them brazenly before a whole family of amateur alienists!

During my self-conscious years I bowed to convention and sternly put aside my passion for toy boats. I even sold that work of art, the sloop *Vesta*,

which had sailed many a race, not without glory, in the Tower Hill Miniature Yacht Club of Edgartown. Truth to tell, there were a few backslidings; at boarding school I occasionally sent forth a paper shallop to brave the tempests of Macedonia Creek, but with the first sound of approaching schoolmates a well-aimed stone put an end to my unfortunate craft. Then for a time I fondly believed that I had lost my taste for the sport in favor of sailing “real” boats. But I was deceiving myself.

In the spring of my Sophomore year at college, one sunny day, my friend Stewart and I were sauntering by the Charles. We had reached that meadow opposite the Stadium where a vigorous young birch grove on this bank of the river, and the old trees of Mount Auburn Cemetery on the other, give a pleasurable impression of wilderness. I was carrying a notebook at the time, and as we lingered by the river to avoid plunging into the city again it took on a strange significance. So much crisp, white paper; so little trouble to tear out a sheet and fold it over once! I looked about me. No one in sight. Softly I tore out a page; deftly I folded it, turning up prow and stern; furtively I placed a pebble in it for ballast and dropped it into the water. The wind caught it at once and sent it flying into the middle of the stream. For a moment I dared not turn to look at my friend. And when I did, there he was with a sheet from my notebook in his hand, bending it this way and that in the effort to reproduce my craft. He, too, was a victim of convention! Frenziedly we fell upon my lecture notes; not a sheet was spared. We tore and folded until the last bit of paper had vanished and my notebook

was transformed as by magic into a flotilla of boats gleaming and bobbing over the water. But alas, we lacked the courage of our convictions. One of the college crews rounded the bend in the river, and we turned our backs to the fleet with an air of, "Ah! the children must have been making boats here." Then, as we took the path toward home, "It is said the poet Shelley was very fond of toy boats," said Stewart, sententiously.

Far more incongruous was the great naval battle that took place in an unnamed stream back of the little shell-torn town of Erize-la-Petite, in 1917. Our ambulance section had been held up in this battered place ten miles behind Verdun, for nearly a fortnight, waiting until the midsummer attack should be launched over the scarred shoulders of Hill 304 and the Mort Homme. Time dragged; the heat was intense during the day, and the cold during the night. The first excitement of hearing the bombardment and watching the evening displays of rockets and colored lights had worn away, leaving only an impatient boredom. One sultry afternoon I and one of my comrades, who has since distinguished himself in the world of fiction, strolled down to the little brook that engirdles the meadows round the village. The air was heavy with the drone of bees; the hour was serene. Distant detonations of cannon were dulled by the thickness of the atmosphere, and seemed, by their reiterant rhythm, to be a part of the day's hypnotic peace.

It is constantly repeated that the war stripped men of their superfluous conventions and revealed them to one another for better or for worse. However that may be, I remember distinctly that there were no formal preliminaries to our game. Within a few minutes two rival fleets had sprung into being on the tranquil waters of the brook. Each of us had about fifteen sail—ships of the line and sloops of war—and two flagships—full-

rigged ships, these, with wooden hulls. Every craft was elaborately christened, but I recall only the names of the two flagships—his, the *Tiglath-Pileser IV* (the late Assyrian monarch will pardon me if I have misspelled him), and mine, the *Emperor Heliogabalus*. Long and bitter was the battle, and the outcome tragic. The rules of civilized warfare prescribed that the two combatants should not overstep a certain line and should not employ missiles larger than pebbles for the bombardment. Under these conditions the right side (my own, of course) had won a decisive victory. Not only was my aim deadly; my enemy's aim was even deadlier—for his own ships. He had sunk four of his own fleet when I had succeeded in sinking only two, while my fleet sailed on unscathed. With careful accuracy he would choose a cruiser of mine as his victim, and invariably sink one of his own which was hastening to cover. Thus belabored by both batteries, my enemy's armada was soon annihilated, with the exception of the *Tiglath-Pileser IV*, which, being of wood, was unsinkable.

Such was the glorious victory that was transformed into weeping and lamentation by an atrocity unknown to the Bryce Report. My eight or nine surviving cruisers were huddled together in an eddy of the brook, enjoying their well-earned repose. What madness tempted the loathly foe I cannot guess; the whole dreadful affair was over before I was conscious of what was going on. He picked up an enormous flat rock, a rock as large as the wheel of an automobile, and crashed it down on my helpless ships. There was a horrific splash; my fleet was no more, except, of course, for the *Emperor Heliogabalus*, which was hobnobbing nonchalantly with the *Tiglath-Pileser IV* on the other side of the brook. My dignified incriminations and his undignified laughter were interrupted by the arrival of a French fisherman-philosopher, who arbitrated our quarrel in fisherman-philo-

sophic style by gathering in both the *Emperor Heliogabalus* and the *Tiglath-Pileser IV* as a present to his wife. That evening, when we went to his house for a friendly glass of wine, the two flagships were proudly navigating the mantelpiece, where, no doubt, they are to this day, strange souvenirs of the war. And in my heart of hearts I firmly believe that when madame is busy about the house, M. le Pecheur steals down to the brook and sails them there.

I have since become so brazen concerning the delights of miniature armadas that, as you observe, I write about them. A succession of proud craft has cloven the waters of my pond for the last two years. First, there was the ill-starred bark *Beatrice*, which sank in mid-ocean; then there was the Tudor ship *Gloriana*, then the stanch caravel *Superbus*, which is still in commission. The present flagship is the *Grestu Venilián*, a full-rigged ship with silken sails. And I must not forget the vermilion-lacquered junk *Po C'hui*, which cruises among the ferns of the Stone Fish Lake.

My last tale concerns the catastrophe which befell the *Gloriana*; and this is not so much a tale of the sea as a sad sidelight on the weakness of human nature. The good ship had become unseaworthy; fierce storms had sprung her seams; she had been a victim of constant attacks on the part of a monstrous frog; and, in short, if we left her at her anchorage for more than an hour we would find her on bottom. The destroyer is akin to the creator. My one obsession was to devise a spectacular method for her destruction. I decided on burning. She was lined with paraffin to make her watertight; the mere thought of a conflagration was irresistible. Said I to my friend the artist, "This afternoon I am setting fire to the *Gloriana*."

"Oh no!" said she, vehemently, "you mustn't! Why, she's a work of art!" She hesitated. "Of course, if you are determined, do you think a little turpentine . . . ?"

And that was the end of the *Gloriana*.

She burned gloriously, as a *Gloriana* should, and after her masts had toppled into the water she sizzled and sputtered for a full half hour, like a great frying pan. As soon as her charred figurehead tipped upward toward the sun and the water rushed over her in hissing whirlpools, we ran indoors to tell Qui about it. Our friend professed righteous indignation.

"You had no right to do it," said she. "It was an outrage. At least, if you were determined, you might have let me know about it and waited for me."

The *Superbus* and the *Grestu Venilián* float placidly at anchor over the grave of their murdered comrade. They have taken on the mellow appearance of historic relics and time has insured them against destruction. Generally, I claim them as mine, simply and courageously. Gone are the old self-conscious days. But once in a while, if one of the unenlightened strays our way with a superciliously curious air, then I remark, casually: "Yes, these are my models. You see, this one is of the fifteenth century and this one of the eighteenth." And by this avowal of serious intent the conventions are put at rest.

NEWSPAPERESE

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

NEWSPAPERESE is a strange language. I know this because I have to write so much of it. It happens to be my duty to issue to the daily press the glad tidings of what happens at a large American institution of learning. If these tidings are not written in authentic newspaperese they fall heavily into editorial wastebaskets or are consigned to the mercies of the rewrite man. Having learned that the rewrite man's translation tends to be bold and free, made with more zest than accuracy, I have been forced to learn the language myself, and nothing is more plain to me now than that newspaperese is a thing apart from ordinary English and not to be confounded with it.

The trouble with newspaperese, excellently adapted to its purpose as it may be, is that it gets into the system. Sometimes I have nightmares of myself grown gray in the manufacture of newspaper dispatches, and unable to write anything else. I imagine myself confronted with the necessity of writing to congratulate a friend upon his engagement, and turning out this sort of thing:

DEAR JOE,—That marriage is the greatest thing in the world, and engagement the next thing to it, were the contentions advanced to-day by leading members of the younger set here, commenting on reports to the effect that Joseph H. Merryweather, 33, noted man-about-town, and member of many exclusive clubs, has decided to forsake the bachelor set and take the nuptial plunge.

Yours as ever.

Probably if I had to write a bread-and-butter letter to my hostess after a week-end house party, it would be done in this strain:

Denying that the loss of his toothbrush was due to anything but carelessness on his part, and characterizing as willful and malicious falsehoods the statements current in the local press that he had left it behind in order that he might have to go back to get it and be invited to stay for another week-end, Frederick L. Allen, well known in golfing circles, arrived here from New Hampshire shortly after ten o'clock this morning and immediately tackled a mountain of correspondence which had piled up on his desk during his absence.

Mr. Allen said he had enjoyed himself. Questioned upon the condition of crops in New Hampshire, he reported that everything was growing very fast and thick, especially the long grass at the edges of the golf links, a matter which he had gone into very thoroughly.

My letters home from week-ends in the country would report the minor misfortunes of the wardrobe in some such form as this:

Marked pessimism prevails here over the situation in men's wear, which became critical this afternoon when three important and

experienced buttons gave way in quick succession.

The first button snapped at 4.10, while the well-known tennis expert who was wearing the garment or garments in question, and who is reluctant to have his name appear in connection with the disaster, was playing his famous volley stroke at the net in the interests of self-protection. The second button was stricken at 4.18, when the expert made a slight miscalculation in playing his renowned Lawford from the base line and put it over right-field fence for three bases. The third one is alleged to have succumbed at 4.22, as he was trying to dodge one of his opponent's celebrated smashes to the solar plexus.

It is learned from a reliable source that the expert subsequently became noticeably less speedy about the court and seemed content to stay in one place or move at a dignified walk.

While, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses prominent in tennis circles, there were no surface indications that things were not as they should be, those in close touch with the situation point to the significant statement of a noted dry-goods merchant that underwear is coming down this summer and will continue to do so until buying is resumed. It is alleged that this contention is well founded.

The prediction is made that it will be cool to-morrow in the interior, with conditions unfavorable for active exercise.

Even domestic incidents such as my attempts to rid the house of mice would be rendered in my letters after the stirring fashion of the press.

Two fatalities [I would write] marked the close of the first night of the house-wide mousetrap campaign being waged here against rodents.

Incensed by the willful destruction of private property by the rodents, who during the past week invaded the house, tore holes in a pair of silk stockings, and depleted the family supply of tapioca, members of the household yesterday took effective steps to preserve law and order. Mousetraps were purchased and baited with raisins, and within six hours two of the ringleaders, said to be known to their intimates as Cecil and Albert, had paid the death penalty.

The charge is made here that the rodents were actuated by radical and Bolshevist doctrines and sought to undermine the very foundations of the home. Department of Justice officials are said to be keeping a close eye upon the situation, and it is declared that nothing less than the rights of property are at stake. "It was my only pair of silk stockings," said the owner of the house to-day.

The rodents themselves, it is learned, take a different view of the matter, asserting that the mice caught in the traps were innocent of the theft of tapioca and were apprehended without even the semblance of a trial. "Cecil and Albert have made the supreme sacrifice," one of them is quoted as saying, "but we are confident that justice will win in the end."

After all, there are some purposes for which the English of our fathers, unsuited as it may be for newspaper use, is the only reasonable language to employ.

CATULLUS CONFESSES

BY HARRY KEMP

Passer, deliciæ meæ puellæ
—CATULLUS.

FROM a small boy beside the Appian Way
I bought my Lesbia a little sparrow;
Most cruel, on a string he gave it play;
When up it soared, he drew it back again—
A ready lesson to a world of men,
It fluttered to and fro unceasingly,
Similitude of love's captivity. . . .

Now it's a pretty, tiny, impudent thing
Stretching its leg along a lazy wing,
And pertly it can hop and sweetly sing,
Or fight her finger, thrust against its beak,
Screaming, mock-angry, in small-warrior
style

The while she teases it, and laughs the while:
Till with her laughter and the bird's shrill
cries

The room is filled—for Lesbia is wise
Where I am foolish, since I cannot borrow
Ev'n from her love a cure to lighten sorrow.

And so, from day to day, from week to
week,
Lesbia assails her pet: if great Rome fell
She still would feed it crumbs and deem all
well,

VOL. CXLIV.—No. 860.—33

Yes, though all ways of time and fate grew
narrow!—

For Lesbia is spoiled, and life's her spar-
row!

FREE SPEECH

FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

AUNT ISABEL and Uncle Edward are distinguished from the multitude by their—or, rather, his—unmistakable evidence of a moral purpose which pervades the immediate proximity like a smoke screen. Aunt Isabel belongs to the generation of women whose marriage has been a sort of funeral for their minds. She buried her last individual opinion in the early twenties, along with a decided musical talent, so, of course, they have been a beautifully happy couple.

You know instinctively that they live in a gray concrete suburb where everybody has a rubber plant or a Boston fern in the parlor window. Even the precisely shaven lawn suggests a rectitude which makes you want to scatter papers, or even peanut shells, upon it. As I approached the house I instinctively straightened my hat and smoothed my collar. Snow was piled as carefully along the front walk as if it wouldn't melt to-morrow. Yet, strangely enough, ice lay thick on the step, and the window shades, usually at decorous half mast, were at odd lengths. Before I rang the bell I knew that something was wrong.

Aunt Isabel came to the door herself. She was obviously perturbed. Instead of her usual silk afternoon dress she wore a bungalow apron, topped by a sweater; her ordinarily neatly booted feet were in carpet slippers, her pompadour transformation was rakishly awry. Seeing that it was only one of the family, she sighed with relief.

"I should have died if it had been a caller. I can stand the book agents—but callers!"

"Where's Katy?" I asked, without formalities. Katy was not like other

maids. She had stood the family for ten years.

Aunt Isabel gave me a piteous look as she led the way to the library. "She's gone. I don't know whether Edward dismissed her or whether she dismissed herself."

"Gone!" I echoed, as I sank into the library davenport, prepared for the worst. In dealing with Katy's demands I knew that Aunt Isabel had gracefully weathered such questions as wages, hours, days off, the use of the telephone, and the little matter of when, what, and how food should be prepared.

Aunt Isabel sat down tentatively, as if waiting for the bell.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"My dear, it's your uncle's principles." She sighed as she continued: "I don't know what I'm going to do. His principles are becoming so inconvenient, particularly in the home. You know what a jewel Katy was. She hadn't a single fault unless it was going to those Irish meetings—and refusing to serve English muffins. I told her to keep her green flag in her bedroom and say nothing. You know your uncle's principles on the Irish question."

I nodded.

"Last Monday, at breakfast Edward read something about the Irish conference in London, and he began to talk excitedly about the riots and the shooting and the way the Irish are acting over here. He called that man De Valera an awful name, and he said it just as Katy brought in the toast. She almost broke the plate in setting it down, and she answered Edward back. It was perfectly dreadful. They shouted at each other. I couldn't stop either of them. In the end, Edward told Katy to pack her trunk, but she was so busy giving notice that she didn't even hear him." Aunt Isabel wiped away a tear. "Edward has no idea what it's like to do your own work out here. I was the only one in this street who had a staying maid."

"Uncle will be sorry he set his princi-

ples, above Katy's cooking," I affirmed, with conviction, remembering Aunt Isabel's previous attempts. "Why couldn't he let the Irish question alone and think of you?" I rose to take off my coat.

"Better keep it on, my dear. It's cold here. The furnace fire is out. We haven't had one since Jimmy left."

This was another shock. Jimmy, the perfect colored servitor, was a neighborhood institution. "He wasn't a Sinn-Feiner, was he?"

"No. Not exactly. But he was getting very strong about the rights of the colored people. The day Edward was so worked up about Katy, Jimmy came in with a petition about lynching. You know your uncle's principles about the negro question, brought up as he was in the South. He told Jimmy he wouldn't sign any papers. He said if the man was lynched he probably deserved it. I never would have believed that Jimmy had such a temper. He was always so quiet and gentlemanly. He talked to Edward just as Katy did, and he gave notice, too. Edward didn't mind at all. He said he'd rather take care of the furnace himself than have a colored agitator around. But, you see, he doesn't understand the furnace very well, and when he tried to shake it down, he broke something or other. Then, he wouldn't have the regular plumber; he says the man's a Bolshevik, going to all kinds of meetings. So we're waiting for a plumber from New York. I'm afraid the water pipes are beginning to freeze, because I can't seem to run the water in the kitchen."

Aunt Isabel put a log in the fireplace. "I don't know what we're coming to. It seems as if the war had changed everything, and a whole lot of trouble is just talk, too. Edward used to be able to stand it if people didn't agree with his principles, but now he goes right up in the air at the first word of difference. He gets so excited it really isn't safe to oppose him."

"If all the husbands in the neighborhood are as confirmed in their views as

Uncle Edward, housekeeping must be easy," I remarked, somewhat grimly. "And social life must be pleasant, too."

"There isn't much social life any more. The Men's Club at the church had to disband. We had a speaker from town and he talked on Taxes, Prices, and Naval Armaments. They had questions afterward, and what they called a forum. It was simply terrible. I don't know what the world is coming to. You know, old Mr. Jenkins is a single-taxer—really very mild, though, in his ideas—and Mr. Bruce is a kind of a pacifist. They would have been all right but that young Miss Perkins got them both going. She calls herself an efficiency expert, but Edward says she's a socialist. He says the women's colleges are all hotbeds of agitation. Anyway, Mr. Evans—you know he gives more to the church fund than anyone else—and your uncle were the only two who seemed to have real conservative ideas. They all talked loud and argued and argued. In the end, your uncle resigned as president of the club, and Mr. Evans said that if the club did not come out at once for the increase of naval armaments so that this country could whip any two others single-handed, he would withdraw his support from the church."

Aunt Isabel leaned forward. "I wish to goodness that men could knit. We haven't had a bit of trouble in the Women's Alliance. When we disagree with the speaker we just knit. You can always count stitches or purl or something until it blows over. But men nowadays all seem to be so pig-headed. Why, they even talked about having the minister resign because he said something they didn't like about Japan. It doesn't seem to make much difference what it is. One side wants to get at everybody who has views on the other side."

Aunt Isabel, usually such a placid body, seemed certainly to be laboring under some intense emotion. Her voice quavered and there was a sob in her voice. I felt sure there was more to come.

"There's something else on your mind," I insisted. "It isn't just Katy and politics and the cold. Can't you tell me?"

She hesitated a moment. Then the tears came as she rocked back and forth. "It's Phoebe."

Phoebe, my cousin, was of the modern school, you might say. She wasn't really much different from most of the young things who were graduated with her from college. They all had what were to Uncle Edward and Aunt Isabel outrageous ideas. They talked about getting jobs, and labor, and woman suffrage. They even spoke familiarly of socialism and some of them were deep in Freud. But since Phoebe was their child, they tried to make the best of her views. She lived in a settlement house in New York and did not go home often, which was merciful.

"It's all my fault," sobbed Aunt Isabel. "I bought a book—*Saint's Progress*, a most misleading title. I always thought that Mr. Galsworthy was a moral writer; they have lectures about him at the Friday Reading Club. When I found what the book was like I kept it in my big work basket under the mending. Edward wanted the scissors and he found it. He sat up nearly all night reading it, and he got more and more excited. He didn't agree with a word of it. You know, Galsworthy seems to take religion rather lightly. Some of his characters say rather blasphemous things. But that wasn't the worst—"

"I've read it. Of course Uncle Edward would hate it. But who asked him to read it?"

"Nobody. He just wanted to see why it was hidden in my basket, I suppose. Anyway, he put it right in the furnace. We had a fire then. I was real sorry not to know how it came out. He simply couldn't get over having such a story in the house. When Phoebe came out on Sunday, he began talking about it. And Phoebe said she liked the book, although I was tapping her foot under the table to

keep her quiet. I have warned her so often never to say what she thinks before her father. I tell her to try to agree with him—it pleases him so, but if she can't agree, to keep still. Anyway, they got into an argument about the book. I don't remember what they said. One thing led to another, the way it does, you know. Finally, Phoebe said—"Aunt Isabel gave a little shudder. She seemed half afraid to continue; then she plunged in bravely. "Phoebe said that the girl in *Saint's Progress* did just the right thing to have a war baby; that some day people would praise a woman who was brave like that—and—and—she said she would do the same thing under the circumstances." Aunt Isabel sighed. "Of course she didn't mean it. She was just showing off to her father. She wants him to think she has advanced ideas. Edward took it in earnest. He never seems to take anything as it really is. He acted positively wild. I have never seen him so excited. Phoebe seemed actually to enjoy it. She went right on. But when he said he would not have a daughter with such ideas, and acted as if he would put her right out of the house, she left the table. She went back to town right away. And we had such a lovely dessert, too."

"It's the silliest thing I ever heard. They both ought to be spanked. And you, poor dear, between them you are

all worn out. I'm going to put you to bed and stay and get dinner."

Aunt Isabel looked at me in wild alarm. "Oh no! You mustn't. I mean I don't think you'd better. You know your principles aren't like his. He'll be very tired and excitable to-night. He can't get a stenographer to suit him. He simply won't have a Jewish or a Catholic girl, and there don't seem to be any others. I wouldn't have you get into an argument with him for anything."

"Don't worry. I won't start anything. I'll let him tell me what he believes on every subject and I won't answer back." I put my arms around the trembling form. "I understand him, dear. What you call his principles is just one principle—free speech for Uncle Edward—the prohibition of every opinion but his own."

"That's it," assented Aunt Isabel. "Everything is all right if he has his say and you don't express any views that are different. I'd love to have you stay if you think you can manage it. Don't look as if you disagreed. Just keep on changing the subject—that is, if he'll let you. Anything to keep the peace."

I started toward the kitchen and Aunt Isabel went upstairs to her room. As she went I heard her repeating, nervously:

"Be sure to agree with him. No matter what he says, agree."



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE people who think this is a new era consider that it began with the outbreak of the war in 1914, so now we are starting in on its second seven-year period. And this being the first of the new year, and the armament conference sitting in hopes of medicating the world, we may properly notice what state the world is in, and what sort of medication it needs.

Of course, its great trouble is the war. It is languishing from the effects of that; from the immense destruction of wealth it caused, the hatreds it left behind, and the disorganization of the machinery of human life. We all understand that, but not so well what are the specific evils of the existing condition and how to cure them.

The Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* landed in New York the other day and talked to the reporters who met him, and said there were too many people in the world, and that its population must be diminished, and that he was going to confer with some learned people here about the prospect of improving our condition by diffusing information about birth control. A good many people think that this information is very necessary, and a good many others object very much to diffusing it.

Are there too many people in the world? Somebody lately wrote in a magazine how machinery had enormously increased the productive power of men. So it has, and it keeps on increasing it more and more all the time. We know what happens to the industrial nations when their production increases and their population keeps pace with it. Then, in order to support their increased population they have to find new mar-

kets for the commodities they make. Doing that, they compete with other industrial nations, and there come about the races for markets and for control of raw materials, which heretofore have been apt to lead to war, and which did as much as anything to bring on the war the effects of which we are trying to handle. The idea that with fewer people there would not be so much production, and more room in the world, and enough raw materials for everybody, is simple enough, but it is not a progressive opinion. Neither is it certainly sound. For with much fewer people in the world than now, wars, though less destructive than modern wars, were even more frequent. The world has always had wars and has always had troubles, and civilization has always had difficulty in making progress, and the vastly increased population of the world does not seem to have made much difference in that respect except to produce the destruction and the troubles on a larger scale.

There is another idea—to let population go its own gait, neither stimulating its increase, nor making any special effort to retard it, but trying to provide that it shall take care of itself, and find life interesting and worth while, and fulfill in a satisfactory measure whatever tasks men have on earth. War for ages past has been a great means of reducing excess of population. It is still efficient in that business, and no war was ever more efficient than our last one, but it cannot be trusted with the job. It has come to be too good at it, so that people are afraid that the next war, if we have one, will destroy so many people that civilization will collapse.

And yet a great many thoughtful people are very loath to part with war. A naval officer writes that the notion that the last war has been fought is the grimmest piece of silliness in history. They are loath to part with it, not because they like it, but because they cannot imagine a condition of human life in which war from time to time would not become necessary.

Another lot of people think it extraordinary that the human race does not improve more. The naval officer just quoted says, "Wallace was right in saying that human nature had not essentially changed since the building of the pyramids." Yes, he was right so far as most of us can see, but the conditions of life have changed enormously, because, though human nature changes very slowly, knowledge accumulates very fast, and man is a creature of the kind that accumulates knowledge, so that the son goes on where the father left off. The idea of breeding a better race of men, which is dear to the heart of the biologists, has something in it, to be sure, because there are races of men that are a good deal better than other races. But when anyone points out how successfully animals may be improved by breeding and how hopelessly haphazard all human breeding is, he comes up against the great difference between men and animals. For the most important factor in a man is the spiritual factor, while in animals it is less important. A man's spiritual inheritance may be such as to overcome his physical, and even his mental, shortcomings, and make a valuable man out of what seemed to be inferior materials. The most useful people in the world are apt to be descendants of spiritual-minded people— aspiring souls that struggled upward and gave themselves to serve their fellows— missionaries, ministers, pious mothers, school-teachers, and all that consecrated sort, whereas the descent from physical perfection and money and power is apt in the long run to be disappointing. It is the self-denying, neighbor-loving peo-

ple whose children inherit the earth, not the acquisitive and self-seeking and self-indulgent. In animal breeding there is nothing like that to consider. You do look for courage in race horses and dogs, so there is a spiritual quality of a sort in the animals, but the breeders' eyes seldom see it. The main thing they breed for is physical quality.

The biologists won't save the world by breeding a better race, though something may be done toward preventing generation by criminals and imbeciles, and probably the birth-control people won't succeed in keeping down population to a safe level, so it is better to consider how to handle the people as they are and in such numbers as now exist, and in greater ones. To people with the necessary amount of imagination that problem presents no theoretical difficulties. Henry Ford, for example, laughs at it. Producing all the things that people need will be a small task, he says, when they are educated to it. England, he thinks, could easily furnish all its food and have a surplus. So in the same strain, a chemist said: "There is plenty for everybody to do; there always will be plenty. Knowledge is only just scratched a little. What is known is only the beginning of what there is to know."

The chemists have a great volume of achievement to back any opinions they put out, and more coming to which there is no limit in sight. One hears them with respect and meditates on what they say. So also with Henry Ford. He is a genius whose works give ample evidence of the practical efficiency of his mind. He seems never to lose sight of life. In all the tumult of his productions, activities, and plans, he seems to remember that man's errand here on earth is not primarily to construct or diffuse, but to live, and that production is not an end in itself, but important as an aid to better living for the mass of the people. That attitude in him is sane and constant, and when

he talks about vast economies in production and distribution, one listens to him with respect and can see the point. He reiterates testimony that we get from many other sources—our own minds among them—that the talent, the knowledge, the labor, and the materials to make this world a comfortable abode for everyone in it and millions more, are already available and constantly increasing, and that the present job is to contrive that the people in the world shall permit and help one another to use them.

But how are the people of the world to be brought to that permissive and helpful state of mind? That is the great problem—a problem especially of the armament conference that is considering it at this writing. At present the people are neither helpful nor permissive. Observers in Europe tell us that that continent is full of hatreds. That the nations, some more than others, but all more or less, are full of jealousies, suspicion, dislikes and fears of one another. There is not peace in Europe yet. There are some open wars there, much discontent, great bodies of men under arms. The anxiety of the nations is not so much how they may contrive to help one another, as how they may hold their own and prevent the neighbor nations from getting the start of them.

Meanwhile the European world seems to be in a bad way. H. G. Wells is an observer of human life that everyone knows and that million of readers read gladly. They read the more gladly because he is a good writer, but besides that, he is a very interesting thinker and makes his readers think. They either agree with what he says or they dispute it. In either case they are interested, and he does them good and helps the situation. The first of his articles on the conference might have been headed S O S. It is like the wireless call for aid to a sinking ship. "The catastrophe of 1914," he says, "is still going on. It does not end; it increases and spreads. In the economic breakdown is a real decay that spreads and spreads." He

comes to New York and wonders at its apparent buoyancy and abundance. It seems to him possessed of inexhaustible vitality. "But, after all," he says, "it is the European door of America and draws its superabundant and astounding life from a trade whose roots are dying." New York, he says, like London, is going on by accumulated inertia, and its position seems to him the most perilous of any city, except perhaps London. He says trade is dying, and it is dying; and inspecting and wondering at New York, he imagines that within a very few years "the same chill wind of economic disaster that has wrecked Petersburg and brought death to Vienna and Warsaw may be rusting and tarnishing all this glittering vitality."

That is important and to the point. Life could still be supported on this continent, and cities would stand and prosper if all Europe were swallowed up. There is a coastwise trade that runs into New York, a trade with other continents besides Europe, and maybe Mr. Wells overestimates the possibility that New York may be scrapped. But undoubtedly if the trade with Europe cannot be maintained there will be empty, or partly empty, office buildings in the neighborhood of Wall Street, and rents will drop, and some of the glitter will go out of Fifth Avenue, and the present schools will suffice for the children that are here, and there won't be need of more subways. Mr. Wells's picture may be somewhat overdrawn, but it is a timely picture. What he is after is to bring home to the minds of the people not merely that their ship is in peril, but that it is sinking, and that in order to save it there must be united action of all the important nations, and a new attitude of the human mind. In the conference he sees a chance to bring those necessities into being and does his best to arouse people to make the most of it.

Henry Ford would not repine unduly if New York developed cold extremities. He does not approve of great cities. His

ideal world is not a world of towering office buildings, but one of farm tractors and country life. He works all the time to get industry back from the cities to the rural districts. He wants people to live in places that are fit to live in. He wants to distribute the factories instead of concentrating them. He wants raw materials manufactured where they grow, thereby accomplishing great economies in transportation. He would not have Iowa hogs sent to Chicago to be transmuted into pork, but would have the transmutation accomplished in Iowa. He talks about the return of the grist mills. In old times every neighborhood had a flour mill. Not more than two generations ago it was the habit of farmers to carry their grain to the mill to have it ground. That practice still obtains in some degree, but most of the grain goes to the great milling cities that have improved machinery; but Henry Ford says there are improvements in milling machinery now that make it possible for little mills to produce the same flour that the big ones do.

New York is not very popular in these States. The West generally thinks of it as a cormorant. It might decay considerably and few tears be shed outside of its immediate neighborhood unless the causes of that damage also produced hardship in the rest of the country, as undoubtedly they would. But New York is very much in sight and as an object lesson of the consequences of what is happening to all the world, she may be worth watching. For there is only one subject now that is worth attention—the condition of the world and how to improve it. Everything else is trifling in comparison. Literature, small politics,

crime and sport, the movies, the stage, poetry, art and fiction, the divorce activity, the stock market, are mere passing details which will take care of themselves for better or worse and no great matter either way, but this matter of the world, of the nations, of foreign trade, of the decay of Europe, is vital. It is what we ought to think of the last thing at night and especially the first thing in the morning. But it is a hard subject whereof, as Mr. Wells said in his opening letter, we think with reluctance, and dismiss from our minds with alacrity. That is the condition that he finds in himself and knows that it is in everybody else. The best hope for the conference is in a change from that attitude of mind; in a diffusion throughout this country and the world generally of such a sense of impending danger that the great mass of people, whose vital interests, whose very lives, are threatened, will wake up and begin to project their minds toward Washington.

The conference is the servant of the people of the world. Its mind, its brains, its knowledge are to be used for them. Somehow the will of the world must be conveyed to it, and before that can happen that will must be aroused. For the people of the world have no definite will at present about details. They want peace, they want help, they want order, food, shelter, and clothes. They want leaders who can show them how to get these things. They need such leaders. Most of all they need new thoughts—a new condition of mind in which their real business in this life on earth shall be made manifest to them and the path disclosed by which they may get to do it.



BARNABY'S FOX HUNT

BY CAMBRAY BROWN

CHESHIRE COUNTY, reputed to have been a favorite haunt of prehistoric monsters in the Mesozoic age, bears a different aspect in this day and generation. The increasing wealth of the metropolis radiating outward in an ever-widening zone has given a bland and tailored aspect to the country, dotting it with stone mansions and country clubs and smooth, green golf courses, and effacing the last vestiges of wild life. Such fossils of the reptilian age as have come to light have been churned into macadam for the excellent motoring roads, and a zoölogical survey of the county to-day would amount to little more than a social register of Chows and Pekinese.

Hence, when the wired chicken run in the rear of Barnaby's place was raided on three consecutive nights in the course of a week, and on each occasion some pedigreed fowl was found to be missing, the announcement that these were the depredations of a fox was greeted with marked incredulity.

"You must be crazy," said Plimpton. "Fox! Fiddlesticks!"

Barnaby retorted by inviting the skeptical Plimpton to inspect the chicken run where the scattered feathers and vulpine footprints were still in evidence.

It was indubitably a fox, and a live fox in Cheshire County was provocative of wonder and comment, which deepened into execration and complaint when the chicken yards of some of Barnaby's neighbors were similarly visited.

One or two impromptu but passionate attempts to waylay the fox and put an end to his predatory career failed ignominiously. He seemed to grow more defiant in his depredations, and more cunning in his adroit and deft avoidance of all traps and stratagems contrived for his undoing. That he was something of a connoisseur in poultry

was farther emphasized by the fact that one night he carried off Barnaby's prized, blue-beribboned Royalton cock.

Barnaby was indignant. The loss of his pet rooster lay heavily upon him, distracting his attention from the morning paper on the train going in to the city the next morning. At the office he was gloomily abstracted over his work, and at luncheon time, in a corner of the crowded and expensive grill of the Paladin Club, he confided his woe to Smythe.

Now Smythe, who did not live in the country, but in an apartment on Riverside Drive, had in due time, like most of his fellow townsmen, been visited by sneak thieves. To Barnaby's loss, therefore, he was only scantily sympathetic.

"At any rate, where you live," he pointed out, "you don't have to worry about your wife's jewels or the family silver. Besides," he added, tersely, "why be so upset over a mere chicken?"

Barnaby did not deign to reply. Smythe knew a good deal about porphyry copper ores, but absolutely nothing about prize poultry.

Being of a practical turn of mind, however, Smythe went on to demand, "Why don't you get a trap?"

"Trap!" Barnaby regarded pityingly this infantile suggestion of the city dweller untutored in the ways of the wild. "Not *that* fox."

"Well, then," said Smythe, undaunted, "why not go out and get the brute yourself—hammer and tongs—you know, *vi et armis*?"

"You're cordially invited to come out and try," replied Barnaby, scornfully, "any week-end you like."

"Thanks. I've a good mind to accept," said Smythe, and then, presently, as if in afterthought, he suggested: "Why not make

a party of it and organize a fox hunt? . . . Eh, Major?"

A portly, rosy-faced, rather cheerful gentleman had taken a seat at the table while the other two were talking, and was now unfolding his napkin. Major Peddleton, who had once been master of a hunt somewhere in Maryland, looked up with interest. "Why not, Barnaby? We might have a bit of real sport."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Barnaby, rather eagerly. "Of course, if it would be feasible—"

"You could get Plimpton and Burnett; they'd love nothing better," said Smythe; "and Major Peddleton here knows more about hunting than any other man in the state."

"We'd need horses and dogs—"

"Dogs!" exclaimed Major Peddleton, in a shocked voice. "Hounds, sir! hounds!"

"Hounds," repeated Barnaby, meekly.

"Well, I think I could arrange that. The Hazelhurst's not very far away, and I'm an honorary member of that. I'm sure I could borrow a few couples over a week-end."

"By Jove! Then let's do it!" said Barnaby,

with rising enthusiasm. "We'll make it a week-end party at my place. Major, you'll take command, of course—"

"Hello! What's the big idea?"

The three looked up, rather guiltily, at a large, florid, well-turned-out and wholly serene young man who had come up and now hung over the luncheon table, beaming upon them with the bland air of one who is particularly welcome, which, as a matter of fact, he was not. The Major and Smythe scowled at him and then at each other; but Barnaby, who was too weakly good-natured to find anybody on earth a bore, spoke up promptly:

"Hello, Coombes! Sit down. Had lunch yet?"

"No," said Coombes. "I'm cutting out lunch. Dieting for excess weight. But I'll sit down a bit."

"Thanks—do," said the Major, sarcastically.

Coombes filched a chair from a near-by table and wedged himself in between Smythe and the Major.

"Say, what's all this about a fox hunt?" he immediately demanded.





"HELLO! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?"

Smythe coughed warningly. Coombes had a genius for inserting himself where he was not wanted. He was blundering and boresome and, in a well-meaning but singularly effective way, tiresome to listen to and extremely difficult to get rid of. And it would be like the indulgent Barnaby, of course, to ask him to join the proposed week-end party—if, indeed, Coombes did not invite himself first.

"Talking about fox hunting," Coombes rattled on, cheerfully, "I've got a couple of shotguns you can have."

"Shotguns!" exclaimed the Major. "Shotguns—!"

"Or rifles, if they'd be better," said Coombes, helpfully. The idea of fox hunting captivated him; it was so much more unusual than golf or motoring somewhere for dinner. And he was always ready to help out a good chap like Barnaby, who was visibly upset by the loss of his pet rooster.

The Major merely snorted. Here, obviously, was a man who had never ridden to hounds and had only the haziest sort of notion of what a hunt should be. Shotguns! But it was increasingly obvious also that, while Coombes knew nothing about hunting,

he assumed that he was going to learn something immediately. He took it for granted that he was included among Barnaby's guests for the week-end.

"Can you sit a horse?" asked Smythe, with sudden inspiration, thinking to floor the self-invited guest.

"Oh, certainly!" replied Coombes, brightly. "At least, I *think* so. I'll try anything once, anyway."

"That will make eight mounts, then," calculated Barnaby. And after that there seemed no help for it.

But on the following Saturday afternoon, immediately after luncheon, Barnaby could only muster seven. Major Peddleton, in mahogany tops and a trim, businesslike salt-and-pepper riding frock, was there. Smythe, Burnett, and Plimpton, in various degrees of impromptu hunting kit, had turned up on time and were inspecting the contents of a large silver cocktail shaker. Harrison and Croker were out excitedly studying fresh and visible signs of the fox's latest lapse from grace—only the night before he had massacred four extremely expensive Minorcas and made his way to freedom across Barnaby's pet flower beds with a practiced and destruc-

tive contempt for such things. But, as usual, Coombes had failed to appear on time. The minutes dragged.

"Now what on earth is keeping him?" fretted Barnaby, who was revengefully eager to make a start as soon as possible. It was a crisp, clear afternoon, and the hunt promised a delightful change from eternal rounds of golf and motoring. Besides, the rape of four thoroughbred Minorcas in one night cried for speedy vengeance.

Barnaby paced the floor and looked out of his dining-room window for the eighth time to see if the laggard Coombes was yet in evidence. He saw, instead, the horses, still blanketed, being led up and down the neat gravel driveway of his place by their gaitered grooms, and six couples of hounds, wise, straying, intent, huddled things with feathery tails and clean pied markings, sniffing the crisp October air under the vigilant eye of a whip.

"Confound it, Barnaby!" said the Major. "That tripled idiot Coombes was *never* on time in his life. What can have happened to him?"

"Happened to him!" snorted Plimpton. "What hasn't happened to him!"

Barnaby looked at his watch. "Still—" He glanced at his friends, perplexedly.

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped the Major. "That's Coombes all over—better late than ever."

"Er—could we start a permanent sort of hunt up here?" asked Plimpton, filling in the pause, during which everybody stared out of the window at the drive. "Say we couldn't bag the beastly fox to-day, we could hunt him until we did."

"Now, *that's* an idea," said Smythe.

"It is," said Barnaby, gazing doubtfully at his trespassed flower beds. "But just now I'm for making a start. But *where* on earth is Coombes?"

The Major glared in mock resignation at the ceiling. "Oh, he ought to be here any day, now."

"Perhaps we'd better—" began Barnaby, hesitatingly, looking once more at his watch. After all, dusk closes in early these autumn days. Perhaps we'd better start without him."

To this proposal of the host everyone agreed with tremendous alacrity.

"By all means let's be going," the Major exhorted.

But at that moment a servant entered the

room with a telephone message. "Mr. Coombes says he took the wrong train, but is coming right over from Clearbrook by motor."

"Good God!" fumed the Major. It meant at least another half hour's delay.

Meanwhile they discussed the business of that afternoon's hunting. It was agreed that the woods at the edge of Farmer Holt's farm ought to be drawn first—it was manifestly the place to look for a fox. Then, if they drew blank, they could cross the stretch of pasturage there and "cast."

"We'll be certain to find him sooner or later, and that's a comfort," said the Major. "The brute's about here, by all accounts." And he restlessly paced the floor while the others watched him during interminable leaden minutes.

And at last Coombes arrived, breathless, radiant, and greatly excited. He hurried into the room with the air of one laden with a mission of vast importance.

"Look here. Has anybody got any money?" he asked. "I've come away without my pocketbook."

Barnaby fumbled in his pockets. . . .

"Great work to pick up that motor," explained Coombes, genially. "Hope I haven't kept you fellows waiting."

"Good God!" exclaimed the Major, desperately.

Barnaby held out a ten-dollar bill.

"That enough?"

"Oh, plenty! But wait—just see what I've got for you fellows!"

Coombes disappeared and the Major looked at his watch. "We'll just have time for at least one good check, anyway," he remarked. "If this blithering idiot—"

"Oh, quite!" exclaimed Plimpton.

"Well, let's make a start," said the Major. "Even Coombes is ready—now."

But as he spoke, that cheerful individual bustled back into the room, carrying a bulky affair wrapped up in stained newspapers.

"Here, see what's happened!" he cried, gayly. "Had a rare stroke of luck coming over from Clearbrook. Ran the beggar down myself—or, rather, the car did. Caught him streaking it across the road!"

And with that, and with the grandest possible air, he displayed aloft the remnants of a large dog fox, mutilated but unmistakable.

"How's that?" he declared, triumphantly. "There's your fox—dead as Queen Anne."



“THERE’S YOUR FOX—DEAD AS QUEEN ANNE”

There ensued a ghastly silence. And then the Major, with an exasperated grunt, walked deliberately out of the room. Barnaby and Plimpton looked at each other in a sickly sort of way. Smythe, glimpsing the waiting hounds and horses outside, swore discretely under his breath at the ruination of the day’s sport.

“He’s yours, of course, Barnaby,” said the ecstatic Coombes in a burst of generosity. “You can have him stuffed.”

Barnaby shrugged his shoulders. “Thanks, no. To the victor belong the spoils.” And then, turning to the others, “I say, you fellows, do you suppose it’s too late to get in a round of golf?”

Mitigating Circumstances

A DARKY and his brown sweetheart, followed by three pickaninnies, applied to the clerk of a Southern courthouse for a license to wed.

The clerk eyed the assemblage doubtfully. “Whose children are these?” he asked.

“Dey our’n,” was the ready response from the man.

The clerk was scandalized, being new at his post. “You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, waiting to get married till you have a family half grown—”

“Jedge, you’ll have to excuse dat,” interrupted the “bride,” sweetly. “De roads out our way is so bad!”

Getting Her Hand In

IN New Hampshire they tell a story of a very parsimonious man whose wife had always experienced great difficulty in inducing him to part with any change.

One day she followed him to the door and quietly asked:

“Henry, can’t you let me have ten dollars? I want to—”

“There you go again!” exclaimed Henry. “It’s always money, money, money! When I am dead you will probably have to beg for it.”

“Well,” said the wife, “I shall be a whole lot better off than some poor women who have never had any practice.”

Due Warning

THE boy was playing in front of a neighbor's house when Mrs. Smith said to him:

"Bertie, your mother is calling you."

"Yes, ma'am, I know it," he replied, but with no sign of any intention to depart. "I don't think, though, she wants me very badly."

"But she has called you six or seven times already."

"Yes, ma'am, I know; but she hasn't called me 'Albert' yet."

Signs of Splendor

IN a Richmond household a colored woman by the name of Clarissa comes in occasionally to help by the day. She had been clearing the dinner table one day after a plentiful repast, which, among other delicacies, included a huge watermelon, and as she passed through the doorway, carrying in

each hand a well-filled can of the glistening melon rind, she rolled her eyes at the lady of the house and asked:

"'Seuse me, Mis' Alice, but would yo'-all mind ef I carried home one of dem cans?"

"No, Clarissa," was the reply, "but what on earth do you want with it? You don't keep pigs or chickens, do you?"

"Lawd, no, Mis' Alice, I don't keep no animals. What I wants to do is jest to make dem neighbors of mine jealous. Dey don't never have sich garbage as dis a-settin' outside dere front steps!"

Compensation

TOMMY had a toothache and his mother tried to calm him preparatory to the necessary visit to the dentist.

"Now, Tommy," she pleaded, "you will be a brave boy, won't you, and have it out? It won't hurt much and the horrid ache will be gone."

Tommy, however, continued to howl his protests. Then Harry, his senior by one year, came to his mother's aid.

"Aw, come on and have it out!" he urged. "What's the matter with you, anyway? Don't you know it 'll be one less to brush?"

A Zoölogical Mystery

MISS BARKINSON, being a practical teacher, taught natural history from everyday illustrations and comparisons.

"Consider the case of the bear," she said on one occasion. "Observe its fur."

Now the pupils had no bear, but they had a picture of one, and they observed that.

"Its fur," the teacher continued, "is the bear's overcoat, the same as your big coats are your overcoats."

"But," objected one of the children, "he can't take it off, as we can ours."

"Quite true," she assented; "the bear cannot take off its overcoat, but why?"

Every pupil thought hard, and finally one of them suggested:

"I think it's because nobody but God knows where the buttons are."



ETHEL: "What's Grannie so mad about?"

MILDRED: "Oh, Mother's been swiping my cigarettes and when I accused her of it, she blamed it on Grannie."



NINA: "Tom, isn't that the same suit you wore last year?"

TOM: "Yes, and it's the same suit you asked me last year if it wasn't the same suit I had the year before"

Applied Psychology

BOTH the photographer and the mother had failed to make the restless little four-year-old sit still long enough to have her picture taken. Finally the photographer suggested that "the little darling" might be quiet if her mother would leave the room for a few minutes. During her absence the picture was successfully taken. On the way home the mother asked:

"What did the nice man say to make mother's little darling sit still?"

"He thed, 'You thit thtill, you little newthuns, or I'll knock your block off,' tho I that thtill," she explained.

Local Pride

A THEATRICAL company which carried its own orchestra was playing in a small town of the Middle West, and as the theater in that town had an orchestra of its own, the two orchestras "doubled up."

At one point in the first performance a terrible discord was heard and the manager

noticed that the local musicians were playing at least half a tone lower than the key maintained by the company's orchestra.

"What's the matter?" whispered the manager to the local orchestra's leader. "Your men are playing half a tone lower than the others."

"They are," said the leader, "and let me tell you that's the only way we can let the audience know that we have two orchestras."

History's Slow Advance

AT the breakfast table Mary called her mother's attention to a hole in one of the napkins.

"Yes," acknowledged her mother, "we do need new table linen. I have bought none since before the war."

Instantly the face of Odessa, the colored maid from Alabama, became a study in astonishment. She eyed her mistress a moment thus. Then comprehension dawned and her face relaxed.

"Oh!" she said, "you mean d' last wah!"



TELEPHONE OPERATOR: "Number, please"

PROUD FATHER (absentmindedly): "Two ma'am, finest pair of twins you ever saw"

A Help to the Barber

A CHICAGO barber indulged in a propensity for relating weird stories while serving his customers.

"Why," some one asked him, "do you persist in telling these blood-curdling yarns while you cut a man's hair?"

"Well," explained the barber, "you see, when I tell scary stories to my customers their hair stands on end, and it makes it very much easier for me to cut it."

A Vegetable Mystery

ONE of Edison's famous one hundred questions propounded failed to stump a small girl in Hollywood, California. When asked, "What is an artichoke?" she promptly answered:

"It looks like a pine cone; you dip it in butter and scrape it with your teeth."

A Wise Precaution

AN Irishman who was signing articles on board a ship began to write his name with his right hand, then, changing the pen to his left hand, finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer.

"Yis, sor," replied Pat. "Whin I was a boy me father (rist his soul!) always said to me, 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails wid your left hand, for some day ye might lose your right.'"

A Considerate Musician

"DAD," asked Stuyvesant, "will you please buy me a drum for Christmas?"

"But, Stuyvesant," protested Dad, "you would disturb me very much if I did."

"Oh no, dad," the child hastened to explain. "I'll drum only when you are asleep."

A Hydra-headed Criminal

A CHICAGO lawyer tells of a man who was wanted by the police and had been photographed in five different positions, the picture being sent to the chief of police, among others, of a small town in Colorado where it was thought likely the fugitive was in hiding. After the lapse of a few days the following reply reached headquarters:

DEAR SIR,—I duly received the photographs of the five miscreants whose capture is desired. I have arrested four of them and the fifth is under surveillance and will be secured shortly.

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL

Past and Future

*An article by John Grant Dater worthy
the careful study of every business man*

ALTHOUGH the year 1921 was given over to economic readjustments and corrective processes, and although something of real importance was accomplished in that direction in the marked improvement that has taken place in the condition surrounding capital and credit, it is not too much to say that—standing now upon the threshold of the year 1922—financial and commercial observers are nearly, if not fully, as perplexed regarding what the future has in store as they were a year ago, or as they have been at any time since the industrial reaction set in. This is clearly enough indicated in the tenor of the articles and symposiums of opinion bearing upon business and finance contained in the annual reviews and forecasts which made their appearance in large number around the beginning of the year. While sounding a more hopeful and encouraging note, in the main, than twelve months ago, the views of the experts reflected a wide divergence of opinion and their predictions regarding the all-important question of an industrial revival were, as a rule, qualified and made contingent upon other things.

QUALIFIED OPTIMISM

THAT economists of world-wide reputation, college professors, students of financial and commercial phenomena, and other trained observers, including leading bankers, important manufacturers, influential business men, and experi-

enced railway executives should differ in their conclusions regarding the financial, industrial, and economic future is not, of course, surprising, for the problems which confront the world to-day are many and manifold, of great complexity, and of far-reaching application. What really is surprising, or, more properly, perhaps, what really is unusual in the situation, is the continuance without change for so long an interval of many disquieting and highly unsettling factors. Some of them have undergone a slight modification, no doubt, or lost some of their disturbing force, but it is difficult to recall many of the first importance which were present in the situation at the time the armistice was signed, more than three years ago, that have reached a final and satisfactory adjustment.

IN the meanwhile new problems have arisen as vexatious as the old, and in some instances even more so, and the fact that nothing clears up definitely is responsible in part for the reservation and qualification of opinion on the part of expert observers when it comes to a discussion of how much longer the hoped-for recovery may be deferred. And conservatism and caution in respect to predictions has been imposed upon many of them also by the disagreeable memories of their recent mistaken judgment. There were exceptions, of course; instances where writers on financial and economic conditions were not misled into the belief that the

BUSINESS AND FINANCIAL CONDITIONS

outrageous debauch of overtrading and overspeculation was a manifestation of true prosperity, and who were courageous enough to predict the collapse months before it materialized. But these exceptions were few in number and unhappily, many important bankers did not comprehend the situation and granted credit lavishly long after it should have been curtailed.

WHY DEFLATION CAME

IF the contrary was the case; if the banks of the country—Federal Reserve, National, and State—had exercised the proper restraints upon credit during the witches' dance in 1919, the country would not have entered upon the era of deflation and liquidation with bank loans expanded to the largest volume ever known, and if such a huge proportion of these borrowings had not been effected upon a basis of fictitiously high prices and distorted values, the economic readjustment would have been the more speedily accomplished. To what extent, precisely, the loans of the banking institutions of the country had been distended before the processes of deflation set in is difficult to say, for it is only possible to obtain a consolidated statement of banking resources and liabilities once a year. The latest figures—those of June 30, 1921—were made public by the Comptroller of the Currency on October 31st last, and from these the magnitude of credit inflation during the war may be approximated.

FROM the statement it appears that the loans and discounts of all the reporting banks in the United States on June 30, 1914, aggregated \$15,288,357,000, and on June 30, 1921, \$28,944,708,000, an increase during the seven-year period of \$13,656,351,000, or 89.33 per cent. Between June 30, 1920, and June 30, 1921, the loans and discounts of the National banks alone have contracted \$1,842,264,000, and it is only reasonable to infer that the loans and discounts of the state banks and trust companies, savings banks and private bankers have experienced a similar contraction, a fair approximation of the total being about \$5,000,000,000 within

the year for the entire country. The accomplishment of a deflation as vast as this without forcing an industrial collapse has been the one great achievement of the year that has passed.

LIQUIDATION A CORRECTIVE

BUT there are two features associated with this matter which should not escape attention—the one, that such a huge contraction would not have been necessary if loans and discounts had not been inflated inordinately in the first instance, and the other, that liquidation, with all its disturbing consequences, is a corrective and not a constructive development. That liquidation has resulted, as it always does, in an improvement in the conditions surrounding capital and credit, is, admittedly, the case, and it is true, also, that such an improvement is one of the prerequisites of a forward movement, the other essential being a complete restoration of confidence. But it is clear that the relaxation in interest rates, which has stimulated the bond market and which has encouraged Wall Street in the hope of better things in the near future, has not been achieved without cost. And, moreover, there is no assurance that liquidation has run its full course as yet, but, to the contrary, the action of some of the larger industries in the closing month of the year would seem to indicate the probability of liquidation and readjustments still to come.

MONEY is easier and credit is more readily available for high-class borrowers now than a year ago, but the improvement has been accomplished at the expense of industry. The country, as a whole, is poorer now than it was a year ago, and it was transacting a smaller volume of business, both domestic and foreign, at the beginning of 1922 than at the inception of 1921. The former is attested by the largely diminished bank clearings, the slump in railway gross earnings, the rapid accumulation of idle freight cars, and the marked contraction in the output of iron and steel. As against a production of about 70 to 80 per cent of capacity a year ago, the steel manufacturers, in the closing



Painting by W. Hatherell, R. I.

Illustration for "The Embrace"

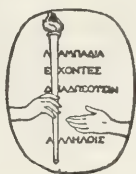
THE INTANGIBLE, GLAD AIR OF HER TOOK PEOPLE'S FANCY

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UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN

PART I

With introductory note by Albert Bigelow Paine

FROM time to time during the last half of his life Mark Twain wrote or dictated chapters of recollections and comment which he classed under the general head of Autobiography. The early attempts were erratic, and not long continued, but in January, 1906, in conjunction with his biographer, he began a series of dictations which continued steadily through that year, and intermittently during the years that followed, to the end of his life. Selections from these dictations which Mark Twain thought might appear with propriety during his lifetime were printed during 1906 and 1907. The greater portion of the manuscript, however, remains unpublished, and contains much of his choicest work.

The Autobiography was not written as a continuous narrative. The author wrote or dictated whatever happened to be in his mind at the moment, regardless of chronology or sequence. In an introductory note he says of "the right way to do an Autobiography":

"Start it at no particular time of your life; wander at your free will all over your life; talk only about the thing which interests you for the moment; drop it the moment its interest threatens to pale, and turn your talk upon the new and more interesting thing that has intruded itself into your mind meantime."

This was the "methodless method," as he called it, of the dictations, and the same general idea has been followed in making the present selections.

PREFATORY

WHAT a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and his words! His real life is led in his head, and is known to none but himself. All day long, and every day, the mill of his brain is grinding, and his *thoughts*, not those other things, are his history. His acts and his words are merely the visible thin crust of his world, with its scattered snow summits and its vacant wastes of water—and they are so trifling a part of

his bulk, a mere skin enveloping it! The mass of him is hidden—it and its volcanic fires that toss and boil, and never rest, night nor day. These are his life, and they are not written, and cannot be written. Every day would make a whole book of eighty thousand words—three hundred and sixty-five books a year. Biographies are but the clothes and buttons of the man—the biography of the man himself cannot be written.

(Written in 1906)

EARLY YEARS IN FLORIDA, MISSOURI

I was born the 30th of November, 1835, in the almost invisible village of Florida, Monroe County, Missouri. I suppose Florida had less than three hundred inhabitants. It had two streets, each a couple of hundred yards long; the rest of the avenues mere lanes, with rail fences and corn fields on either side. Both the streets and the lanes were paved with the same material—tough black mud, in wet times, deep dust in dry.

Most of the houses were of logs—all of them, indeed, except three or four; these latter were frame ones. There were none of brick, and none of stone. There was a log church, with a puncheon floor and slab benches. A puncheon floor is made of logs whose upper surfaces have been chipped flat with the adze. The cracks between the logs were not filled; there was no carpet; consequently, if you dropped anything smaller than a peach it was likely to go through. The church was perched upon short sections of logs, which elevated it two or three feet from the ground. Hogs slept under there, and whenever the dogs got after them during services the minister had to wait till the disturbance was over. In winter there was always a refreshing breeze up through the puncheon floor; in summer there were fleas enough for all.

A slab bench is made of the outside cut of a saw-log, with the bark side down; it is supported on four sticks driven into auger holes at the ends; it has no back, and no cushions. The church was twilighted with yellow tallow candles in tined sconces hung against the walls. Week days, the church was a schoolhouse.

There were two stores in the village. My uncle John A. Quarles was proprietor of one of them. It was a very small establishment, with a few rolls of "bit" calicoes on half a dozen shelves, a few barrels of salt mackerel, coffee, and New Orleans sugar behind the counter, stacks of brooms, shovels, axes, hoes, rakes, and such things, here and there, a

lot of cheap hats, bonnets, and tinware strung on strings and suspended from the walls; and at the other end of the room was another counter with bags of shot on it, a cheese or two, and a keg of powder; in front of it a row of nail kegs and a few pigs of lead; and behind it a barrel or two of New Orleans molasses and native corn whisky on tap. If a boy bought five or ten cents' worth of anything he was entitled to half a handful of sugar from the barrel; if a woman bought a few yards of calico she was entitled to a spool of thread in addition to the usual gratis "trimmin's"; if a man bought a trifle he was at liberty to draw and swallow as big a drink of whisky as he wanted.

Everything was cheap — apples, peaches, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, and corn, ten cents a bushel; chickens ten cents apiece, butter six cents a pound, eggs three cents a dozen, coffee and sugar five cents a pound, whisky ten cents a gallon. I do not know how prices are out there in interior Missouri now (1877), but I know what they are here in Hartford, Connecticut. To wit: apples, three dollars a bushel; peaches five dollars; Irish potatoes (choice Bermudas) five dollars; chickens a dollar to a dollar and a half apiece, according to weight; butter forty-five to sixty cents a pound, eggs fifty to sixty cents a dozen; coffee forty-five cents a pound, native whisky four or five dollars a gallon, I believe; but I can be certain only concerning the sort which I use myself, which is Scotch and costs ten dollars a gallon when you take two gallons—more when you take less.

Thirty to forty years ago, out yonder in Missouri, the ordinary cigar cost thirty cents a hundred, but most people did not try to afford them, since smoking a pipe cost nothing in that tobacco-growing country. Connecticut is also given up to tobacco raising to-day, yet we pay ten dollars a hundred for Connecticut cigars and fifteen to twenty-five dollars a hundred for the imported article.

At first my father owned slaves, but by and by he sold them, and hired others by the year from the farmers. For a girl of fifteen he paid twelve dollars a year and gave her two linsey-woolsey frocks and a pair of "stogy" shoes—cost, a modification of nothing; for a negro woman of twenty-five, as general house servant, he paid twenty-five dollars a year and gave her shoes and the aforementioned linsey-woolsey frocks; for a strong negro woman of forty, as cook, washer, etc., he paid forty dollars a year and the customary two suits of clothes; and for an able-bodied man he paid from seventy-five to a hundred dollars a year and gave him two suits of jeans and two pairs of "stogy" shoes—an outfit that cost about three dollars. But times have changed. We pay our German nursemaid \$155 a year; Irish housemaid, \$150; Irish laundress, \$150; negro woman, as cook, \$240; young negro man, to wait on door and table, \$360; Irish coachman, \$600 a year, with gas, hot and cold water, and dwelling consisting of parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms, connected with the stable, free.

(Written in 1877)

JOHN QUARLES'S FARM

My uncle, John Quarles, and his big boys, hunted with the rifle, the youngest boy and I with a shotgun—a small, single-barreled shotgun which was properly suited to our size and strength; it was not much heavier than a broom. We carried it turn-about, half an hour at a time. I was not able to hit anything with it, but I liked to try. Fred Quarles and I hunted feathered small game; the others hunted deer, squirrels, wild turkeys, and such things. Jim and his father were the best shots. They killed hawks and wild geese and such like on the wing; and they didn't wound or kill squirrels; they *stunned* them. When the dogs treed a squirrel, the squirrel would scamper high aloft and run out on a limb and flatten himself along it, hoping to make himself invisible in that way—and not quite succeeding. You could

see his wee little ears sticking up. You couldn't see his nose, but you knew where it was. Then the hunter, despising a "rest" for his rifle, stood up and took offhand aim at the limb and sent a bullet into it immediately under the squirrel's nose, and down tumbled the animal, unwounded but unconscious; the dogs gave him a shake and he was dead. Sometimes when the distance was great and the wind not accurately allowed for, the bullet would hit the squirrel's head; the dogs could do as they pleased with that one—the hunter's pride was hurt, and he wouldn't allow it to go into the game bag.

In the first faint gray of the dawn the stately wild turkeys would be stalking around in great flocks, and ready to be sociable and answer invitations to come and converse with other excursionists of their kind. The hunter concealed himself and imitated the turkey call by sucking the air through the leg bone of a turkey which had previously answered an invitation like that and lived only just long enough to regret it. There is nothing that furnishes a perfect imitation of the turkey call except that bone. Another of Nature's treacheries, you see; she is full of them; half the time she doesn't know which she likes best—to betray her child or protect it. In the case of the turkey she is badly mixed: she gives it a bone to be used in getting it into trouble, and she also furnishes it with a trick for getting itself out of the trouble again. When a mamma turkey answers an invitation and finds that she has made a mistake in accepting it, she does as the mamma partridge does—remembers a previous engagement and goes limping and scrambling away, pretending to be very lame; and at the same time she is saying to her not visible children, "Lie low, keep still, don't expose yourselves; I shall be back as soon as I have beguiled this shabby swindler out of the country."

When a person is ignorant and confiding, this dishonorable device can have tiresome results. I followed an osten-

sibly lame turkey over a considerable part of the United States one morning because I believed in her and could not think she would deceive a mere boy, and one who was trusting her and considering her honest. I had the single-barreled shotgun, but my idea was to catch her alive. I often got within rushing distance of her, and then made my rush; but always, just as I made my final plunge and put my hand down where her back was, it wasn't there; it was only two or three inches from there and I brushed the tail feathers as I landed on my stomach—a very close call, but still not quite close enough; that is, not close enough for success, but just close enough to convince me that I could do it next time. She always waited for me, a little piece away, and let on to be resting and greatly fatigued; which was a lie, but I believed it, for I still thought her honest long after I ought to have begun to doubt her—long after I ought to have been suspecting that this was no way for a highminded bird to be acting. I followed, and followed, and followed, making my periodical rushes and getting up and brushing the dust off, and resuming the voyage with patient confidence; indeed, with a confidence which grew, for I could see by the change of climate and vegetation that we were getting up into the high latitudes, and as she always looked a little tired and a little more discouraged after each rush, I judged that I was safe to win, in the end, the competition being purely a matter of staying power and the advantage lying with me from the start because she was lame.

Along in the afternoon I began to feel fatigued myself. Neither of us had had any real rest since we first started on the excursion, which was upwards of ten hours before, though latterly we had paused awhile after rushes, I letting on to be thinking about something, and she letting on to be thinking about something else; but neither of us sincere, and both waiting for the other to call game,

but in no real hurry about it; for indeed those little evanescent snatches of rest were very grateful to the feelings of us both, it would naturally be so, skirmishing along like that ever since dawn and not a bite in the meantime; at least not for me, though sometimes as she lay on her side fanning herself with a wing and praying for strength to get out of this difficulty a grasshopper happened along whose time had come, and that was well for her, and fortunate, but I had nothing—the whole day.

More than once, after I was very tired, I gave up taking her alive, and was going to shoot her, but I never did it, although it was my right, for I did not believe I could hit her; and, besides, she always stopped and posed when I raised the gun, and this made me suspicious that she knew about me, and so I did not care to expose myself to remarks.

I did not get her, at all. When she got tired of the game at last, she rose from almost under my hand and flew aloft with the rush and whirl of a shell and lit on the highest limb of a great tree and sat down and crossed her legs and smiled down at me, and seemed gratified to see me so astonished.

I was ashamed, and also lost; and it was while wandering the woods hunting for myself that I found a deserted log cabin and had one of the best meals there that in my lifedays I have eaten. The weed-grown garden was full of ripe tomatoes, and I ate them ravenously, though I had never liked them before. Not more than two or three times since have I tasted anything that was so delicious as those tomatoes. I surfeited myself with them, and did not taste another until I was in middle life. I can eat them now, but I do not like the look of them. I suppose we have all experienced a surfeit at one time or another. Once, in stress of circumstances, I ate part of a barrel of sardines, there being nothing else at hand; but since then I have always been able to get along without sardines.

JANE LAMPTON CLEMENS

This was my mother. When she died, in October, 1890, she was well along in her eighty-eighth year; a mighty age, a well contested fight for life for one who at forty was so delicate of body as to be accounted a confirmed invalid and destined to pass soon away. I knew her well during the first twenty-five years of my life; but after that I saw her only at wide intervals, for we lived many days' journey apart. I am not proposing to write about her, but merely to talk about her; not give her formal history, but merely make illustrative extracts from it, so to speak; furnish flashlight glimpses of her character, not a processional view of her career. Technically speaking, she had no career; but she had a character, and it was of a fine and striking and lovable sort.

What becomes of the multitudinous photographs which one's mind takes of people? Out of the million which my mental camera must have taken of this first and closest friend, only one clear and strongly defined one of early date remains. It dates back forty-seven years; she was forty years old, then, and I was eight. She held me by the hand, and we were kneeling by the bedside of my brother, two years older than I, who lay dead, and the tears were flowing down her cheeks unchecked. And she was moaning. That dumb sign of anguish was perhaps new to me, since it made upon me a very strong impression—an impression which holds its place still with the picture which it helped to intensify and make memorable.

She had a slender, small body, but a large heart—a heart so large that everybody's griefs and everybody's joys found welcome in it and hospitable accommodation. The greatest difference which I find between her and the rest of the people whom I have known is this, and it is a remarkable one: those others felt a strong interest in a few things, whereas, to the very day of her death, she felt a strong interest in the whole world and everything and everybody in it. In all

her life she never knew such a thing as a half-hearted interest in affairs and people, or an interest which drew a line and left out certain affairs and was indifferent to certain people. The invalid who takes a strenuous and indestructible interest in everything and everybody but himself, and to whom a dull moment is an unknown thing and an impossibility, is a formidable adversary for disease and a hard invalid to vanquish. I am certain that it was this feature of my mother's makeup that carried her so far toward ninety.

Her interest in people and dumb animals was warm, personal, friendly. She always found something to excuse, and as a rule to love, in the toughest of them—even if she had to put it there herself. She was the natural ally and friend of the friendless. It was believed that, Presbyterian as she was, she could be beguiled into saying a soft word for the devil himself; and so the experiment was tried. The abuse of Satan began; one conspirator after another added his bitter word, his malign reproach, his pitiless censure, till at last, sure enough, the unsuspecting subject of the trick walked into the trap. She admitted that the indictment was sound: that Satan was utterly wicked and abandoned, just as these people had said; *but*, would any claim that he had been treated fairly? A sinner was but a sinner; Satan was just that, like the rest. What saves the rest—their own efforts alone? No—or none might ever be saved. To their feeble efforts is added the mighty help of pathetic, appealing, imploring prayers that go up daily out of all the churches in Christendom and out of myriads upon myriads of pitying hearts. But who prays for Satan? Who, in eighteen centuries, has had the common humanity to pray for the one sinner that needed it most, our one fellow and brother who most needed a friend yet had not a single one, the one sinner among us all who had the highest and clearest *right* to every Christian's daily and nightly prayers for the plain and un-

assailable reason that his was the first and greatest need, he being among sinners the supremest?

This Friend of Satan was a most gentle spirit, and an unstudied and unconscious pathos was her native speech. When her pity or her indignation was stirred by hurt or shame inflicted upon some defenseless person or creature, she was the most eloquent person I have heard speak. It was seldom eloquence of a fiery or violent sort, but gentle, pitying, persuasive, appealing; and so genuine and so nobly and simply worded and so touchingly uttered, that many times I have seen it win the reluctant and splendid applause of tears. Whenever anybody or any creature was being oppressed, the fears that belonged to her sex and her small stature retired to the rear, and her soldierly qualities came promptly to the front. One day in our village I saw a vicious devil of a Corsican, a common terror in the town, chasing his grown daughter past cautious male citizens with a heavy rope in his hand, and declaring he would wear it out on her. My mother spread her door wide to the refugee, and then, instead of closing and locking it after her, stood in it and stretched her arms across it, barring the way. The man swore, cursed, threatened her with his rope, but she did not flinch or show any sign of fear; she only stood straight and fine, and lashed him, shamed him, derided him, defied him, in tones not audible to the middle of the street, but audible to the man's conscience and dormant manhood; and he asked her pardon, and gave her his rope, and said, with a most great and blasphemous oath that she was the bravest woman he ever saw; and so went his way without another word, and troubled her no more. He and she were always good friends after that, for in her he had found a long-felt want—somebody who was not afraid of him.

One day in St. Louis she walked out into the street and greatly surprised a burly cartman who was beating his

horse over the head with the butt of his heavy whip; for she took the whip away from him and then made such a persuasive appeal in behalf of the ignorantly offending horse that he was tripped into saying he was to blame, and also into volunteering a promise which of course he couldn't keep, for he was not built that way—a promise that he wouldn't ever abuse a horse again.

That sort of interference in behalf of abused animals was a common thing with her all her life; and her manner must have been without offense and her good intent transparent, for she always carried her point, and also won the courtesy, and often the friendly applause, of the adversary. All the race of dumb animals had a friend in her. By some subtle sign the homeless, hunted, bedraggled and disreputable cat recognized her at a glance as the born refuge and champion of his sort—and followed her home. His instinct was right, he was as welcome as the prodigal son. We had nineteen cats at one time, in 1845. And there wasn't one in the lot that had any character; not one that had any merit, except the cheap and tawdry merit of being unfortunate. They were a vast burden to us all—including my mother—but they were out of luck, and that was enough; they had to stay. However, better these pets than no pets at all; children must have pets, and we were not allowed to have caged ones. An imprisoned creature was out of the question—my mother would not have allowed a rat to be restrained of its liberty.

In the small town of Hannibal, Missouri, when I was a boy, everybody was poor but didn't know it; and everybody was comfortable, and did know it. And there were grades of society, people of good family, people of unclassified family, people of no family. Everybody knew everybody, and was affable to everybody, and nobody put on any visible airs; yet the class lines were quite clearly drawn, and the familiar social life of each class was restricted to that

class. It was a little democracy which was full of Liberty, Equality, and Fourth of July, and sincerely so, too; yet you perceive that the aristocratic taint was there. It was there, and nobody found fault with the fact, or ever stopped to reflect that its presence was an inconsistency.

I suppose that this state of things was mainly due to the circumstance that the town's population had come from slave states and still had the institution of slavery with them in their new home. My mother, with her large nature and liberal sympathies, was not intended for an aristocrat, yet through her breeding she was one. Few people knew it, perhaps, for it was an instinct, I think, rather than a principle. So its outward manifestation was likely to be accidental, not intentional; and also not frequent. But I knew of that weak spot. I knew that privately she was proud of the Lambtons, now Earls of Durham, who had occupied the family lands for nine hundred years; that they were feudal lords of Lambton Castle and holding the high position of ancestors of hers when the Norman Conqueror came over to divert the Englishry. I argued—cautiously, and with mollifying circumlocutions, for one had to be careful when he was on that holy ground, and mustn't cavort—that there was no particular merit in occupying a piece of land for nine hundred years, with the friendly assistance of an entail; anybody could do it, with intellect or without; therefore the entail was the thing to be proud of, just the entail and nothing else; consequently she was merely descended from a mortgage. Whereas my own ancestry was quite a different and superior thing, because it had the addition of an ancestor—one Clement—who *did* something; something which was very creditable to him and satisfactory to me, in that he was a member of the court that tried Charles I and delivered him over to the executioner. Ostensibly this was chaff, but at the bottom it was not. I had a very real respect for that

ancestor, and this respect has increased with the years, not diminished. He did what he could toward reducing the list of crowned shams of his day. However, I can say this for my mother, that I never heard her refer in any way to her gilded ancestry when any person not a member of the family was present, for she had good American sense. But with other Lamptons whom I have known it was different.

"Col. Sellers" was a Lampton,¹ and a tolerably near relative of my mother's; and when he was alive, poor old airy soul, one of the earliest things a stranger was likely to hear from his lips was some reference to the "head of our line," flung off with a painful casualness that was wholly beneath criticism as a work of art. It compelled inquiry, of course; it was intended to compel it. Then followed the whole disastrous history of how the Lambton heir came to this country a hundred and fifty years or so ago, disgusted with that foolish fraud, hereditary aristocracy; and married, and shut himself away from the world in the remotenesses of the wilderness, and went to breeding ancestors of future American Claimants, while at home in England he was given up as dead and his titles and estates turned over to his younger brother, usurper and personally responsible for the perverse and unseatable usurpers of our day. And the Colonel always spoke with studied and courtly deference of the Claimant of his day—a second cousin of his—and referred to him with entire seriousness as "the Earl." "The Earl" was a man of parts, and might have accomplished something for himself but for the calamitous accident of his birth. He was a Kentuckian, and a well-meaning man; but he had no money and no time to earn any; for all his time was taken up in trying to get me, and others of his tribe, to furnish him capital to fight his claim through the House of Lords with. He had all the documents,

¹ James Lampton, a cousin of Mark Twain's mother.

all the proofs; he knew he could win. And so he dreamed his life away, always in poverty, sometimes in actual want, and died at last, far from home, and was buried from a hospital by strangers who did not know he was an earl, for he did not look it. That poor fellow used to sign his letters "Durham," and he would find fault with me for voting the Republican ticket, for the reason that it was unaristocratic, and by consequence un-Lamptonian. And presently along would come a letter from some red-hot Virginian son of my other branch and abuse me bitterly for the same vote—on the ground that the Republican was an aristocratic party and it was not becoming in the descendant of a regicide to train with that kind of animals. And so I used to almost wish I hadn't had any ancestors, they were so much trouble to me.

As I have said, we lived in a slaveholding community; indeed, when slavery perished my mother had been in daily touch with it for sixty years. Yet, kind-hearted and compassionate as she was, I think she was not conscious that slavery was a bald, grotesque, and unwarrantable usurpation. She had never heard it assailed in any pulpit, but had heard it defended and sanctified in a thousand; her ears were familiar with Bible texts that approved it, but if there were any that disapproved it they had not been quoted by her pastors; as far as her experience went, the wise and the good and the holy were unanimous in the conviction that slavery was right, righteous, sacred, the peculiar pet of the Deity, and a condition which the slave himself ought to be daily and nightly thankful for. Manifestly, training and association can accomplish strange miracles. As a rule our slaves were convinced and content.

There was nothing about the slavery of the Hannibal region to rouse one's

dozing humane instincts to activity. It was the mild domestic slavery, not the brutal plantation article. Cruelties were very rare, and exceedingly and wholesomely unpopular. To separate and sell the members of a slave family to different masters was a thing not well liked by the people, and so it was not often done, except in the settling of estates. I have no recollection of ever seeing a slave auction in that town; but I am suspicious that that is because the thing was a common and commonplace spectacle, not an uncommon and impressive one. I vividly remember seeing a dozen black men and women chained to each other, once, and lying in a group on the pavement, awaiting shipment to the southern slave market. Those were the saddest faces I ever saw. Chained slaves could not have been a common sight, or this picture would not have taken so strong and lasting a hold upon me.

The "nigger trader" was loathed by everybody. He was regarded as a sort of human devil who bought and conveyed poor helpless creatures to hell—for to our whites and blacks alike the Southern plantation was simply hell; no milder name could describe it. If the threat to sell an incorrigible slave "down the river" would not reform him, nothing would—his case was past cure.

It is commonly believed that an infallible effect of slavery was to make such as lived in its midst hard-hearted. I think it had no such effect—speaking in general terms. I think it stupefied everybody's humanity, as regarded the slave, but stopped there. There were no hard-hearted people in our town or I mean there were no more than would be found in any other town of the same size in any other country; and in my experience hard-hearted people are very rare everywhere.

(Written in 1890-91)

(To be continued)

“HE THAT HIDETH HIS SECRET”

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

“When thou makest a reprisal, see that it be in kind with the offense which thou hast suffered”—*The Koran*.

An Arab proverb: “Distrust thine enemy: a thousand times distrust thy friend.”

BELGASEM, the son of Fredj, the sheik of the Beni Khmaïs, killed M’barek ben Mabrouk of the Ouled Zab. That was one springtime when all the face of the mountain range of the Ouled Nail was covered with mustard and jonquil where the Sahara tribes came up by Laghouat for their summer pasturage.

M’barek had taken a bride. After the custom of the Algerian nomads, he left her and went out of the tent before the dawn of the morrow of the marriage. It was then, as he emerged, stooping, in the first gray of light, that he was killed by Belgasem, who had desired the same girl. Belgasem shot from ambush behind a desert tumble-weed which he had brought up from the bed of the dry *oued* thirty paces at his back. After the shot he waited a cool ten seconds, watching along the barrel of his musket the figure huddled on the tent flap. Only at the end of that time, when the figure no longer stirred, did he spit on the warm barrel, blow out the smoke, creep back to the shelter of the *oued* where he had left his horse, mount, and, putting the corners of his bronze stirrups into the animal’s belly, ride at full gallop to the west.

In the Oued Hallouf, the Vale of the Pig, the tents of the Beni Khmaïs were already struck, the camels laden, the women and the milch goats on the march. Belgasem told his father what he had done.

“That is no thing to weigh lightly in the hand,” said Fredj. Then he

said: “Thy brother, Mulchas, as thou knowest, is leading the date-caravan northward through the markets to the west of the Djebel Amour. Go thou and join Mulchas. It is better. And tell Mulchas that the summer rendez-vous is changed to Aflou; for this season we shall not go Djelfa way. The peace of God rest with thee, my son. Ride!”

When the news came to Djelfa, the nomad capital high in the hills, the men in the market and the coffee stalls shook their heads.

“A blood-feud betwixt the Beni Khmaïs and the Ouled Zab, thou sayest? These be bad tidings, friend.”

Their heads shook, but their eyes glittered, for in their Arab hearts they loved the thought of it, the night raids, *razzias*, ambuscades, and “the talking of powder.”

“Who sees the end of this? What man can say on what day or in what moon the head of M’barek will be buried with his bones? For if it is well known that the Children of Zab have never forgot an injury since the beginning of time, it is also well known that the Sons of Khmaïs have never been the men to smooth one over by payment of the blood money ordained by the law. They are the kind who prefer rather to eat coals and breathe out flame. No, one can only say that the houris in paradise will have company before this year is dead.”

That prophecy failed. That summer the Beni Khmaïs stayed well to the west toward the borders of Morocco, and when they went south again it was early in the autumn, and at night they set watchers about their camp. For that year, at least, the murder of M’barek remained unpaid.

His mother, Zina, daughter of Daoud, had kept the dead man's head. In the winter, under the palms of Ain Khaa, far down in the desert to the south of the Mzab, Aïsha, his widow, gave birth to a son and died.

It was Zina that reared the child, giving him suckle of she-goats, the finest siftings of *couscous*, and the meat of Deghlia dates. Once upon a time Zina had been beautiful (like her name), but now she was ugly and old. Her back was bent by burdens of fire brush and water skins. Her hair, protruding from beneath her *haik*, sparse and bright with henna, gave her face a look of peculiar ferocity. It was no fiercer than her heart.

Trudging in the dust behind the camels on the long migrations, with the infant on her back, or, later, with the little boy towing at the end of her belt cloth, she sang him songs—queer, split-tone minor recitatives. Or under her breath at night, when the other women were asleep in the tent and the dry desert moon shining under the edges, she told him for a thousand times a story as savage and as simple as the Book of Genesis.

It was one of the strangest wedding feasts, I am certain, that New York has ever known. I cannot say why they had me in to it, unless it were that I, too, had been in Africa, had looked down across their desert from the walls of Laghouat, and had slept under their stars in the deep Mzab. Or perhaps it was because I, out of all that city, remembered the words of their unwritten tongue; and it was pleasant in their ears when of a morning I stopped to exchange a greeting with Younez at the door of his rug emporium

in Thirty-seventh Street, or of an evening pronounced a "*Msaël-chir!*" to Moulay, who served "Turkish coffee" in a Syrian restaurant under the roar of the Third Avenue "L." Sometimes, too, on a Sunday afternoon I had gone with them to Centra! Park, where, half screened by the trees from the surrounding cliffs of the infidel city, they would stroll hand in hand like tall, red-capped children, after the fashion of the *souks* at home, or, for hours, sitting cross-legged on the turf and, still hand in hand, gaze out in silence over the little lake.

More than once Younez, who was the prosperous one, said to me of Moulay: "He is better than anyone else. These people that are here in America do not know. But that Moulay, you understand, is *Cherif*—all the way back to the Prophet. His grandfather was a sheik. His father was a *caïd*. A big *caïd*, you understand, who could have a *goum* of a hundred cavalry in front of his tent. Because in those south *douars*, where there

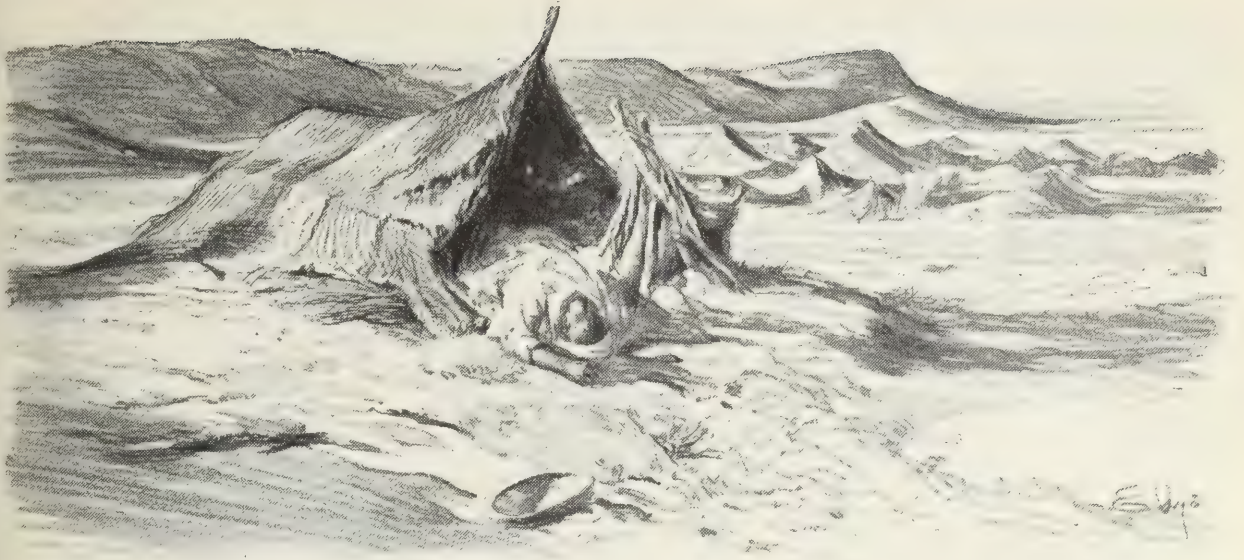


THE BOY YOUNEZ

are willful men like the Beni Khmaïs, the French are forced to make a *caïd* powerful. If Moulay would be there, without doubt he would be *caïd*. He is better than anyone, my friend is."

Once I asked him why his friend remained here in America (where his berth in the Mecca Restaurant must have seemed humble indeed). He appeared at a loss for an answer and, having looked about him at his rug-hung walls and out of the window into the hurly-burly of the street of infidels, he gave me the easiest one—"Mektoub."

After all, though, that to the mind of Islam is explanation enough. "It is written." Moulay, on his part, seldom spoke of Younez. He was not a communicative sort. He seemed always



HE WATCHED THE FIGURE HUDDLED ON THE TENT FLAP

friendly enough, with the impeccable friendliness of the high-born Arab, but in his dark eyes there remained an expression of melancholy verging sometimes on the dour. Exile, I should have said, was heavy for that soul.

Once he said to me: "Yunez is a smart fellow. They tell me he arrived in this country with six rugs over his shoulder, and *now* you can look at him."

Another time he said: "Once that Yunez he saved my life. That was when we came to be friendly."

That was all. But that was enough. As I looked at Moulay standing there over my table, the apron around his middle, the napkin over his arm, his collar gaping under the insufficient pressure of his ready-tied Bowery bow, and his *chechia* (the round red "fez" which of all the garments of the Faithful is the last to go) tilted on the shining black hair that framed a face as near as there remains in the world to the beauty of the old Greek—as I saw him there in the gaslight, amidst the clatter and slang of the feeders, the grinding of trains outside the window, the far off sirens of steamers and all the million-tongued shouting of the city—I seemed to know the whole story of how this huge, heaped, incoherent agglomeration of sound had driven together those two solitary exiled children of silence and space.

And so, too, I could understand a little what it was going to mean to both of them, when I first heard of Moulay's approaching nuptials. For if a woman amounts to nothing in the social life of the Arab in his own land, here it could not be quite so. First, and not least, they would have to give up the room they had shared in common for the past two years. Moulay, I learned, had taken a place in a tenement block in one of the side streets that run off from West Broadway below Bleecker, and was furnishing it from an installment house—"all new stuff"—in a manner worthy of the habitation of the daughter of the master, the Syrian restaurateur.

I saw part of it on the evening of the wedding day. I saw the dining suite, and it was indeed new. The "golden" varnished "oak" shone with the refulgence of a dozen Sahara suns. It was not exhibited to the best advantage, however, for to the last chair it had been pushed back against the walls, so as to leave the rug (the gift of Yunez, and worth three times all the furniture in the house) bare for the feast.

We sat crosslegged on that rug under the pressed-glass chandelier of three bulbs, five of us, the groom, Yunez, the Syrian father-in-law, an Egyptian lad whom I understood to be a messenger at the British Consulate and whose name I did not catch, and myself.

The bride, as was proper, remained but a rustle in the darkness of the adjoining chamber or, from time to time, especially as the evening advanced, the faint luminosity of an eyeball hanging in the black aperture of the door.

There was a humor about that, ironic and at the same time wistful. Any day in the past five years, any luncheon or dinner at the restaurant in Third Avenue had been at liberty to feast his eyes to satiety on the beauty of that young woman seated behind the cash register beside the door. Day after to-morrow it would be much the same. But now, for an hour out of life, there was the illusion that no man had ever looked upon her unveiled face, and that no man but her husband ever would. And so, after the ancient custom, she must remain in the dark there alone (since no Moslem woman had been found for her fête), watching us, the lords (from whom

she had collected quarters and half-dollars in plenty), with a peeping, patient, faintly luminous eye.

I do not know where the dinner came from. The Syrian had arranged for it, but certainly not in his shop. It was brought in by a boy, the son of a Bleeker Street hide-handler from Oran, whose wife, perhaps, had prepared it. It was extraordinarily near to the real thing.

We made our ablutions in an "installment" washbowl done in peonies, with a lather of drug-store soap. All together we murmured "*Bism illah!*" and with our right hands dipped our bread into the sauce of the *mechoui*. We accepted from our host choice muscles which he tore from the mutton's shoulder-blade with his slender, strong, white fingers. We ate green peas out of the hollows of our palms, and with our little fingers stirred the bowls of buttermilk before we drank. All together we fished for



SHE TRUDGED IN THE DUST BEHIND THE CAMELS ON THE LONG MIGRATIONS



TOLD HIM A STORY AS SIMPLE AS THE BOOK OF GENESIS

hearts of artichokes in a basin of lamb fragments. Then there were meat balls swimming in *merga*. Then there were prunes stewed in the juice of meat.

Meat! Meat! One may grow drunk on meat eaten with the hands. We dined in silence. Of the five I was the only "infidel," the only one not an inheritor of the conquering Saracens. And yet among them mine was the only common tongue.

I suppose, in the hour of illusion, the crude, half-got new language must have had an insufficient taste in their mouths, and for the main part we were dumb. Even when the *couscous* had arrived, in the guise of dessert, sweetened and full of raisins—even when the coffee had gone around—in the hour when the soul of the East is uplifted with well-being and its tongue awag with its beloved philosophical platitudes—even

then we continued to recline there on our propping elbows in silence, dreaming under the bizarre sunshine of the three bulbs in the pressed-glass chandelier.

The smell of spiced food was heavy about me. I saw a young woman in the shadow of a black tent, her fingers red with henna and redder still with the glow of the fire under a *marmite* that sent up a steam of *merga* about her from moment to moment like a hesitant veil. Her eyes were very beautiful. But they were turned to the west. Against the flame of the sunset the camels and horsemen came down in a crimson troop.

I breathed a perfume of coffee. And I saw before me my friend, Mohammed ben Abdallah, of Tlemcen, son and grandson of the *agars*, the chieftains of the border. He came toward me through the sun and shadow of his gal-



"BUT HERE IS YOUNEZ. THOU MUST TAKE HIM WITH THEE"

lery, his big hand extended. And the negress behind him bore a silver tray with little cups. . . .

I did not realize that I was dreaming till the nameless Egyptian got up to go. I would not have believed so potent an illusion possible in that hard, near light, flanked by that unspeakably golden "oak," and bustled about by the night noises of the city—the roll of truck on pavement, the penetrating scream of iron wheels on rails, the quarreling of air shafts—not till all of it came back around me with a crash at the stirring of the Egyptian.

I blinked across at Moulay and Younez. Both their faces, so alike in the thin, soft contour of their features, were as white as parchment. Their eyes were dull. On the foreheads I saw a film of sweat.

"What has happened?" I wondered. "What time is it getting to be?"

It was late. The Syrian, too, had taken his leave. I, who should properly

have been the first to go, bestirred myself. But Younez put out a hand, murmuring: "Stay a minute. I am going with you."

He made no immediate move. They continued to recline there, the two of them, brooding empty-eyed at the five coffee cups lost on the desert of the rug. . . . It came to me that I knew nothing whatever about those men; that no Westerner at all could fathom anything of what was passing in the hearts of those exiles on this night of a peculiar parting.

The lateness of the hour oppressed me. I glanced at the door crack into the adjoining chamber, but the eye was no longer there. I could no longer hear even a rustle. What I heard was the slow breathing of one who slept. . . . I moved again. I got to my knees.

"Stay! Just a little. I am going with you!"

But this time I did not relapse.

Younez had to arouse himself, it seemed with pain. We went out into the entranceway and put on our things. Moulay followed us.

"*Ebqa-'ala-chir!*" I said, taking his hand.

"And thou," he echoed, "rest in the well-being!"

Younez bent to kiss his shoulder.

"*Mabrouk, habiby!*" . . . "Good luck my friend!"

"Go with my salutations!" Moulay gave us the formula of parting as we stepped out on the landing in the dark. He stood in the doorway behind us, a

black, bright-edged silhouette against the interior radiance of his new home. Younez, turning on the first step, pronounced the formula of the one who departs:

"*Ti-sba-'ala-chir!*"

When we had got down the three flights into the street he turned back and, staring at the doorway from which we had emerged, repeated the words in a tone of the most singular abstraction.

"*Ti-sba-'ala-chir!*"

In the spoken Arabic of Barbary it means, "*Till the morning, peace!*"

We walked into West Broadway and north toward Washington Square. At the corner where the street meets the square Younez paused.

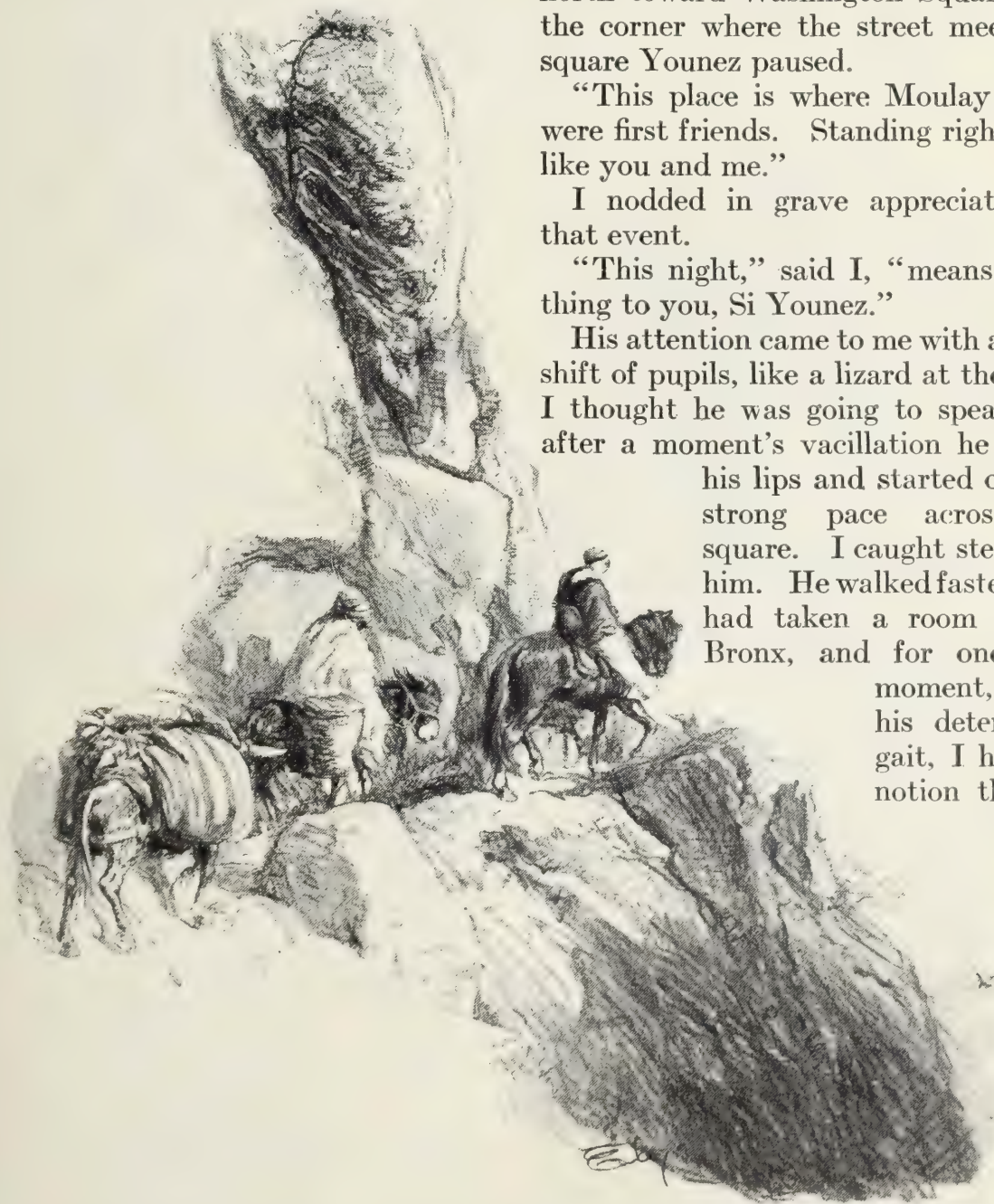
"This place is where Moulay and I were first friends. Standing right here, like you and me."

I nodded in grave appreciation of that event.

"This night," said I, "means something to you, Si Younez."

His attention came to me with a quick shift of pupils, like a lizard at the alert. I thought he was going to speak, but after a moment's vacillation he closed

his lips and started off at a strong pace across the square. I caught step with him. He walked faster. He had taken a room in the Bronx, and for one wild moment, seeing his determined gait, I had the notion that he



was going to walk to it at that hour of the night. And then in the center of the square he halted as abruptly as he had started and sat down on a bench. I took the place beside him.

The square was dead. If there were any in it besides ourselves they were asleep, stretched on the benches in the twilight made by many little lamps.

They say an Arab's expression is inscrutable. There are moments when it is anything but that. The muscles of Younez's cheeks were relaxed. His lip hung down. On his brow in the dimness I remarked again a film of perspiration. When two or three minutes of silence had passed he spoke.

"You said this night means something to me. Well, it does. I have been

waiting for this night my whole life since I was a child."

"I don't understand. What do you mean, then, by 'this night'?"

"This night. When Moulay got married."

"Still I don't understand. You haven't known Moulay—"

"I have known him, to hear of him, since I was that high." He held a hand thirty inches above the pavement.

"And Moulay? Then Moulay has known—"

"Moulay has not ever known me. Never in his life. Never!"

My mystification took the form of silence. After all, there was nothing to do but wait. While I waited he took from his pocket a half-pint flask of whisky and after studying, it for a moment at arm's length, offered the thing, as if with an afterthought of politeness, to me.

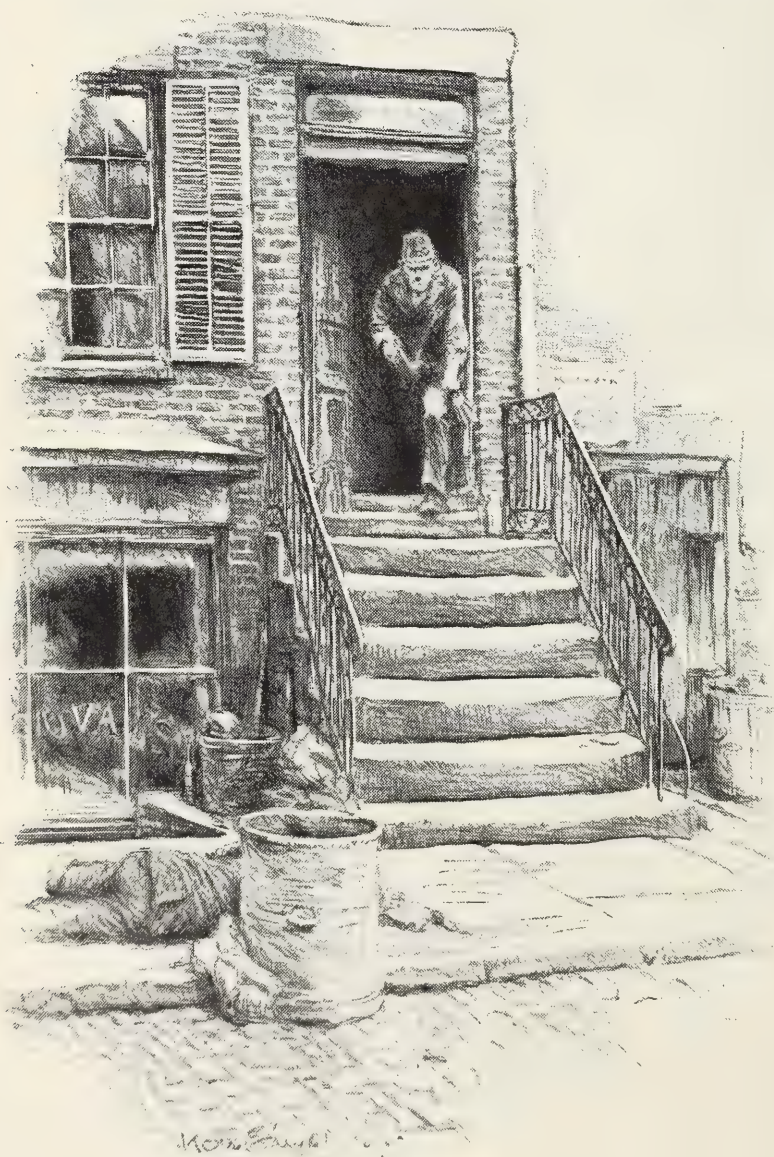
"Do you know," I said, shaking my head, "I always had the idea, Younez, that you were the stoutest of the Faithful."

"I always was. You must believe me, I have not ever tasted of it. Only, I have heard men say it makes anybody forget."

"What do you want to forget? See here, now, I don't believe your friend's marriage is going to make so much difference as you think."

"It is not that thing."

He drew the cork from the flask and filled his mouth deliberately with the liquor. It was a most cold-blooded act. The stuff gagged him a little, but he managed to swallow. The effect, as might be expected, was powerful.



SWINGING THE DOOR OPEN, HE FIRED SWIFTLY

After a moment of coughing his eyes cleared and the laxness of his face muscles was gone.

"It is not that thing, that I should lose my friend to a wife. It is this other thing. It was on the morning after he got married, my father—it was that day he was killed by the father of this Moulay here."

I had a sudden desire to laugh. I looked around me at the walls of New York. I looked at the cross hanging in the sky over the Memorial. I heard the trains running in the sky of Sixth . . . and with it all I had sense enough to realize that it was no laughing matter.

Younez had taken another of those cold-blooded gulps.

"This is all nonsense!" I burst out. "Worse than nonsense. It is child's talk! You're not in Africa, and neither is Moulay. You're in America, both of you, and you are friends. *Friends!*" My eyes went back to the tower of the Memorial. "And the religion of America says that you must forgive even your *enemies*."

"My religion says, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'"

It sounded in a vague way familiar.

"Yes, but even there, Younez! It was Moulay's father, not Moulay. What could *Moulay* possibly have had to do with it? Say!"

"I do not know anything of this religion of *Sidna Aïssa*. My religion says that the sins of a father go down to the children, even to the third or the fourth generation."

It was uncomfortable. It was as if he had taken an unfair advantage in his innocence, getting me back unblushingly to the Lord God of Moses, of Mohammed, and of Christ. . . . I shook myself.

"This is nonsense, Younez! Drivel! Nonsense!"

He sat hunched forward a little, brooding into the crisscross of all the little lamps. The whisky had done its work; it had made him forget. But

it had made him forget the wrong things. He had forgotten New York. He had forgotten the language of the New World. When he broke the silence it was in a tone of strong reverie. His mind had reverted and his speech had taken on the rich and melodious dignity of his own desert tongue; once again I heard the soft gutturals of the "*Aïn*" and the "*Kaf*," the throat letters we do not know.

"I have not forgotten the nights," he said, "when my cousins Abdallah, Abdelkader, and Houssein made ready to ride to Aïn Khamsa and the encampment of the Beni Khmaïs. They had the intention of assassinating Belgasem that night, for it was the dark of the moon. There was a rushlight in the men's side of my grandmother's tent where they were gathered. I have not forgotten the glow on the gun barrels and their beards. I was then a boy of twelve. And I have not forgotten how Zina, my grandmother, pushed me toward Abdallah and cried: 'But here is Younez. Thou must take him with thee, Abdallah. I have sworn, and it is written, that he should witness to the death of Belgasem ben Fredj. And look thou, he is now the height of a man.'

"'He is but a boy,' said Abdallah, shaking his head. And the others grumbled: 'Wilt thou hearken to the words of a woman, Abdallah?'

"But Zina was not as other women. No man among the Ouled Zab was able to look in her eyes for the space of three breaths, and often when she spoke her words were in the measure of verse. Her spirit was strong. So at last they took me out and lifted me up behind Abdallah's saddle. I have not forgotten the warmth of the mare's coat between my knees, nor the sound of the women whispering of me in the tents, nor the barking of the dogs, nor the sight of the sky powdered with stars, nor the pounding of my heart. Abdallah was up before me. Abdelkader and Houssein were in their sad-

dles. The horses' hoofs rang and made sparks on the stones.

"And then came one of our family who had been with the herders to the west. He said: 'There is this news. Belgasem, the *caïd* of the Beni Khmaïs, is dead of a stomach fever, and the Roumi captain from Ghardaia is come to Aïn Khamssa to name the new *caïd*.'

"My grandmother did not return with the others into the tents. She took my hand when I was put down from the mare and led me beyond the encampment. She led me far away over the sharp stones of the desert, and I heard her hissing under her breath: 'He is gone, then! He has cheated us with this easy death among his women! He has mocked us and left us with empty hands!'

"She led me farther and farther through the night till we had come where we could no longer hear even the barking of the dogs. Then she began to speak, lifting her face toward the stars, and her speech was in the measure of verse. She recounted, as if it were a tale intoned by a poet in the market place, the life of her son, my father. She told his birth, the pains of his bearing in the tent crowded with women who watched and made a '*You-you-you-you*' in chorus when they saw that the child was a son. She told the marches when she carried him on her back, and the stops at the water places where she gave him suck. She told his babyhood, when he rolled in the sunshine before the tent; of his boyhood, when he chased lizards with the other lads and built men of rock on the hilltops to kill with stones. And of his youth, when he went with the herds, and came back to her each season taller by a hand. And of his betrothal. And of his marriage, when the women danced and the horsemen made a fantasia to the sound of drums and powder. Of his marriage night. Of the morning, the shot, the body covered with blood.

"I had heard it a thousand times. The words ran into a dream and I slept

there on the stones with my head in Zina's lap. When I awakened it was gray with morning. A man had come and was talking with Zina. I saw it was the man who had brought the news of Belgasem's death and was now setting out on his return to the herds. I caught these words:

"'But *ai*, surely, Zina, he hath left a son. He is a lad of a dozen years and he is called Moulay. I have seen the lad.'

"The man went on his way. The sun was at the horizon. Zina looked down and saw that I was awake.

"'Didst thou hear then, my Younez?'

"'Ai, I heard.'

"'Allah is merciful. It is written that the law shall be fulfilled. It is written that thou shalt recover the price of thy father's blood in the veins of his slayer's first-born.'

"The world was red. The birds sprang from the rock brush and flew into the sky and sang. In Zina's eyes there was an expression of joy.

"'It is written,' she cried, 'it is written, oh Younez, that Moulay ben Belgasem shall pay, even as thy father was struck, on the morrow of his first marriage, at dawn. . . . Swear, Younez!'

"And in the light of the new day, by the Beard of the Prophet, by the Eternal Bliss of Sidi Abdelkader, by the Hope of Moulay Saá, and by the head of M'barek, my father, I swore.

"I have not forgotten that.

"And I have not forgotten the day when the news came that the white hearts among the Beni Khmaïs had gained the council and that Moulay was to be sent away—far away, the tidings said, across the sea of France. I have not forgotten Zina then. She was like a lioness let abroad in the camp. She demanded, and at every tent they gave: a horse here, a mule harness there, twenty *duoros* in gold from the *caïd*, and a new woven rug from each of twenty looms. At Zina's bidding I got on the horse, the rugs were thrown over a mule, Zina mounted another (for

she was not like women), and together we rode. We rode three days, she and I, and she was never tired. We came to a *ksar* called Sidi bou Sif, which is on the road to the north. There in the house of Zina's cousin we waited. On the following day men of the Beni Khmaïs came through the village, riding from the south. We spied on them from the housetop. The cousin of Zina pointed out Moulay, riding with an old man in the lead. Zina held my arm and pressed it with a strong grip.

"Look well, Younez! Look thou well!"

"When they had gone she kissed me on the forehead, the shoulder, and the heart, saying: 'Thou wilt return to the tents of thy family when it is done. Ride now, with the blessing of God.'

"So it was, riding the horse and leading the mule that bore the rugs, that I set out to follow Moulay ben Belgasem. I have followed him from that day till now. I shall not forget the cities I have known. There was a city called Cannes by the sea of France. Moulay went there. He had a store of money and lived like a rich man. I put the rugs over my shoulder and stood on the stone road that follows the shore, offering them to the passers for sale. All the while I watched Moulay as the female of the gazelle watches the coming and going of her fawn. I saw him spending his money with freedom at cafés and with the women of the public. My heart was sad. I saw him each day go into the great stone *dar* beside the sea where men put their money on the hazard of a turning wheel, and each day when he came out again I saw a frown in his eyes, and my heart was sadder still. For I said to myself: 'He is a fool. His money will soon be gone, and how will he then be able to buy for himself a wife?' And my exile was long.

"From that city he went to Paris, where there are a broad highway with an arch, a river that never dries, and a maroquinerie-shop kept by a Musselman from Tunis. Paris is the capital of

the French race, and there lives their emperor, Napoleon, who built the bridge at El Kantara above Biskra on the road to Constantine. Moulay continued to live in pleasure, but his pleasure was less because his money was less. Day by day I saw the coming of his poverty and in my heart I tasted bitterness. 'Now he cannot buy a wife.' It was like the laugh of God (to whom be the prayer). For as he lost I gained in prosperity. The people of Paris saw that my rugs were good and they bought them willingly at the heaviest price I wished to ask. When they were gone I wrote to my family asking more rugs. But it was not the letter of a mendicant, however, for in it I placed a *mandat* for two hundred *douros* gold. And in my fortune my heart despaired, for his fortune was gone and he had no girl to marry. I said to myself, however: 'Perhaps now he will return to his home.' And for that I waited.

"One day he was gone from Paris. In my gladness I almost leaped. Then I went to a certain Musselman who was in my confidence and I asked, 'Has he set out then on his return?' And the man said: 'No, he has gone still to the north. He has left to go on a ship to New York.'

"Where is New York?' I asked.

"It is so far distant that it is where the world bends down on the other side under the sky. It is too far for thee to follow.'

"For a moment then the blackness lifted from my spirit. It seemed an absolution. I said to myself: 'Now I shall see my land again and the tents of my people. Now again I shall put my hand into the dish with friends and hear the voices of them who were my comrades long ago.'

"I went back to the room where I lived. There I found a letter. It was from the *caïd* of my people. It said: 'Zina, thy father's mother, still lives (that the praise and prayer be to God). She is beyond the years when a woman should die, but she remains. It is said

that Zina will live till the day thy work is done, for in her spirit there is a *djinn* which will support her till that day when she may bury the head of M'barek with his bones. . . . Each day, oh, Younez, there is with thee the prayer and the hope of thy tribe. . . .

"It was then that I came to America. I have not forgotten the terrible days on that sea when I was forced to make my ablutions in a dish common to Roumi and Jews. Nor have I forgotten the loneliness of this city in the months after my coming. It is a thing which I might express if I were a poet able to sing the tragedy of a soul that is lost. Hast thou ever seen the cub of a hyena the hunters have slain, how it runs here and there among the rocks that have become strange and large, how it runs and runs, whimpering, always in the same orbit, till it is exhausted, and then how it continues to creep on its belly in the same orbit till it can creep no longer and dies?

"Sometimes I laughed in bitterness, saying: 'This is not a *ksar*; this is a great *bled*, a country, a nation living in one town. How should I look to discover one man in a nation?'

"The time grew long. I became dull. I began to forget my land and the faces of my people. I began to forget even Moulay ben Belgasem. I was like a stone walking among stones. And all the while I prospered. I became a 'business man.' I neglected to make my ablutions before prayer. I neglected to pray. I was dead.

"One day there was a fantasia with drums and trumpets in this square. It was full of people. I came along that street. Before me, standing on the pavement of the street, I saw Moulay. A hospital automobile was rushing around that corner. It made a sound with its bell, but the music of the fantasia was in Moulay's ears. He would have been overrun. I leaped forward and drew him back.

"We stood there without breath, and still I held his hand. The thought went through my brain: '*I have saved his life!*

I have saved my enemy's life! The curse of Allah on me!' My stomach felt strange. I saw Zina and all my tribesmen standing there looking at me. '*I have saved his life!*' It kept running in my brain. His eyes were on me, but I could not look.

"He took his hand away and put his fingers to his lips. He said, 'Thou other Musselman, what art thou doing in this city?'

"I could not answer. My knees trembled.

"'This city of sound without meaning and agitation without goal is no good place for thee, nor for me,' he said.

"He spoke in the tongue of the desert that I had not heard so long, and it was as if a kiss had been laid on my ears. I could not keep my eyes from weeping, and we were friends."

The narrator paused. The whisky was going out of his head. His shoulders drooped.

"Thou wilt wonder how I could be friendly with that one, the enemy of my tribe, the son of my father's murderer."

"No," I said, "I don't wonder at all."

"He is a good man, this Moulay. We have been like two brothers walking arm in arm through an enemy's country. Often when my spirit has been dull his speech has brought back to me the scenes and the people of my boyhood. A comfort had come into my heart. We have spoken together of the gallant horsemen, of the camel coursers of the white desert, of the fires that burn at evening in the encampments under the palms beside the sweet waters. Together we have performed our ablutions and gone on the housetop to pray with our faces to the east. I was a stone walking among stones and he has made me again a creature alive.

"And all the time there has been this blackness on my soul. I knew him and I knew myself. He knew himself but he did not ever know me. Once I asked him in despair: 'Why are you here? Why are you not at your home?' He answered: 'Because some men of my

tribe are jealous, I think. They are afraid I will be *caïd*, and they themselves wish to be *caïd*.' The shame of my heart's cowardice I grew to bear, but this other thing has been intolerable. When I have hearkened to him breathing in sleep beside me; when I have seen him watching me for a long while in our room with his eyes half closed, as though he strove to penetrate my soul—then it has been as if I were burned with flames. I have writhed. I have been in hell, to think that he loved me and did not know. I have opened my mouth to cry. Then the shame of the Ouled Zab came upon me, and all I could cry was: '*Ana habibek!*' . . . I am thy friend!"

His voice broke off again. For a moment he sat dreaming at the pavement.

"*Ana habibek,*" he repeated it, his voice no higher than a whisper.

He began to rub his eyes with his knuckles. Now he was like a man waking up in the morning out of a long and troubled sleep. And indeed the morning was at hand. He came back abruptly into English.

"What do I want to talk about those those things for? You would think I was a fool. You would think I was one of those ignorant immigrants."

It seemed to me that I ought to know what to say. Certainly if the iron were ever to be hot for striking, it was now. And yet I hadn't the word. All I could do was stare at the silhouettes of the trees and the high cliff of buildings in the east standing out blacker from moment to moment against the vague grayness of the coming dawn. The city stirred. The huge, robust, vital body of the west moved in its bed. A dynamic current ran in the air. And presently I became aware that it had entered into the soul and body of my companion.

"Confess, and thou shalt be made whole!" It had been a queer sort of confession, that Odyssey of the sinless life of Younez, but somehow the simple

act of putting it into words for another's ears had been cathartic, and the man wept.

He struck the tears away with a kind of ferocity. He squared his shoulders. For the first time there was something in his attitude electric and challenging.

"I am a fool!" he said. "Where am I? I am in America. Where is my grandmother? She has been dead two years. And those Ouled Zab? Look here, I do more business in one month than those native people do in a year. They are too ignorant. They do not know anything about the world at all. They are afraid to say they will do anything without saying also: 'If God is willing.' . . . God! Always it's God."

He got to his feet suddenly and threw out his chest.

"God! Allah! But how can there be a God when a man can talk five thousand miles? How can there be a God, when I know Christians, and Jews, too, as good as any man?"

He took off his *chechia*, the symbol of the faith, and cast it on the ground. The new wind rocked him like a reed in the morning.

"How can there be a God when the son of M'barek is ready to give his life down for the son of Belgasem ben Fredj?"

At last I found a voice.

"Why don't you tell him, Younez? Why not kill the curse for good and all and tell him?"

He looked around at me with scared eyes like a boy. And almost immediately there had come on his face an expression of peace.

"Now?" he breathed. The drama of it took hold of him visibly. "This morning? On this *morning of the day after his marriage!*" His cheeks puffed out. He waved an oratorical hand that brought tears to my ears. "*That,*" he cried, "*is America!*"

He took both my hands and shook them up and down. He had escaped the years. He turned abruptly and walked away at a great stride to the

south, toward the new home of Moulay ben Belgasem, his friend.

There is a saying among men who know the Barbary coast of Africa, "Weep for the Arab who changes his coat." I thought of that, and I laughed it away with the triumph of the child of the Light that is in the West. As the figure of Younez disappeared into the deeper mists of West Broadway, I gazed around me at the great city of the dawn and I said aloud: "The God of the man who talks five thousand miles is awake. Allah sleeps!"

In the close air of the bedchamber the "tick" of the "installment" alarm clock continued sharp and insistent in Moulay's ear. It was like water boring drop by drop into his brain. Finally he opened his eyes. Under the window shade there was the faintest line of gray light. He closed his eyes again. But he could not shut out the "tick, tick, tick" of the clock. He opened his eyes again, took a deep breath into his lungs, and slid out of bed.

The head on the other pillow lifted, tousled and half awake.

"What you doing? Where you going to?"

"Nowheres."

Moulay lay back again on the bed and remained motionless. When the other's breathing had taken on once more the slow, measured rise and fall of the sleeper he began to edge himself over the bedside inch by inch. Once on the floor he set about dressing himself. He desisted bathing his hands and face in the washbowl, taking the utmost care against the drip of water, he got down on the carpet, prostrated himself with his face to the east, and prayed briefly. Then he finished dressing. After he had put on his *chechia* he felt in his coat pocket to make sure that the paper he needed was there. He even took it out and examined it in the thin filtration of light under the shade. It was a third-class ticket good for passage on the steamship *Tuscany*, sailing for Naples

via Gibraltar and Algiers. He replaced it in his pocket, took up a canvas suitcase, packed and hidden between the commode and the wall, and, turning his back on the bed and the sleeper, went on tiptoe out of the room.

In the outer hall the stairs were dark. It was on the second flight down that they began to seem long. The bag in his hand grew heavy. On the last flight it became so heavy that he had to pause for a moment and set it down. A singular weakness invaded all his muscles. His lungs contracted. The blood pounded in his ears, so that the whole stair well seemed to resonate like the interior of a drum.

After a moment that was gone. The strength came back to his muscles and breathing was easy again. He took up the bag, completed the descent of the stairs, and opened the street door for a few inches without any sound, letting in a streak of the mist-gray light of the morning. Then for a space of perhaps two minutes he waited, standing as he was, with his left hand on the knob, motionless save for the pupils of his eyes.

The moment of physical perturbation had passed. Now it was the turn of the mental. His brain took panic. His brain begged his hand to close the door. But his hand did not obey. After a few seconds that too was gone, leaving his faculties abnormally tranquil and keen.

As he peered into the street the first thing to take his attention was an empty rubbish can standing in the gutter directly before the door. Had it been there the night before? His memory engaged deliberately with that problem. His memory had the story of the desert tumbleweed which his father, Belgasem, had brought up from the dry river to give him shelter before M'barek's tent. A rubbish can would do for that where there were no desert tumbleweeds. . . . Had it been there the night before? Yes? No? No, he could not remember that it had.

His right hand went back to his hip pocket, drew out quietly the revolver

he had bought the day before in Third Avenue, and raised it to the level of his eye. He aimed at the top of the can. He was quite cool. His hand trembled a little; he dropped it for a moment to give it blood and tried again. He aimed this time at the middle of the can.

Now he was interrupted and a little startled by a sound coming from another quarter. There was a light sound of feet. He put his eyes swiftly to the plane of the door and peered along the street toward the right. He saw the figure of Younez advancing upon him in the faulty light.

"*Hallouf ben hallouf!*" he breathed, and his heart sang. "Son of a pig, son of the swine litter of the Ouled Zab. To think, then, that thou couldst come for reprisal on the head of a Beni Khmaïs

in such way, walking without a stick to cover thy hide!"

And swinging the door open, he fired swiftly and he fired straight.

He picked up the bag and walked down the steps. There he stood for ten seconds, watching the obscure huddle on the sidewalk. When it did not move at the end of that time he spat on the barrel of the revolver, blew out the smoke, and flung the thing over a neighboring wall. There began to be an alarm of voices and feet. He stepped into the areaway, walked to the rear of the building, vaulted quietly over a wooden fence and came into an alley that led straight.

There is a very old proverb in the Arabic, "He that hideth his secret attaineth his end."

THOUGHTS ABOUT STARS

BY GRACE FALLOW NORTON

UNDER these branches, under this tree,
A star shines on me;
Deep it falls in the pool's deep cup;
I may not dip it up.

Out in the pasture, over the bars,
There is a flock of stars;
They do not run like our dogs and sheep—
Are they astray or asleep?

Down in the village, down in the valley,
Stars crowd above the alley;
Woo them as though they were women and men—
Would they come closer then?

High on the mountain, washed with the air,
A far star keeps fair;
She is so still we call her cold,
That creature of burning gold.

Long by the lattice, long I lean;
Stars shine down between;
Now I must pluck this fruit from the vine
And press it out for wine.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

BY CHARLES P. STEINMETZ

INTRODUCTION

THE problem of religion—that is, of the relations of man with the supernatural, with God and immortality, with the soul, our personality or the ego, and its existence or nonexistence after death—is the greatest and deepest which ever confronted mankind. In the present state of human knowledge, science can give no definite and final conclusions on these subjects, due to the limitations inherent in science.

We must realize that all our knowledge and information and the entire structure of science are ultimately derived from the perceptions of our senses and thereby limited in the same manner and to the same extent as our sense perceptions and our intellect are limited. The success or failure of scientific achievement largely depends on the extent to which we can abstract—that is, make our observations and conclusions independent of the limitations of the human mind. But there are limitations inherent in the human mind beyond which our intellect cannot reach, and therefore science does not and cannot show us the world as it actually is, with its true facts and laws, but only as it appears to us within the inherent limitations of the human mind.

The greatest limitation of the human mind is that all its perceptions are finite, and our intellect cannot grasp the conception of infinity. The same limitation therefore applies to the world as it appears to our reasoning intellect, and in the world of science there is no infinity, and conceptions such as God, the immortality of the ego, etc., are beyond the realm of empirical science. Science deals only with finite events in finite time and space, and the farther we pass onward in space or time, the more uncertain becomes the scientific reasoning, until, in trying to approach the infinite, we are lost in the fog of unreasonable contradiction, “beyond science”—that is, “transcendental.”

Thus, we may never know and understand the infinite, whether in nature, in the ultimate deductions from the laws of nature in time and in space, or beyond nature, on such transcendental conceptions as God, immortality, etc. But we may approach these subjects as far as the limitations of our mind permit, reach the border line beyond which we cannot go, and so derive some understanding of how far these subjects may appear nonexistent or unreasonable, merely because they are beyond the limitations of our intellect.

There appear to me two promising directions of approach—first, from the complex of thought and research, which in physics has culminated in the theory of relativity; and, second, in a study of the gaps found in the structure of empirical science and what they may teach us.

ALL events of nature occur in space and in time. Whatever we perceive, whatever record we receive through our senses, always is attached to, and contained in, space and time. But are space and time real existing things? Have they an absolute reality outside of our mind, as a part or framework of nature, as entities—that is, things that are? Or are they merely a conception of the human mind, a form given by the character of our mind to the events of nature—that is, to the hypothetical cause of our sense perceptions? Kant, the greatest and most critical of all philosophers, in his *Critique of Pure Reason* (*Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*), concludes that space and time have no absolute existence, but are categories—that is, forms in which the human mind conceives his relation to nature. The same idea is expressed by the poet-philosopher

Goethe in his dramatic autobiography *Faust* (in the second part), when he refers to the “*Mütter*,” to the marriage of Achilles and Helena “outside of all time.” It is found in ancient time. So Revelation speaks of “there should be time no longer” (ὅτι χρόνος οὐκέτι ἔσται). The work of the great mathematicians of the nineteenth century—Gauss, Riemann, Lobatschewsky, Bolyai—offered further evidence that space is not an empirical deduction from nature, but a conception of the mind, by showing that various forms of space can be conceived, differing from one another and from the form in which the mind has cast the events of nature (the “Euclidean” space). Finally, physical science, in the theory of relativity, has deduced the same conclusions: space and time do not exist in nature by themselves, as empty space and empty time.

but their existence is only due to things and events as they occur in nature. They are relative in the relation between us and the events of nature, so much so that they are not fixed and invariable in their properties, but depend upon the observer and the conditions of observation.

We can get an idea of how utterly our perception of nature depends on the particular form of our time conception by picturing to ourselves how nature would look if our time perception were 100,000 times faster, or 100,000 times slower.

In the first case, with our sense perceptions 100,000 times faster, all events in nature would appear to us 100,000 times slower. This would then be a stationary and immovable world. The only motion which we could see with our eyes would be that of the cannon ball, which would crawl slowly along, at less than a snail's pace. The express train going at sixty miles per hour would appear to stand still, and deliberate experiment be required to discover its motion. By noting its position on the track, and noting it again after a period of time as long as five minutes appears to us now, we should find its position changed by three inches. It would be a dangerous world, as there would be many objects—not distinguishable to the senses from other harmless objects—contact with which would be dangerous, even fatal; and one and the same object (as the express train) might sometimes be harmless (when at rest) sometimes dangerous (when in motion); without our senses being able to see any difference.

On the other hand, with our sense perceptions 100,000 times slower, all events in nature would appear to us to occur 100,000 times faster. There would be little rest in nature, and we should see plants, and even stones, move. We should observe, in a period of time not longer than a minute or two appear to us now, a plant start from seed, grow up, flower, bring fruit, and die. Sun and moon would be luminous bands traversing the sky; day and night alternate seconds of light and darkness. Much of

nature, all moving things, would be invisible to us. If I moved my arm, it would disappear, to reappear again when I held it still. It would be a usual occurrence to have somebody suddenly appear and just as suddenly disappear from our midst, or to see only a part of a body. The vanishing and the appearance of objects would be common occurrences in nature; and we should speak of "vanishing" and "appearing," instead of "moving" and "stopping." Collisions, usually harmless, with invisible objects would be common occurrences.

As seen, nature and its laws would appear to us very different from what we find them now, with our present time perception.

Thus philosophy, mathematics, and physical science agree that space and time cannot be entities, but are conceptions of the human mind in its relation to nature. But what does this mean, and what conclusions follow herefrom?

The space of our conception is three-dimensional—that is, extended in three directions. For instance, the north-south direction, the east-west direction, and the up-down direction. Any place or "point" in space thus is located, relative to some other point, by giving its three distances from the latter, in three (arbitrarily chosen) directions.

Time has only one dimension—that is, extends in one direction only, from the past to the future—and a moment or "point" in time thus is located, with reference to another point in time, by one time distance.

But there is a fundamental difference between our space conception and our time conception, in that we can pass through time only in one direction, from the past to the future, while we can pass through space in any direction, from north to south, as well as from south to north—that is, time is irreversible, flows uniformly in one direction, while space is reversible, can be traversed in any direction. This means that when we enter a thing in space, as a house, we can approach it, pass through it, leave it, come

back to it, and the thing therefore appears permanent to us, and we know, even when we have left the house and do not see it any more, that it still exists, and that we can go back to it again and enter it. Not so with time. When approaching a thing in time, an event such as a human life, it extends from a point in time—birth—over a length of time—the life—to an end point in time—death—just as the house in space extends from a point in space—say the north wall—over a length of space—its extent—to an end point in space—say the south wall. But when we pass beyond the end point of an event in time—the death of a life—we cannot go back to the event any more; the event has ceased, ended, the life is extinct.

But let us imagine that the same irreversibility applied to the conception of space—that is, that we could move through space only from north to south, and not in the opposite direction. Then a thing in space, as a house, would not exist for us until we approached it. When approaching it, it would first appear indistinctly, and more and more distinctly the nearer we approached it, just as an event in time does not exist until we reach the time point of its beginning, but may appear in anticipation, in time perspective, when we approach it, the more distinctly, the closer we approach it, until we reach the threshold of the time span covered by the event, and the event begins to exist, the life is born. So to us, if we could move only from north to south, the house would begin to exist only when we reached its north door. That point would be the “birth” of the house. Passing through the span of space covered by the house, this would for us be its existence, its “life,” and when we stepped out of the south door the house would cease to exist for us, we could never enter it and turn back to it again—that is, it would be dead and extinct, just as the life when we pass beyond its end point in time. Thus birth and death, appearance and extinction of an event in time, as

our life, are the same as the beginning and end point of a thing in space, like a house. But the house appears to us to exist permanently, whether we are in it, within the length between beginning and end point, or not, while the event in time, our life, appears to us to exist only during the length of time when we are between its beginning and its end point in time, and before and after, it does not exist for us, because we cannot go back to it or ahead into it. But assume time were reversible, like space—that is, we could go through it in any direction. There would then be no such thing as birth or origin, and death or extinction, but our life would exist permanently, as a part or span of time, just as the house exists as a part or section of space, and the question of immortality, of extinction or nonextinction by death, would then be meaningless. We should not exist outside of the span of time covered by our life, just as we do not exist outside of the part of space covered by our body in space, and to reach an event, as our life, we should have to go to the part of space and to the part of time where it occurs; but there would be no more extinction of the life by going beyond its length in time as there is extinction of a house by going outside of its door, and everything, like a human being, would have four extensions or dimensions—three extensions in space and one in time.¹

If space and time, and therefore the characteristics of space and time, are not real things or entities, but conceptions of the human mind, then those transcendental questions, as that of immortality after death and existence before birth, are not problems of fact in nature or outside of nature, but are meaningless, just as the question whether a house exists for an observer outside of the space

¹ It is interesting to note that the relativity theory leads to the conception of a symmetrical four-dimensional world space (Minkowski), in which in general each of the four dimensions comprises space and time conceptions, and the segregation into three dimensions of space and one dimension of time occurs only under special conditions of observation.

covered by it. In other words, the questions of birth and death, of extinction or immortality, are merely the incidental results of the peculiarity of our conceptions of time, the peculiarity that the time of our conceptions is irreversible, flows continuously at a uniform rate in the same direction from the past to the future.

But if time has no reality, is not an existing entity, then these transcendental problems resulting from our time conception, of extinction or immortality, have no real existence, but are really phenomena of the human mind, and cease to exist if we go beyond the limitations of our mind, beyond our peculiar time conception.

It is interesting to realize that the modern development of science, in the relativity theory, has proved not only that time is not real, but a conception, but also has proved that the time of our conception does not flow uniformly at constant rate from past to future, but that the rate of the flow of time varies with the conditions; the rate of time flow of an event slows down with the motion relative to the event.

But the conception of a reversal of the flow of time is no more illogical than the conception of a change of the rate of the flow of time. It is inconceivable, because it is beyond the limitations of our mind.

Thus we see that the questions of life and death, of extinction and immortality, are not absolute problems, but merely the result of the limitations of our mind in its conception of time, and have no existence outside of us.

After all, to some extent we conceive time as reversible, in the conception of historical time. In history we go back in time at our will, and traverse with the mind's eye the times of the past, and we then find that death and extinction do not exist in history, but the events of history, the lives of those who made history, exist just as much outside of the span of time of their physiological life—that is, are immortal in historical time. They may fade and become more indistinct with the distance in time, just

as things in space become more indistinct with the distance in space, but they can be brought back to full clearness and distinction by again approaching the things and events, the former moving through space, the latter moving through the historical time—that is, by looking up and studying the history of the time.

THE ENTITY "X"

Scientifically, life is a physico-chemical process. Transformations of matter, with which the chemist deals, and transformations of energy, with which the physicist deals, are all that is comprised in the phenomenon of life; and mind, intellect, soul, personality, the ego, are mere functions of the physico-chemical process of life, vanishing when this process ceases, but are not a part of the transformations of matter and of energy. If you thus speak of "mental energy" it scientifically is a misnomer, and mind is not energy in the physical sense. It is true that mental effort, intellectual work, is accompanied by transformations of matter, chemical changes in the brain, and by transformations of energy. But the mental activity is not a part of the energy or of the matter which is transformed, but the balance of energy and of matter closes.

In the energy transformations accompanying mental activity just as much energy of one form appears as energy of some other form is consumed, and the mental activity is no part of the energy. In the transformations of matter accompanying mental activity just as much matter of one form appears as matter of some other form is consumed, and the mental activity is no part of either—that is, neither energy nor matter has been transformed into mental activity, nor has energy or matter been produced by mental activity. All attempts to account for the mental activity as produced by the expenditure of physical energy, or as producing physical energy—that is, exerting forces and action—have failed and must fail, and so must any attempt to record or observe and

measure mental activity by physical methods—that is, methods sensitive to the action of physical forces.

But what, then, is mind? Is it a mere phenomenon, accompanying the physico-chemical reactions of life and vanishing with the end of the reaction, just as the phenomenon of a flame may accompany a chemical reaction, and vanish when the reaction is completed? Or is mind an entity, just like the entity energy and the entity matter, but differing from either of them—in short, a third entity? We have compared mind with the phenomenon of a flame accompanying a chemical reaction; but, after all, the flame is not a mere phenomenon, but is an entity, is energy.

More than once, in the apparently continuous and unbroken structure of science, wide gaps have been discovered into which new sections of knowledge fitted, sections the existence of which had never been suspected. So in Mendelejeff's *Periodic System of the Elements* all chemical elements fitted in without gaps—in a continuous series (except a few missing links, which were gradually discovered and filled in). Nevertheless, the whole group of six noble gases, from helium to emanium, were discovered and fitted into the periodic system at a place where nobody had suspected a gap.

One of the most interesting of such unsuspected gaps in the structure of science is the following, because of its pertinency to the subject of our discussion.

In studying the transformations of matter, the chemist records them by equations of the form:

(1) $2\text{H}_2 + \text{O}_2 = 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$ which means:

Two gram molecules of hydrogen H_2 ($2 \times 2 = 4$ grams) and 1 gram molecule of oxygen O_2 (1×32 grams) combine to 2 gram molecules of water vapor H_2O ($2 \times 18 = 36$ grams).

For nearly a hundred years chemists wrote and accepted this equation; innumerable times it has been experimentally proven by combining 4 parts of hydrogen and 32 parts of oxygen to

36 parts of water vapor; so that this chemical equation would appear as correct and unquestionable as anything can be.

Nevertheless, it is wrong, or rather incomplete. It does not give the whole event, but omits an essential part of it, and now we write it:

(2) $2\text{H}_2 + \text{O}_2 = 2\text{H}_2\text{O} + 293,000 \text{ J.}$
which means:

The matter *and the energy* of 2 gram molecules of hydrogen, and the matter *and energy* of 1 gram molecule of oxygen, combine to the matter *and energy* of 2 gram molecules of water vapor and 293,000 joules, or units, of *free energy*.

For a hundred years the chemists thus saw only the material transformation as represented by equation (1), but overlooked and did not recognize the energy transformation coincident with the transformation of matter, though every time the experiment was made, the 293,000 J. of energy in equation (2) made themselves felt as flame, as heat and mechanical force, sometimes even explosively shattering the container in which the experiment was made. But the flame and the explosion appeared only as an incidental phenomenon without significance, as it represents and contains no part of the matter, but equation (1) gives the complete balance of matter in transformation. It was much later that the scientists realized the significance of the flame accompanying the material transformation as not a mere incidental phenomenon, but as the manifestation of the entity energy, permanent and indestructible, like matter, and the complete equation (2) appeared, giving the balance of energy as well as the balance of matter. That is, coincident with the transformation of matter is a transformation of energy, and both are indissoluble from each other, either involves the other, and both may be called different aspects of the same phenomenon.

But we have seen, when mental activity occurs in our mind chemical and physical transformations accompany it,

are coincident with it, and apparently indissoluble from it. Does there possibly exist the same relation between mental activity and the transformations of energy and matter, as we have seen to exist between the latter two? Are mental activity, energy transformation, and transformation of matter three aspects of the same bio-chemical phenomenon?

If for nearly a hundred years equation (1) was considered complete, until we found that one side was incomplete and arrived at the more complete equation (2), the question may well be raised: Is equation (2) complete, dealing as it does with two entities, matter and energy, or is it not possibly still incomplete, and a third entity should appear in the equation, an entity "X," as I may call it, differing from energy and from matter, just as energy and matter differ from each other, and therefore not recognizable and measurable by the means which measure energy or matter, just as energy cannot be measured by the same means as matter?

That is, the complete equation of transformation would read:

(3) $2\text{H}_2 + \text{O}_2 = 2\text{H}_2\text{O} + 293,000 \text{ J.} + \text{X}$, involving all three entities, matter, energy, and mind, pertaining, respectively, to the realm of chemistry, of physics, and of psychology, or possibly a broader science of which psychology is one branch, just as thermodynamics is one branch of physics.

There is no scientific evidence whatsoever of the existence of such a third entity, "X," but all our deductions have been by analogy, which proves nothing—that is, by speculation, dreaming, and unavoidably so—since in these conceptions we are close to the border line of the human mind where logical reasoning loses itself in the fog of contradiction. But at the same time there is no evidence against the conception of an entity "X"; it is not illogical, at least no more so than all such general conceptions, no more so than, for instance, that of energy or of matter. As empirical science deals with energy and matter, and en-

tity "X" is neither, it could not be observed by any of the methods of experimental physics or chemistry.

If mind is a third entity, correlated with the entities of energy and of matter, we should expect that mental activity, or entity "X," occur not only in the highly complex transformations of energy and of matter taking place in the brains of the highest orders of living beings, but that entity "X" should appear in all physico-chemical reactions, just as energy transformations always occur in transformations of matter, and inversely. But this seems not so, and in most of the transformations of energy and of matter entity "X" does not appear. However, we have no satisfactory means of recognizing entity "X," no methods of studying it. Therefore it may well be that it is noticed only in those rare instances when it appears of high intensity, but in most reactions entity "X" may be so small or appear in such way as to escape observation by the means and by the methods now available. Like energy or matter, entity "X" may have many forms in which it is not recognized by us, just as for a long time the flame was not recognized as the entity energy.

To illustrate, again by analogy: In many transformations of matter, indeed, in most of the more complex ones of the organic world, the concurrent energy transformation is of such slowness and of such low intensity that it appears non-existing, can be discovered and measured only by the delicate experiments devised by science. Furthermore, the energy may appear in different forms. Thus the 293,000 J. of energy in equation (2) may appear as heat, or as electrical energy, or as a combination of heat, light, sound, mechanical energy, etc. Now assume that we could observe and notice only one of the forms of energy—for instance, only electrical energy. We should then find that in the equation (1) we only sometimes get energy—that is, electrical energy—under special peculiar conditions, but usually do not seem to get

any of the entity energy, simply because we do not recognize it in the form in which it appears. Analogously, there might be a term of entity "X" in all transformations, even such simple ones as equation (3), but entity "X" may appear in a far different, simpler form. It would mean that "mind" is only one form of entity "X," perhaps the high-grade form, as it appears in highly complex reactions. In the simpler physico-chemical processes of nature entity "X" also would appear, but in other, simpler forms. It would mean that things such as mind, intellect, etc., are not limited to the higher living beings, but characteristics akin thereto would be found grading down throughout all living and inanimate nature. This does not appear unreasonable when we consider that some characteristics of life are found throughout all nature, even in the crystal which, in its mother liquor, repairs a lesion, "heals a wound," or in the colloidal solution which may be "poisoned" by prussic acid, etc.

Assuming, then, that mind, intellect, personality, the ego, were forms of a third entity, an entity "X," correlated in nature with the entities energy and matter. Then, just as energy and matter continuously change their forms, so with the transformations of energy and of matter entity "X" would continuously change, disappear in one form and reappear in another form. Entity "X" could therefore not exist permanently in one and the same form, and the permanency of the ego—that is, immortality—would still be illogical, would not exist within the realm of science, but would carry us beyond the limitations of the human mind into the unknowable. Permanency of the ego—that is, individual immortality—would require a form of entity "X," in which it is not further transformable. This would be the case if the transformations of entity "X" are not completely reversible, but tend in one definite direction, from lower-grade to higher-grade forms, and the latter thus would gradually build up to in-

creasing permanency. There is nothing unreasonable in this, but a similar condition—in the reverse direction—exists with the transformations of energy. They also are not completely reversible, but tend in a definite direction, from higher- to lower-grade form—unavailable heat energy (the increase of entropy by the second law of thermodynamics). Thus in infinite time the universe should come to a standstill, in spite of the law of conservation of energy, by all energy becoming unavailable for further transformation—that is, becoming dead energy. If entity "X" existed, could it not also have become unavailable for further transformation by reaching its maximum high-grade form and thus become not susceptible to further change—that is, "immortal"—just as the unavailable heat of the physicist is "immortal," and not capable of further transformation? Here we are again in the fog of illogic, beyond the limitations. However, it sounds familiar to the Nirvana of the Buddhist.

Physics and chemistry obviously could not deal with entity "X," and the most delicate and sensitive physical or chemical instruments could get no indication of it, and all attempts at investigation by physical or chemical means thus must be doomed to failure. But such investigations of entity "X" belong to the realm of the science of psychology, or, rather, a broader science, of which psychology is one branch dealing with one form of entity "X," mind, just as, for instance, electrophysics is one branch of the broader science of physics, dealing with electrical energy, while physics deals with all forms of energy.

In concluding, I wish to say that nothing in the preceding speculations can possibly encourage spiritism or other pseudo-science. On the contrary, from the preceding it is obvious that the alleged manifestations of spiritism must be fake or self-deception, since they are manifestations of energy. Entity "X," if it exists, certainly is not energy, and therefore could not manifest itself as such.

THE EMBRACE

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

WHEN they walked down the twisty street of the fishing village people turned to stare, to smile, to sigh, as it depended. Women watched her with narrowed, intent eyes, and their mouths flickered. Some thought of their own sweethearts, and some remembered only drowned men. In this place stood the starkness of the sea's tragedy, and those who had suffered could always see it.

They had never suffered, he and she, liting proudly down the gayly tinted street with a market basket, and with the dog—such a funny mongrel!—close at her heels, the dog with his bland swagger, with that cheeky cock of the head which said, delightedly, "Look at them, my young couple!"

They walked down the fishing street, followed by the eyes of women who lolled in the little doorways, and neither of them sensing sorrow. When you have been married barely six months—and blissfully—what color is there in the world but the wild rose of your own hearts?

Now and again she shopped in the village without him, but always followed by the dog. The intangible, glad air of her took people's fancy, so that imperturbable tradesmen found themselves smiling. She had a word and a nod for everybody, and yet sometimes when spoken to suddenly she seemed to rub her eyes, like a child stepping out of fairyland, and the sheer suffusion of her satisfied love filled the street as she passed along.

Through the long summer, in the fishing village, they made a feature, this honeymoon couple and the mongrel dog. The fishing village suited their mood. It was gay with color, drunk with color;

it bubbled with it. The sea was violet and emerald, the sandstone rocks were chrome. The very road sweepers sported a flower or a peacock's feather in their ragged billycock hats; and butcher boys, in jackets of violent blue, would stick a juicy frond of bracken in the wicker work of their baskets. Many of the young women had flaming hair, and old women wore sunbonnets made of stuff that was stiff and the color of gold.

The people seemed to be affected by the brilliant sea, by the flashing hills, by the extraordinary pageant of wild flowers. They could do nothing drab. They carried water from the streams, or from pipes in the street, in red pitchers; they washed the fronts of the plastered cottages, pink or yellow or jade green. And, through the open doors, as you peeped, you saw home-made rag mats, like flower patches, lying upon the stone floors. The fishermen had brilliant jumpers of thick linen. They dyed it in the bark, as they dyed their fishing nets, and jumpers varied from shrimp pink to surly crimson.

Jane had decided that she would have a frock of that stuff and dyed in that way. It would be barbarous, delightful, unlike anything else. She would set a fashion. But she did not wish to think of fashions; it was horrible to reflect that, when autumn came, she and Robert must go away. They must start orthodox housekeeping and lead the social life of wealthy people.

One day they sat at the edge of what was agreeably called a trout stream, and Robert was cleaning fish. They had rented a cottage two or three miles out of the village and standing alone on the moor. It delighted them to wait entirely on themselves. Jane was lying in the deep

heather and Orlando, her dog, was near. The Atlantic, a little way off, was misty; it was the blue scarf of a laughing girl! In a swimming ecstasy of color stood the great hills, steeped in wild flowers. The trout stream, tripping over bowlders, sang its clear, small song.

Jane had a spotless silk shirt that opened deeply at the throat, and her blond skin was burned. Robert left off cleaning fish and, gingerly keeping his hands from the whiteness of her, set his mouth on that sun-baked throat. She drifted her head back and softly, with little rapt chuckles, they laughed—while it lasted!

Orlando had a bone. He left it. He came to Jane, looking reflective, uneasy, and, almost timidly, he kissed her hand, then went away.

Robert returned to cleaning fish and she said: "Orlando is jealous; he hates you to kiss me. It confuses him."

"By Jove! He's got to get used to it. Why, he's gone. What's happened to him?"

"Taken his bone a little way off. Up there." She jerked her head.

Orlando had stretched himself upon a bowlder. He was worrying not only his bone, but this vexing topic of a permanent rival. If Orlando could have put it into human language, he would have said that Robert was a good fellow "in his place." His attitude toward Robert was identical with Robert's attitude toward him!

"You see"—Jane, dropping back into the delicious heather, watched her bridegroom cleaning fish he had caught—"I've had him since he was a puppy, so big"—she moved her hands. "I found him on the highroad, just squalling with terror. A tiny baby dog, who couldn't walk, but only straddled, in a vast world, all by himself. Nobody seemed to know where he came from and nobody wanted him. I asked lots of persons about him. So I took him home and I've had him ever since. I've told you all this lots of times. And now Orlando is seven years old—middle-aged. I do wish that dogs

lived forever—or as long as we do. But already he is getting a bit blind."

"I'm not surprised nobody wanted him." Robert glanced with easy affection toward the bowlder. "He's every sort of mongrel, darling."

"But—Robert—he's got a lovely coat and wonderful eyes, and somebody said the other day that he was really rather like a bull terrier."

"He's got the strength of one. That dog's all bone and muscle. I pity the chap he tackles."

"Fight! He's as gentle as a lamb."

"Let anybody interfere with you, and then see! But as to being a bull terrier! My dearest girl, several other breeds are concerned in Orlando's evolution. And what a name! Why, it isn't a dog's name."

"What *is* a dog's name?" She asked him this and looked at him through half-closed eyes—that glance provocative, delicious! Then she added: "I called him Orlando because he had such a mournful face. He seemed to know he was a mongrel, and—Robert—I do *want* you to love him."

"Love Orlando! Why he's the apple of my eye." Then he laughed, left off cleaning fish, and kissed her again.

Orlando lumbered up and watched the caress. He appeared puzzled, yet too loyal to be pained. She was happy, so it must be all right. No need to interfere.

Jane flung out one arm; she half twisted round in the heather. Robert watched idolatrously. He had not yet—after six months' honeymoon—learned the total wonder of her.

"Come along, Orlando. After all, it is your honeymoon, too," she said.

The dog squatted down, made himself comfortable in a fold of her hairy, tweed skirt, and his eyes remained fixed on her with that doggy glance. . . .

Robert, flipping his silvery fish up and down in the water, explained: "His eyes are insisting that you are the most adorable thing on earth. I agree."

The clumsy white dog slept, her arm

round him. She lay back, her eyes closed. Robert, cleaning fish, whistled softly. How happy the three of them were!

"Seems funny"—she sat up suddenly, pushing the blond tangle from her sleepy, pink face—"to think of you cleaning fish. You—such a rich young man!"

"That's what I feel when you cook fish. Such a rich young woman!"

"Robert! It will be a bore going back to money; and we've got such lots."

"Don't see why we should go back. Not tired, are you?"

"Tired! I hate the thought of leaving; but it can't go on forever."

"S'pose not. Yet why remind me? I do wish, Jane, that women were as sentimental as men."

"They never are," she admitted, lightly. "And in the autumn, anyway, we must go back."

Their eyes met with a daring tenderness, and, turning pinker, she proceeded:

"And you wouldn't like this place in wintertime. Mist on the moor; a dirty, troubled sea — moaning, threatening; water running down the walls of our cottage—"

"Do stop, Jane, my dear. I'd love it anyhow—with you. This sort of life is utter magic. Surely you see?"

"Of course, I see. It is so wonderful that—often—I feel like crying with the sweetness of it. And I feel afraid—almost."

"Afraid of what?"

"That it won't—can't—last, that something must happen, that something will get taken away. It is all too good to be true."

"Take the good while it is true, darling. That's my advice."

"Best advice in the world—secret of living." She jumped up. "Is that fish finished? Why, you've done it beautifully. Let's take it to the cottage and I'll cook it."

They went across the breathless, sun-laden moor—in the hum of insects, in the song of birds. His arm was round her waist; the mongrel was at her heels,

his tongue lolled out, he grinned absurdly. Jane had gray eyes, that could be blue in rapt moments. Her lids were large and very white.

Before they went into the cottage they stopped to look at the garden and poke fun at it. The garden was about the size of a big sheet, just a patch roughly fenced off from the prevalent moor.

She—at times when he was writing business letters—had amused herself by digging. She had made a shallow trench and sowed peas. Robert, breaking off from writing letters, used to sneak, in a thrilling rapture, to the window and watch the big girl digging, her pale hair loosened, the white dog sitting close. Whenever she spoke to him he fluttered the tip of his tail, a movement too featherlike to be called a wag. Nine times out of ten Robert would rush out and briefly interrupt the digging. For how could one write letters that were commercial with that delirious vision almost within a hand's touch? So he and Jane would kiss and laugh, standing in the sun; and neither of them saw the look in the eyes of the dog.

To-day, tender pea shoots were inches high, and Jane said, before they went indoors to cook the fish, "We shall have one dish of peas before we go away."

Inside the cottage it was cool, always cool and dank. But they merely slept in the place and ate in it—sometimes. The weather ever since they came had been perfect—hot days and mellow nights. Before they went to bed they used to look out to sea. It was starred and spangled with lights from the fishing fleet. It was the sky upside down.

It was a little tiny cottage. The kitchen had a stone floor, whitewashed walls, and a hearth ten feet wide. Through the small window you saw the savage beauty of the world. Off the kitchen was a small room meant for a parlor. He wrote his letters there, for when you are a rich young man business has a way of breaking through your honeymoon.

After their meal and after they had washed up to-day Jane was lazy and would not go into the village.

"Afraid I must." Robert seemed perturbed. "Letters to post—I forgot them yesterday and the day before. But—Jane—I hate to leave you. I won't be long, not a minute longer than I can help."

"I'll walk with you over the moor."

"Sure it won't exhaust you?"

"I'm equal to that. I'm only lazy. I'll have tea ready when you come back, and I'll bake some cakes. No; you bring some from the village."

She picked up her hat and a book. They went out. Orlando, in the first stage of an after-dinner sleep, followed her—with the manner of a shrug. His ears and his tail said, "No accounting for women!" For himself, he wished to remain curled up in that corner of the sofa which he had pegged out as his own the first night they came here.

When Robert was gone Jane went back over the moor. She felt ridiculously disconsolate and she kept looking behind her. Robert, also looking back, waved his hand. He became smaller. There he was, an absurd dot. He moved along that white road which twisted between two sublimities, the rosy mountains and the rainbow sea. Was that dot Robert? Her hold on the whole world expressed by a speck! She shivered slightly, standing in the sun.

By the trout stream she sat down, opened her book, dropped it. She called Orlando and talked to him, in the absurd, fond way she used to talk to him before there was Robert. The mongrel listened attentively, his eyes brilliant, his mouth parted roguishly. When he wagged his tail she said:

"Your tail is too long, Orlando, and it never ought to curl at the tip. Your body is all wrong, but you have a heart of gold and I love you—after Robert—best in the world. Yes, that must do, my dog—after Robert." She dropped her eyes, linked her hands. "Orlando! Shall I always love you first—after Rob-

ert, or—are you going to be puzzled and hurt some day—soon—dearest dog?"

Orlando wasn't listening. He had fallen asleep, and his long nose, wrinkled on his broad forepaws seemed to Jane to say "The worst of women is that—when it comes to nonsense—they never know when to stop."

Jane remained staring at the radiance of great hills and at that blue platter, the Atlantic.

Round the side of the hill was a grass track, made long ago by successive feet, generations dead. A man, carrying a sack, was coming round it and behind him was his shadow, his slipping, sidling shadow. In the strong sunlight there seemed two men, and one was malevolently sneakish.

When he went out of sight, Jane rose and loitered toward the cottage, wondering idly which way he was going and what he carried in the sack upon his back. The house appeared horribly empty and chill. One must warm it, make a bustle. She said, jestingly, to the dog, "I feel widowed," and then she started making cakes, cooking them in that funny stone oven by the open hearth.

She went backward and forward to the dairy, up and down three brick steps. Her face was pink and tender. There was a good smell of baking. Orlando lay down by the oven and sniffed. But more than once she called him out and they went a tiny way across the moor, looking for Robert. Each time Orlando, with an air of faint exasperation, followed at her heels, although he wished to remain by the oven and sniff at cakes.

All around her was the joyful riot of late summer. She noticed that the slate roof of a barn—very often an ugly and a livid-looking roof—was to-day intensely blue; it looked like an upland of flax. She remained staring at color that was almost warlike. Regiments of second-blooming foxgloves, bracken turning martially to flame. It was really worth while that Robert should go alone to the village—just for the rapture of his com-



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

ORLANDO RUSHED FORWARD WITH HIS HEARTY, WARNING BARK

ing back. They had not been parted before, not even for a little while.

But he did not come, and she made her eyes ache, screwing them up in the sun.

How they would kiss—he and she—before they ate the cakes that she was baking in the old stone oven!

"You shall have those that he brings from the village," she promised Orlando, when they returned to the cottage and she proudly drew out a home-made batch.

She heard steps, listened, stood still, felt chilly. Something seemed to fan her hot cheeks. They were not the steps of Robert. It was certainly true that, in these lonely places and in this grim stone cottage you were nervous all the time, but you did not know it until the unexpected came—and then the blood drained from your heart!

Orlando, lying near the oven, waited, as his mistress waited. The strange steps came round by the door. . . . The dog grew rigid. His ears—always too big for his head and one of them hanging lopsided—those ears spoke!

Jane stood by the table, which she had spread for tea, and her eyes, steel gray with apprehension (as they were soft blue in moments of delight), fixed upon the golden aperture of the doorway. Through open door and open window came the clean, good smell of the sea. She could perfectly well have shut that door, bolted it, banged to the window and latched it. Plenty of time—even now! But how childish—on a summer day. She stood still and she was suddenly afraid. A phrase that, somewhere, she had read, jogged through her head, "They were afraid where no fear was." But she had nothing to feel afraid of. Neither had "they"—yet they feared!

He appeared at the door. It was the man with the sack on his back, the man who, followed by his sneakish shadow that looked like a hunchback, had gone round the hill.

Orlando rushed forward with his

hearty, warning bark, prepared to wag his tail, or show his teeth—whichever way it should be!

The man stooped to pat him, saying, in a pleasing voice, "Good fellow, good fellow."

And Orlando wagged his tail. And Jane looked at that enormous hand which had patted the dog.

"Don't want to trouble you"—the man looked at Jane—"but could you kindly give me a drink? Hot work, picking up sticks."

He looked at the sack, which he had put down by the door. That was all, and Jane felt, angrily, "What a fool I have been!" She spoke to Orlando, "Go and lie down."

So the dog lay down, close to the oven door, but he kept his eyes on the stranger.

"A drink? Of course." She sounded cool and smiled at him, showing her white teeth. He was the sort of person to bring a smile to your mouth—and good fellowship! A handsome young rustic in the way that, down here, they were handsome—dark, with bold eyes, rich coloring, an upward tilt to the corners of the mouth. Spanish blood, without a doubt! There was a tradition of that, down here. Jane was interested, and all the more because she had been fool enough to feel afraid. She added: "Won't you have something to eat, too? I'm baking."

She was democratic, easy. That had been their pose down here, with fishing and with farming folk. It had made part of the fun for her and Robert.

The young man looked at her. This woman was not of his kind. She belonged to that other order about which his sort speculated. He knew that it was the fashion nowadays for that sort of woman to live this sort of way—for a little while. They play-acted, and this place to her—this three-roomed cottage—was a doll's house. Dimly, he and the rest of them, resented it. For they turned into fun, these rich people, the struggle for life, which was grim enough,

as God knew. They kept themselves clean and pretty until the end—women like this. They had good teeth in their heads, even when they were old grandmothers!

"And come in," she was saying, warmly. So he went in. "And sit down," she added. So he sat down, close to the ample table.

But, as he came in, he had shut the door, and this frightened her.

"I like it open." She was sharp. She flitted past him, flinging the door back.

"Sorry," he smiled. "I fancied you might want it shut when you was baking. My mother always did."

"I've almost finished baking." She smiled again, took some cakes out of the oven and put some more in. Then she went down to the dairy, looked into the water pot and found it almost empty. Returning, she said: "There's no water. Would milk do?"

And all the time she was listening for Robert and hoping—now—that he would not come just yet. For this was an adventure; it would be something to talk about. She would describe her visitor; she had a knack of knocking off word portraits. So she must study him. Her eyes, cool and friendly, remained on his handsome face. About that lean face, so richly colored; about those dark eyes, so large and bold, there was the look of a wild animal—quite harmless; nothing sinister; childlike, almost. He was a creature of instinct. That was it.

"I don't relish milk. Now, tea—"

"Tea," she interposed, haughtily. "I don't make that yet."

She wondered why she suddenly erected this funny barricade between them. But she was feeling: "I will not make tea for him. That must wait for Robert."

Then she remembered that, in the dairy, she had a drink which the stranger would like better than tea.

A farmer's wife had given her a bottle or two of homemade wine, with the hopeful assurance that you could drink a quart without it going to your head.

As she went to the dairy, the young man watched. She came back with a bottle, with a big mug, striped blue and chocolate color, with a corkscrew. She set it all before him, smiling, saying, in her charming way, in that seductive, ministering manner:

"Open it; help yourself. Quite a long drink won't hurt you. The woman who gave it to me said so."

And she handed him also a round cake that she had made, hot, spiced, very sweet.

He ate and he drank. He sat at the table; Orlando was by the oven door; Jane sat upon the sofa. She wished to remember this man that she might make a picture—quite vivacious—for Robert.

She looked at him, and found that he, also, wished to look at her. Their glances dodged. But once, as he drank, their eyes met fully, quite by accident, and his were strangely brilliant over the top of the striped mug. For she—young and, more, so dainty—went to his head. Yes—and he set the mug down empty, then filled it fresh—she went to his head more than any old woman's gooseberry wine. Yet he had not meant any harm when he called at her door for a drink.

He hated her. People of her sort had their own way with the world. Good things fell into their mouths. They never worked. He was angry with her, for what she expressed. He felt it confusedly, primitively, this fire of resentment. But it was only at the back of his brain. His heart, the hot part of him, started thumping hard, and he loved her like mad. Yes, she made him more drunk than any old woman's gooseberry wine!

That glance of his drew her eyes at last. She met it, summing up, provocative, reckless! How could any woman mistake that look? She read in his face what his heart was saying, and what that new-sprung devil in his mind was telling him to do.

He stumbled to his feet, eager for her—yet he hated her. You owed them a grudge, rich people like this, and you

never knew it till you came to close quarters with them.

Jane's eyes turned stiff in their sockets. Yet, with agonized haste, they measured from here on the sofa, to there by the open door, and the table was between—and he was between. She forgot Orlando, for it was one of those moments when you deal with humanity only.

She listened, listened, listened, through the thrilling horror of that second or so—listened for her husband's feet. For Robert must come home—quick!

She heard nothing but sounds of lawless, natural beauty going on outside. She heard insects and birds and little winds; somewhere a cow was lowing, and, all the time, there was the distant tumble of the Atlantic. The afternoon was heartless. Oh, the buzzing, droning blue and yellow of it! She wanted to scream, but her throat stopped.

With a gay, great laugh he approached. His face was mirthful and cruel; it was amazingly handsome.

Through her eternity of terror, she yet knew that it all happened in the flick of an eyelid.

She stood upon her tottering feet and he tore her into his arms.

He had come in a gust and the little room was hot. It smelled of wine and cakes. It was all so quick! The next she knew was oaths and a kick and fighting—the sickening conflict between man and beast. She was flung away and her cheek caught a corner of the sofa.

A staggering yelp from Orlando made her open her eyes. The man was gone.

The whole thing was nothing; it counted nothing—as the clock ticks.

Orlando had saved her; he had been so quick. That man, with his face, had not touched her face at all. She put out her hand—and no tongue licked it! She sat up, impressing her palms upon the hard seat of the old sofa. Her cheek felt warm, sticky. She put her fingers up, then down, and found that they were red. She had cut her cheek against

the edge of the sofa. She held her handkerchief and, leaning painfully forward, looked for Orlando. He was stretched right across the doorway and panting queerly.

When she called him, he, apparently not able to rise, shuffled across the floor to her. He was too heavy to lift, but she flung down a cushion and—somehow or other—wriggled him on to it. And she talked to him, faintly, adoringly. He responded with a flutter—almost ghostlike—of the white tail.

There was blood upon his cushion, as there was blood upon her cheek. So they waited, until Robert, sunburnt, eager, came in at the door and found them.

After that everything was spoiled, and, although they did not admit it, their hearts knew that the honeymoon lay dead—and insufferably ghastly—at their feet.

Jane, for her part, felt imprisoned; she became nervously stirred by the adoration of the man, by the watchfulness of the dog. Robert and Orlando, they were afraid for her. They never left her and she wished that they would.

One day she said to Robert, staring into his eyes with meaning:

"Don't be afraid. I am quite well. Nothing harmed me. That man hardly laid a finger on me, for Orlando stopped him. I kept my head. You understand?"

"Yes, yes"—he kissed her a bit wildly, above the strained eyes—"I understand."

"Then," she pleaded, "let us be happy again. Let us go on as we did before. The weather is just as lovely; so is the place."

"That makes the difficulty, Jane, and you know it very well. Everything is the same—and yet it has changed entirely. So far as I am concerned—"

"Yes; so far as you are concerned? Robert! Do you mean you'd like to leave the place?"

"Yes," he nodded, "if you would."

"I would," she nodded back. "But I have been too brave—or too big a

coward—to admit it. We are all three of us cowards. Come along, Orlando. Let us all get out on the moor for a bit.”

But the dog did not come. He was lying by the oven, the cold oven. He turned his head and looked at her reproachfully. His eyes seemed queer, and once again (she was always saying it lately!) Jane said:

“He is quite changed. He always stays in the room with me, but he won’t come up close, and he seems to do a lot of thinking. I believe that brute hurt him horribly.”

“Only at the moment. There is nothing wrong with the dog’s body, dear. I went over it carefully. But his mind is wounded, poor beast.”

“That’s what worries me, Robert. We gave him an enormous petting—and, darling, didn’t we pet each other! But nothing that I do or say seems to make up to him. He can’t get his values right, and he never will in this place. Shall we go to-morrow?” She said this, then went and squatted on the floor by the dog. “And he will stay near the oven, although I have never baked since that day. His nerve is shaken. Don’t you see the way he watches us? Sometimes he gets between us. Have you noticed? You might almost say he was sulky—if he wasn’t the sweetest beast in the world.”

She stooped, putting her arms round the dog, spreading out the fingers of one hand before his face. And he licked those fingers in a kind of frenzy.

Robert watched them. “Orlando will be all right”—he sounded affectionately careless—“once we get away. We’ll go to-morrow. Can you manage that?”

“I could manage to-night, if you like.”

“No, not to-night. Let’s have a last little feast—or something. For Heaven’s sake, Jane, let’s do something to make ourselves forget.”

“You’re right!” She jumped up. “I’ll bake some cakes. These cold stone cottages want a fire all the time or one gets ghostly. I’ve got some sticks. You go and fetch me some more.”

“All right.” He at once went to the open door. “But I sha’n’t be out of hearing, remember, and hardly out of sight.”

Robert went off, eager, yet reluctant. He looked back. She stood at the door and their eyes met tenderly.

When he returned, the cottage was warm and jolly, the cakes were baking; Orlando was sniffing in his old, ecstatic way; Jane had a pink face as she sat upon the sofa.

“Let’s shut the door. I’ve got almost to hate the color of the sky and the sea. And—Jane, my darling, what a jolly good idea to bake cakes, for you look more beautiful than ever when you’ve been baking.”

He strode forward, his arms out. Jane stumbled tragically up. Her great love for Orlando made her wise. She knew what would happen—before it did. With sublime, unconscious cruelty, she and Robert had set the stage!

Robert, with his air of merry wooer, never saw her face blanch, didn’t hear the cry from her mouth.

Then it happened. Yes, it happened all over again! With a snarl, Orlando rushed from the oven. There was the same moment—interminable. Those two that she loved best were in conflict. Instinctively, stupidly, she dropped back upon the sofa and wretchedly shut her eyes.

It was over. Robert, taking the dog’s leash from the hook on the wall, was beating him, as never in his life he had been beaten.

Jane opened her eyes. Sitting forward, she stared. Orlando whimpered, only whimpered. She sprang up, but Robert, turning with a terrible look, said:

“Leave him to me.”

Robert’s eyes blazed, and blood was running down his shirt.

Jane dropped back to the sofa. She felt that she cowered, as her dog cowered. Orlando seemed so terribly afraid and so—utterly—sick with himself. His anguished eyes were looking at her, and they said, so very plainly, almost face-

tiously, yet with unbearable pleading: "A little mistake, It was a mistake. It will not occur again. What a fool I was. My nerves are shaken. We have all got shaken nerves." All this his eyes seemed saying to her. And they said: "Once there was just the two of us, just you, just me. Not this man and not the other one."

She wanted to cover up her face and cry. But that might have hurt and mystified him—dear beast!—even more. So she held the gaze of those lovely eyes.

Robert came to the sofa. He did not touch her; he was very careful not to stand too close. She noticed that. He pointed to the parlor and he said, "In there." She obeyed, looking back at Orlando, who lay in a heap by the oven door. Her cakes, inside the oven, were burning.

She and Robert had always hated that parlor. It had no sun. Dank stone steps were just outside, and a cobbled wall in whose crevices grew the green hart's-tongue fern.

Robert shut the door, and he set her, very tenderly, in a chair. He knelt, upright, at her side, and he took her stiff hands, stroking them.

"Jane! I am going to leave you here, and you won't move till I come back."

She looked at his throat. He had tied a handkerchief round it.

"Is it a bad wound, Robert?"

"Mustn't use such a grand word as wound." He tried to sound light. "It is nothing much—this time—but—Jane! You understand? It must never happen again."

"It won't," she instantly started to plead; she was defensive and alarmed. "He knows he's been a fool. I saw it in his eyes. And he's getting a little bit blind, Robert. He confuses people. Let's have him in here. Robert! Let him come in and say he's sorry. Don't leave him breaking his heart alone."

They listened. He was making funny noises.

"Talking to himself," said Jane, tragically.

"It must never happen again," repeated Robert, with enormous meaning.

"It won't, it can't, it sha'n't." She simply would not understand what he was driving at. "Once we get him away from this place. Robert! We'll go—now."

"Not yet. Listen."

"Let us go," she persisted. "Yes—it can be managed. I must take Orlando away. Then he'll forget. He'll be himself again."

"My dear! Orlando will never leave this place. He—he stays."

"I—I don't understand. I—I'll never consent."

"Jane!" His voice became instinct with wondrous significance. "You've got to think of—the other one—our child. In a few months Orlando will be jealous—not only of me."

Robert drooped his head and, wildly, he kissed her between those frenzied eyes.

"It's got to be done, Jane, and I've got to do it. Hang it all! I've got to do it, somehow—God knows how! I won't get dramatic, I simply *won't*."

He blundered up and left her, standing a little way off.

"But you do see," he continued, more calmly. "You see that you must consent? You've got to think of a future and of a life—not mine, not his. Orlando will have his most powerful rival and he won't stand it. Jennie! He won't stand it. Think!"

"Yes"—she stared up and her glance was distraught, clear—"I do think." She added firmly, and rising: "I must say good-by. I must cuddle him up for the last time. You sha'n't stop me. I do insist on that."

She seemed to turn quietly furious. She approached the shut door, but Robert spread his shoulders.

"You mustn't. Only makes it harder for him. We must think—at this moment—*only* of him. I expect he understands. Hark at him."

"I cannot listen. Robert! How dare you?" But she did not stop her ears. She listened to him, and her heart was bursting.

"Darling Jane! For you to make a fuss of him would only muddle up his poor, dear, doggy mind. Harder for him, harder for me."

"For you?"

"Yes." He turned bitter and, suddenly, they seemed to be wrangling. "It's perfectly horrible, but it's got to be done. I've got to do it—and I love the dear old chap. I love him more than you know."

He opened the door. Jane stood watching him, watching him. Her face was the color of dirty snow. Robert had opened the door only a little bit and, as he squeezed through, he said:

"Don't come out till I come back. You promise?"

She did not speak; she nodded. She was standing by the round table looking into her workbasket. In this room she kept her sewing. She had sewed a lot lately, making little white clothes. The basket had in it an unfinished shirt, with the shining needle threaded through a half-made hem. Her blank eyes knew why Robert squeezed through that door. He dared not open it wide, for Orlando might crawl in.

He went away. She heard him shut the window in the kitchen; then there was a pause. This parlor window was shut; she must keep it shut. She heard across the kitchen stones the treading of a man, the patter of a dog.

This love for a dog was terrific. It was the biggest mistake. Was it?

She—she remembered! Winter nights by the fire—his long nose on his clumsy forepaws; his ears, so big, so altogether wrong—comically dangling. He was so pathetically the thorough-paced mongrel. Yet he was delicately white and fine, because she kept him so. And his eyes were lovely. And the things that they had said to her!

Impossible to continue thinking of Orlando. She must sew. She sat down

by the table and dragged along the basket in a panic and a broken fury. Taking out the little white shirt, it faintly healed her, and, looking toward the future, her brain stepped aside from the unbearable agony of the present. She knew that she must control herself and decide not to suffer so much. Beyond her own life—that might last long—beyond the dwindling life of Orlando, was that other life which was going to be.

She started hemming, and her clammy hands made the cotton dirty. For as long as she lived she would remember those large, grubby stitches, and never should her baby wear this shirt. She left off hemming and sat looking at the stitches. Also, she was listening; but she did not hear one sound.

She looked desperately round this horrid, square parlor, so cold. How could she keep her promise and stay here? What was happening *now*? At this moment! If Robert would only come back! Come—with a white face, with a trembling hand—and drop on his knees beside her and blubber out: "I can't do it. No good, Jane. I *can't*." She could love him dearly then, if he were a coward, for cowardice may be the tenderest thing. Then they would cuddle up Orlando between them, and talk to him and tell him things; scold him, soothe him, teach him, drive things into his doggy head.

She listened. Not a sound. Robert had shut the doors and windows. Robert was a crack shot. This stark thought came, ironically trying to comfort her.

If Orlando didn't know just what was coming! But he would know. He would understand; he would want her, look for her—and she wouldn't be there! He was her dog. The whole thing was unbearable, and it should not be. Never in his seven years of life had he failed her—who was his god! But she was failing him!

She sat still, not sewing. Her hands creased—until they nearly tore—the garment in her lap. She had promised Robert to stay still.

She fell back, her eyes shut. Behind those big lids moved softly the pageant—wholly bewitching—of life, as it was going to be. For long, long years, very likely, she would be Robert's wife and the mother of his children. Wifehood, motherhood! But not Orlando—any more!

One thing she would have lost, one love she would have sacrificed. So, sitting there with her eyes shut, she learned that hard lesson which life teaches. Life never—all in your hands at once—gives every joy. Life deals out one but takes away another.

Robert came in. He came only a little way into the room, for he seemed afraid of her. She looked up. Her face was terrible. Her eyes were dull and dirty gray. And Robert seemed changed; he appeared livid, more old—and he repelled her. She said, coldly, after what seemed to them both to be a devil—yes, a devil—of a time:

"I sha'n't see Orlando any more?"

Her speaking broke the evil spell and Robert came close to her, drawing her to her feet, holding her fast, trying to warm her—body, soul, and spirit.

"Never any more." He was curiously hoarse, and he stroked her head a little.

She flicked his fingers away. She used to stroke Orlando's head and it was soft, so soft and broad, so drift white and velvety.

Robert led her out-of-doors and into the sunshine. She noticed, when he came in and as they went out, how he flung the door back. No squeezing through now!

He led her forth into the burning sick heat of the day. The sun blazed upon her eyeballs; colors of wild flowers drove her mad. She longed, with desolate fierceness, for mist, rain, a barren land; for a sullen, gray sea full of sobs.

The soft bit of earth where she had made a trench for peas was scattered.

It lay in ugly mounds. Just lumps and footmarks! On top of the powdery, rose-tinted earth were the stalks of her young pea plants as they had been scattered. Stalks sharply green and glistening white, piteously innocent. Robert was saying, speaking to her with what seemed idiotic irrelevance, just excusing himself:

"I dug the soft bit of earth. It was quicker. I wanted to get it over as quick as I could."

She flinched. Did she suddenly hate Robert? Was it that? No. She loved him—and he was all she had. She made a funny moaning noise—not unlike the sound that Orlando had made, not very long ago—less than an hour ago! She burst out:

"His tail was too long and his ears—such darling, knowing ears! Nothing about him was right, but—"

Robert had his arms round her and he stopped her profound, broken-up babbling by setting his lips on hers. He gave her a curious kiss, of sternest passion.

Their gilded world was tarnished. Yet all around them was joy, joy, joy; the swimming delight of late summer in a perfect land.

They started to blubber, tight in each other's arms. They stood—dizzy—in the sun. The suffocating smell of singed cake came out from the cottage. Nothing lay by the oven door!

Robert's tears—falling slow, coming through after furious fighting—fell upon the moist skin of her bare neck, and her tears tumbled like a brook. So they stood, feeling murderers, broken-hearted, over the grave of a dead dog.

Beneath that rosy, tumbled-together earth, beneath it lay his glorious heart and his bewildered brain. Orlando!

So they stood, murderers, broken-hearted! With all the joy that was going to be theirs blunted, and all the joy that had been clean forgot.

THE SMOKING CAR

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

ONE of the most valuable by-products of the Nineteenth Amendment ought to be the emancipation of women from a narrowly feminine point of view, from a visibly feminine style. In other words, any cessation of discrimination against them on the score of sex should encourage them to look upon themselves less as women and more as human beings. They should write books, paint pictures, compose music, design buildings, that might equally well have been created by men. Sex, as a qualifying note, if not as a subject, should fade out of art and work. And, to this end, the "woman's point of view" should cease to be exploited. No woman should write this sort of essay, for example. "Civis Romana sum"—since the last elections.

Many of us have always contended that a college curriculum should be absolutely the same for boy and girl—that there is no sex in intellect to be considered by the givers of degrees. This, I think, after long experience of life, we would still maintain. Yet experience has a way of modifying any abstract judgment whatsoever; and, though I am still a last-ditcher for the principle of the sexlessness of pure intellect, I cannot but see that the Cave still gives, to some extent, the law of life. I would let the girl have precisely the same education as her brother, if only because it is precisely in the library or the laboratory that her sex offers no essential handicap. Perfect freedom is hers in erudition. For God's sake give her that, if she is by any means worthy! She will find obstacles enough when she comes out into a world of practical affairs—obstacles created not by idle convention, or

masculine selfishness, or economic maladjustment, but by the plain, ineradicable fact of sex.

This, however, is not intended as an educational discussion, and my own point is a point, simply, of romance. Being out and out a romantic, and caring little for the worlds where woman dominates, I feel lines of cleavage driven far beneath the surface into the very depths of me. Romance is not very fashionable just now, which is doubtless why we women fill the magazines and bookstalls as they say we do. For women are, I take it, less romantic than men. Romance is not a matter, as it is sometimes lightly assumed to be, of love-affairs, or happy endings, or picturesque trappings. It is the difficult quest for "the light that never was on sea or land," a search for fact, but fact with a releasing rather than a binding power. It is of the very nature of such fact to be hard to come by, and not, except by special miracle, to lie along the common way. You are as likely to find romance in your own ash heap as to find a diamond. Both are possible, but neither is likely. For the essence of romance is truly "a certain strangeness in beauty," though not quite as Pater meant it, perhaps. The familiar is so saturated with implication, connotes so automatically the same things, year by year, that only what is strange to us has power suddenly to shatter our horizons and release our souls from that grimmest of all prisons—point of view.

They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam.

The romantic wants to change his heart, too. He desires a shock as positive as that of conversion.

I have often wondered whether women are less romantic than men because of a fundamental difference rooted in sex, or because, their social lives having been always, in all times and lands, more or less modified by sex differences, they have had so much less chance of being romantic. I leave the question to one side, though I incline to believe the latter. Romance being an intellectual and spiritual thing—and I being, as I said, a last-ditcher for the sexlessness of intellect and spirit—I must needs incline to that opinion. I run over names of women of our own race and epoch who have surmounted obstacles to the romantic quest—Mary Kingsley, for example, or Mary Slessor of Calabar. And many others less distinguished or less articulate. Mary Kingsley was not looking for the light that never was on sea or land; she was tracking freshwater fish and fetich. Mary Slessor—that great administrator—was out to save souls in the most exclusive Presbyterian manner. She was more afraid of Methodist missionaries than of snakes.

To most of us it is neither physically nor morally given to jest with cannibals among the mangrove swamps. We leave those adventures to men. Women can do it, but women seldom do. But apart from bush adventures, which are only an extreme case, we live a restricted life. We have less chance than men, not only of a varied first-hand experience, but also of vicarious adventure. In all the talk—or proof—of new tasks and vocations open to women, there is little hint of any that satisfies the romantic desire. Though you make a woman a bond expert, or even an industrial manager, you have given her only one of the more conventional masculine occupations. You have not made her a mining engineer, or an explorer, or a diplomat, or a commander at the front. Indeed, in all the new work open to women, stress is laid on the feminization of that work. In the widest scope offered to her she is somehow expected to run a glorified

kitchen, a glorified nursery, or a glorified reformatory. That, in plain English, is what these industrial, judicial, social jobs that are handed out to her usually amount to. Many men have come to feel that in questions affecting women's and children's welfare women can manage better than men precisely because of the feminine tradition of kitchen, nursery, and schoolroom. Woman is apt to be restricted, even in her amazing modern opportunity, to what man conceives to be a peculiarly feminine role. Immensely bigger, more important jobs than of old; but mere expansion of the old ones, all the same.

The real obstacle to romance for women, I take it, is that women are for the most part held to specialized contacts with life. The smoking car, which I took for a title, is but an example; yet, from the romantic's point of view, so illuminating an example that we may well choose it for our supreme illustration.

Needless to say, I do not refer to the privilege of smoking in the train. Now that so many women smoke habitually, it may be that the railroads will gradually admit them to smoking cars. Or other roads may follow the example of the Canadian Pacific, which (according to the newspapers) has decided to furnish its trains with special smoking cars for women. Neither policy would alter the fundamental problem or bring the romantically minded woman one inch nearer to her heart's desire. A smoking compartment for ladies is merely an extension of the harem; and if women are allowed to smoke in the club car they will only ruin the club car for any but smoking purposes. The club car is not like a club, for men meet there as strangers; it is not like a confessional, because they meet as equals, and face to face. Yet it is casually treated (so I am informed) both as a club and as a confessional. I can still gasp at the stories brought back to me from those arcana by veracious males. Not so much at

their luridness as at their intimacy. It is a deep instinct, apparently, of the human heart to unburden itself; and preferably to an unprejudiced stranger. A man does not tell his crimes, presumably, in the smoking car; but his adventures, his "deals," his ambitions, his romantic guesses, and his political philosophies are apt to come out. There you may learn the epics of oil and rubber, spruce and copra, of Alaskan gold and Australian wool; tales of the Argonauts unpublished by Bret Harte, and little anecdotes of peonage in Mississippi. Between the Cascades and Spokane you may watch the ways of sheriffs with a handcuffed train robber; a "bad man" caught up in the hills, where he had sought sanctuary—and a woman. You can delight in the home-grown Western humor that finally brought even "Harry" the bandit to unwilling laughter.

That is, if you are free of the smoking car. The ladies, I suspect, did not even know there was a dangerous character aboard—unless their husbands whispered it to them. Our feminine equivalent for these incidents of the road is to watch another woman powder her nose and rouge her lips before a Pullman mirror. No woman likes to see another woman powdering her nose; and if conversation is offered in those circumstances, it is usually unwelcome. I was about to say that there is no such freemasonry among women as among men. Let me say, rather, that it is a more restricted and artificial freemasonry. Women are less apt to talk to a casually encountered person, even of their own sex, than men, and when they do, the conversation usually turns on chiffons or children. Perhaps that is why we do not talk to one another beside the Pullman mirror. We know the vanity of it. Besides, as I said, no woman feels drawn to converse with another woman who is powdering her nose. She feels merely a vague resentment against the conditions that give publicity to these operations of the toilet. If men were

restricted, on a transcontinental journey, to seeing other men shave, conversation might lag there as well. But it is a poor train that does not boast a separate place for smoking.

The ladies' smoking compartment, even if that is initiated by the C. P. R., will not do it. In the first place, many women do not smoke, and those who do will for some time, I fancy, prefer not to let a cigarette involve them in conversation. Even granted that smoking becomes as common among us as among Englishwomen, the old feminine inhibition against casual talk with strangers will probably still hold. Nor is it merely a relic of our sæcular seclusion. The fact is that the romantically minded female does not want to talk to other women, casually met, except in rare cases. She is only too sure of not getting what she wants. "What can you tell me that I should never know otherwise?" is the romantic question. One respectable woman asks it in vain of another. With the exception of the personal affairs that one does not discuss, there is nothing, probably, to be had from the lady in the opposite section.

Are not men as dull as women? a spirited feminist might ask. Well, yes; with a cardinal difference, however. That difference may be found, idealistically stated, in a sentence of Lord Bacon's: "For he who understands his subject is master of his end, and every workman is king over his work." The most interesting conversation I had, outside my own household, during a dull summer just past, was with a locksmith whom I had had to summon. As he worked he told me things about Yale locks that remain with me yet. If I had had his wife to talk to for half an hour, we should have had to fall back on children's diseases and the high cost of living. Kitchen and nursery—kitchen and nursery. One woman's kitchen is very like another's, and if nurseries differ, whooping cough is always the same.

The difference is indeed there. Most

men are traveling for business, and most women are traveling for pleasure. *Æsthetic* satisfaction is one of the greatest satisfactions in the world, but it is incommunicable except to the most chosen friend or the miraculous stranger. The average woman may delight in the mile-wide glory of the harvest, the width of the Mississippi, the height of the Rockies, the beauty of the desert. But wheat and water do not start, among women, intelligent talk about the natural resources of the world; Idaho does not start timber talk, or Colorado gold talk, or Wyoming sheep-and-cattle talk. For woman's part in the constructive work of the world has been very important, but different; and the homekeeper has kept the home best by staying in it. Some women have made interesting business or professional careers for themselves, yes. But, as we were saying, the most unusual practical achievements of women are the commonplace practical achievements of men.

I write, confessedly, as a romantic, and it should be borne in mind that the romantic person is looking, as we said, for "the light that never was on sea or land," and that he will not find it in the familiar places. It is not given to most romantically minded people to devote their lives to the quest; for most people, romantic or other, are bound. Short of a literal escape into a different world, we crave most a vicarious escape; we seek *Scheherazade*. And *Scheherazade*, in our plain, modern world, is pretty sure to be a man. The variety of men's lives is greater, as is the variety of their reactions to experience. There are more things that they can do, all in the day's work, without making a fuss over them, or taking precautions, or looking in a mental mirror to make sure their own attitudes are right. No man thinks twice, whether in South America, France, or the Straits Settlements, about dropping into a chair in front of a café and, over a liqueur and a cigarette, watching the world go by. But neither in Rio nor in Paris nor in Singapore would I or any

solitary female friend of mine think of doing it. And that is one of the most ordinary incidents in any man's day. I would take a woman's word about a view as gladly as a man's; but about nothing else, unless she were very exceptional. I would rather, that is, hear the commonest commercial traveler's report of, say, the Argentine, than the most cultivated woman's. For not only would his report tell me more things I did not know, but, taking the world over, the masculine point of view is held to be the normal one, while the woman's is always "special." As we were remarking earlier, when the necessity of putting women on boards and commissions, etc., is talked of, it is in order that the "woman's point of view," as such, may be expressed or made effective. No one thinks of saying that men are appointed in order that the man's point of view may be known. It is quite simply assumed that the male is the norm, and the female the fascinating, or interesting, or valuable—or feeble-minded—variation therefrom.

I remember in my college days a professor's asking us why we wrote less interesting daily themes than the men at Harvard. I believe he accused us of dealing too monotonously in sunsets from the Harvard Bridge. I remember as well my own retort, in a daily theme, to the effect that for a young woman, finding herself after nightfall in a city street or a country field, the consciousness of being unchaperoned or unprotected, as the case might be, would inhibit any *æsthetic* impression whatsoever. Even now the fact still holds. A man does a hundred things without thinking, that for a woman would spell danger or discomfort or a false position. We are indeed "special," as the feminists say, and the fact of sex is likely to keep us so. Personally, I think the thing for the feminists to do is to stop harping on our superiority, and try to stress, wherever that is possible, the degree of our sameness. For (apart from certain important sex functions) where we are

"special," I am afraid we tend to be inferior. I long, myself, for the day when a woman will be elected to a responsible public office not because she is the best woman for the job, but because she is the best man for the job—in other words, the best person. I would have women claim nothing that they have not won, in a fair field with no favor, over male competitors. The fact that there will probably always be a hundred men qualified, to one woman, does not distress me half so much as the thought that the one woman will be glorified over the hundred men. We have not yet got over hanging out our tongues in wonderment when a woman really matches up with a man. Granting Mme. Curie's achievement to be very great, would exactly the same fuss have been made over M. Curie, her fellow-worker?

Be that as it may, for some time to come, if not forever, more women than men will be Cinderella, but more men than women will be Scheherazade. And the discriminations of the smoking car will always be made against us. Not only can we not have the adventure itself—and our feebler frames will find compensation for that lack—but we cannot have the vicarious adventure, either. Books are open to us—wherefore I would give a girl books and yet more books, forever and ever. But the things that never get into books: the ephemeral, significant, various anecdotes of the world's work and the world's play—the things that, more than any books, make up a man's mind for him when he comes to vote, or choose a profession, or select his habitat—these are very largely kept from us. We can get the best stories told us, the gist of the matter reported to us; but the white-hot first-hand encounter is not ours. If vicarious adventure is adventure at second hand, ours must be third hand and fainter still. The sheriffs and Harry the train robber in the smoking car might give me a glimpse of Western lawlessness and Western law, but when I hear about

Harry in my own dining-room, a certain immediacy and vividness have gone. I might as well have read a book. The thing we cannot get hold of—we other women, as the French would say—is the men who do the work for which they draw the wage. I may hold thrilling converse with the locksmith, but I have to wait for a door to go wrong; and, at that, my husband, were he by, would penetrate much farther than I the drama of the Yale lock. For every man instinctively selects and prunes and decolorizes when he talks to a woman. He seldom pays her the compliment of being technical or of being exhaustive. His talk tightens up and puts on a straitjacket lest he bore her or bewilder her. The strange engineer will not talk to her about his bridge, or the strange undertaker about his corpses, or the strange drummer about his sales. She will never be free of the smoking car. I do not even dwell on the conventional dinner party, where it is only too obvious that the men are happier over their cigars in the library than the women over their sweetmeats in the drawing-room. Two people alone—whether of the same sex or not—can often range pretty freely in talk. But the fact is that where a group of men is casually assembled they are citizens of the world, whereas when a group of women is assembled in like fashion they are usually inhabitants of Cranford. And when the men join the women they abandon the Seven Seas and come back to Cranford.

It is on the note of humor, not of complaint, that I would end. For the smoking car, and its conventional equivalent, the host's library, are ordained, I fancy, of all time. So long as most kinds of work are planned and done by men, it will be so. In our modern world it is true, in more senses than one, that

Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

Not only, that is, "bringing up the nine-fifteen" is Romance; but Romance nowadays busies itself chiefly with these

constructive physical tasks. Drudgery is not the exclusive prerogative of either sex, but the man's drudgery has more romantic value than the woman's. The man who welds cables at a dizzy height in air gets good wages, in all probability, and that is the end of it. People expect him to do things like that. The woman who welds cables at a dizzy height in air is headlined in the newspapers and pictured all over the country in the Pathé News—which only goes to show that people still are amazed by seeing women anywhere except in the time-honored places. Personally, I think she will always be, in largest numbers, in the time-honored places, because there is good biological reason for it. The talk about a woman's going on with her own work after marrying is, taking the race as a whole, rather absurd. The professions that a good wife and mother can carry on successfully are very few; and, generally speaking, she can only rob Peter to pay Paul—that is, make enough money to hire some one else to run the house and take care of the children. No one will pretend that this is the case in which most women, the world over, find themselves. It is the solution of a very small class, perhaps; but it is not a racial solution, it is not even a sex solution.

Romance, however, was our subject; and our conclusion must be that the smoking car, as expressive of the natural freemasonry, without ulterior purpose, of men, and the exclusion therefrom of women, is founded on something much older than the Pullman Company. So long as men do the varied work of the world, they will hold a subtle something in common with other men. There is not much doubt that men have a bigger fund of impersonal curiosity than women; there is no doubt at all that they have a much wider opportunity of gratifying it. Life, as a woman peruses it, may be a romantic comedy, may be even a noble tragedy, but it is practically never an epic or even a picaresque novel. The famous "cross-section," certainly, is

seldom presented to her. Not all men are privileged to explore the various strata of society, or the differing climes of the planet; but a man's imagination, if he chooses, can get a very wide assortment of fact to feed upon. He, too, may be constrained to come back to the same hearthstone, whence, he has long since learned, he cannot hope to descry new stars. But in the interval of absence he has had more chance at the casual gift of the stranger.

I confess myself not much interested in woman's achievement, though passionately interested in human achievement, whether of man or of woman. Yet, being a woman, I naturally reckon up the assets and liabilities of that condition. The assets are many, the liabilities also. Among the latter the least capable of cancellation is, I think—the smoking car and what it symbolizes. Until women take all the burdens of the world's work on their shoulders, women will be largely cut off from that vicarious romance which is the only "way out" for most people—men or women. I find myself doubting whether that day will ever come. "Beauty is a fair thing for a woman, and strength for a man." Those who point to the peasant or the savage women who till the soil and carry the loads do not always point out what those women are like when youth is past, or realize how little any civilized woman (however feminist in principle) desires to turn into a crone at thirty. I am afraid that, no more than men, can women eat their cake and have it, too. When we are able seamen as well as philosophers, gang foremen as well as landscape gardeners, miners as well as artists, plantation overseers as well as members of Congress—then our *dames seules* compartment will be as good as the men's smoking car. But until then we shall find it harder to come by Romance than the dullest male. This is not, perhaps, the liability that my sex is worrying about most; but it is one that, I fear, defies any mere legislative millennium.

FRUIT OF THE EARTH

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH, recording his voyage to New England in 1614, says that the Indians had planted "pumpions and gourds" in their hills of maize. Pumpkins and squashes in the corn! I went out this morning to see how mine were coming along, walking into the softly rustling aisles of plumed stalks and stepping over the pumpkin vines which ran every which way over the ground, or even climbed up the corn, and bore everywhere great fruits already turning golden orange. My "gourds," to be sure (supposedly the winter squashes), are not planted in the corn, but separately. However, they are close by, not far enough away, surely, to constitute a break in the orthodox tradition handed down to me from the aborigines. Beyond the corn is a field of potatoes. In the kitchen garden, neatly tied to stakes, the tomato vines bear their clusters of red fruit. Corn, potatoes, pumpkins, tomatoes, peppers — these are America's contribution to the world's food supply, and only corn and potatoes, of course, are of great moment. Looking across my garden and my fields, I see rows of berry bushes, strawberry vines, asparagus, cabbages and cauliflowers, celery, beets, chard, spinach, onions, beans, and the brush on which the peas grew earlier in the season. There is the stubble of a reaped oat field, there are orchards of apples, pears, cherries, plums, and there are nut trees and sugar maples, though these latter are wild. But that is all. Each vegetable has a long, intricate, and fascinating history, but there are very few of them. The surprising thing to me is not the antiquity of our vegetable foods, but the small number of them which we have chosen for cultivation out of the vast store nature has provided.

Before the dawn of recorded history, man decided that among all cereals he preferred wheat for his bread, and of wheat is most of our flour still made. Man has journeyed now over all the habitable globe, and discovered hundreds upon hundreds of edible plants, yet Cato himself would not feel lost in my garden, though the corn and potatoes would puzzle him. The products of the Americas, too, which were introduced into Old World cultivation were not wild, but were themselves products of selection, at least to some extent. Maize, certainly, was distributed widely over both Western continents, and there were many fixed varieties of this most variable of plants. If a wild wheat had existed in the Western Hemisphere, it is quite possible that it would have been selected by the Indians instead of maize, and that we to-day should know nothing at all about corn. Old as corn is, however, under cultivation, its greatest development has come in the last century, under the spur of the necessity for increased production, while sweet corn, that most delicious of all esculents, that climax of the garden, was unknown to our Revolutionary ancestors. The *New England Farmer*, in 1822, says: "A writer in the Plymouth paper asserts that sweet corn was not known in New England until a gentleman of that place, who was in General Sullivan's expedition against the Indians in 1779, brought a few ears to Plymouth which he found among the Indians on the border of the Susquehannah." This was called papoose corn, and the core was said to have been a bright crimson, and if the boiled corn "was laid in contact with any linen, it communicated an indelible stain." That attribute soon disappeared,

quite evidently, under cultivation. Perhaps we have thus lost a valuable dye! Sweet corn was not referred to at all by Jefferson in his *Notes on Virginia* (1781), nor by several other writers on American botanical and agricultural subjects, as late as Fessenden in 1828. Thorburn's seed catalogue for 1828, however, offers one variety, the sugar, or sweet. Now, of course, there are many varieties, the most popular, however, Golden Bantam, being comparatively recent.

The potato, now so generally grown over the earth, and so valuable a food product, was apparently rather a poor thing when it was first discovered, not as good eating as a Jerusalem artichoke, or perhaps many another similar root stock, or tuber. There is evidence, indeed, that the Jerusalem artichoke, when first carried to Europe, was more esteemed than the potato. It was only under comparatively recent cultivation, with constant selection improving the product, that the potato became the desirable thing it is to-day. Originally a native of southern Chile, it was first found by Europeans as a cultivated vegetable in the gardens of the Incas, and possibly in those of the Darien Indians. By the time Virginia was settled it had reached that point in North America. But the potato did not reach New England till 1719, when a colony of Presbyterian Irish introduced it in Londonderry, New Hampshire, probably bringing the seed roundabout from the Old World. The first field crop of potatoes in Salem wasn't planted until 1762. They were said, in the old records, to be "very sharp and pungent in the throat and smell." The potato was carried to Europe much earlier than to New England, probably in the early years of the sixteenth century, but its spread there was not rapid, and it did not receive general favor until two centuries later. Raleigh probably first introduced it into Ireland, in 1585, where it has since made itself peculiarly at home.

But it is fairly evident, from the his-

tory of this plant, that the original tubers were not particularly palatable, to Europeans, at least, and probably only the ease with which they could be grown and the size of the yield kept the potato in cultivation until sufficient experimental selection had taken place to improve the product. At present there are hundreds and hundreds of varieties, and it contributes a major staple of the world's food supply. Every least mountain farm has its potato field, and millions are the hoes that follow bent backs up and down the rows, hilling the tubers against the time of harvest. Yet, as we look back at the history of this plant, it seems almost an accident that it was chosen for such development, out of so many edible candidates, some of them, certainly, no less promising.

It is astonishing, indeed, to consider how much one could find to eat, in a wild state, even in our harsher north-eastern states. With great care I have made an asparagus bed, and yearly I plant spinach. But from my lawn (alas!) and from my roadside and pastures I could always in season get a plentiful mess of greens—dandelion, dock, milkweed, and the tender stalks of the new brake in spring. Did you ever eat the tender stems of young brake, or bracken, boiling them exactly like asparagus? I cannot honestly say they are as good as asparagus, but many a wise camper knows that they are far from unpalatable, and a welcome relief from bacon and canned stuff; and experiments at a Western university have shown, it is said, that they contain more actual nourishment than either asparagus or tomatoes. In the moist margins of the woods near by grow banks of Solomon's seal. The young shoots of this plant, too, can be boiled and eaten like asparagus, but the root stock also can be macerated in water and made into a starchy substance capable at least of sustaining life. Our Indians ate it, and Francis Parkman records that it was used by the French pioneers to avert starvation.



EVERY LEAST MOUNTAIN FARM HAS ITS POTATO FIELD

Not far from the Solomon's seal, where the fresh-water marshes open out, are acres of cat-tails, those tall rushes with brown spikes which my immediate forbears recognized only as articles of domestic decoration. The brown heads had a habit of bursting, I well recall, sometime during the winter, and usually at night, scattering a white fluff like thistledown all over the house. But in earlier days not only the Indians, but

the poorer white people, ate the roots of these rushes, and travelers in Russia have recorded the same thing there, where, in the region of the Don, it is called Cossack asparagus. Recent scientific experiments have shown that the bulbous roots actually are highly nutritious, with a core of pure starch, and can be made into a flour which contains the same amount of protein as rice or corn flour, though less fats. The vast areas of

waste marshes largely given over to them could, therefore, easily become, under necessity, of great value to mankind.

In the marshes, too, grows candy. It is a long time since I have had any of it,

But nature, in the dandelion blossoms in the grass and the elderberry clusters in the hedges, has supplied me with plentiful material for liquor, if I so desire. What you perhaps did not know,

however, is that the unopened flower buds of the common elderberry (*Sambucus canadensis*) can be pickled, and that they then form, according to Sturtevant, in his *Notes on Edible Plants*, an excellent substitute for capers. Having personally no use whatever for capers themselves, I have never sought to test the substitute.

Nor is nature deficient in supplying as well the cup that cheers without inebriating. Up my mountain in spring, before the leaves are well out on the trees and the forest is thin and sun-filled, you will see delicately gleaming here and there little specks of gold along brown twigs—the blossoms of the spice bush. During the Revolutionary War the berries of this bush were dried and powdered by our ancestors, and used for

allspice. During the Civil War the Confederate soldiers used the leaves for tea. They make, actually, an aromatic brew which is not at all unpleasant. Indeed, there are many records of our pioneer ancestors, as they pushed westward into the wilderness, employing the leaves for beverage. Sassafras tea, also, was not unknown when I was a boy, and I seem to recall that certain vague medicinal qualities were supposed to lurk in it. A spring tonic, was it not? But more commonly the sassafras was



THE MARSH LAND IS RICH IN POTENTIAL FOODS

though. The art of making it from the rhizomes of the sweet flag, simple as it must have been, seems to be lost, at least in my part of the world. I have only delightful memories of great pans of it, cut in little honeyed squares, spread out to dry on a shelf before grandmother's kitchen door. I have been told, too, that the rhizomes are used by perfumers, and also by rectifiers to improve the flavor of gin. It may yet be that the sweet flag will find a cherished place in the damp corners of certain gardens.

associated with soups, the leaves being dried and pounded to extract the tough stems. The sifted portion which remained was kept in jars, for use. It imparts to a soup a kind of mucilaginous consistency, and a decided characteristic flavor. I wonder if anybody thus employs the sassafras any more? It has been many years since I myself have seen a jar of the dry, gray-green leaf bits, or tasted the peculiar flavor in a soup, though I often break off a leaf shoot when I pass a tree, and suck the stem, as if it were a lollypop.

Of course, were we forced to exist once more entirely on what we could grow or gather in our own neighborhood, sugar would give us little difficulty here in the New England hills. Maple-sugar making is, indeed, a practical industry, and the groves are often so carefully protected, if not actually set out, that they should be classed as cultivated. As often, however, they are entirely wild. The Indians were perfectly familiar with the properties of the maple tree, and greatly relished the sugar, the little Indians pouring the hot syrup into the snow to candy, even as those children do to-day who are lucky enough to live, near a "bush." There is, I suppose, no more delicious saccharine than condensed maple sap, and none which is made by so delightful a process. The collection of the sap in March, going from tree to dripping tree over the melting snowdrifts or the patches of moist bare soil which smell faintly of spring, the boiling down in the great corrugated pans, under sheds of which at least two walls

are composed of stacked cordwood, so that more and more daylight comes in as the process advances, the pungent odor of the burning wood the sweet steam of the boiling sap, the indescribable sweet crispness of a hot sugar stick made in the mold of your own finger thrust in the snow, the early sunsets over the western mountains, the weary, happy plod down the pastures toward the golden window squares that mean supper—all of this goes into the flavor of the syrup and the sugar. It is peculiarly American, and pioneer American, too. I never pour my syrup on a stack of cakes and get the flavor in my mouth without seeing the tall sugar groves going up the slopes of Cannon Mountain into the mystery of the upland wilderness, and without hearing the tinkle of the brooks,



THE PURITY OF THE SNOWS IS IN THE SAP OF THE MAPLE

released by spring, as they come down to feed with their crystal purity the roots that send up this sap. The stuff you buy in the market for maple syrup—the various corn or cane syrup substitutes—are a sad apology for the real thing. There has been no improvement in sugar syrups over that which the Indians knew.

Other maples, of course, in the absence of *Acer saccharinum*, can be tapped to yield an inferior syrup, and in greatly diminished quantities. I recall one spring in my boyhood when, in default of the sugar trees near by, I tapped a grove of soft maples, and boiled down washboilers of sap on the kitchen stove, to secure about a cup of thin syrup. The birches, too, will yield in spring a copious sweet sap which can be boiled down

to syrup. But, of course, the sugar maple is supreme, with the sugar cane and the sugar beet, as a producer of sweets, and no one with a grove of the trees need suffer, whatever befall in Cuba or Louisiana.

In spite of the fact that I was born early enough—and in a region rural enough—to know men and women who still carried on many of the pioneer traditions and believed still in many of the pioneer “remedies,” I was myself surprised when the late Doctor Sturtevant’s *Notes on Edible Plants* was recently published by the New York Agricultural Experiment Station at Geneva, and I discovered how many more roots and plants about me could sustain life than even my grandfather, versed in such matters, knew. There is, for instance, the

Jack-in-the-pulpit. It springs from a bulb, or corm, shaped like a turnip which has the pleasant property of stinging the tongue like hot needles if you bite it raw, as little country boys very well understand, employing their knowledge, with characteristic humor, to the confusion of little city visitors. Dry this corm, however, cook it, and it is harmless in taste and starchily nutritious. The Seneca Indians used it for bread. Hereabouts, I am afraid, one would get pretty hungry, though, hunting enough of the roots to make a loaf. He could do better, early in the year, gathering the bulb of the spring beauties in the woods, or late in the season gathering the roots of the arrowhead plants in the shallow water of our ponds or in swales and



TOBACCO IS AMERICA'S GIFT TO THE WORLD

swampy places. These roots, which grow not unlike small potatoes, I have dug many a time, to transplant into marshy corners of my farm, where the graceful leaves and pretty white flowers add greatly to the landscape. They spread prolifically, too, and, once established, seem as persistent as the Jerusalem artichokes on dry land. I could, however, if necessity drove me, have roasted or boiled these tubers, as the Indians used to do, and used them as a substitute for bread. The much larger tubers of the American lotus, that plant which is so magnificent along the muddy backwaters of the Mississippi, were even more valuable to the Indians because of their size and their vast abundance. The lotus stations which once existed (I don't know whether they exist any more) in the Connecticut and Delaware rivers are thought by some botanists to represent attempts by the Indians to transplant this valuable food into Eastern waters.

On my farm and in the surrounding woods and swamps, growing wild, are not only foods, but medicines and dyes and even soap. The butternut trees, of course, are well known not only for their nuts and their lovely furniture wood, but for the brown dye they yield. My great-grandmother dyed her homespun with it, and many a Johnny Reb in the Civil War wore butternut-colored clothing. The masses of lovely bloodroot flowers which grow in spring along one of my fences, however, indicate the source of a coloring substance much more easily extracted (as every mother knows when her children go after wild flowers). This red stain is excellent to color baskets with. From the wild sunflowers, equally prolific along the roadsides, comes a yellow stain. From the flowering dog-



THE TURKEY IS THE ONE WILD CREATURE WE
HAVE DOMESTICATED

woods, on the other hand, which glorify the woods in June, can come a medicine which has some of the properties of quinine. It is said to be "tonic, mildly stimulant, and anti-intermittent." This medicine is a decoction of the dried bark of the tree itself, or of the root, the root being the stronger. Another native plant which is often sought by gardeners for its decorative value, the wild senna (*Cassia maritandica*), is a proved medicine. When the showy yellow flowers matured and the long, beanlike seed pods were formed, the leaves of the plant used to be collected by the Shakers, and sometimes sold, they tell me, along with the other products of those odd colonies which once dotted New England and New York. An ounce of these dried leaves, steeped in a pint of boiling water, makes a rather mild laxative. Boneset tea, also well known in



IT IS HARDLY AN ACCIDENT THAT STACKS OF CORN RESEMBLE INDIAN TEPEES

rural regions as late as my boyhood, has the same property if taken in large doses, but mostly it was supposed to be good for a cold.

There is one wild flower now so thoroughly acclimated in America that its European origin is quite forgotten, and forgotten, even, is the fact that once it was a garden plant. It covers the sandy fields and roadsides of Cape Cod with

its pink bloom, and in my village in the Berkshires it has usurped a mile-long stretch of railroad embankment to the exclusion of almost everything else. I refer to bouncing Bet (*Saponaria officinalis*), which belongs to the pink family and is still worth a place in our gardens among the more rugged perennials. Indeed, it has a place in mine, though it requires some effort to keep it there, its

tendency being to spread in every direction. I can remember old people in my boyhood calling this plant by its English name, Soapwort, though I do not recall anybody who made soap from it. Charles Francis Saunders, in his *Useful Wild Plants of the United States and Canada*, says he has heard it called "my lady's washbowl" in the south. Its saponaceous properties have been known, however, for many centuries. It was used for soap in the European monasteries, and possibly it was brought to this country with these properties in mind. The soap is made from the roots, out of which a sticky juice is pounded that, when agitated in water, produces a lather. There are several hundred plants through the world which contain the same glucoside saponin, but in most of them the quantity is too small to make a useful lather. If you want to make a test of bouncing Bet, pull a single root up, clean it, pound it gently, and then slosh it around in a cup of water. You will speedily have a cup of bubbled suds.

Tobacco, of course, was an American contribution to the world, though hardly to the world's food supply, even if Doctor Sturtevant does list it among his two thousand or more edible plants. The Indians knew it well, but they smoked it far less than we do, and mixed it with other things. The mixture was called *kinnikinnick* at first, by the early settlers and trappers, but later the word became applied rather to the plants themselves which were used as adulterants, especially the silky cornel. The dried inner bark was used, as was the inner bark of the red osier dogwood. Bear berry and sumach leaves were also used, and, in the West, the leaves of the manzanita. Often the Indians smoked one or more of these adulterants rather as substitutes, without any tobacco at all. When I was a boy dried sweet fern was in great favor among the young, who did not quite dare essay the weed itself, but whether there was any Indian tradition for the use of this plant I can-

not say. Nowadays, apparently, youth needs no substitutes, beginning at a tender age on mamma's cigarettes. Once or twice, being without tobacco on a trip up the mountain, I have hunted a fragrant, sunny clearing of sweet fern, and filled my pipe with the dry, brown leaves always obtainable on some lower twig. But though nothing in the world is more delectable to all the senses than a sunny mountain clearing fragrant with sweet fern, I cannot honestly say that it is an adequate substitute for tobacco in a pipe.

One native food product of America which, far from being a substitute, is, on the contrary, without substitutes, and yet has been curiously neglected, is wild rice. It is widely distributed, too, over the marshes of the continent east of the Rockies, though found in greatest abundance in the lake regions of the upper Middle West. Here is a food that the game birds know the value of, and that the hunters of game birds know the value of, too. Many hunters in the Lake regions, indeed, would hardly consent to sit down to a sportsman's feast of duck unless the meat was served with wild rice, properly cooked. It has to be boiled a long time—an hour is not too much. The wild rice is a beautiful and extremely decorative annual grass, growing in water and sometimes rising ten feet above the surface. It bears in summer delicate yellowish green blossoms, and in September purple spikes of ripened seeds. These seeds are attached so loosely to the heads that they fall at a touch when ripe, and great care has to be employed in gathering them. The more provident Indians used to tie the grass into bunches before the seeds were ripe, and then later pushed a canoe among the stacks and, bending each stack over the boat, shook out the kernels. When dried and threshed, wild rice is brownish in color, not the pure white of commercial rice, and the taste is different, too, though I think quite as pleasant. Its dietetic value is said to be quite equal to that of the cultivated

variety. It costs considerably more, however, in the few places where it can be bought. But if the need ever arose, our great areas of marshland east of the Rockies could be converted by it into food-bearing areas of incalculable value.

Few as are the edible plants which have been chosen out of possible thousands for cultivation by man, the number of animals and fowls which he has domesticated for purposes of food or burden is even smaller, and to this number America has added just one—the turkey. It seems almost incredible that an animal like the bison, so enormously valuable as a fur bearer, was practically exterminated before any efforts were made to domesticate it. The present-day value of a buffalo coat would certainly pay many times over for the cost of raising a calf to maturity, and no coat was ever so warm or so lasting. We wiped the buffaloes out, however, in our blithe, prodigal fashion, and the turkey is our sole contribution to the world's small stock of useful domestic animals and fowls. There is a legend among the Navajo Indians to explain the origin of maize, which Bancroft records as follows: "All the wise men being one day assembled, a turkey hen came flying from the direction of the morning star and shook from her feather an ear of blue corn into the company." This legend, of course, is a recognition of the importance to the Indians both of the corn and of the turkey. The vegetable had already been selected from among hundreds of competitors for cultivation, and the fowl was at least pre-eminently desirable, before the white men ever came to these shores. Actually, then, even our American contribution to the world's stock of cultivated foods, which

seems so recent, is of immemorial antiquity.

My cornfield, which now shuts out the view with its tasseled, fairy forest, and which presently will dome over the ridge, naked lanes of stubble between the shocks, shows but the renewal of something immeasurably old. On the frosty days of autumn, when the trees are red and gold, it is not a coincidence that the corn shocks in my field resemble Indian tepees. They are, indeed, monuments and reminders of the vanished red men who gave us the gift of the maize. The entire garden, the barnyard, the cultivated fields, in fact, are immemorably old. I look at my asparagus and think how Cato set down the rules for its cultivation. When the wind goes over the wheat I hear the rustle of the garments of Ruth. And when Peter crows in the morning, greeting the sun and his obedient harem, my imagination is unequal to the task of taking back his line to the days before the dawn of history, when he crowed in the Indian jungle.

The earth is fat with fruits, and we may eat of the abundance thereof, but we have chosen a different way. We have selected a few, an almost infinitesimal few, from the wilderness store, to cultivate and call our own. It would be interesting some time, as an experiment, to live for a week, say, entirely on the wild products of one's neighborhood, eating nothing that was cultivated or domesticated. It could, of course, be done, and rather easily. But I have never done it. Further, I must confess that I probably never shall. Like the rest of my fellows, I am too much the child of convention. Sassafras tea for a week? Not if I can help it!

THE MOCKBEGGAR

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

MR. and Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple were walking along the highroad that leads from Iden to Wittersham across the Isle of Oxney. They were very particular about being given their full name of "Reginald" Dalrymple to distinguish them from Mr. and Mrs. Charley Dalrymple, who were in Northampton workhouse; from the Peter Dalrymples, who tramped in Wales; from the Stanley Dalrymples, who were in prison; and from Serena Dalrymple, who had put herself outside the pale of decent society on the roads by marrying a "nigger."

Mr. Reginald Dalrymple was about sixty-five years old and his back was bent. Otherwise he looked hale enough, and his face, at least as much as could be seen of it through a thatch of brown whiskers, was red as an autumn pear. He wore a frock coat, gray-flannel trousers, a pair of brown beach shoes with rather inadequate uppers, and a bowler hat.

Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple was about three years younger than her husband and inclined to stoutness, though she looked an able-bodied woman. She wore a very handsome cape trimmed with jet, a woolen muffler that might have been gray, but to which she referred as "me white scarf," and a man's cap set at a rakish angle. She wheeled a perambulator, which did not, however, contain a baby, but the Reginald Dalrymples' luggage—indeed, it may be said, their complete household equipment, which at a first glance would appear to consist entirely of old rags. However, a more sympathetic inspection would reveal a really excellent kettle (the leak was only just below the spout), a suspi-

cious-looking rug, an assortment of cups, a tin plate, a screw driver, an ancient copy of *Tit-Bits*, a photograph of a robust young woman with a hat full of feathers, and another photograph of a sailor.

"I'm beginning to feel me feet," said Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple to her husband.

"And I'm thinking it's coming on to rain," said he, with a look up at the lowering sky.

It was autumn, and the red leaves were shaking against soft clouds of October gray which the wind brought down from Benenden in the west.

"Where's our next chance of a doss?" asked Mrs. Dalrymple.

"There's the Throws up at Potman's Heath," replied her husband, "but I reckon they'll be — damp to-night."

"Reg! Don't use such words," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with dignity. "You forget my mother was a Stanley."

"I'm never likely to forget it, the way you goes on about it. Anyone 'u'd think she'd been Queen Victoria on her throne, to hear you talk! But what I say is, it's coming on to rain and there ain't no union within fifteen miles. Besides, you're feeling your feet," he added, kindly.

"I've walked twelve miles since dinner, Reg," said Mrs. Dalrymple, with a little plaintive sigh.

"Hook on, then," said he, extending a ragged elbow.

She hooked, and for some moments they walked in silence. Then he said:

"It'll be awkward for you pushing the pram with one hand," and took it from her—though Mr. Reginald Dalrymple had often boasted that he had

never come down to wheeling a perambulator, and never would.

"I've been thinking," said she, a few minutes later, by which time the rain was spattering freely in the dust—"I've been thinking we must have come near that mockbeggar place by the Stocks. The house was standing there five years ago when we was on the roads with Sue and her lot, and if it hasn't tumbled down since there's one good room in it, anyway, with the ceiling tight, and there's water in the well at the bottom of the yard."

Mr. Dalrymple reflected. "You're right, Hannah!—I believe you're right this once. We should be coming to that mockbeggar in half an hour. It'll be raining the ——— skies down by that time, so we might go in and light a fire and not trouble about getting farther to-night. It's a good way from the nearest place and we're not like to be meddled with."

Mrs. Dalrymple was feeling her feet more and more, in spite of the supporting elbow and the removal of the pram. She was also beginning to get wet, though this did not worry her, being of custom. She was far more preoccupied with the thought that she could not walk a twelve-mile stretch without getting tired—and she'd been able to walk twice that as a girl, when she and Reginald had tramped all round the country by Chichester. She had had the children then, as well—one slung at her breast and the other hanging on her skirt when his dad did not carry him. She was glad when she saw three sharp gables suddenly draw themselves against the sky, which sagged low over the fields, squirting rain.

"That's it," she said; "that's the mockbeggar. I knew it was somewhere in these parts, though we haven't been here since Sue was on the roads with her man. D'you remember that time we dossed under the stack at Wassall?"

Mr. Dalrymple grunted. He was looking for a gap in the hedge, for it struck him that it would be best to go straight

across the fields to shelter instead of walking round by the road. He soon found what he thought was a proper opening, and proceeded to enlarge it to meet the ample requirements of his wife by pushing the perambulator through. He then gallantly offered a hand to Mrs. Dalrymple, and after much gasping and effort and crackling of twigs she was at his side in the pad-dock which belonged to the mockbeggar.

A "mockbeggar house" in Kent is any large-sized house which stands empty close to a highroad, and seems to mock the beggar who plods along, thinking he will find charity at those doors which, on his close arrival, are found to be either swinging on their hinges or barred on emptiness. The mockbeggar at Wittersham was an especially large house, which, owing to want of repairs, a poor landlord, and a defective water supply, had stood empty for some time. It was probably about fifty years old and was built in comfortable Victorian style, but neglect and the misty weather of the Isle of Oxney—that cone round which steam all the mists of the Rother levels and Shirley brooks—had eaten holes in its solid fabric of roof and wall and made its shelter doubtful even to the Reginald Dalrymples, to whom uncracked walls and fair slated roofs were only the occasional experience of the workhouse.

"A downstairs room 'u'd be best," said Mrs. Reginald.

They went into one next the passage on the ground floor. It was full of dead leaves and bits of glass from a broken window, but there was a grate in it where a fire might possibly burn, and the rain was confined to a small pool under the window sill.

"You unpack here, Hannah, and I'll go and get some water for the kettle."

Mrs. Dalrymple extracted the kettle from the pram, carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper, and while her husband went off she proceeded to arrange her various belongings. The sinister-looking rug she put in the corner with a

nice comfortable bit of sacking; that was the bedroom. The cups, the plate, and a broken knife she put on the remains of a shelf; that was the kitchen. While the two photographs she set proudly among the dust and cobwebs on the mantelpiece; that was the parlor. She was then, according to custom, going on to make herself comfortable by taking off her shoes, when she was startled by a noise overhead.

An empty house is full of noises, and Mrs. Dalrymple had a wide experience of empty houses. Mere scuttlings of rats or hootings of owls or rustlings of crickets or howlings of wind in chimneys could not alarm her, but this sound she knew at once was none of these. It was a footstep, a human footstep, which moved in the room overhead, and she held her breath to listen. The next minute she heard more and worse—that murmur coming to her through the boards was a human voice. She stuck her head out of window (no need to open it first) and made a sign to Reginald, who was coming up the yard with the kettle. The sign urged both silence and attention, also haste. His response was immediate; they had often been together in these emergencies, demanding a quick stealth. He did not speak a word till he was back beside her in the room.

"It's people!" said Mrs. Dalrymple, in a hoarse whisper; "there's people here!"

"How d'you know? Where are they?"

"They're up above. I heard 'em talking. Listen!"

They both listened. The sounds in the upper room continued—voices and footsteps.

"There's two," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I can tell by the feet. Who can it be? It's road people like ourselves, most like; no one else 'u'd ever come here."

"I wonder if it's anyone we know. It might be the Lovells—you know Lance and Aurelia Lovell are walking in Kent."

"I hope it ain't folk in the house after repairs," said Mr. Dalrymple, struck

by a sudden thought. "You never know your luck, and some one may have bought the place."

"I hope it's not that stuck-up Eleanor Ripley and her husband," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "We had enough of their airs when we met them at Maidstone. She's got saucers to all her cups."

"Well, I'd sooner it was her than gaujos," returned Mr. Dalrymple; "it 'u'd never do for us to get found here, and it 'u'd mean a-spoiling of the place for visitors."

"You go and have a look," suggested his wife. "Take off your shoes."

Mr. Dalrymple shuffled them off without undoing the laces, and left the room with extreme caution. His progress upstairs and along the passage was as silent as only his kind know how to make it.

Mrs. Dalrymple strained her ears, which were as quick as they were when she was seventeen. The voices continued, but she detected more than conversation—she thought she heard a sound of sobbing. Time went on. Reginald was evidently maneuvering with his usual discretion, for the flow of talk above remained uninterrupted. Indeed, so velvet-footed was he that he was back at her side before she expected him, and, old stager though she was, nearly made her jump.

"It's gaujos," he said, in a low voice. "There's two of 'em, mighty queer . . ."

"How queer?"

"Oh, the girl's got short hair like a boy, and the boy he's soft-looking. They're only a boy and girl. Maybe we could scare 'em out."

"I don't want to scare them," said Mrs. Dalrymple. "The night ain't fit for a dog and I'd be sorry to turn 'em out in it. But if they ain't road people, what are they doing here?"

"They're quarreling," said Mr. Dalrymple—"quarreling and crying."

"I thought I heard crying."

"It's the girl's crying, into a handkerchief. She's got a white handkerchief with a blue border."

"Are they gentry?"

"Fine gentry, I should say, by their clothes, but I don't think they're after repairs or taking the house or anything."

"What are they doing, then?"

"Sheltering from the rain, like us, and I don't think they've got much money, for they're talking a lot of words about the price of a ticket to London."

"Is that what the trouble's about?"

"No, I don't know as it is. I can't make out a lot of their foolish words, but it seems as either he wants to marry her and she won't, or else as they are married and she wants to get shut of him and he won't have it."

"I should think not!" said Mrs. Dalrymple. "I'm for sticking to your lawful certificated husband, and that's why I'd never go to the workhouse except just now and again for a rest. You know that Eleanor she says a woman should be able to get rid of her husband if she wants to, and take a new one, which you can't do in a workhouse, but I was always brought up to strict notions as to marriage. My mother was a married woman, and so is my daughter after me."

"Well, maybe they ain't married. I don't rightly know. They had too many words for me to be able to make out the lot of them. But hold your tongue, Hannah; they're coming down."

Steps sounded on the rickety stairs of the mockbeggar—unskillful, gaujo steps that made every stair creak.

Mrs. Dalrymple made a hasty movement as if to gather up her possessions and thrust them back under the rags in the perambulator, stirred, perhaps, by some dim instinct of far-off ancestors who must not let the stranger look upon their household gods.

Her husband laid hold of her arm. "Don't be scared; they're nothing—hardly cut their teeth yet!"

At the same moment a young man appeared in the doorway. He was tall and loosely knit, with a heavy coltishness about him, as of one not yet full grown. Behind him a girl's face stood

out of the shadows, framed in a queer little stiff mane of cropped hair. Her eyes were bright and resolute, but at the same time frightened.

"Hullo!" said the youth, truculently, to Mr. Dalrymple. "What are you doing here?"

Mr. Dalrymple looked the aggressor up and down. "This place belongs to us as much as you."

"*More* than you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "seeing as we're road people and you're house people who have no business here!"

"Well, I might ask what your business is."

"Our business is to have supper and a doss on a wet night, and if you keeps clear and don't come round talking foolishness we won't meddle with you, and there's room enough for the lot of us."

"It's all right, Bob," said the girl. "Let's go back." Her face was flushed and her eyes were a little swollen under the straight line of her fringe.

Mrs. Dalrymple suddenly became professional.

"I'm not the one to interfere with a real lady and gentleman," she whined, putting on the manner which she kept for well-dressed strangers. "I'm sure you're a real fine lady and gentleman, and if the lady will only cross my hand with silver I'll tell her some gorgeous things about herself, and maybe about the gentleman, too. I can see a lot of money coming to you, lady—even more than the price of a ticket to London!"

The girl darted a surprised look at her companion.

"Come, lady," wheedled Mrs. Dalrymple, "I'll tell you a high-class tale about husbands."

The girl turned away with a heightening of her flush. "I can't bear this nonsense," she said, in a low voice to the young man. "These people needn't interfere with us, nor we with them. Let's go upstairs."

The youth looked sulky. "It's all very well," he said, "but they've got the

only decent room; the rain's coming through all the ceilings above."

"You should have put your traps in here," said Mr. Dalrymple, "then we should have kept out of it; but as we're here we mean to stick. My old woman's wet through, and she's going to have a dry doss, I'm blowed if she ain't."

"Oh, well, come on," said the young man. "It may clear up before night, and then we'll start again."

He turned away, following the girl upstairs, and the Reginald Dalrymples were left in peace.

"There's queer things you meets on the roads," said Mrs. Dalrymple, "and it isn't so much the people you meet as the places where you meets 'em. Now what are those two doing here? I'm beat."

"You're curious," retorted Mr. Dalrymple, "fair eat up with curiosity, because you're a woman. Now I don't think twice about 'em as long as they leaves me alone, and nor won't you, Hannah, if you've got sense. Here, let's have a fire and get ourselves dry."

He turned to the all-providing pram and from its depths drew forth its last treasures—some blocks of wood and a bundle of sticks. The Dalrymples always carried a supply of dry firewood about with them, for they were getting old and considered themselves entitled to a certain amount of luxury in their old age.

A fire was soon lit and the kettle put on to boil; once it was blazing, the addition of a few damp sticks gathered outside no longer mattered. The room grew warm and Mrs. Dalrymple's clothes began to steam. Her husband took off his coat and put it over her shoulders.

"There you are, Hannah," he said. "I don't want it. This weather makes me sweat, but you've got to take care of your bones."

They made tea, which they drank in great comfort, with half a stale loaf and a lump of lard. Outside, the rain was hissing down, while the wind howled in the chimney.

"It'll be wet upstairs," said Mrs. Dalrymple, pleasantly.

The fire was beginning to die down, and Mr. Dalrymple did not fancy going outside to get in more sticks.

"I'll go and have a look at the banisters," he said, "and maybe there's a bit of a cupboard door."

The banisters looked satisfactory as fuel, and he was in the act of wrenching a couple of them out when he saw the young man on the staircase above him.

"Hi!" said the latter, dejectedly, "we're half flooded out upstairs. I was going to suggest that we come in with you till it stops raining. We'll clear out as soon as the weather lets us."

"We're poor people," said Mr. Dalrymple — "Mrs. Reginald Dalrymple and I are poor people, and we can't afford to take lodgers at our fire without a bit of silver."

"We aren't asking you to take us as lodgers, damn it! I'm just asking you to let the young lady come and sit in a dry place. It's what you wouldn't refuse a dog."

"I would certainly refuse a dog," returned Mr. Dalrymple, with dignity. "My wife and I never allows no dogs to sit with us, it being well known as dogs have fleas, and my wife being a lady as 'll have nothing to do with fleas!"

The young man surveyed Mr. Dalrymple as if he himself belonged to that species.

"Well, if you want money," he said, "I suppose you must have it. Will a shilling do you?"

"A shilling will do me very well," said Mr. Dalrymple, loftily, "and it includes the fire. We have a very excellent fire!"

"So I gather," said the young man as he coughed in the smoke that was eddying upstairs.

But even the Dalrymple quarters, full of smoke and the smell of ancient rags, were better than the leaking, dripping rooms where he and Meave Anstey had been struggling in vain to keep warm and

dry. Meave was shivering now, and her face was no longer flushed, but blue, as she sat down gingerly beside Mrs. Dalrymple's fire.

"Cross my hand with silver, lady," said that good woman, returning unabashed to the attack, "and I'll tell you the prettiest fortune that ever was spoke."

"I don't want your lies," said the girl, angrily, with a sudden gulp.

"Lies, lady! I never tells lies! May I be struck dead if I does."

"My wife is well known as a truth-telling woman," said Mr. Dalrymple, "and I'll thank you not to miscall her!"

For some reason Meave felt rebuked, though she believed neither of them.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Well, you may tell my fortune if you like, but I've only got sixpence."

"Thank you, lady. Thank you kindly, lady. Sixpence will buy me a packet of tea at the next village, lady. And I'll drink your very good health in it, for I never drinks nothing stronger than tea, which is well known."

Meave held out a soft, artistic-looking hand, which was by this time more than a little grimy.

"I likes dirt on the hand," remarked Mrs. Dalrymple; "it helps me to see the lines better. Now what I see is this: I see a railway line, with a train on it going to London, and you and a gentleman are in that train, and when you get to London I sees a church, and a priest, and a great crowd of people, and rice, and slippers. I see all that, and you in the middle of it, beautiful as an angel, and beside you a tall, handsome young gentleman with light hair and brown eyes."

The girl angrily pulled her hand away. "Don't talk such nonsense, please! I can't stand it."

"You don't want to get married?"

"No, I don't. As if I'd— Rice! . . . Slippers! . . . White veil . . . !" The scorn grew in her voice.

"There's a wedding cake," encouraged

Mrs. Dalrymple, "with sugar all over it!"

"I don't want to hear any more. Look here, you're a fortune teller, aren't you? I suppose I'm the first girl you've ever met who hasn't wanted to hear about marriage?"

"You would be the first if I believed you," said Mrs. Dalrymple, who had dropped her company manner in the familiarity of the scene.

"Well, you can believe it. I don't want to get married—I don't believe in marriage," and she threw a defiant glance not at Mrs. Dalrymple, but at the young man.

"But a girl can't never live by herself. It ain't natural."

"And it ain't safe," said Mr. Dalrymple. "I've known more than one time when my wife here might have got copped if it hadn't been for having me handy to show her the right trick."

"I don't mean to be alone," said the girl. "I don't believe in that, either. What I hate is the hypocrisy and the slavery of marriage." Her voice rose and warmed; she became a little lecturer. "It's the idea of losing my freedom which I can't bear. If women hadn't been slaves for centuries none of them could bear it. When I choose my mate we shall both of us be free—free to love and free to part. There shall be no keeping of the outer husk when the kernel has rotted."

Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple stared silently with their mouths open, and the young man looked uneasy.

"You see me and my friend here, now," continued Meave, "and even you, a woman outside the ordinary conventions of society, immediately form the idea that we're going to be married. I tell you you're utterly wrong. If we were going to be married we shouldn't be running away; we should be sitting at home, unpacking wedding presents. We are going to join our lives together, but in freedom, not in bondage. We shall be free to part whenever we choose,

free to work, free to go our own ways . . .” She had almost forgotten that she had not got her debating society before her.

“Well,” said Mrs. Dalrymple, “I don’t want to part and I don’t want to work and I don’t want to go any different ways from Mr. Dalrymple, so I can’t see the sense of what you’re saying. Mr. Dalrymple and me has been married close on forty years, and we’ve got a daughter Sue who’s been married twenty years to a fine feller in the osier trade. She has a caravan with brass rods on the door and lace curtains in the windows, and five of the dearest little children you could think of; leastways, the eldest’s nearly grown up now. And we’ve got a son Jerome who’s a sailor and has had two wives one after the other. The wife he’s got now lives in a house and has a china tea service. We’re proud of our children, but they’ve gone away from us now and I don’t know what we’d do if we hadn’t got each other.”

“She’s uncommon set on her children,” said Mr. Dalrymple. “That’s their likenesses up there on the shelf, what we carries about with us everywhere. My daughter Sue ’u’d have us stay with her, and once we went and stopped with my son and daughter at Portsmouth and slept in a bed. But we’d just as soon be along of each other here.”

“Reckon you wants your husband more when you’re old than when you’re young,” said Mrs. Dalrymple. “I’m getting too old to do most of the things I used, and I don’t know what I’d do if it wasn’t for Mr. Dalrymple, who does them for me. Our idea is to keep on the roads till we’re old enough to go into the married quarters at the workhouse. It ’u’d break our hearts if we was to be separated after all this time. . . . I don’t hold with being parted from your certificated husband.”

“You gets used to each other like,” said Mr. Dalrymple. “If I was to go on the roads with anyone else I’d be

so bothered and vexed I shouldn’t know what to do.”

“If I was ever to see you on the roads with anyone else . . .” said Mrs. Dalrymple, menacingly.

“Not likely, old lady,” said he, pushing her cap over one eye in playful affection.

“Now, now,” said she, “none of your larks.” But she looked pleased and a little proud of him.

The rain had become a storm, with a rush of wind in the chimneys of the mockbeggar. Dead leaves flew rustling round the yard, and the pool under the window was a little lake. But beside the fire it was warm and dry, though the smoke, as it eddied and waved under the low ceiling, made Meave choke a little, and strange tears come into her eyes—of course that was the smoke. She felt proud and happy. She had broken free at last . . . and she was saving Bob, who otherwise would have become a slave, having all the instincts of one. . . .

“Ooo—ooo . . . yah!” A loud yawn from Mr. Dalrymple made her start. “I’m — sleepy,” he added, conversationally.

“Now don’t you start using words again,” said his wife. “I’m not accustomed to them, being a Stanley, and I reckon the young lady ain’t, either, for all her uncertificated ideas. If you wants to go to sleep—go.”

“I’m going,” said Mr. Dalrymple.

“Then take back your coat. I’ve dried under it nicely.”

“I don’t want any coat. I’m warm as a bug.”

“You want it, and you’ll take it. Here now.”

An amiable tussle followed, which ended in Mr. Dalrymple putting on his coat, while his wife had the piece of sacking in addition to her share of the rug. They took no more notice of Meave Anstey and Bob Pettigrew, but were soon asleep, with the queer, stiff, silent sleep of animals who rest among foes.

“Rum old pair,” said Bob, under his

breath. "I'm sorry you've been let in for this, Meave, but it's better than being swamped up stairs."

"Oh, they're all right! I rather like them, though of course they're frauds. They're decent to each other, which is odd. I rather thought that type of man always bullied his wife."

"Men aren't quite such rotters as you think—even tramps."

He spoke irritably, for the sordid side of the adventure was unpleasantly obvious on this night of wind and rain without, and stuffiness and teasing smoke within. To his surprise, she did not take up his challenge. She sat watching the old couple as they lay huddled in the corner, a confused blot of rags and shadows.

"It's love that holds them together," she said, in her debating-society voice, hushed down to a whisper, "not the mere fact of marriage."

"I dunno," said he, truculently. "I don't believe they'd be together now if they weren't married—anyhow, not together like this."

"Why not? Why shouldn't lovers be faithful?"

"It's different, as I've told you a hundred times. Especially when you're old. I'd think nothing of it if they were young or middle-aged. But they're old, and there must have been lots of times when they were tired of loving and tired of life, and 'u'd never have gone on if they hadn't belonged to each other."

"That's just it—they were tied."

"And the tie kept them together over the bad places. It's like being roped on a climb; when one or another of them went down, there was always the rope, and as soon as they were on their legs again they didn't notice it. I believe people who aren't married—no matter how they love each other—somehow they're hardly ever in together at the finish. . . . You generally find that if the going's rough they drift apart. Why, you, yourself, say you'd hate to belong to a man all your life; you want the one great Moment, and then not to spoil it

by going on together. I think there's a good deal to be said for that, though, as I've told you dozens of times, I want to marry you."

He looked very young as he sat there beside her in the dying firelight. He was only a boy or he wouldn't have come with her—he wouldn't have let her force her adventure on him like that. He was very young—but he would grow old, like Mr. Dalrymple. That soft brown lick of hair on his forehead would be gray—his face a little worn, perhaps. Should she see it then, or would they have gone their separate ways? She wondered what he would look like when he was old—what he would be like—kind, protective, unselfish, like Mr. Dalrymple—a strong arm to lean on when she needed it most? . . . Growing old together . . . together not only at the start, but at the journey's end . . . but tied . . . as Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple were tied . . . by the memories of struggles and toils together, by adventures and hardships shared, by long years of companionship in wayfaring, by the love of their children. . . .

She bowed her head suddenly over her lap and tears fell into her hands.

"Meave—darling—what is it? Tell me."

His arm was round her, his shoulder under her cheek.

"Bob . . . Bob . . . will you always love me—when we're old?"

"Of course I shall always love you."

"As much as that?" and she waved her hand toward the indefinite mass of Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple.

"I should hope so," with a little contempt.

"Then . . . Bob . . . let's go back."

"Go back where?"

"Home. I want us to get married."

"My little Meave! . . . But you said—"

"It's seeing them. They're so happy—they're so true. They're dirty, terrible, shameless old things, but they're happy; they've got something that we

haven't got—that we can't ever have, unless we're married."

He had wisdom to be silent, hugging her without a word.

"Let's go back home. It's not ten o'clock yet, and we can tell mother we were caught in the rain and waited to see if it would stop. She need never know."

"And we'll get married?"

"Yes, though you know she'll make us go in for everything—bridesmaids and rice and church bells and all that."

"Never mind; it'll make Mrs. Dalrymple's fortune come true."

They both laughed a little.

"When shall we start?" he asked her.

"Oh, soon—now."

"But it's coming down in buckets."

"Never mind; we're only an hour from home. We haven't got to face all that walk into Rye and then the journey to London."

She shivered a little, and he drew her close in sudden, fierce protection.

"I shouldn't have let you come. I've been a fool about all this. I didn't believe in it, and yet I gave way because I was afraid of losing you. I should have had sense enough for both of us, and made you go my way instead of yours."

"Is that what you're going to do in future?"

"Yes—when you're a silly little thing."

She laughed, and their lips came together.

It was he who remembered the need for quick action.

"Come, we must be getting off, or we sha'n't be home till it's too late to explain. Are you ready?"

"Quite. I'm glad we didn't bring any luggage, except in our ulster pockets. It would have been difficult to explain why we'd gone for a walk with two suitcases."

They giggled light-heartedly, and went out on tiptoe.

They were off. But just as they were leaving the mockbeggar she remembered something that had been left undone.

"Bob, we ought to tell them. I want them to know."

"For Heaven's sake don't go back and wake them up! What d'you want them to know?"

"That we're going to be married."

"What on earth has that got to do with them?"

"Oh, nothing, of course . . . but I thought . . . Give me a leaf out of your pocket book, there's a darling."

He gave it, and she scribbled on it, "We are going to be married," and, creeping back into the room, put it on the mantelpiece beside the pictures of the blowsy girl and the sailor.

"And look here" she added, "as we're not going to London, we might just leave the price of our tickets with them. It may help them a lot."

"They'll probably spend it on drink."

"Well, let them. I don't care. I can't bear to think of people without proper boots on their feet."

The firelight was playing reproachfully on the toe of Mr. Dalrymple's shoe.

"Nor can I. Well, here's the money. It'll be a surprise for them when they wake up."

He put it beside the paper on the mantelpiece, and they went out.

It was daylight when Mr. and Mrs. Dalrymple woke. The storm had ceased.

"Hullo! They've gone," said he.

"Not taken any of our things with them, have they, Reg?" asked his wife, looking anxiously round.

"Not they. They're gentry. Gentry don't take poor people's things without a lawyer."

"You never know. Besides, they was queer gentry. All that talk she had about marriage . . . it was shocking. If I'd ever heard my Sue using such words I'd have—"

"Wot's this?"

Her husband had found the treasure on the mantelpiece.

"I'm blowed if they haven't left their money behind 'em! Ten bob if it's a tanner! Well, I'm blowed!"

"That's luck for us, anyway, if it ain't exactly luck for them."

"Oh, I reckon they done it on purpose. They'd never have put their dough just there by our Jack's likeness. It's Christian charity, that's what it is."

"I don't believe it's Christian charity—that 'u'd be tuppence. Ten bob's nothing but an accident. Howsumever, it makes no difference to me what it is so long as it's there. I could do with a plate o' ham."

"A plate o' ham and a cup o' coffee, and a bottle o' whisky to come along with us to Tonbridge."

"That's it. But look there, Reg—there's writing on the paper."

"So there is. Pity we ain't scollards."

"Maybe it's a word for us."

"That's what it is, I reckon."

She picked up the paper and inspected it solemnly, then passed it on to her husband, who did the same.

"Pity we never got no school learning, Reg."

"I've never felt the want."

"But I'd like to be able to read the word they've left us."

"That's because you're a woman and made of curiosity. I, being a man, says let's take the money and be thankful. And now, old lady, pack up your traps, for, thanks to this bit of luck, we'll have our breakfast at the Blue Boar."

MOUNTAIN DAWN

BY MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT

ACROSS the dark linked loveliness of lakes
 A sign goes, and a bird awakes;
 A sleepy thrush, a mottled thrush, whose wings
 Shake off the dew the moment when he sings;
 And like the drops of crystal on the ground,
 After the song there is no other sound.

Dim, dim, oh, beauty that awaits the gold,
 Gray as an ousel's wing, and cold,
 Yet with me pause a little while, and stay
 The more familiar coming of the day;
 Bring me faint sounds I cannot hear until
 I hear the haunted waterfall and hill;

The echo of the night, among the trees;
 The echo of the slight, moon-shivered breeze;
 And that calm presence which enchants the hills
 From twilight on, and all the valley fills
 With dreams and dreaming radiance and hush—
 Wait! Wait! Ah, wait, till once again the thrush!

MY BOYHOOD

PART II

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I WAS the seventh child in a family of ten children. Hiram, Olly Ann, Wilson, Curtis, Edmond, and Jane came before me; Eden, Abigail, and Eveline came after me. All were as unlike me in those mental qualities by which I am known to the world as you can well conceive, but all were like me in their more fundamental family traits. We all had the same infirmities of character: we were all tenderfeet, lacking in grit, will power, self-assertion, and the ability to deal with men. We were easily crowded to the wall, easily cheated, always ready to take a back seat, timid, complying, undecided; obstinate, but not combative; selfish, but not self-asserting; always the easy victims of pushing, coarse-grained, designing men. As with father, the word came easy, but the blow was slow to follow. Only a year or two ago a lightning-rod man made my brother Curtis and his son John have his rods put upon their barn against their wills. They did not want his rods, but could not say no with enough force. He simply held them up and made them take his rods, willy-nilly. Curtis had maps, books, washing machines, etc., forced upon him in the same way. I am able to resist the tree men, book agents, etc., and the lightning-rod man, for a wonder, found me a decided nonconductor. But I can see how my weaker brothers failed. I have settled a lawsuit rather than fight it out, when I knew law and justice were on my side. My wife has often said that I never knew when I was imposed upon. I may know it, and yet feel that resenting it would cause me more pain than the affront did. Strife and contention kill me, yet come easy to me, and did to all my family. My sense of personal dignity, personal

honor, is not a plant of such tender growth that it cannot stand rough winds and nipping frosts. That is a flattering way of saying that we are a very non-chivalrous tribe and would rather run away than fight, any time.

During the anti-rent war in Delaware County in 1844, father, who was a "down renter," once fled to a neighbor's house when he saw the posse coming, and took refuge under the bed, leaving his feet sticking out. Father never denied it and never seemed a bit humiliated when twitted about it. Grandfather Kelly seems to have used up all our fighting blood in campaigning with Washington, though I more than half suspect that our non-combativeness comes from the paternal side of the family. As a schoolboy I never had a fight, nor have I ever dealt or received a hostile blow since. And I never saw but one of my brothers fight at school, and he fought the meanest boy in school and punished him well. I can see him now sitting on the prostrate form of the boy, with his hands clinched in the boy's hair and jamming his face down into the crusty snow till the blood streamed down his face. The nearest I ever came to a fight at school was when, one noontime, we were playing baseball and a boy of my own age and size got angry at me and dared me to lay my hand on him. I did it quickly, but his bite did not follow his bark. I was never whipped at school or at home that I can remember, though I no doubt often deserved it. There was a good deal of loud scolding in our family, but very few blows.

Father and mother had a pretty hard struggle to pay for the farm and clothe and feed and school us all. We lived off the products of the farm to an extent

that people do not think of doing nowadays. Not only was our food largely home grown, but our clothes also were home grown and home spun. In my early youth our house linen and our summer shirts and trousers were made from flax that grew on the farm. Those pioneer shirts, how vividly I remember them! They dated from the stump, and bits of the stump in the shape of "shives" were inwoven in their texture and made the wearer of them an unwilling penitent for weeks, or until use and the washboard had subdued them. Peas in your shoes are no worse than "shives" in your shirt. But those tow shirts stood by you. If you lost your hold in climbing a tree and caught on a limb, your shirt or your linen trousers would hold you. The stuff from which they were made had a history behind it; pulled up by the roots, rotted on the ground, broken with a crackle, flogged with a swingle, and drawn through a hatchel, out of all this ordeal came the flax. How clearly I remember father working with it in the bright, sharp March days, breaking it, then swingling it with a long wooden swordlike tool over the end of an upright board fixed at the base in a heavy block. This was to separate the brittle fragments of the bark from the fibers of the flax. Then in large handfuls he drew it through the hatchel—an instrument with a score or more long, sharp, iron teeth, set in a board, row behind row. This combed out the tow and other worthless material. It was a mighty good discipline for the flax; it straightened out its fibers and made it as clear and straight as a girl's tresses. Out of the tow we twisted bag strings, flail strings, and other strings. With the worthless portions we made huge bonfires. The flax mother would mass upon her distaff and spin into threads. The last I saw of the old crackle, fifty or more years ago, it served as a hen roost under the shed, and the savage old hatchel was doing duty behind the old churner when he sulked and pulled back so as to stop the churn-

ing machine. It was hatcheling wool then instead of flax. The flax was spun on a quill which ran by the foot, and the quills, or spools holding the thread, were used in a shuttle when the cloth was woven. The old loom stood in the hopen chamber, and there mother wove her linen, her rag carpets, and her woolen goods. I have "quilled" for her many a time—that is, run the yarn off the reel on to spools for use in the shuttle.

Father had a flock of sheep which yielded wool enough for our stockings and mittens and comforts and underwear, and woolen sheets and comforts for the beds. Before the sheep were sheared in June they were driven two miles to the creek to be washed. Washing-sheep day was an event on the farm. It was no small task to get the sheep off the mountain, drive them to the deep pool behind old Jonas More's grist mill, pen them up there, and drag them one by one into the water and make good clean Baptists of them. But a sheep is no fighter; it struggles for a moment and then passively submits to the baptism. My older brothers usually did the washing, and I did the herding. When the shearing was done, a few days later, the poor creatures were put through another ordeal, to which, after a brief struggle, they quickly resigned themselves. Father did the shearing, while I at times held the animal's legs.

The wool was soon sent to the pulling mill and made into rolls, though I have seen it carded and made into rolls at home by hand. How many bundles of rolls tied up into sheets I have seen come home! Then in the long summer afternoons I would hear the hum of the big spinning wheel in the chamber and hear the tread of the girl as she ran it, walking to and fro and drawing out and winding up the yarn. The white rolls, ten inches or more long and the size of one's finger, would lie in a pile on the beam of the wheel, and one by one would be attached to the spindle and drawn out into yarn of the right size.

Each new roll was welded on to the end of the one that went before it, so that the yarn did not show the juncture. But now for more than sixty years the music of the spinning wheel has not been heard in the land.

Mother used to pick her geese in the barn where father used to shear the sheep, and to help gather in the flock was a part of my duty also. The geese would submit to the plucking about as readily as the sheep to the shearing, but they presented a much more ragged and sorry appearance after they had been fleeced than did the sheep. It used to amuse me to see them put their heads together and talk it over and laugh and congratulate one another over the victory they had just won!—they had got out of the hands of the enemy with only the loss of a few feathers which they would not want in the warm weather! The goose is the one inhabitant that cackles as loudly and as cheerfully over a defeat as over a victory. Geese are so complacent and optimistic that it is a comfort to me to see them about. The very silliness of the goose is a lesson in wisdom. The pride of a plucked gander makes one take courage. I think it quite probable that we learned from the goose, our habit of hissing our dissent, and maybe our other habit of trying sometimes to drown an opponent with noise has a like origin. The silly, shallow-pated goose—yet what dignity and impressiveness in her migrating wild clans driving in ordered ranks across the spring or autumnal skies, linking the Chesapeake and the Canadian lakes in one flight! The great forces are loosened and winter is behind them in one case, and the tides of spring bear them on in the other. When I hear the trumpet of the wild geese in the sky I know that dramatic events in the seasonal changes are taking place.

I was the only one of the ten children who, as father said, “took to l’arnin’,” though in all those seventy-five years of poring over books and periodicals I have not become learned. But I easily dis-

tanced the other children in school. The others learned to read and write and cipher a little—Curtis and Wilson barely that. My teacher, when I was about thirteen or fourteen, did not seem much impressed by my aptitude, for I recall how he told other scholars, boys and girls of about my own age, to get them each a grammar, but did not tell me. I felt a little slighted, but made up my mind I would have a grammar also, and, father refusing to buy it for me, I made small cakes of maple sugar in the spring and, peddling them in the village, got enough to buy the grammar and other books. The teacher was a little taken aback when I produced my book as the others did theirs, but he put me in the class and I kept along with the rest of them, but without any idea that the study had any practical bearing on our daily speaking and writing. That teacher was a superior man, a graduate of the state normal school at Albany, but I failed to impress him with my scholarly aptitudes, which certainly were not remarkable. But long afterward, when he had read some of my earlier magazine articles, he wrote to me, asking if I were indeed his early farm-boy pupil. His interest and commendation gave me rare pleasure. I had at last justified that awkward intrusion into his grammar class. Much later in life, after he had migrated to Kansas, while on a visit East he called upon me when I chanced to be in my native town. This gave me a still deeper pleasure. He died in Kansas many years ago, and is buried there. I have journeyed through the state many times, and always remember that it holds the ashes of my old teacher. It is a satisfaction for me to write his name, James Oliver, in this record.

I was in many respects an odd one in my father’s family. I was like a graft from some other tree. And this is always a disadvantage to a man—not to be the logical outcome of what went before him, not to be backed up by his family and inheritance—to be of the

nature of a sport. It seems as if I had more intellectual capital than I was entitled to and robbed some of the rest of the family, while I had a full measure of the family weaknesses. I can remember how abashed I used to be as a child, when strangers or relatives, visiting us for the first time, after looking the rest of the children over, would ask, pointing to me: "That is not your boy. Whose boy is that?" I have no idea how I looked different from the others, because I can see the family stamp upon my face very plainly. My face resembles Hiram's more than any of the others, and I have a deeper attachment for Hiram than for any of the rest of my brothers. Hiram was a dreamer, too, and he had his own idealism, which expressed itself in love of bees, of which he kept many hives at one time, and of fancy stock—sheep, pigs, poultry—and a desire to see other lands. His bees and fancy stock never paid him, but he always expected they would the next year. But they yielded him honey and wool of a certain intangible, satisfying kind. To be the owner of a Cotswold ram or ewe for which he had paid one hundred dollars or more, gave him rare satisfaction. One season, in his innocence, he took some of his fancy sheep to the state fair at Syracuse, not knowing that an unknown outsider stood no chance at all on such an occasion.

Hiram always had to have some sort of a plaything. Though no hunter and an indifferent marksman, yet he had during his life several fancy rifles. Once when he came to Washington to visit me he brought his rifle with him, carrying the naked weapon in his hand or upon his shoulder. The act was merely the whim of a boy who likes to take his playthings with him. Hiram certainly had not come to "shoot up" the town. In the early 'fifties he had a fifty-dollar rifle made by a famous rifle maker in Utica. There was some hitch or misunderstanding about it and Hiram made the trip to Utica on foot. I was at home that summer and recall seeing him start

off one June day, wearing a black coat, bent on his fifty-mile walk to see about his pet rifle. Of course nothing came of it. The rifle maker had Hiram's money and he put him off with fair words; then something happened and the gun never came to Hiram's hand.

Another plaything he had was a kettledrum with which he amused himself in the summer twilight for many seasons. Then he got a bass drum, which Curtis learned to play, and a very warlike sound often went up from the peaceful old homestead. When I was married and came driving home one October twilight with my wife, the martial music began as soon as we hove in sight of the house. Early in the Civil War Hiram seriously talked of enlisting as a drummer, but father and mother dissuaded him. I can see what a wretched, homesick boy he would have been before one week had passed. For many years he was haunted with a desire to go west, and made himself really believe that the next month or the month after he would go. He kept his valise packed under his bed for more than a year, to be ready when the impulse grew strong enough. One fall it became strong enough to start him and carried him as far as White Pigeon, Michigan, where it left him stranded. After visiting a cousin who lived there, he came back, and thenceforth his western fever assumed only a low, chronic type.

I tell you all these things about Hiram because I am a chip out of the same block and see myself in him. His vain regrets, his ineffectual resolutions, his daydreams, and his playthings—do I not know them all? Only nature in some way dealt a little more liberally with me and made many of my dreams come true. The dear brother! He stood next to father and mother to me. How many times he broke the path for me through the winter snows on the long way to school! How faithful he was to write to me and to visit me wherever I was, after I left home! How he longed to follow my example and break away

from the old place, but could never quite screw his courage up to the sticking point! He never read one of my books, but he rejoiced in all the good fortune that was mine. Once when I was away at school and fell short of money Hiram sent me a small sum when father could or would not. In later life he got it paid back manifold, and what a satisfaction it was to me to thus repay him!

Hiram was always a child; he never grew up, which is true of all of us, more or less, and true of father also. I was an odd one, but I shared all the family infirmities. In fact, I have always been an odd one amid most of my human relations in life. Place me in a miscellaneous gathering of men, and I separate from them or they from me, like oil from water. I do not mix readily with my fellows. I am not conscious of drawing into my shell, as the saying is, but I am conscious of a certain strain put upon me by those about me. I suppose my shell or my skin is too thin. Burbank experimented with walnuts, trying to produce one with a thin shell, till he finally produced one with so thin a shell that the birds ate it up. Well, the birds eat me up for the same reason, if I don't look out. I am social, but not gregarious. I do not thrive in clubs, I do not smoke, or tell stories, or drink, or dispute, or keep late hours. I am usually as solitary as a bird of prey, though I trust not for the same reason. I love so much to float on the current of my own thoughts, I mix better with farmers, workers, and country people generally, than with professional or business men. Birds of a feather do flock together, and if we do not feel at ease in our company we may be sure we are in the wrong flock. Once while crossing the continent, at some station in Minnesota a gray-bearded, farmerlike man got on the train and presently began to look eagerly about the Pullman as if to see what kind of company he was in. After a while his eye settled on me at the other end of the car. In a few minutes he came over to me and sat down beside me and began

to tell me his story. He had come from Germany as a young man and had lived fifty years on a farm in Minnesota, and now he was going back to visit the country of his birth. He had prospered and had left his sons in charge of his farm. What an air he had of a boy out of school! The adventure was warming his blood; he was going home and he wanted some one to whom he could tell the good news. I was probably the only real countryman in the car and he picked me out at once; some quality of rural things hovered about us both and drew us together. I felt that he had paid me an involuntary compliment. How unsophisticated and communicative he was! So much so that I took it upon myself to caution him against the men he was liable to fall in with in New York. I should like to know if he reached the fatherland safely and returned to his Minnesota farm.

When I was a boy six or seven years old a quack phrenologist stopped at our house and father kept him overnight. In the morning he fingered the bumps of all of us to pay for his lodging and breakfast. When he came to my head I remember he grew enthusiastic. "This boy will be a rich man," he said; "his head beats 'em all," and he enlarged on the great wealth I was to accumulate. I forgot the rest, but that my bumps were nuggets of gold under the quack's fingers; this I have not forgotten.

The prophecy never came true, though more money did come my way than to any of the rest of the family. Three of my brothers, at least, were not successful from a business point of view, and while I myself have failed in every business venture I ever undertook—beginning with that first speculative stroke sometime in the 'forties, when one March morning I purchased the prospective sap of Curtis's two maple trees for four cents—yet a certain success from a bread-and-butter point of view has been mine. Father took less stock in me than in the other boys, mainly, I suppose, on account of my proclivity

for books; hence it was a deep satisfaction to me, when his other sons had failed him and loaded the old farm with debt, that I could come back and be able to take the burden of the debts upon myself and save the farm from going into strange hands. But it was my good fortune, a kind of constitutional good luck and not any business talent, that enabled me to do so. Remembering the prediction of the old quack phrenologist, I used to have my dreams when a boy, especially on one occasion, I remember, when I was tending the sap kettles in the sugar bush on a bright April day, of gaining great wealth and coming home in imposing style and astonishing the natives with my display. How different the reality from the boy's dream! I came back, indeed, with a couple of thousand dollars in my pocket (on my bank book), sorrowing and oppressed, more like a pilgrim doing penance than like a conqueror returning from his victories. But we kept the old farm, and, as you know, it still plays an important part in my life, though I passed the title to my brother many years ago. It is my only home; other homes that I have had were mere camping places for a day and night. But the wealth which my bumps indicated turned out to be a very shadowy and uncommercial kind, yet of a kind that thieves cannot steal or panics disturb.

I remember the first day I went to school, probably near my fifth year. It was at the old stone schoolhouse, about one and a half miles from home. I recall vividly the suit mother made for the occasion out of some striped cotton goods, with a pair of little flaps or hounds ears upon my shoulders that tossed about as I ran. I accompanied Olly Ann, my oldest sister. At each one of the four houses we passed on the way I asked, "Who lives there?" I have no recollection of what happened at school those first days, but I remember struggling with the alphabet soon after; the letters were arranged in a column, the vowels first, a, e, i, o, u, and then the

consonants. The teacher would call us to her chair three or four times a day and, opening the Colles spelling book, point to the letters one by one and ask me to name them, drilling them into me in that way. I remember that one of the boys, older than I, Hen Meeker, on one occasion stuck on e. "I'll bet little Johnny Burris can tell what that letter is. Come up here, Johnny." Up I went and promptly answered, to the humiliation of Hen, "E." "I told you so," said the schoolmarm. How long it took me to learn the alphabet in this arbitrary manner I do not know. But I remember tackling the a-b, abs, and slowly mastering those short columns. I remember also getting down under the desk and tickling the bare ankles of the big girls who sat in the seat in front of me.

The summer days were long and little boys must sit on the hard seats and be quiet and only go out in the regular recess. The seat I sat on was a slab turned flat side up and supported on four legs cut from a sapling. My feet did not touch the floor, and I suppose I got very tired, and one afternoon the oblivion of sleep came over me, and when I came to consciousness again I was in a neighbor's house on a couch and the "smell of camphor pervaded the room." I had fallen off the seat backward and hit my head on the protruding stones of the unplastered wall behind me, and cut a hole in it, and, I suppose, for the moment effectively scattered my childish wits. But Mrs. Reed was a motherly body and consoled me with flowers and sweets and bathed my wounds with camphor, and I suppose little Johnny was soon himself again. I have often wondered if a small bony protuberance on the back of my head dated from that collision with the old stone schoolhouse.

Another early remembrance connected with the old stone schoolhouse is seeing Hiram, during the summer noons, catch fish in a pail back of old Jonas More's grist mill and put them in the potholes in the red sandstone rocks, to

be kept there till we went home at night. Then he took them in his dinner pail and put them in his pond down in the pasture lot. I suspect that it was this way that chubs got introduced into the West Settlement trout stream. The fish used to swim around and around in the potholes, seeking a way to escape. I would put my finger into the water, but jerk it back quickly as the fish came around. I was afraid of them. But before that I was once scared into a panic by a high-soaring hen hawk. I have probably pointed out to you where, one summer day, as I was going along the road out on what we called the big hill, I looked skyward and saw a big hen hawk describing his large circles about me. A sudden fear fell upon me, and I took refuge behind the stone wall. Still earlier in my career I had my first panic farther along on this same road. I suppose I had started off on my first journey to explore the world, when, getting well down the Deacon road beside the woods, I looked back and, seeing how far I was from home, was seized with a sudden consternation and turned and ran back as fast as I could go. I have seen a young robin do the same thing when it had wandered out a yard or so on the branch away from the nest.

I mastered only my a-b-c's at the old stone schoolhouse. A year or two later we were set off in the West Settlement district and I went to school at a little unpainted schoolhouse with a creek on one side of it, and toeing squarely on the highway on the other. This also was about one and a half miles from home, an easy adventurous journey in the summer with the many allurements of field, stream, and wood, but in winter often a battle with snow and cold. In winter we went across lots, my elder brothers breaking a path through the fields and woods. How the tracks in the snow—squirrel, hare, skunk, fox—used to excite my curiosity; and the line of ledges off on the left in the woods where brother Wilson used to set traps for skunks and coons, how they haunted my

imagination as I caught dim glimpses of them trudging along in our narrow path! One mild winter morning, after I had grown to be a boy of twelve or thirteen, my younger brother and I had an adventure with a hare. He sat in his form in the deep snow between the roots of a maple tree that stood beside the path. We were almost upon him before we discovered him. As he did not move, I withdrew a few yards to a stone wall and armed myself with a boulder like my fist. Returning, I let drive, sure of my game, but I missed by a foot, and the hare bounded away over the wall and out into the open and off for the hemlocks a quarter of a mile away. A rabbit in his form only ten feet away does not so easily become the rabbit in the hand. This desire of the farm boy to slay every wild creature he saw was universal in my time. I trust things have changed in this respect since then.

At the little old schoolhouse I had many teachers. I got well into Dayball's Arithmetic, Olney's Geography, and read in Hall's History of the United States—through the latter getting quite familiar with the Indian wars and the French war and the Revolution. Some books in the district library also attracted me. I think I was the only one of the family who took books from the library. I recall especially *Murphy, the Indian Killer* and the *Life of Washington*. The latter took hold of me. I remember one summer Sunday, as I was playing through the house with my older brothers, stopping to read a certain passage of it aloud, and that it moved me so that I did not know whether I was in the body or out. Many times I read that passage, and every time I was submerged, as it were, by a wave of emotion. I mention so trifling a matter only to show how responsive I was to literature at an early age. I should perhaps offset this statement by certain other facts which are by no means flattering. There was a period in my later boyhood when comic-song books, mostly of the negro-minstrelsy sort, satisfied my crav-

ing for poetic literature. I used to learn the songs by heart and invent and extemporize tunes for them. To this day I can repeat some of those rank negro songs.

My taste for books began early, but my taste for good literature was of a much later and slow growth. My interest in theological and scientific questions antedated my love of literature. During the last half of my teens I was greatly interested in phrenology and possessed a copy of Spurgheim's *Phrenology*, and of Combs's *Constitution of Man*. I also subscribed to Fowler's *Phrenological Journal*, and for years accepted the phrenologists' own estimate of the value of their science. And I still see some general truths in it. The size and shape of the brain certainly give clews to the mind within, but its subdivision into many bumps, or numerous small areas, like a garden plot, from each one of which a different crop is produced, is absurd. Certain bodily functions are localized in the brain, but not our mental and emotional traits—veneration, self-esteem, sublimity; these are attributes of the mind as a unit.

As I write these lines I am trying to see wherein I differed from my brothers and from other boys of my acquaintance. I certainly had a livelier interest in things and events about me. When Mr. McClancey proposed to start an academy in the village and came there to feel the pulse of the people and to speak upon the subject, I believe I was the only boy in his audience. I was probably ten or twelve years of age. At one point in his address the speaker had occasion to use me to illustrate his point. "About the size of that boy there," he said, pointing to me, and my face flushed with embarrassment. The academy was started and I hoped in a few years to attend it. But the time when father could see his way to send me there never came. One season when I was fifteen or sixteen I set my heart on going to school at Harpersfield. A boy whom I knew in the village attended it and I wanted

to accompany him. Father talked encouragingly and held it out as a possible reward if I helped hurry the farm work along. This I did, for the first time taking to field with the team and plow and "summer fallowing" one of the oat-stubble lots. I followed the plow those September days with dreams of Harpersfield Academy hovering about me, but the reality never came. Father concluded, after I had finished my job of plowing, that he could not afford it. Butter was low and he had too many other ways for his money. I think it quite possible that my dreams gave me the best there was in Harpersfield, anyway. A worthy aspiration is never lost. All these things differentiate me from my brothers.

My interest in theological questions showed itself about the same time. An itinerant lecturer, with a smooth, ready tongue, came to the village charged with novel ideas about the immortality of the soul, accepting the literal truth of the text, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." I attended the meetings and took notes of the speaker's glib talk. I distinctly remember that it was from his mouth that I first heard the word "encyclopædia." When he cited the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in confirmation of some statement, I had no doubt of its truth, and I resolved some time to get my hands on that book. I still have those notes and references that I took sixty years ago.

At a much earlier stage of my mental development I had a passion for drawing, but, quite unguided, it resulted only in a waste of paper. I wanted to walk before I could creep, to paint before I could draw, and, getting a box of cheap water colors, I indulged my crude artistic instincts. My most ambitious piece was a picture of General Winfield Scott standing beside his horse and some piece of artillery, which I copied from a print. It was, of course, an awful daub, but in connection with it I heard for the first time a new word—the word "taste" used in its æsthetic sense. One of the

neighbor women was calling at the house and, seeing my picture, said to mother, "What taste that boy has!" That application of the word made an impression on me that I have never forgotten.

About this time I heard another new word. We were working on the road, and I with my hoe was working beside an old Quaker farmer, David Corbin, who used to be a school teacher; a large flat stone was turned over and beneath it in some orderly arrangement were some smaller stones. "Here are some antiquities," said Mr. Corbin, and my vocabulary received another addition. A new word or a new thing was very apt to make its mark upon my mind. I have told elsewhere what a revelation to me was my first glimpse of one of the warblers, the black-throated blue-hack, indicating as it did a world of bird life of which I had never dreamed—the bird life in the inner heart of the woods. My brothers and other boys were with me, but they did not see the new bird. The first time I saw the veery, or Wilson's thrush, also stands out in my memory. It alighted in the road before us on the edge of the woods. "A brown thrasher," said Bill Chase. It was not the thrasher, but it was a new bird to me and the picture of it is in my mind as if made only yesterday.

Natural history was a word unknown to me in my boyhood, and such a thing as nature study in the schools was, of course, unheard of. Our natural history we got unconsciously in the sport at noontime, or on our way to and from school or in our Sunday excursions to the streams and woods. We learned much about the ways of foxes and woodchucks and coons and skunks and squirrels by hunting them. The partridge, too, and the crows, hawks, and owls, and the song birds of the field and orchard, all enter into the farm boy's life. I early became familiar with the song and habits of all the common birds, and with field mice and the frogs,

toads, lizards, and snakes. Also with the wild bees and wasps. One season I made a collection of bumblebee honey, studying the habits of five or six different kinds and rifling their nests. I kept my store of bumblebee honey in the attic, where I had a small boxful of the comb and a large phial filled with the honey. How well I came to know the different dispositions of the different kinds—the small red-vested, that made its nest in a hole in the ground; the small black-vested, the large black-vested, the yellow-necked, the black-banded, etc., that made their nests in old mice nests in the meadow or in the barn and other places. I used to watch and woo the little piping frogs in the spring marshes when I had driven the cows to pasture at night, till they would sit in my open hand and pipe. I used to creep on my hands and knees through the woods to see the partridge in the act of drumming. I used to watch the mud wasps building their nests in the old attic, and noted their complaining cry while in the act of pressing on the mud. I noted the same complaining cry from the bees when working on the flower of the purple-flowering raspberry—what we called "Scotch caps." I tried to trap foxes and soon learned how far their cunning surpassed mine. My first lesson in animal psychology I got from old Nat Higby as he came riding by on horseback one winter day, his huge feet almost meeting under the horse, just as a hound was running a fox across our upper mountain lot. "My boy," he said, "that fox may be running as fast as he can, but if you stood behind that big rock beside his course, and as he came along should jump out and shout, 'Hello!' he would run faster." That was the winter when in fond imagination I saw a stream of silver dollars coming my way from the red foxes I was planning to deprive of their pelts when they needed them most. I have told elsewhere of my trapping experiences and how completely I failed.

(To be continued)

THE IMPERFECT PARALLEL

BY CAMBRAY BROWN

AVIS was hot and tired, and while waiting in the Subway for a particularly reluctant local she reflected that she might just as well have battled for a place on the express. The local was so late that it, too, would be crowded. She felt extraordinarily lonely, with a rising and rather exasperated sense of impatience. She resented the presence of so many strange, perspiring people, and in a flood of sudden, forlorn regret she thought of the cottage at Sunset Harbor where she usually spent a serene and leisurely summer with her people. There was the green, windy golf course; the beach where they bathed; the Prentice motor boat. And there was Billy Prentice himself, and Tod Langley, and a great many others; in fact, there was rather more safety than satisfaction in the number of suave, sunbrowned young men there, who wore immaculate flannels and who appeared to possess no interest in that state of life to which it had pleased God to call them at Sunset Harbor other than a marked concern for her society. It stood to reason that Avis was not lonely at Sunset Harbor.

But it had been by her own deliberate choice that she happened to be marooned in New York for the summer. As a matter of fact, that was the worst of it—there was no one to blame but herself; for the offer of the General Textiles Company had been too tempting to resist, and in the excitement of creating patterns which the magic of looms would weave into a gay and visible reality Avis had been willing—even eager—to forego the usual delights of the Maine coast. As nothing seemed the fact of a furnished room, somewhere “uptown.” Of less than little importance, too,

appeared the prospect of dining uninterruptedly alone every night. There was her Work; and the need of masculine society had melted into a nebulous nothing. But as June waned into July and July slowly gave place to the sultry days of August, an increasing weight of loneliness settled down on her—the loneliness of a crowded, unfamiliar city.

There were plenty of things to do in New York—summer shows, and places to dine and dance—the cool, inviting roofs of the great hotels with their softened lights and tempered jazz, but they were all barred to her since she could not go about alone. Two or three of the more enterprising young men at the General Textiles Company made tentative advances in the way of suggesting a dinner, or hinting at the theater, but Avis refused invariably. In the canon and apocrypha of Mrs. Grundy—as interpreted and treasured in Back Bay—such invitations were out of the question, and Avis regretted the fact exceedingly.

All this, vaguely present in her thoughts at any time, came vividly uppermost as the belated local arrived. There was the usual surge and crush; doors slammed to; and Avis found herself standing beside a slim, straw-hatted young man in gray flannels, who made room for her and at once stared intently at the straw hat of the man next to him. She glanced at him casually, and since he was good-looking in an unobtrusive, well-bred way, with a clear, even tan which suggested a more extensive experience of outdoors than Wall Street or Times Square, she wished she knew him—or some one like him—in New York.

The train halted at the next station and more passengers crowded aboard.

Avis was wedged helplessly toward the young man's side. With the wide brim of her straw hat almost grazing his face, he could not be otherwise than very much aware of her, but he remained studiously oblivious to her presence. The train lurched and started again, drew into another station and stopped, where the crowding-in process was repeated.

The next stop would be an express station, where the local would disgorge its oppressive load. It occurred to Avis that in the general exodus the young man would probably go, too, and the thought gave her an odd pang of regret. He had piqued her interest. He seemed so obviously to be the right sort—her sort. He might even know people in Boston whom she knew. But standing elbow to elbow, they were infinitely remote from each other.

And then Avis experienced a moment of exasperated revolt.

An idea, wholly unprecedented in her thoughts, tempted her, only to be instantly suppressed. . . . "Speak to him? Never! What *would* he think of me!" . . . All her Back Bay traditions recoiled at the thought. Still, monstrous as the thought was, it had definitely formed itself for an instant, and now, thrust ignominiously back into the subconscious depths of Avis's mind, it remained a potent though incalculable factor for future evil.

Meanwhile the young man continued to appear absorbed in the gayly colored frieze of advertisements that lined the car. He looked—or rather Avis imagined that he looked—as if he, too, might have behind him a line of Revolutionary forbears. Perhaps the same ancestral inhibitions of birth and rearing which restrained her likewise restrained him. He could see that she was obviously not the sort of girl that flirts with strange men in Subway trains, but if only a certain telepathic understanding of mutual ancestral traditions could be established in some vaguely indefinite way, how extraordinarily pleasant it

would be! Avis imagined him turning to her, with a gay glint of amusement in his eyes, and saying to her in a way that she, of course, would understand perfectly:

"Let's chuck all this silly rot we've been taught. My name's Stanley Drew . . ."

It simply stood to reason that his name was Drew, or something nice like Drew. . . .

Just then the train lurched suddenly round an abrupt curve. Humanity, inhumanly packed together, swayed as one corporate mass.

"Beg pardon," said the supposititious Mr. Drew, politely but extremely briefly.

Avis regained her balance and said nothing. But she dwelt upon the sound of his voice; it was a remarkably pleasant, well-bred voice; and it confirmed her impression that his name *was* Drew, or something like that.

The train came to an abrupt stop and a riotous tide of passengers surged past her, while others swarmed in to take their places. Caught in these conflicting currents, Avis struggled to keep her feet, with the attractive young man holding his ground stubbornly and protectively at her side. And then—just as she reflected for the fifth time how attractive he really was—Avis found herself face to face with a girl she had not seen for ages.

"Why, Gladys!"

"A-vis! You, in New York!"

Of course it must have been the hot weather. It could have been nothing else, although the quick, inquiring gaze Gladys Jewett allowed to fall on the young man beside her may have unconsciously influenced Avis into an unwary, if somewhat irrevocable, yielding to temptation. Before she realized exactly what she was doing Avis had blurted out:

"Oh, Gladys, this is Mr. Drew. . . ."

Mr. Drew!

The words slipped out treacherously, without her meaning them to—irretriev-

ably fatal words spoken before she could halt her tongue.

Gladys acknowledged the presence of the putative Mr. Drew with a perfunctory bow, and rippled merrily on.

"Avis, you old dear, why didn't you let me know you were in New York? . . . Designing? Not really!"

Avis struggled to reply, but with brain awl and cheeks aflame at the enormity which her lips had committed. It had been a mad, fleeting incredible impulse. She had been obliquely aware of the young man lifting his hat politely to Gladys in acknowledgment of the introduction. What on earth *must* he think of her!

Gladys was running on volubly. As a matter of fact, she was mentally trying to "place" Mr. Drew in relation to Avis. Were they merely acquaintances?—old friends?—or something more than that? Could Avis be in love? She did seem a little unaccountably flushed and embarrassed.

Meanwhile "Mr. Drew" stood attentive but discreetly silent. Avis felt a rising, unreasonable resentment mingling with her hot shame. Couldn't he be decent enough to take himself off, she asked herself, desperately. Couldn't he comprehend that it was just a mad slip of her tongue which she would give worlds to recall? Couldn't he see that she was ready to sink through the floor from shame? But Mr. Drew stood immovable as a rock, a third—very much a third—of that impromptu trio.

The ebullient Gladys continued to talk, quite ignoring Mr. Drew, who, as Avis's personal possession, of course didn't particularly interest her. She hadn't seen Avis for nearly a year, and the arrears of gossip were appalling. At any rate they were not to be encompassed in the few short minutes before the next station was reached, which was Gladys's destination.

"Why don't you and Mr. Drew come along with me and have tea? I've got millions of things I simply must tell you."

In that crucial instant, as the train came to a stop, Avis hesitated, and was lost. Indecision has been the ruin of more people than any positive wickedness, and Avis was too confused to clutch at the easy escape that offered. She had simply to accept for herself and plead some hastily contrived excuse for Mr. Drew which would send him on his way; as a matter of fact, she merely demurred weakly.

"Mr. Drew, can't *you* make her come?" Gladys overrode her hesitation.

"I wish I could," replied Mr. Drew, promptly, but without any particular hopefulness in his voice.

The doors yawned open.

"Are you going anywhere?" asked Gladys.

"Er—no place in particular," said Mr. Drew, truthfully.

"Then of course you'll come, both of you."

"I'm living this summer with Doris Brown," Gladys announced above the roar of the departing train, "in the most gorgeous place ever!" This, she explained, as she convoyed her guests to the street and over to Park Avenue, was nothing less than the city apartment of Mrs. Judson Keyes—"the daughter of old Langton Bassett, you know."

Even to the flustered Avis, who was hardly listening and not daring at all to look at the young man at her side, the name of Langton Bassett vaguely connoted millions extracted from the oil fields of Mexico. Pretentious marble corridors and flunkies in livery graced the ground-floor approach to his daughter's city abode. Mrs. Keyes's apartment on the fifth floor, although stripped for the summer of many of its embellishments, with the tapestried furniture shrouded in slip covers of cool gray, presented an ornate and luxurious interior. Gladys led the way into a vast room flanked by two enormous bays that looked out upon the avenue.

"Mrs. Keyes goes to Newport every summer, abandoning this wonderful place completely. Doris Brown—my

chum, you know—is some sort of cousin of hers, and that's how Doris and I happen to be camping out in the midst of all this gorgeousness. . . . And now, if you'll excuse me a moment, I'll see about tea."

Mr. Drew deposited his hat and stick on a chair near the door and sauntered to an immense davenport in one corner of the room with the air of one very much at home. Avis had dropped into the first seat that presented itself to her upon entering, which happened to be the bench before an open concert-grand piano; Mr. Drew sat down and looked about the enormous living-room of Mrs. Judson Keyes; and then their eyes met.

Mr. Drew became serious and, bending forward, clasped his hands over his knees. "Look here," he said, vaguely, "I've rather let you in for this. I—well, I ought to have backed out, of

course, in the Subway. It's—it's all my fault," added Mr. Drew, with immense conviction in his voice.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Avis, sharply.

"I mean it. I ought to have backed out in the Subway, instead of coming round here. You see, I really encouraged you."

"But whatever are we going to do?" she asked, helplessly, after a third palpitating pause.

"Do?" said Mr. Drew. "Why, have tea, of course!"

"What must you think of me?"

Mr. Drew considered privately that his opinion would be regarded as a piece of gross impertinence—just then. And so he simply said:

"Why, what you probably think of me."

"But I haven't thought about you at all."



"OH, GLADYS, THIS IS MR. DREW"

"Oh—oh, of course not."

"You know perfectly well that I shouldn't have—that I— I mean to say, of course I—"

Mr. Drew experienced a certain difficulty in understanding this conversational shorthand, but he gathered that it referred to the impromptu introduction on the Subway train.

"If Gladys knew—!" Her voice trailed off into a shocked silence.

"But she's not going to know," said Mr. Drew, firmly. "No one is."

"Still, that doesn't excuse it—my speaking to you, I mean."

"But you didn't speak to me," remarked Mr. Drew, literally.

"No—it was worse than that. . . ."

It was very much worse, according to the austere canon and apocrypha of Mrs. Grundy, but Mr. Drew exhibited an immediate and sacrilegious contempt for those unwritten though inviolate laws.

"Oh, there's nothing really terrible in *that!*" he said, cheerfully. "As a matter of fact, I was going to speak to you myself."

Avis was aghast. "But we were perfect strangers! . . . And we still *are*."

Mr. Drew ruefully regarded the elaborate Italian ceiling of Mrs. Judson Keyes's living room. Avis displayed a sudden interest in her two slim, white hands. There was another lengthy silence.

"I suppose," said Mr. Drew, at last—"I suppose that I *ought* to be going. . . ."

The return of Gladys with a tray placed a full stop to that phase of the conversation.

"I say, won't you play something?" asked Mr. Drew.

After all, reflected Avis, he *was* rather nice. Obviously a gentleman and quite possibly a Bostonian. She let her hands stray over the keys with a sense of sudden, unexpected release as she watched Mr. Drew helping Gladys with cups and saucers, in the manner of one very much at home.

Presently Gladys, who had gone to

answer a ring at the door, reappeared abruptly, hastily putting on a hat.

"Here's a great bother," she explained, hurriedly. "The telephone is out of order, and it seems that Mrs. Keyes has been trying to get Doris on long distance all afternoon from Newport. I've got to go and take the message, for I haven't the slightest idea where Doris is. Avis, won't you pour tea? I'll be back in a minute or two."

There was the sound of footsteps, the door hastily closed, and Avis and Mr. Drew stared at each other across the shining black surface of the grand piano. They were alone together in the flat.

"I suppose," remarked Mr. Drew, again, but with singularly little enthusiasm—"I suppose I *ought* to be going."

"You can't very well go until Gladys gets back," Avis broke forth. "Wouldn't it look rather odd?"

"I hadn't thought of that," agreed Mr. Drew, with alacrity. "Of course it would."

"And after all . . . it *was* really my fault."

Mr. Drew laid hat, stick, and gloves upon the nearest chair and advanced toward the tea table; as he offered her his cigarette case the whole affair ceased to present itself in the light of adventure and assumed a certain aspect of respectability which was, in more ways than one, quite Revolutionary. She revered her Back Bay ancestors, and it stood to reason that the Revolutionary tradition implied some slight but noticeable defiance. There was the Boston Tea Party, in the first place. That business at Bunker Hill. And of course the Declaration of Independence—for people who were at the time unquestionably subjects of that amiable monarch, King George III—showed a briskly unconventional regard for political propriety.

"Still, it's very much on my conscience—" Mr. Drew began, at length, prodding at the ice submerged in his glass. "If I maybe permitted to hark back to a recent occurrence—"

"Must you?" pleaded Avis.

"I don't want you to think—"

"I don't want to think about it at all—not just now." Things couldn't go too far, she reflected, with Gladys's return imminent and her dismissal of him later a course upon which she was firmly resolved. "But it would be nice of you to tell me your name."

"All of it?"

"Of course."

"Well, then, it's Bryant—Anthony Ford Bryant. But I'm usually called Tony—in Philadelphia."

"Oh, you're—you're from Philadelphia!" echoed Avis, dubiously.

"Yes, Philadelphia," said the young man, brightly. "My people have always lived there. Er—would it help matters much if I didn't?"

"As a matter of fact," she commenced, slowly, and with the uneasy voice of one expressing an indubitable heresy,

"I suppose it doesn't make the slightest difference in the world—where you come from." She wished immensely that she were better at hints. "I mean to say," she went on, in the quick, hushed manner of the nervously courageous—"I mean—I like you without knowing *anything* about you. That's the plain truth of it. It's—it's awful of me, I know, but I—I don't know a soul in New York, and I've been here almost three months, and I'm terribly—desperately lonely. That's why I was

tempted to—" She stared into her tea-cup and swallowed.

Mr. Bryant coughed delicately.

"To—to pick you up," said Avis, defiantly, and met his uncomfortable glance. "But only tempted. The words slipped out before I knew what I was doing—saying—"

"It was extraordinarily plucky of you. Extraordinarily. You—I mean to say—I—" Mr. Bryant appeared to find a great difficulty indeed in saying what he did mean to say. He put down his glass and cleared his throat and started once more:

"I understand perfectly how this troubles you. You're saying to yourself that what we've done is—well, not according to Hoyle—or dear old Mrs. Grundy. *You* know she's a silly old frump—just a kind of social scarecrow set up for people who haven't enough intelligence to think for

themselves. The trouble with this so-called civilized superregulated life we lead is that it's become all snarled up with the red tape of social convention, and we meekly flounder about in the miserable tangle. I'd like to think that you and I have had the courage to break through all that. By a lucky chance—thanks to you—we are clear of it, aren't we? And friends?"

It was a line of reasoning which Avis had never considered before, but with which she was now extremely inclined to



"MRS. KEYES AT HOME?"

agree. Staring into the depths of her teacup, however, she did not venture to answer.

"Are you glad—or sorry?"

Avis perceptibly wavered. "I can't say that I'm sorry," she admitted.

Mr. Bryant looked profoundly relieved. "Now that *is* jolly," he said. "We'll be tremendous friends."

Avis glanced suddenly at her wrist watch.

"But whatever can Gladys be doing all this time?" she demanded, breathlessly. "Do you suppose," she asked, vaguely, "anything can have happened?"

If Mr. Bryant experienced any excessive curiosity in the matter of the absence of his hostess, he contrived to conceal that fact with signal success.

Sunlight and shadow lengthened on the floor, slanting farther and farther into the large, long room. Rumors of dwindling traffic came up drowsily in the warm, sun-steeped air. It was delicious, talking in that delectable quiet. The minutes slipped by, and then the sharp insistence of a bell ringing.

"That's Gladys now," said Avis, and glanced at her watch. "Good heavens! It's almost seven!"

"Seven!" repeated Mr. Bryant, incredulously. "Why, it can't be six yet! I'm sure your watch is wrong. It simply must be," he continued, warmly.

"It's—it's going," said Avis.

So, indeed, was the bell.

"Perhaps we'd better answer that confounded thing," said Mr. Bryant.

Avis hurried out of the room and opened the door and started into the hall in some astonishment. A girl about her own age, slender and extremely smartly dressed, looked at her with what appeared to be equal surprise.

"Mrs. Keyes at home?"

"Mrs. Keyes?"

And then Avis suddenly remembered. "Oh, of course! This *is* her apartment, but she's not here. I believe she's in Newport."

"Newport! . . . Oh, hell! . . . Excuse the English," said the other, casually, as if suddenly aware of something rather startling for strangers in her choice of expressions. "I'm Muriel Bassett—Mrs. Keyes's sister."

Of course, that was it. That assertive, swaggering, slender, smartly turned out girl was Langton Bassett's youngest daughter, a young lady whose extravagances and enthusiasms were (discreetly worded) the salt and savor of the society periodicals. Avis had frequently seen snapshots of her in the supplements of the Sunday newspapers, but she regarded that young lady in the flesh with great interest and concern. Obviously, something was wrong.

"Won't you come in?"

Miss Bassett would. She stalked through the door, frowning. "When I wired her, too!" she said, crossly. "Here's the devil of a— Oh—! Sorry."

She stopped short at the sight of a young man rising from the tea table.

"May I introduce Mr. Bryant . . . Miss Bassett."

What on earth could have happened to Gladys? Avis saw Miss Bassett bow curtly and scowl. It stood to reason she must consider the presence of strangers in her sister's flat odd, to say the least of it.

"We're friends of Gladys Jewett—you know, she's living here this summer—" Avis explained, breathlessly. "She's out just now—telephoning. As a matter of fact," she added, "it was a long-distance call from Mrs. Keyes—"

"Well, that settles it. Julia has *not* come on to New York as I wired her to."

She halted in the middle of the room, vexed and irresolute. Seeing Mr. Bryant's open case of cigarettes on the table, she took one and lit it, exhaling a cloud of smoke through her nose and tossing the match carelessly toward the fireplace. Then she strolled to a window and stood frowning down upon that lean strip of green that is summer in New York—at least, in Park Avenue—for several moments of perplexed cogita-



"I NEVER SAW TWO PEOPLE SO CRAZY ABOUT EACH OTHER"

tion. And then she turned abruptly to Avis.

"Are you Mrs. Bryant?"

"Mrs. Bryant!" Avis blushed violently as she suddenly comprehended. "Oh no! I'm Avis Kent. Mr. Bryant and I," she explained, quite unnecessarily, "are friends—just friends."

"Oh, *friends!*" said Miss Bassett.

She strolled back to the center of the room, with a puff of cigarette smoke eddying softly after her, and looked at Avis and Mr. Bryant for a moment in thoughtful silence. Then:

"Look here, I'm in the Dickens of a fix. Couldn't you pretend that you *are* married, just to—"

"Married!" exclaimed Avis, blushing a brisk crimson. "Of course not."

"Er—anything we could do, Miss Bassett—"

"Anything but *that*," stipulated Avis, austere.

"Oh, rather," said Mr. Bryant, politely. "Anything at all. You see, Miss Kent and I—"

"You don't need to call her *Miss* Kent in front of me," remarked Miss Bassett. "I hate formality."

"But I *am* Miss Kent," insisted Avis.

"I told you before that I understand all that," replied Miss Bassett, with an impatient flourish of her cigarette, "but what's the sense in beating about the bush, anyway?"

"Beating about the bush?" echoed Mr. Bryant, somewhat hazily.

"Yes. I never saw two people so crazy about each other as you two in my life, so why on earth pretend you don't? I'm crazy about a man myself.

Only met him last week. That's why I'm here."

There fell a pause which Avis—or Mr. Bryant, for that matter—was too astonished to fill. But the newcomer still held the floor, fitfully puffing at her cigarette, and suddenly demanding of the young man:

"Are you Tony Bryant of Philadelphia?"

He nodded surprised assent.

"Then I'm some guesser, I'll say. Well, look here, Tony Bryant, this may strike you as awfully abrupt on such short acquaintance. You and—and Avis—will just have to overlook that. I need a couple of friends badly in this pinch. I wish you and Avis were married, though—to add a little more dignified propriety to all this speed. However, that can't be helped, and there's no time to lose."

It was a bewildering prospect, but Tony Bryant's willing co-operation was already enlisted in any reckless enterprise which was to include Avis.

"Of course we'll help you," he promptly declared. "Just what is it you want us to do?"

"Give me another cigarette and I'll tell you. . . . Thanks. I'll sit down, I guess, though it's a mighty short story. This is awfully good of you and Avis. Well, listen." She had dropped down into a chair, flinging one silk-stockinged leg across the other, and turned to Avis:

"If you knew my father—he's the limit. We simply can't get along, and it's all because of his old-fogy ideas. He seems to think I should live the life of a caged canary. Well, just *watch* me. We've had some glorious rows, and the plain truth of the matter is that he'd never stand for what I am going to do now. And I'm going to do it, no matter if the heavens fall. The newspapers, I suppose, will have a fit when it gets out. I don't care. My sister Julia should have been here to see me through it properly. I'm going to marry this man I met last week—to-night."

"Oh, Miss Bassett!" exclaimed Avis,

aghast. "You don't mean that you are going to elope!"

"That's the idea exactly."

"With a man you've known only a *week!*"

"It was love at first sight—the only way I ever could have fallen in love—and I just went to it. I was coming down from Lenox last Wednesday in a parlor car, and he got on at Barrington or somewhere and took the chair next to mine. I didn't know him from Adam, but one look was enough for me. And, not being blind, I could see that one look at me had done considerable damage to him. Well, there you are. What was I to do? Sit and sigh until he got off the train and disappeared forever? Nothing like that for mine. I wanted him too badly. So I simply leaned over and spoke to him—man-to-man fashion."

"Oh, how could you!" exclaimed Avis, in an immensely shocked voice.

"Of course you'd say that. All your training is dead against doing anything of this sort. But just put yourself in my place. *Suppose* you'd never met Tony Bryant—"

Avis flushed delicately and lifted scandalized hands—or rather Muriel Bassett interpreted the gesture to be that of one extremely scandalized—for she persisted:

"Suppose you had run into him somewhere by chance and liked him at sight—quite crazy about him bang off. Oh, you needn't look so embarrassed over a hypothetical question! Of course, you're all for doing what's proper—but you were never in my fix. Anyhow, I spoke to this man on the train. I didn't fiddle-faddle around about it, either—drop a magazine for him to pick up, try to creep up on him by degrees. That's old stuff. I just leaned over and spoke to him, and I'm glad I did. Things went with a rush, as I suspected they might. By the time we had reached South Norwalk he was ready to get off and marry me on the spot. But I compromised by letting him take me to dinner when we reached New York."

Compromised! Avis shuddered slightly and looked again at Mr. Bryant.

"I'll say even that was rushing things, rather," he remarked, with a short and disapproving laugh.

"Naturally you'd side with Avis. It's because you've both been brought up that way. I hardly expected you to see it except in your own way—"

"But what other way *can* there be?" demanded Avis, a little severely.

"My dear child," Mr. Bryant was moved to put in, following Avis's lead, and now addressing Muriel, "it simply isn't done, you know. Not by people like us, anyway." He leaned back against the fireplace, giving serious thought to Muriel's situation. "It's all very well to shrug at conventional propriety and all that, but at the same time it's a necessary brake—in emergencies of this sort—to prevent ultimate disaster. Mind, I don't say you've done wrong, exactly. But you know it just isn't done. And *he* knew that, too. Had you any idea who he was—this chap on the train?"

"It didn't matter. I was already in love with him," said Muriel, flatly.

"But, my dear, you couldn't—you couldn't begin to know in that short time," demurred Avis. "No girl could. And I don't see how you can forget for one single minute how it all began on that parlor car—"

Muriel impatiently flung her cigarette toward the fireplace. "It's no use reminding me of that. Donald has been suddenly called to South America on business, and he wants me to meet and marry him to-night."

"To-night!" exclaimed Tony.

"Yes. It's all arranged. I'm to meet him at eight o'clock." Jumping up from her chair, Muriel caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and was duly horrified. Goodness! but my

face is a sight! Do you mind if I go and powder up a bit?"

She flung out of the room as if accustomed to making herself at home in the apartment. Immediately Avis appealed to Tony:

"Do you really think she will do it?"

"She certainly will, unless some one can make her listen to reason."

"It's too bad that her sister isn't there."

Tony shrugged his shoulders. "I suspect that Mrs. Keyes usually sides with the girl against her father. That's probably why she has come here before bolting with that chap. However, there's no one to stop her now—"

"Unless you and I—"

Avis did not venture to complete her suggestion, for Tony had already mentally caught it up. It appealed to him forcibly. At that moment any altruistic enterprise that involved Avis's participation would have evoked his enthusiastic support.



MURIEL'S FACE WENT BLANK AND THEN FLAMED

"It does look as if it were up to us, doesn't it?" he said, aloud. "Do you think we could bring her to her senses? I believe if you talked to her quite candidly—"

"I'd gladly try, but I hardly know what to say to a girl like that. She can't have much self-respect to have thrown herself at a man in that dreadful fashion."

"That's exactly what we've got to make her see," Tony pointed out. "No decent chap would care for a girl that went for him so red-handed. The fellow's obviously an adventurer. He's discovered that she is Langton Bassett's daughter, with millions coming to her, and he's making a bold play to get her while her infatuation lasts. It's as plain as day."

"And yet he *might* care for her," Avis argued, doubtfully. "She's quite pretty, and charming in a dashing kind of way. Most men would think so."

"Pretty! Charming!" Tony repeated, blankly. "I can't see it for a minute. In any case, that parlor-car business would

have finished her with me—" He broke off, shaking his head in disgust, for Muriel had returned to the room.

She came directly to the point. "I've had Julia's car sent round from the garage. I'm to meet Donald at the Summerville Inn. He has arranged about the clergyman. I did want Julia there to give a little family background to the ceremony, but, now she's failed me, I'd be awfully grateful if you two would come instead. I'd feel—well, less like a runaway if a couple of friends went along with me."

"But when you've known him only a week—"

"There's no use in going over all that again. My mind is made up and I'm adamant. If you *must* argue, you can do it in the car. It won't do any good, though, I can tell you right now. But I'll promise to listen and I do want you to come. Tony Bryant, will you go?"

Tony drew a long breath and looked meaningfully at Avis. "Yes; we'll both go," he declared.



THEY WATCHED THE RED TAIL-LIGHT UNTIL IT VANISHED

"Well, the car is waiting and we've precious little time. Come along."

Avis turned to Tony as Muriel started toward the hall. "What *can* have happened to Gladys? Do you think I should leave a note?"

He was picking up her hat and gloves and bag from a chair, with an assumption of proprietorship over her small belongings. "There's no time now. We can come back and explain, or telephone."

After all, if they only could prevent that silly girl from carrying out her perfectly ridiculous plan, they would be accomplishing something.

"If we only could—"

"We must," said Mr. Bryant, with immense conviction. "Of course, she can't help listening—to you. And when we get up there, wherever we're going," he added, "I intend to have some plain talk with that chap of hers."

The run to the Summerville Inn ordinarily occupied a space of something just under two hours, but with Mr. Bryant at the wheel and his foot on the accelerator it was accomplished in half that time. It was a remarkable performance in many ways, for while Mr. Bryant managed to halve the record by driving rather in the fashion of Jehu, he also contrived to listen, without missing a word, to the heated controversy immediately behind him. Avis had found her tongue, and with a masterly hand limned a future dark with disillusion and disaster as the inevitable sequel of such indecent haste after such blazing indiscretion.

And as the miles slipped past, her words indeed seemed to work their intended effect. A somewhat sobered and uncertain Muriel began to give ground from her first confident position. Avis's arm encircled the girl—which seemed to touch Muriel more than any argument. Periods of fitful silence intervened while the car sped smoothly on, and during which she appeared to reflect upon the dubious possibilities of her romantic escapade, now rapidly approaching its culmination.

"I suppose I did act like a brazen vampire on the train," she conceded, at length.

"My dear, I leave it to you—*was* it likely to win any decent man's respect, to say nothing of his love?"

This was plain speaking, and Muriel squirmed for an instant within Avis's sheltering arm. "I'll admit it was unfortunate as a start-off, but whatever else was I to do?"

"Never what you did do."

"But Donald seemed to understand. I couldn't have acted that way if I hadn't been in love with him."

"But a girl really in love—if she's a nice girl like yourself—doesn't act that way. You cheapened yourself at the very start. And even if he were really in love with you, he could never forget that. It would be always in the background of his mind and yours."

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know! Everything went with such a rush. . . . Sharp turn ahead, Tony! . . . Too late now, in any case. I've got to see it through."

Tony slowed down the car and spoke: "It isn't too late to take time and reconsider. Now look here, when we reach the Inn I want you to let me have a few words with this Mr. What's-his-name—just as if I were your brother."

"What are you going to say to him?" Muriel shrugged her shoulders. "I may not have known Donald very long, but I think you'll find him a pretty stiff proposition."

The truth of this assertion, however, was not to be put to the test. When the Inn was reached, Tony leaped out of the car and went in to confront Mr. Donald Henderson alone, eager to tell him what kind of a blackguard his opportunist conduct would indicate him to be, and a-tingle for any fray that might follow. But, although Muriel was only half an hour behind the appointed time, inquiry at the hotel desk failed to disclose any knowledge of a Mr. Henderson or his whereabouts.

When Tony came back with this announcement Muriel's face went blank

and then flamed. She bolted out of the car and went in to interview the hotel office herself. Next she sought a telephone booth.

After a fruitless quarter of an hour in the telephone booth Muriel emerged, slamming the door, flounced out of the hotel and into the car. There she sat looking off into the darkness, a hard, bright glitter in her eyes, her lips set and sealed, her cheeks aflame.

"Miss Bassett," the young man ventured, gently, "won't you let us take you back to New York?"

Avis's arm again encircled the speechless girl.

A long silence followed, during which Muriel persisted in her dark and outraged contemplation of a world in utter chaos. Momentarily hope revived as a car drew up alongside—only to disgorge a fleshy, overdressed woman accompanied by two men. The watch on Muriel's wrist indicated half past eight.

Avis leaned over and whispered in her ear. There was an interchange of murmured words, and finally Muriel yielded and dropped back against the cushioned seat with seeming apathy.

"I'll do whatever you think best," she capitulated.

Mr. Bryant's foot triumphantly pressed down upon the self-starter.

When the car was once more threading its way between the lights of Riverside Drive, Muriel suddenly sat up and broke the long and lugubrious silence.

"Let me drive now," she said, with brave cheerfulness. "I'll drop you and Avis wherever you say."

Mr. Bryant, with singular alacrity, exchanged places, and there was another silence. A few minutes later Muriel Bassett deposited her passengers at a corner in the east Seventies which Avis had designated.

"You've been wonderful to me," she remarked, holding out a hand to each. "I want to forget everything but just that. And I want you to forget *that*, too."

"Oh, of course!" said Mr. Bryant,

shaking hands. "Good night, Miss Bassett."

"Good-by, Avis."

They watched the red tail-light until it vanished in the dark. Alone once more, a new silence had fallen—and with a difference. Mr. Bryant wanted to slip his arm through hers. There were a number of things Mr. Bryant wanted to say. He glanced at her hesitatingly and smiled. Avis smiled back at him. There was something portentous about this series of things left unsaid.

They walked slowly the short block which brought them to the brownstone room. Mr. Bryant followed her up the steps to a pause in the solemn shadows of the outer vestibule. A carefully shaded light could be seen burning through the frosted glass of the door.

"Do you think she'll give him up?" she asked.

Mr. Bryant nodded. "You've made her see a great light," he said, warmly. "I don't think there's another woman in the world who could have done what you've done."

Rather temerarily his hand groped in the darkness for hers, and held it.

"You're—you're—" he began again, and then came to an uneasy stop.

"But aren't we forgetting? It—it was only this afternoon . . ."

Reality had touched her suddenly. It seemed as if it couldn't be true, except that Mr. Bryant had by that time possessed himself of both her hands and happened to be holding them with great fervor.

"Surely it was only this afternoon—"

"Oh, you're wrong," interrupted Mr. Bryant. "It was years and years ago we—we met."

"It does seem like it, doesn't it?"

"Anyway," observed Mr. Bryant, "time's only a fourth dimension between us. It doesn't matter. All that does—"

"Please!"

"All that does," continued Mr. Bryant, firmly, since it pleased him not at all to stop at that particular point of his remarks—"all that does matter—"

"Please, Tony!"

"—Is that I love you utterly?"

"Oh!"

Gently he drew her toward him. She did not answer, but her head drooped to his shoulder and rested there, unresisting.

"To think," she murmured, presently—"to think I don't even know who you are. . . . Yes, I do. You're Anthony Ford Bryant—of Philadelphia."

"As if *that* could make the slightest difference!"

Under a tall, shaded lamp, in the big living room of Mrs. Judson Keyes's apartment Gladys Jewett lay curled in a corner of an immense davenport, reading. It was long after nine. The rattle of a key in the lock and the familiar, quick slam of the door announced the return of Doris Brown, and Gladys laid down her book. At last she would perhaps find out from her chum what had become of her friends that afternoon, and if she could throw any light on the preposterous message which the hall man had delivered to her on coming back from the drug store, and which had sent her off post-haste to Doctor Morrow's office.

"Where in the world have you been?" she demanded.

Doris tossed her hat toward one chair and dropped at full length into another. Then she began to giggle, as if with long-suppressed laughter.

"Well, really, Doris!" Gladys reproached her.

"I can't help it. Human nature *is* a scream—"

"Now I know you've been up to some new deviltry," Gladys said, severely, and with mounting suspicion.

"Wait till you hear," said Doris, between smothered laughs. "That girl friend of yours and that—that Mr. Drew—"

"How did you know?"

"I was here this afternoon when the three of you came in—marooned off there in the little study room with a book, and of course with nothing on but my combination and stockings. I thought I'd just lie low until they'd had tea and gone; but then you were called out, and I heard—couldn't help hearing—everything."

"What do you mean?"

"They'd never seen each other before in their lives. She'd simply annexed him in the Subway, if you please, under your nose."

"But that's impossible!" gasped Gladys. "For one thing, I know Avis Kent, and she's not that kind of a girl!"

"Of course she isn't! No girl is. That is, you never can tell, until situations like this come along. In such a case she chooses to regard as a heaven-made romance what she would set down as perfectly scandalous conduct on the part of some other girl with a man."

"You would *say* that."

"Well, just for a lark I proceeded to prove it. I scrambled into these clothes, slipped out the back entrance, cooked it up with the hall man to keep you from coming back—and then I walked in on them. For the last two hours I've been masquerading as Muriel Bassett, dead set on marrying a man that I picked up last week."

"Why Doris Brown! . . ."

Doris continued to chuckle reminiscently. "I offered myself to them as a horrible example. They agreed that I was horrible, but they never got the example—not so much as a glimmer of any parallel."

"But to pretend that you'd *marry* such a man! That was carrying it too far."

Doris, sprawling low in her chair, stared speculatively at the ceiling. "Oh, was it? I'm not so sure. . . . Wait till you hear from Avis."

DRIFTING LEAVES

BY KENNETH L. ROBERTS

CONSTANTINOPLE, for about two years, has occupied the unenviable position of garbage pail for soviet Russia. When the soviets find an assortment of persons for whom they do not particularly care, they lead them down to one of their southern back doors and give them a brisk kick. Their first landing place is invariably Constantinople.

The Bolsheviks have been very catholic in their dislikes. Generally speaking, they dislike everybody who has money, brains, education, social position, or official position. They are filled with unutterable loathing for titled persons, for university professors, for officers of the old imperial army, for officers of the old imperial navy, for bankers, for manufacturers, for newspaper editors, for merchants. Many thousands of these have been killed by the Extraordinary Commissions of soviet Russia; and every large city of Europe has many more thousands of them who have risked their lives to escape from soviet Russia and, rather than return to Russia, are living in the most miserable destitution ever experienced by masses of people who have once known the blessings of civilization.

"In a city," wrote an author whose name has escaped me, "if one knows anything at all of the possibilities of civilized life—of the joys and comforts of good food, clothing and shelter, of theater and concert and excursion, of entertaining and being entertained—poverty becomes a hell." The Russian refugees throughout Europe, and particularly in Constantinople, have known all of these things to the *n*th degree. Today they are absolutely destitute of everything—not only of homes and furniture and money and clothes, but of

influence and of a government to back them up and assist them through its agents. They have nothing whatever except their memories of a great empire and of the horrors which they suffered under Bolshevik rule.

In 1920 there were three great bursts of Russians into Constantinople—from Odessa in February, after it was captured by the Bolsheviks; from Novorossisk after the Bolsheviks defeated Denikine's army in March; and from the Crimea when the Bolsheviks defeated Wrangel's army in November. In the Wrangel evacuation one hundred and thirty thousand refugees were spewed into the Bosphorus—Wrangel and all of his officers and all of his men, the families of many of them, and thousands of persons of wealth or title or high position.

The Wrangel evacuation and the distribution of the Wrangel refugees were under the official supervision of the French government. The French had backed and recognized the Wrangel anti-Bolshevik government, just as the British had backed the Denikine government; and just as the British felt obliged to assume the responsibility for the Denikine evacuation, so did the French feel obliged to assume the responsibility for the Wrangel evacuation. Unfortunately, however, they took charge of the refugees in such manner that they antagonized the Russians almost beyond endurance. They constantly reminded the Russians of the help which was being given to them, and they constantly threatened to withdraw that help entirely. I was in Constantinople late in March, and the French at that time had issued official statements declaring that on the first of April they

would cease feeding the Russians. Since there was no one else in a position to do this, the only inference to be drawn from the statements was that the Russians were to be allowed to starve to death. This naturally excited the Russians.

The bulk of the refugees were distributed in the following way:

Wrangel's first army corps, consisting of 26,000 men, was sent down to Gallipoli, a twelve-hour boat ride from Constantinople, and was installed in a regular military camp. Near the military camp there is a civil refugee camp where there are 2,000 more refugees.

Almost straight out from the Dardanelles in the Ægean Sea, about twenty hours from Constantinople, is the large island of Lemnos. Like most of the isles of Greece, which sundry poets have misrepresented to the world at large as being miniature Paradises, Lemnos is a barren, wind-swept, sterile, and wholly undesirable parcel of real estate. It is the site of the camp of 7,000 Cossacks of the Don corps of Wrangel's army, of 10,000 Cossacks of the Kuban corps, and of 2,000 civilians—men, women, and children—from both the Don and the Kuban regions. The entire crowd is lodged in small circular tents which are supposed to hold ten persons apiece, but into each of which sixteen persons are actually crowded. They are miserably underfed. All of the camp's drinking water is distilled from sea water. There isn't a scrap of fuel on the island, and barely enough is brought to them on barges to enable them to cook one meal a day. Feeling against the French runs very high on Lemnos, for every refugee hears of the official French threats to stop feeding all refugees, and all of them are half frantic with fear that they will be abandoned on Lemnos to starve, just as the pariah dogs of Constantinople were abandoned and starved to death on Dog Island in the Sea of Marmora a few years ago.

North of Constantinople some twenty-five miles is the town of Tchataldja, which was the limit of the advance of the

Balkan allies against the Turks in the second Balkan war. To camps in and near Tchataldja the French sent the bulk of the remainder of Wrangel's troops—ten thousand men, practically all Don Cossacks, with a scattering of civilian refugees. The conditions in the Tchataldja camps were intolerable from the beginning. In some sections of the camps the men lived in dark and leaking cowsheds with mud floors. In other sections the soldiers, and the women and children as well, dug into the ground because holes in the ground were drier and warmer than tents or huts. Everyone was constantly hungry and cold because of lack of food and clothing. In March the French were preparing to transfer the Tchataldja refugees to the island of Lemnos, and the refugees were protesting bitterly against the transfer, since they felt sure that they would be marooned on Lemnos and left there to die.

The Yugoslav government was approached by the French and urged to take some of the refugees, and Yugoslavia agreed to take eighteen thousand of them. So the refugees were shipped down past Greece and up the Adriatic to Cattaro on the Dalmatian coast, and by the end of March all of them had been distributed through Yugoslavia. Some of the most celebrated professors in the universities of Russia have fled from soviet jurisdiction, and the Yugoslav universities were enriched by such educational giants as Spektorsky, head of Kieff University, who is now at Belgrade; Maklezoff, professor of the criminal code in Kharkoff University, now at Belgrade; Laskareff, professor of geology at Odessa University, now at Zagreb; Temoshensko, professor of mechanics at Kieff Polytechnic Institute, now at Zagreb; Sirrotinin, professor of pathology at Moscow University, now at Belgrade; and Wagner, professor of zoology at Kieff, now at Belgrade.

Grimm, the former head of Petrograd University; Medvedieff, professor of biology in Odessa University; Zavialoff,

professor of zoölogy in Odessa, and many other well-known educators, are now in the University of Sofia, for Bulgaria also took about 3,000 of the Wrangel refugees. Finally about 6,000 were sent to the town of Bizerta, which is on the north coast of Africa just south of the island of Sardinia. The remainder, numbering between 40,000 and 60,000, spilled into the city of Constantinople or into camps on the outskirts of the city. There is no way of discovering the exact number of Russian refugees in Constantinople, for no system of refugee registration has been possible. While the refugee ships lay at anchor in the Bosphorus, thousands of them, unwilling to endure the uncertainty of further travel, bribed boatmen with their last piece of jewelry or with a fur coat or with some last treasured possession to set them ashore. They slid down ropes from the large ships into smaller vessels; in some cases they even swam ashore at night. After the camps had been established, furthermore, large numbers of them—soldiers, for the most part—broke camp and sneaked into the city. As can readily be understood, the soldiers who defied the discipline of the ships and the camps are of the least desirable type. The civilian refugees, however, are of all sorts, from princes of very ancient and honorable families to the sorry rascals who pretend to positions and titles which they never had, in the hope that by such pretense they may be able to exist without working.

In Stamboul and Galata and Pera, on Galata bridge and on the ships in the harbor, one's eye constantly meets Russian uniforms and one's ear constantly catches the soft sibilants of the Russian language. Scattered through Stamboul and Pera there are feeding stations where they come daily by thousands to get the food which they can neither buy nor earn. The precipitous street which leads from the Galata bridge up to the Grand Rue de Pera is filled with Russian-bloused gentry who offer you Russian money at prices that make an American

wonder whether this talk of a paper shortage isn't all piffle. One is offered, for example, 10,000 Denikine roubles for 6 Turkish piastres, or the equivalent of 4 cents. One million Denikine or Wrangel roubles—take your pick; they're equally worthless—were quoted to me at 10 Turkish pounds, or about \$7, the last time I walked up that steep and narrow way; and, from what I know of Constantinople salesmen, I think I could have beaten them down to about \$3.30 if I'd had time to waste on bargaining—or had needed the roubles to make paper vests.

One finds some strange cases among the Constantinople refugees—admirals in the old Russian navy engaged in all sorts of menial tasks, generals of Division in the old Russian army toiling in gardens or stables or kitchens, princesses and countesses and baronesses waiting on table or scrubbing floors or scouring pans. Here, for example, are a few cases:

Admiral Ponamareff has a wife and two daughters. He was fortunate enough to get a job as night watchman with the American Black Sea Steamship Company, which put him to work watching the company's ships when they tied up to the docks in the Golden Horn. He was with Admiral Rogestvensky at the disastrous Russian defeat in the battle of Tsushima Straits during the Russian-Japanese War. During that battle he saved three hundred and fifty men from the sinking cruiser *Oural*, and got his own ship away in safety. He escaped the Japanese by altering entirely the appearance of his ship, and eventually he reached Madagascar. For his action in the battle he received the highest honors which the Russian government could bestow. At the time of the Messina earthquake he was in command of the cruiser *Admiral Makaroff*, and reached the scene of the disaster ahead of all other warships. He saved one thousand and fifty men, women, and children and rushed them to Naples, where he came down with typhoid fever. After that he became commandant of Cronstadt for-

tress; and when the war broke out he was chief of the naval guard at Peterhoff and Tsarskoe Selo—a pretty good record for a night watchman, all things considered. The American who is at the head of the American Black Sea Steamship Company in Constantinople went down to the docks one day and listened to the admiral's experiences. He then called in a stenographer to take a message to the Italian government. As a result of this message, the Italian government has given to Admiral Ponamareff and to his heirs and assigns forever a house and a piece of land at Messina, and they have further provided him and his family with free transportation to Messina; so the admiral has nothing more to worry about except the chances of another Messina earthquake.

Baron Wolff was an officer of the First Cavalry Guard Regiment and aide-de-camp to Grand Duke Nicholas. I ran into the baron in the American Embassy one morning. He was a tall, pleasant man with a rather worried look, for which he could scarcely be blamed. His clothes were very sloppy looking, and had been given to him by a Swede sailor. The baron, in addition to being an aide-de-camp to the Grand Duke Nicholas, was one of the Grand Duke's closest friends, and was with him constantly until he left Russia. When Denikine organized his volunteer army the baron became an officer in it, and when the army was evacuated to Constantinople he hunted around until he got a place as seaman on a Russian barge. He had saved a few belongings, and these he had with him on the barge. One night it collided with a tramp steamer, and everything that the baron had left went to the bottom of the Black Sea. He then got a position as night watchman in the British warehouse at Galata; but, as he explained with his worried look, he was too husky to be a night watchman. So he was after a job as seaman on a United States Shipping Board boat, and in order to get it, it was necessary for him to have an American visa. That was

why he was calling at the American Embassy.

Before the revolution Count and Countess Tolstoy were wealthy. They now live in a little cellar room in Stamboul. The count is ill. The countess, who speaks English, French, and German perfectly, supports her husband, herself, and an old friend by teaching and by translating for various foreign companies in Constantinople.

Olga Petrovna Dobrovolskaya is the widow of the Minister of Justice of the Russian Empire. The Bolsheviks took him as a hostage in the town of Piatigorsk in the Caucasus, made him dig his own grave, stood him up in front of it and killed him. They also killed her son and her son-in-law. She is absolutely down and out, and exists only on charity.

The American Friends to Russian Children maintain a home for Russian children in a beautiful house overlooking the Bosphorus. The chief movers in this relief work are the Y. M. C. A., the American Mennonites, and the Near East Relief. In a pen in the front yard of the house, on the day I visited it, were three contented youngsters. One of the three was picked up in the second Odessa evacuation. It was lying alone and uncared for in a blizzard. Nobody knew to whom it belonged and nobody knows to-day. The second of the three was rescued from its mother in the hall of the Constantinople Y. M. C. A. shelter just as the mother, crazed by her experiences in the Novorossisk evacuation, was trying to choke it to death. The third baby was the child of a mother who is dying of tuberculosis. My guide led me to the woman who was in charge of the home. She was a pleasant and attractive woman, possibly thirty-eight years old. "I am sure," said my guide, when we were introduced, "that she will be willing to tell you her story." She nodded pleasantly and started in at once.

I interrupted to ask her name. It was Nathalie Goremykine.

"Are you any relation to the Goremy-

kine who was Prime Minister under the Tsar?" I asked her.

"He was my father-in-law," she said.

I asked where he was. She replied that he and all his family, with the exception of her husband, had been slaughtered by the Bolsheviks in the Caucasus.

Madame Goremykine, after the Bolsheviks took over the government of Russia, fled with her husband and child down to the south of Russia and to the little summer resort of Piatigorsk in the Caucasus. They had only a little money, so her husband left her and went back to the north to get more for the purpose of traveling onward. For seven months she heard no word of him, and in the meantime the Bolsheviks came to Piatigorsk and murdered her father-in-law's family. In order to live she started a pastry shop, but the Bolsheviks refused to let her go on with it because they claimed that she used more butter and sugar than she should have used. Then she took to making molasses out of potato flour, which is a long and intricate chemical process. She was eminently successful at this, and peddled her molasses from door to door.

The Bolsheviks, however, would not let her live in peace. They came more and more frequently to her house, searching for "superficial" things. This is the phrase used by the Bolsheviks to cover confiscations. They consider themselves entitled to seize and dispose of the personal belongings of non-Bolsheviks if they come under the head of superficial belongings. Thus, a Bolshevik leader can have two automobiles, a casketful of jewels, several revolvers, and a houseful of requisitioned rugs without regarding any of them as superficial, but if the wife of a former Prime Minister has six silver teaspoons, five of them are classed by the Bolsheviks as superficial, and she will be remarkably fortunate if her very life itself is not regarded as superficial by her Bolshevik visitors. This is not exaggeration. It is plain fact.

The last visit of the Bolsheviks to

Madame Goremykine showed her that it would be a good idea for her to get out while the getting was good and before the Bolsheviks began to regard her life as superficial. So she dug up the remnants of her jewelry from the spot where she had buried them, hid them in her hair, hid herself and her son in a peasant's cart and went to another summer-resort town called Essentuki, where she hid herself for two months. At the end of that time the Bolsheviks found her again. She got away from them, concealed herself in a cattle cart, and escaped over the great Georgian military road through the Darial Pass to Tiflis. In Tiflis she came down with typhus.

"When I became sick," said Madame Goremykine, "I had the great fortune to encounter a Jew doctor. I should like you to take down his name. It was Kirschenblatt. This man knew I had no money, and when he came to give me medicines he would leave money for me. My little boy he took into his own home, giving him the bed of his own little son; and he and his wife kept my little son with them for six weeks like their own son."

Meanwhile Madame Goremykine's husband had been hunting for her, and he had finally heard that she was in Tiflis. He joined her there, and together they went to Batoum on the Black Sea and from Batoum to Novorossisk, always looking for a chance to escape from Russia and the Bolshevik danger. They went up to Rostov on the Don and into Kislovodsk in Caucasia again and then back to Novorossisk. For a month and a half they lived in a freight car. For another month and a half they lived in the corner of a damp cellar, for they had no money at all. Then they got a chance to leave Russia on a British transport. They jumped at it, without caring where they went so long as it wasn't Russia. The ship landed them in Egypt, destitute. For six months they lived in a hospital tent in Alexandria. Then they came to Constantinople, where she got

the position as directress of the Y. M. C. A. home. Her husband can't get any work at all. He is a comparatively young man. He was a Court Chamberlain, a director of the State Bank, and a very influential person indeed.

Jobs are almost impossible to get in Constantinople. A great many of the Russians absolutely refuse to work. This is largely due to the years of wandering which they have undergone. The soldiers are the worst in this respect, for most of them have eaten at somebody else's expense for seven years. Their officers have thought for them, clothed them, and fed them. They apparently have no desire or ability to do any one of these things for themselves. The wealthy and the aristocratic Russians, however, are more willing to work than any of the lower-class refugees. The reason for this, I think, is that the aristocrats and the once wealthy people are less willing to be bored than are the representatives of the lower classes.

A captain in one of the best regiments of the old Russian army had hunted long and fruitlessly for a job. His wife was about to have a baby, and they had no money at all. He had collected a lot of bottles, and one afternoon when I was in the American Embassy he was arranging with an Embassy interpreter—who had also been an officer in a good regiment—to go with him to the chief of police to get a permit which would allow him to set up his bottles in a vacant lot and charge the Turks five piasters for a shot at them with a rock wrapped in rags.

I found myself, one noon, at the Russian Social Center of the American Y. M. C. A., which maintains a restaurant and an employment bureau and schools for the Russians. The young American in charge of the Y. M. C. A. activities was busy, as are most of the relief workers in Constantinople a good part of the time, in racking his brains in an effort to find work for the constant stream of refugees that was passing before him. The last one to gain entrance to his office

was an attractive young woman who seemed—with reason—to be in the depths of despair. Her husband was ill and she had been unable to find work. They lived in a small room in Stamboul, the rent was overdue, and on the following Monday they were to be ejected. "Now what can you do about people like that?" asked the Y. M. C. A. man, despairingly. "It's simply impossible to find work for that woman. They'll be thrown out on the street, and they'll sleep in the hallways or in some old mosque, and God knows what will become of them." I hazarded the opinion that if she couldn't get a job she'd be forced to go on the street, as so many others have been forced to do in Constantinople. The Y. M. C. A. man's wife shook her head sadly. "Six months ago she might have done that," said she, "but there's not much use now; there's too much competition." And that, unfortunately, is literally true, though it may sound unpleasantly cynical to the prudish.

In the dining room one sees some snappily dressed people—women, with beautiful Persian lamb or sealskin coats. Usually these people are on the ragged edge. In another week or another month, if they don't get jobs, their coats will have to be sold and they will become public charges.

In charge of the dining room was a slender and distinguished-looking lady about thirty-two years old. She was good looking in a pale, Russian manner, and her glossy black hair was plastered close to her head and around her ears in a style frequently affected by movie actresses when they play Russian parts. Her name was Tokareva. Her husband, who was a helpless sort of person, though good at bridge and pursuing the wild boar and what not, left the entire management of his huge estates on the River Don to her. These estates were so large—I checked this statement up with several Russians because it sounded fishy to me, too—that one had to drive for five days to get from one end of them to

another. Madame Tokareva installed all sorts of improved farming machinery and made a tremendous success of the place. That was before the Bolsheviks came. Now the estates aren't being farmed at all, and Russia's loss is counterbalanced by the fact that the Y. M. C. A. in Constantinople has a well-run dining room.

Madame Strolovsky waits on table in the same dining room. Her husband also had enormous estates in south Russia, and was attached to the court. She and her son were evacuated by the British and placed on the island of Lemnos. Her son was ill there for months and she cooked his meals over an open outdoor fire. Then she was transferred to Constantinople. The few personal effects which she had saved were lost in the transfer. And when she reached Constantinople she learned that her husband was dead. In addition to waiting on table, she gives French and English lessons, so that she may earn enough money to make sure that her son is well educated.

Constantinople is full of Russian restaurants and cabarets which number among their singers and dancers some of the most celebrated entertainers of the old Russian Empire. Their prices are high, like all of the prices in Constantinople, but at a few of the Russian restaurants one certainly gets his money's worth. The best of the restaurants is the Muscovy. It is large and well furnished, and the food is excellent. This is probably due to the fact that the head of the culinary works is the chef of the late Tsar. The Tsar, by the way, seems to have had as many chefs as he had coachmen—and there is a coachman of the late Tsar in every city, town, and hamlet in Europe. At any rate, that is the idea one gets after traveling extensively among Russian refugees. There are at least eighty clubs in New York, London, and Paris alone that have, or think they have, chefs of the late Tsar working for them; and there are a large number of embassies, legations, and pri-

vate families that are suffering from the same harmless delusion.

It isn't the food, however, that makes the Muscovy unique, but the brand of service which its patrons receive. I don't know what would happen to the Muscovy if it were located in New York, even though it didn't serve any of the ruby or pale amber-colored liquids with which its Constantinople patrons love to dally; but I have an idea that there would be a pitched battle on the sidewalk in front of it immediately after its opening between the theatrical managers on one side and the movie producers on the other.

The Muscovy employs only Russians, and it is the most desirable restaurant in which a Russian girl can work in Constantinople, for the patrons are almost entirely Americans and English, and the tips are always generous. Consequently, every refugee in the city who is young and pretty tries to get a place as waitress there, and the restaurant has the pick of them. It not only does some very successful picking, but it gives the positions to the women who need it most. And the waitresses not only wait on table, but when they aren't hustling around after food they sit down at the table with those on whom they are waiting and dine with them, if it so happens that they haven't had their dinner. They speak from two to five languages apiece, these young women, and without exception they had either high social standing or great wealth, or both, before the revolution. They are entirely devoid of airs and graces and proud haughtiness, and all of them are excellent waitresses and excellent dinner companions as well. Three of us were in there one evening, and the young woman who waited on us and sat down with us was a granddaughter of one of Russia's prime ministers. Five American naval officers at an adjoining table were being waited on by Madame Shmeman, whose home was in Petrograd. Her husband was many times a millionaire, and was in the Finance Ministry before the revolution.

Both of the children are ill and her husband cannot find work. Madame Shmehman supports the entire family. Baroness Franc is a very charming waitress at the Muscovy. Her husband was a lieutenant in a Guards regiment. Madame Shaposnekoff is another. Her husband was a millionaire tea merchant in Moscow. Madame Voskresenska is another who was "reech, reech, reech as millions," but now has nothing except what her services as waitress bring her. Another is the daughter-in-law of Countess Tolstoy. She was born Princess Mershersky. To give a list of the score and more of waitresses at the Muscovy would be futile; they are all like the foregoing.

A number of Russian girls have been taken into Constantinople College, which is a beautiful and excellent American institution for girls, high up on the shore of the Bosphorus just outside of Constantinople. Girl after girl came to me at Constantinople College and told me her story—such girls as Zidia Senutkine, daughter of Judge Nicolas Senutkine of Poltava; Catherine Perebostchikoff, daughter of Gen. Michael Perebostchikoff; Princess Nathalie Schakowsky, daughter of Prince Alexis Nicolavish Schakowsky, and Anna Maximovich, daughter of Gen. Paul Maximovich of Tchernigoff. General Maximovich is now the chief gardener at Constantinople College. The story of all of these girls was such as to cause the hair of an American mother to turn gray—if such things had happened to one of her own bairns.

The story of Anna Maximovich, for example, conveys a vague idea of the reason why decent Russians suffer any sort of privation in order to escape from Bolshevik spheres of influence. The Bolsheviks took her father when he was ill and threw him into prison. Before he had recovered he was placed on trial before the Extraordinary Commission. There were four judges, and three of them were unable to read and write. He was acquitted in the first trial—the

charge being that of treachery to Bolshevik Russia. Not satisfied with the first trial, the Bolsheviks decided to try him again. Since he was so ill, his daughter Anna urged the judges to try her in her father's place. The judges were uncertain whether this procedure was proper, whereupon the daughter assured them that such procedure was frequently followed in western Europe, and that western European law permitted it. So she was tried in place of her father. Her trial lasted, off and on, for eight months, and other prisoners were frequently tortured in the same room in which the trial was held. The screaming, Anna Maximovich said, was frequently very nerve racking. The prisoners were tortured in order that confessions might be exacted from them. She was acquitted on this second trial, but the Bolsheviks continued to threaten her father, her mother, and herself with death. Life, she said, was one death threat after another. Finally the Bolsheviks took the daughter for forced work. Among her duties were such pleasant tasks as washing rooms in which soldiers lived, cleaning stables, and washing the soiled linen of the Bolshevik soldiers. She is a thin, meek-looking, pale girl, and her back bears scars from the floggings which she received when she was physically unable to work as energetically as her Bolshevik overseers thought that she ought to work. After these horrors, the Bolshevik detachment under which the early trials had been held was replaced by another detachment. Her father again had to be tried, and the president of the court this time was a sailor. Bolshevik soldiers were quartered in their home—so many of them that they slept in the rooms with General Maximovich and his wife and daughter. Such was life among the Bolsheviks.

Wherever one went in Constantinople in March of 1921, one heard gloomy speculations as to the ultimate fate of the refugees. This was due to the official announcement on the part of the French that on the first of April they would

cease all refugee feeding. It was the third announcement of the sort that the French had made, and there was a general hope that they would weaken on carrying out their third threat, just as they had weakened on the other two. But the French were very insistent that they meant it. This time, they said, they would absolutely and definitely cease to provide food for the refugees. I interviewed a French official in a responsible position on the subject. Yes, he said, it was quite true. All feeding would cease on the 1st of April. The prospect was a most unpleasant one—thousands of Russians isolated at Gallipoli and on the island of Lemnos and at Tchataldja with no food and no way to get food. The French official set forth the French position on the matter, and it must be said that they had some ground for their attitude.

"All that the Russians want to do," he declared, passionately, "is to sit on an island and do nothing! They have thousands of excuses for not letting us send them to Brazil, and say they want to investigate before they go. Why should they? Germany at the height of prosperity sent thousands of colonists to Brazil. Isn't that good enough for them? When there's an urgent necessity, you take the needed steps to fill the need. You don't say you've got to investigate it and ask about it. If the Pilgrim Fathers had demanded a previous investigation of America before they went there, they'd still be in England. The French policy here is the same as that of the United States. We recognize no Wrangel army and no Wrangel government in Constantinople. Wrangel and his army are merely refugees. They were disarmed; we are under no obliga-

tion whatever to them; our only motive in feeding them has been that of humanity. We have spent over one hundred million francs on food alone—not on their evacuation and transportation. France is poor from the war and she cannot afford to continue."

I reminded him that "the Russians claim that the Russian ships and supplies taken over by the French after the Wrangel disaster more than paid for that expenditure.

He smiled scornfully. "But do you realize," he said, the great number of millions that we spent on outfitting Wrangel for his campaign?"

I hadn't made any attempt to realize it, for the French gambled on Wrangel, and I had always thought that one should accept his gambling losses without further outcry. I still think so, too.

At the end of the interview I told the French official that the French couldn't afford to antagonize the world by letting the Russians starve like rats in a trap. He hedged a little.

"Well," said he, "of course we'll keep on for a few days after the first of April, but after a few days all feeding will come to an end—absolutely."

The French, of course, were taking this attitude because they felt that they shouldn't be forced to bear the burden of feeding alone, and wished to force the other Allies to share the burden with them.

It is generally felt in Constantinople that the refugee situation should be an international affair rather than the job of any one nation, since the Russian calamity was directly brought about by the part which Imperial Russia played in supporting the Allies.

WHAT PATRICIA HEARD FROM TOKIO

NEW LETTERS FROM JAPAN BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE DECORATION"

PART III

BY FRANCES LITTLE

DEAREST PAT,—The next time your soul craves knowledge of conditions of working women and girls in any country give me a year's notice, will you? I need it to attune my nerves to things undreamed of unless seen.

It would be far pleasanter to write you about cherry festivals, acres of blooming iris, and century-old gardens, where blood-red maples listen to the everlasting song of waterfalls. Or to tell you of the women who have defied the effects of training according to the doctrine of passive obedience to parents, husbands, and children inculcated for centuries, and by their own power and ability made of themselves successful teachers, nurses, dramatists, and expert translators.

But, since your heart desires to know as much as I can tell you on this particular subject, mine the pleasure to make you a freewill offering of some things I heard and saw, after many days' journeys and hours of talk and observing.

I read your letter to Kate. Before I finished she was, so to speak, pawing the air like an old war-horse. This is a subject that rouses all the Irish in Kitty Jilson, and almost before I could get my breath we were off.

Indeed we found things. And one thing so unexpected that for the first time I saw Kate's poise and calmness so tangled with confusion she has hardly straightened out yet. But this comes later.

When you and I have so often talked of the working women of Japan, we were prone to think of them in happy, picturesque groups, kimonos tucked up

and bright towels about their heads, making a holiday of rice-planting or other field work. Or as water-carriers, spinners, and weavers in the shelter of their homes. It may have been so once and in a way still is, but, like the rare old color prints, they will soon belong to the quiet and beautiful past.

High cost of living is mostly to blame, filial piety got in its work, and the struggle with war demands has done the rest. It has forced thousands and thousands of Japan's girlhood out of the free country life into the congested, ill-regulated city life, and it swallows them by the hundreds and greedily calls for more. The saddest part of the whole system is its demand that its victims be young and tender.

Not for a moment are you to think that I am going to detail each day's doings like a catalogue for an auction sale. Nor do I intend to dabble with figures. There are columns of them on this subject. Pieced together they would stretch into miles, and every inch as dry as the sands of the desert.

As I've told you before, Kate is a wise woman. She began at the top and let me down gradually. The top this time happened to be a newspaper office. And I am here to prophesy the manager of that paper is the most popular man in these parts. His is the only paper which gives a goodly space to women, their work, social affairs, and the latest styles in stockings and sashes—kimonos never change their cut.

Not only is it done for women, but by women. And one would have to go a long journey before he could find so cheerfully busy a group as that which I

found in an office, neither spacious nor sumptuous, but just a place where work could be done, and no time lost in powdering noses or reddening lips.

The girls gave me a cordial welcome. They were neither shy, embarrassed, nor bold. Simply women who, having been thrust out into the world, adapted themselves to conditions which their great-grandmothers would have committed hara-kiri before submitting to. The girls could smile, too, at the long hours, at their hard tasks, and at the curious stranger who was asking them all kinds of questions.

They graciously offered me tea and cake, and I smiled, too—not at their hospitality, but at the differences in custom in this funny old world.

I watched one of the girls prepare her material for the morrow's issue. Did she luxuriously lounge before a typewriter which was guaranteed to do everything but talk out loud, and click off page after page of neat type? Not so. With sleeve turned back, she dipped a little brush in India ink and, beginning at the top of a long strip of paper, she bent to her work of painting characters. Each character on that clean white page looked to me as hopelessly intricate as a mussed-up puzzle, but every stroke told a story, and her slender fingers went at such a giddy speed it fairly made me cross-eyed to follow. I found it easier to follow the forewoman, who took the work of the girl, and said if I would come along I could have a peep into the composing-room.

What sights and sounds! There were rows upon rows of boxes and cases, covered with dust and grime. Men and more men were walking up and down the narrow spaces, each fellow chanting whatever it was he was putting into type. It looked like a junk-shop and sounded like a nest of hornets gone on a strike. But what went out from that room entered thousands of homes, and many a busy woman could find her pleasantest moments in its columns.

However, it is not of the men I am to

write you. But do not forget that in the bookbinding business, the printing business, and in type-setting Japanese women hold their own with the men of their kind. And work of this kind demands a nimble brain, Patricia mine! As neither one of us ever went to the head in a spelling match, you will agree it is hard enough to keep up with a proper combination of a simple alphabet of twenty-six letters, won't you? Well, aren't you ready to take off your hat, if you ever wore one, to women who can handle daily over nine thousand five hundred separate characters, some with a difference so slight it would take a microscope to find it, yet so vital if omitted it might mean jail or a heavy fine?

We left this busy, humming place with as many bows as there were hums. Kate and I were bound for a distant part of the city. And, just as if she had been waiting to show herself that I might tell you about her, what did I run into but the motor-bus girl. The motor-bus is comparatively new in Tokio. It is built on a low, squat plan, where a man of any height must sit on the floor if the other seats won't go round. The minute you see one of these affairs the name Tumble-bug hops into your mind. It looks like one. It acts like one.

But it was not the name of the bus, nor its build, nor its height. It was the brand-new motor girl conductor that made me sit up and take special notice. Her natty uniform and her jaunty cap were as businesslike as those of any conductor you would wish to see. The companies weren't keen about having women conductors. They had to come to it, though relinquishing a favorite prejudice proved nearly fatal to some of them. Man-power ran short. It was women to the rescue.

Kate and I had much to see and miles to go. It was our good fortune to board a new bus with a new conductor who knew her business. I couldn't take my eyes off her. Of course there was a crowd and the same old scramble to get off and

on one finds all over the world. The girl did half a dozen things at once and all with swift efficiency and a certain grace. She handled the punch, nipping each transfer from one to five times. She helped the old people and guided the young toddlers. Not once did she miss calling out a street, some of them with names a foot and a half long. And as each passenger alighted her gentle warning became a song: "Step carefully. Leave nothing behind. Don't crowd, but keep in line."

"Do you like it?" I ventured, as we neared the end of the line and the conductor girl had a minute to breathe.

"Very good. Much better than factory business."

"Hours long?"

"So!" An indescribable exclamation which says everything and tells nothing. But her face brightened as she added: "It is not badly. Twenty minutes Bento time. Also ten minutes' freedom each run."

"Good pay?" I asked.

"*Mo tak' san*," which means "enough." What her enough included I could not say, nor could I persist in finding out. In questioning a Nipponese there comes a time when you feel that a heavy velvet curtain has been gently lowered before your eyes.

When we left her she was beginning her song again: "Step carefully. Leave nothing behind. Don't crowd, but keep in line."

I waved her good-by, and I wondered if her voice was as fresh and as musical when she stopped her work at ten o'clock at night as it was then or when she began her song at seven o'clock in the morning.

Nobody can blame Katherine for growing voluble on the subject of long work - hours for women and girls — ten, twelve, and fifteen on a stretch. That morning she fairly out-talked the quarrelsome crows as we walked along a ribbonlike path between rice-fields hedged around with bright blossoming pease.

I might be tempted to give you all her figures. What's the use of adding to your wide knowledge of ugly facts? There is something pleasanter to tell. We came upon it suddenly, and it was so joyous a scene, so akin to something of the old beauty, if you will dig into your treasure-box for one of those early photographs I sent, and choose the artistically colored one of women picking tea, you'll have the whole scene—only the reality was animation itself.

Women young and women old, blue kimonos jauntily tucked up, each girl with her basket, and her head wrapped about with a blue-and-white towel, every head bobbing over perfectly, and fingers choosing leaves with quick decision that admits of no hesitation, for it's only a certain leaf that has a market value, and on the quality of the leaf depends the woman's pay. Count on it there are few mistakes. Think of it, Pat! The millions of pounds of tea, each pound with its uncounted millions of leaves, each leaf picked by the fingers of a woman! Is it any wonder the Orient has glorified tea in poetry and rhyme? Only, why not hang the glory on the woman instead of on the tea?

The pickers were as jolly a crew as one would wish to see. Instead of quieting down as we appeared, Kate and I seemed to add much to the hilarity of the crowd. But not a hand stopped its work, not a head ceased its bobbing. Between bobs many a side glance came our way. They made a merry jest of our clothes; our hats sent them into peals of laughter. And one youngster, seeing Kate's one-piece dress, daringly asked that she take it off that they might see how she got into it! It was all so friendly. The simple interest of women in some of their unknown kind.

Lunch-time came. The women sat down to eat, and Kate—splendid thing that she is—forgot her own lunch in her desire to bring new interests into their narrow lives, many of whom were seeing a foreign woman for the first time. Instead of her dress, Kate took off her hat.

It passed from hand to hand with comments rich and rare.

"For seed-basket good is," was the conclusion of one practical soul.

"E-ya! Hen nest better," a farmer's wife contended, turning the hollow side upward.

"Why hat, when plenty of hair have?" asked a girl whose blue-black crown of glory glinted in the sun.

With a most beguiling smile, a pretty young daughter of Eve solved the problem.

"I know! Hat cover head. Pluck of bird wing trim hat. All make much pretty lady!"

Kate unbuttoned and buttoned her dress, that they might see the process. Her cheap collar was handled as carefully as if it had been a precious bit of rose-point.

But trust Katherine. Her turn came. Down she went into her capacious pocket, coming up with a package. And to each and every girl and woman in that field she handed a printed paper. I do not know whether it was a tract or a poem, nor do I know what she said, but I do know there seemed to be an added joyousness in that field of many colors—and long after a hill hid them from view we could hear them calling: "Come again! Come again! You are very interesting. We want to talk!"

And these are the girls and women who work from sunup to its going down and make as much as forty cents a day. Maybe fifty sometimes.

"Oh!" was all I could say when Kate told me. But of course Kate found the good in it.

"Much better than the work of the telephone and telegraph girls. These get better pay, but their work turns them into machines, and tuberculosis is ever standing right by their side waiting to nab them. Take you to my hospital some day and show you."

I declined with thanks. Watching the faces of a group of telephone girls coming from their night work was all the proof I wanted.

"Tea-picking is out-of-doors and far from the cities. The pickers get the fresh air. They can go to bed early, and their nerves are not frazzled with noise and numbers," Kate added.

Maybe so—but I am still wondering how they manage to exist on so few cents a day. However, they do, and are rosy-cheeked in the bargain.

As you know, I've never lingered in Tokio before. The call of the great, scrawly city has never lured me. But the springing up of thousands of new factories in a few short years within the limits of a place ever held sacred by its people has changed everything.

I had to see and know. And your voice comes over the waters to me asking if the girls and women, demanded by this mammoth called Industrial Progress, were swallowed by the thousands and nothing done to give them half a chance in life. I asked Kate. I wish she could say it to you. She hurled it at me so fast I couldn't store it all away.

"Well, for goodness' sake! Do you think the rest of us would be real women, if we didn't roll up our sleeves, turn to, and do all that can be done? Why, there are women in this old town who have given and are giving their lives to work of every kind to help working women.

"The hitch comes because they are so many and we are so few. Our bank-account is what you might call puny. It doesn't give half of these girls a taste of what we want them to have. Then, some of them want it, some of them don't. I can tell you we've had handicaps. Sometimes they turn into handcuffs. Never mind! We gain a bit every year."

You see Kate is the kind of an optimist who believes all the eggs will hatch if you give them time.

"We have rest rooms, food places, and night schools a-plenty. But"—Kitty almost heaved a sigh—"some of the poor things are so tired they fall asleep before they can spell cat. There are others, though. They put a clamp on weariness, pull themselves up to better things with nothing but pluck as their stock in trade.



TEA PICKERS, CHOOSING LEAVES WITH QUICK DECISION

These are the ones I call my vision girls. Their names spell *Grit*."

When Kitty paused you would have loved every crinkle in her kind face.

"And—we have kindergartens. Regular butterfly gardens. But you should see our day nurseries. Bless you, woman, it would make your heart turn over to watch all those little brown bits of humanity rolling on the floor, kicking up their heels in pure delight, just because they have heels to kick and plenty to eat. When you come to think about it, those babies are showing good sense. I leave it to you. Isn't it lots jollier to be rolling on a clean mat than being strapped to any boy's back for hours in all the dust and grime of a factory!

"Think of the mother, too. Don't you know when she calls for her baby at night her own shoulder is a bit straighter for having carried less of a burden during the day? And you can shout it aloud if you want to—every thinking woman in the empire knows there are spots that are blacker than ink that are blotting the face of the land. She knows what's

needed to scrub them out, too. And she's up and doing with mighty little to do it with. She's fighting like mad, with Rescue Homes, and places of refuge, and every other good thing that can be warranted to help. New industries and plenty of them are all right. But, dear Lord! the pitfalls and unspeakable dangers to womankind that wait like a serpent along their path!"

I had to stop. The day was too perfect to remain indoors. All of Kate's pets but one were in the garden. That one was the baby. By much persuasion I induced one of the maids to tie it on my back. I'd never tried it before, and I knew you would be sure to ask every detail of this particular part of a Japanese woman's burden. I prepared to answer. Can't say I found anything in the method to recommend. I marvel what the back is made of that can endure it for hours at a time! Maybe mother finds compensation in the happiness of the child. I was repaid by the kicks and coos of the joyous baby, and the joy

that lay in that wonderful little garden swept burdens and earthly affairs away to the background, and made rhymes and rhythms sing through my heart for the very joy of living.

A magic web, a sylvan dream
Where sunlight pale gilds waves agleam,
And pines rise clear to guard the beam,
Oh little Nippon garden!

In cloistered mountains soft winds rise,
And lavish lights from summer skies
Blue-mirrored in the shadows lie
In the little Nippon garden.

I am not responsible for it, but, right or wrong, it kept drumming itself through my head. Something like poetry had to.

The plum trees, some iris, a gorgeous peony, and a mountain cherry tree were doing their everlasting best to make the world beautiful. Sure, some who know it all will say those flowers do not bloom at the same time of the year. Just tell them I prefaced these few brief remarks by saying all of Kate's pets were in the garden.

With the kicking youngster on my back and Kate's old crane strutting by my side, I paced up and down the gravel path, in a kind of dream. One turn in the walk brought me to earth. On a big door in the broker-man's house was a sign. It said, "For Rent."

We had heard little from our neighbor in the last few days. Seeking information for you had kept us much away from home. Kate could not enlighten me when she came home that night. The next morning's mail did the work. A short note from the man said he had returned to his family. He would not trouble Otani San further. With the highest regard for Jilson Sensei, he was, etc.

Sounds as tame as a bill for skim milk, doesn't it? If you knew the hard-headed tenacity of a Japanese man of this type you would know how great was Kate's triumph.

Money, a detective, and some force

would have done the work. Kitty's weapons had prevailed. And I felt sure she had some news of another kind. I never saw her so gay. That evening she had all the little maids come into the library.

We made a kind of throne and put the baby in it. We told stories and played games. We made merry as late as nine o'clock. Kate was the ringleader in all the fun. What a combination of things Kate is! Her house is only a joyous little dab of paper and plaster. To it come the weak of flesh and spirit. From her consecrated common sense goes out an inexhaustible supply of comfort and courage, yet she can wholeheartedly play the simplest child's game.

Unstintedly she has given the better part of her life for the service of others. She is the happiest woman I know—except you, and both are of a faith unconquerable.

As she said good night, this is the kind of bomb she threw at me: "Breakfast at four. Copper-mines and factories tomorrow, and I think your friend Patricia will know enough about some of the conditions of working women to keep her thinking for a while."

It sounded "fierce," but oh! the power to spread before your eyes the miracle of a morning in Japan, when Dawn makes love to Spring. Maybe it is the other way about. Anyhow, I know love and mystery and magic held the world enthralled. The mists still covered the vine-clad foothills with silvery haloes. And the sea ran in ripples of red and gold. Distant mountains of misty gray loomed pale and vague as ghosts. The soft winds whispering through the towering cryptomerias spoke in a thousand tongues, as our jinrikisha men climbed the upward path on winged feet.

One swift whirl and the beauty of the morning was nearly forgotten in the sight that lay before us, one of those violent contrasts with which the country is constantly side-swiping your belief in the reality of things. Some two or three hundred girls, young, gay, and powerful,

standing waist-high in a trench making bricks! And it was with vim and energy that those girls filled the wooden molds. Neither was there lack of grace in the flourish of their wooden knives, as in perfect rhythm they smoothed each oblong and laid it on a long wooden board as gently as if it had been a Christmas cake. They were singing, too, something about

"A sparrow swings on a bamboo-tree
And flies away.
Once love perches in my heart
'Tis there for aye."

It seemed a bit incongruous to link sentiment with brickmaking, but a spicy wind, faint with fragrance, came over the flowery thickets. Gay youth lingered on every girl's face. Joy seemed to fling her banners wide. And as we left them still singing, happy and full of confidence, a thought flashed through my mind that possibly, after all, they were getting the best of life. Up jumped an-

other thought. Maybe these girls, like your much-married Jimmy-Lou, can testify that bricks are useful in other ways than in house building.

A short distance away we found the copper-mines, and the women who mine them. Silent as the caverns they work in, their muscular bodies scantily clad, they barely glanced at so curious a sight as two foreigners.

Even Kate's magic tongue failed to win them. It took much questioning to learn that three weeks' pay wouldn't buy a decent pair of gloves at home. No wonder life to them was only a grim fight for a bare existence!

The gaiety of the brickmakers, the beauty of the morning, had made us light-hearted and care free. Looking at these mine women, I felt a swift pang of reproach at forgetting all was not joy in the world. For the rest of that trip grim reality walked close to my side.

We went to some factories. There are many of them—silk, cotton hosiery, fla-



CHILDREN OF WORKERS "CHECKED" AT A KINDERGARTEN

ture, and munitions. Their name is legion, and they spring up, mushroom-fashion, and infest the land like a cloud of locusts. They are as devouring, too, for they eat up the young girlhood of Japan as the locusts do tender plants. One can see in factory after factory thousands of girls under fifteen years and hundreds under twelve with their hours of labor anywhere from ten to—well, as long as their bodies will stand upright.

It was easy for me to see why Kate was in bitter warfare with so many managers and owners. Of course there are a few places where conditions are excellent. Good food, good pay. But take the average! Something woefully wrong with this old world, my friend, when any country, mine and yours, or this, permits children to go into factories, under a two or three years' contract, where the most of them are never allowed to

leave the premises unless a stretcher takes them, as it usually does; where unclean dormitories are so crowded, if one little weary body lying on the floor would turn, hundreds of other small bodies must turn at the same time.

In some of these factories there is a space called a playground. The name is a ghastly joke and the space filled with black mud. I am no labor expert or authority on law, so I appealed to Kate:

"How do they trap them so young?"

"Poor little mites! From birth they are saturated with this nonsense called filial piety. High prices and poor food

finished the business." Kate almost snapped out the words. "But," she added, "a change is coming. It has to. The girls in the contract factories die off so fast with tuberculosis it is being knocked into some of these wooden heads that duty is not all on the side of the children."

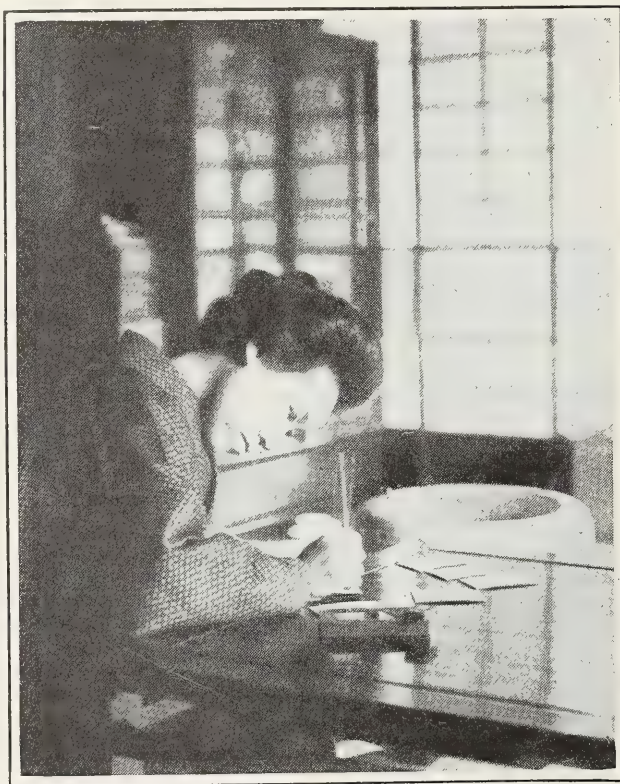
"Yes, but aren't there any laws for this sort of thing?"

It was a wise old owl of a Kate who answered:

"Woman! Remember that men make the laws. And some of them can be fatally twisted when it comes to maximum production at a minimum cost. Sounds like a stock report, doesn't it? Come. I have something to show you."

It was a new factory, clean and sparkling, and the play yard so real fifty girls were going through an old folk-dance as gaily as if they were in a park. True, they were so young I felt I

must run out and give them each a stick of candy and a china doll, but they looked happy, well fed, and content. There were no dormitories—the girls went home at night—but a spacious school-room, where time spent each day was compulsory, looked attractive enough to lure the most careless to a little study. Only, under no condition, fair or otherwise, was this any rearing-place for children. Inside the factory itself! My goodness! Patrick, you should have heard the merry song of those twenty thousand spindles all a-spindling at once. They whirled and buzzed, clicked and



A JAPANESE WOMAN WRITING
POETRY CARDS

clacked. Row upon row of pink-cheeked girls with heads all betoweled, handling countless threads, spools, and bobbins with the certainty of a delicate, intricate machine. Watching the graceful movements of so many small, swift hands, I stood fascinated and almost bewildered. Then I heard Kate:

"Otani San!"

There she was, a blue-and-white bandeau about her head, her working kimono securely tied back, her skilful hands flying from bobbin to thread, from thread to bobbin, as she talked.

Kate's body trembled, tears were very near as she looked into the beautiful eyes of Otani San. I do not know how Kate found her out. Nobody knew better than Kitty the awful struggle behind the story, simply told and yet so full of hope. On leaving home, Otani sold her crêpe dress and that of the child. The money kept them till, by accident, she tumbled on this place. She began in the factory as a floor cleaner. By drudgery, backed up with perseverance, she had pulled up

to a better job and more pay. She made fifteen yen a week now, and she could see her child every night in the clean home of an old couple who boarded them.

Happy? Indeed yes! Best of all, her little girl was to have her chance. And the strong serenity in the face of the one-time luxurious lady of ease proclaimed victory after battle. So with your song and Kate's I am joining in the chorus, "It can be done!"

The quiet beauty of that evening in the library, the soft glory of Kate's face, and the uplift of my own heart by your letter are unforgettable. It is true another picture would intrude itself when I thought of the awful struggle for life I had witnessed in office and factory. And it seemed I had been looking on a gigantic stage where the tragedy enacted is called Industry, the girlhood of the land the leading characters, with the devil and all his kind the scene-shifters.

And yet to this dark picture that casts a long black shadow across the



FACTORY GIRLS AT LUNCH, HUNGRY AND CHEERFUL

Flowery Kingdom there is a brighter side.

I went to sleep humming the song of the brickmaker ladies:

"A sparrow swings on a bamboo-tree
And flies away.
Once love perches in my heart
'Tis there for aye."

TOKIO.

DEAR PAT,—What with a wedding in the house, a wonderful river trip, and all the joyous out-of-doors luring a willing soul to idle dreams, many days have slipped into the past since my last letter to you skipped across the waters.

Of course there is such a thing as being fed up on weddings. Those late affairs in your own household may suffice for some time to come. But please prop yourself up and observe that your weddings had only one ceremony and that a short one. Our wedding took the better part of a day, two ceremonies and two feasts to make fast the rite.

The only cloud that flecked our blue sky of happiness was the very untimely thought that, according to the law of the empire, the whole thing can be undone by one stroke of the pen. No real necessity of bothering a busy court about a little thing like disposing of a wife. But whether these events are of the East or the West, Christian or Pagan, all we can do is to hope for the best. Isn't it, Pat?

The bride was Yomi San, one of Kate's protégées. The groom, Moto San by name, is owner of a fleet of sampans, a small freighter or so, and a winning smile. Her family has never been discovered. His family, what there is of it, is all right. It was an all-wrong pocketbook that forced him to a humble calling but great success.

When you realize that most weddings in this land are as untouched by romance as a telephone pole is by poetry you will rise up with me and give thanks that some kindly fate took a hand and gave a dash of color to the cold, businesslike preliminaries. Yomi San always loves to sing when she works. Also her choice

ever inclines to fetching love ditties. A fateful little breeze caught up snatches of the song, whisked it over the river, and above the humdrum chant of many boatmen, the swish of oars and paddles, it fell upon Moto San as he was sailing by. It happened many times in early dawn. Again as the sun tumbled down into the sea. Maybe the singing got on the sampan gentleman's nerves. Maybe his heart. The result was the same. There were weeks of talk and back talk among friends of the first party and more friends of the second party. Some more of eternity was consumed in straightening out religious complications and other things. Then Kate took a hand and saw to it that no detail was missing which would help to tie the double bow-knot of matrimony. So you see marrying in this part of the world is not what you would call simple. Long-drawn-out negotiations do not guarantee safety first or—last.

You should have heard the hubbub of glee we were in for a week! The kitchen buzzed with merriment while skilful hands wrought wondrous birds of many colors and flowers of curious hue from sticky bean paste and rice flour.

All the time little wishes and big ones kept hopping into my heart that I might sit you down in Kate's library and reveal to you what magic can be worked by nimble fingers with a bunch of bamboo and a posy or so.

Fragrant San, Truth San, and all the other little Sans in the house took a hand in it and quickly the workaday room was transformed into an aery of blossoms and fluffy green things. We had a wedding bell, too. Kate and I thought one quite enough. The girls still lower their eyes when we talk about it. They are shocked to think the groom did not have his own private bell all to himself!

The great day arrived. Bright but breezy. Everything was ready. The bride as dainty as a fan picture in her pink-and-gray kimono. The groom's rich silks heavy enough to support him in time of need, and everybody, from

Kate to the littlest baby in the house, arrayed in the best holiday outfit.

We were all on tiptoe waiting for the minister. He came, but he nearly didn't. My goodness! What a near-tragedy! Just as the jinrikisha man who brought him lowered the shafts of the light vehicle in front of Kate's gate a gust of wind caught the frail affair broadside and whisked it across the narrow road right into ten feet of water!

Patrick! I never knew a fat man could jump so far and so fast. His swift leap saved him. Yes, he could swim. But think what it would have meant. That man is a perfectly good Methodist!

His parsonship came in smiling and to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." We did our best to make it a solemn occasion. I had offered to play a real wedding march, but Yomi San said she liked the hymn "more better." The hymn she got. She should be denied nothing this day.

The wedding breakfast was a hilarious success, especially as the groom had to be taught how to use a fork. We didn't dare give him a knife. Afterward came the big surprise. Kate and I were asked to go on the wedding excursion with the newly weds. We did, and gave variety to the company and considerable joy to ourselves.

The trip was a visit to Moto San's adopted sister. She was the wife of a rich farmer, and the home rested on the bank of Income Root River a few hours' sail from Tokio.

The honeymoon barge was only a sampan. But such a sampan! Built for the occasion of satiny wood and bronze



CLEANING COREAN RICE ON LONG TABLES

trimmings. Silky mats and red-lacquer tables for the tiny room below—in case of bad weather—and a miniature deck above for scenery viewing if the weather held fair.

After much bustle we went on board. Our left-behind household came to see us off. So did the entire neighborhood. Never would any soul within a radius of two miles have us think he was not interested. They lined the embankment, their gay clothes topping the ancient moss-covered sea wall with a band of brightest color.

With much merry talk following us, we started. We thought we were off, and then we weren't. Ever since the wintry night Kate brought it home the littlest baby has been Yomi's special care. And when it saw its beloved big

sister departing it raised its voice in such heartbreaking cries Yomi begged to take it with her. Moto San, like all his species, thought it wrong to deny a child anything, so we turned about, and soon, with the additional passenger tied to the back of the wife of the head boatman, our assorted bridal party was off.

Now Pat, we surely were becoming to the scenery, and maybe you are picturing us as being shoved up-stream by so every-day a thing as oars or something as unpicturesque as steam. Look again. It was two men, two poles a big white sail, and a frisky breeze that sent us skimming over the dancing waters.

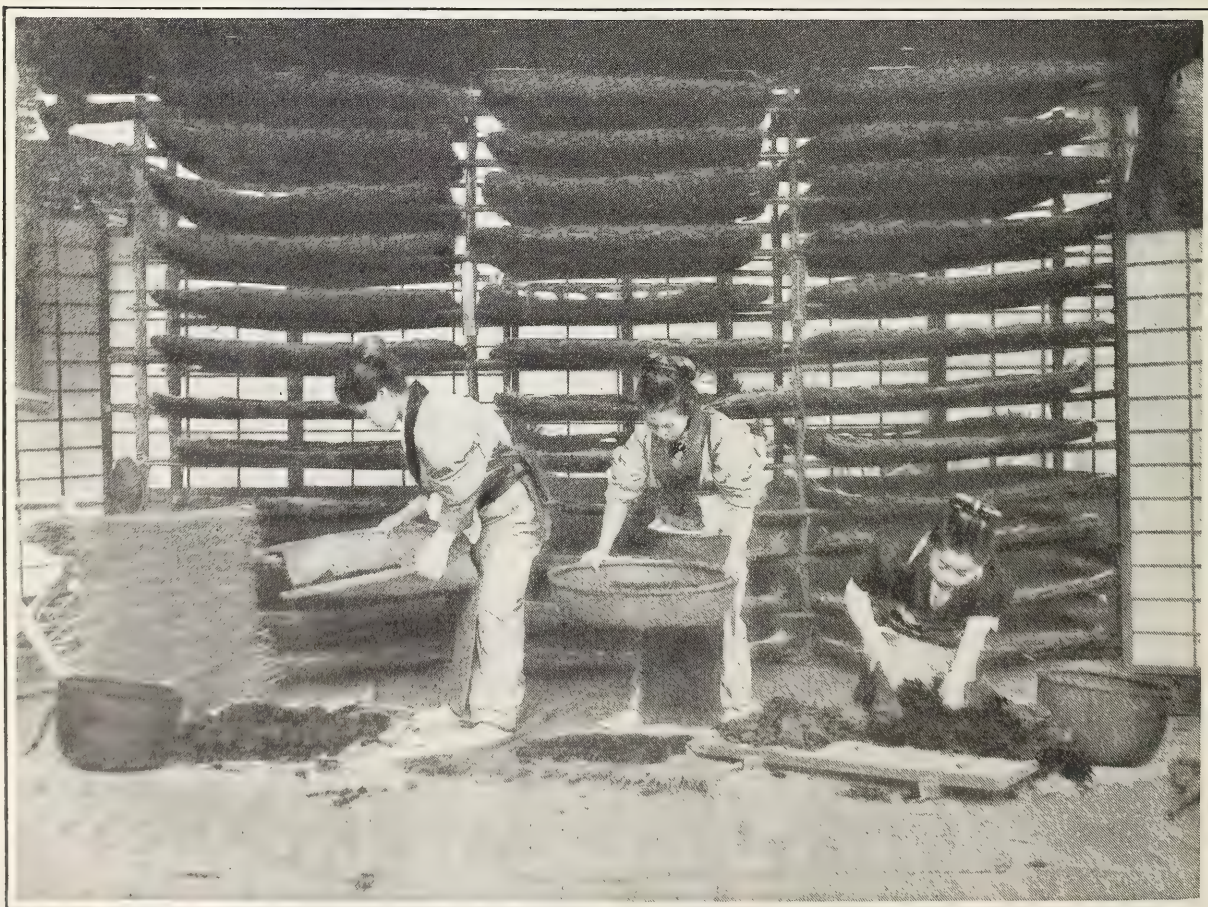
The boatmen kimonoed in blue, their head bands tied at a rakish angle, looked as if they might have stepped from the train of an ancient daimio. Maybe they did take a holiday from Nirvana to have one more fling at a fast-vanishing custom, for some change has come to the Rice Field River since fifty years took flight.

In other days the feudal lords used it

as their play place. Having laid aside their steel-ring armor for the moment, they could unbend their dignity long enough to give themselves gorgeous tea-parties in gold-lacquered barges which had the length and breadth of the stream to themselves.

Now the peaceful river of old is one of the busy beehive spots of the empire. Sometimes it is so full of water craft there is barely room for the tide to run. Sailing-vessels, coasting vessels, big freighters and little ones, which are the moving links between a vast interior country and the great outside world. It boasts a social side, too, for a large majority of its workers spend their entire lives on its surface. Everybody knows everybody else—also his business. Moto San, being prosperous and popular, made our sampan the object of every variety of salute.

Whistles, beating drums, and a chorus of *Banzais*. At a given signal there burst from every mast a sun flag. Sometimes a string of them. The reflection danced



SILK WORMS REQUIRE TONS OF MULBERRY LEAVES, SPECIALLY PREPARED

on the waters and made a pathway of pink over which we glided. Moto and Mrs. Moto stood up and made acknowledgments. Kate and I made ourselves as scarce as possible.

The puffy breeze caught the sail and spread it wide. The boatmen, pleased as children at their audience, and proud of their skill, hurled their broad shoulders at the long push poles. The combination sent us skipping through the crowded traffic. It was as exciting as the last ring at a county fair, and the baby from its perch did the crowing for the company.

I wish very much I could send you a picture of the boat wife. Only the speediest lens could do her justice. She was the most actively active person I ever saw. With one hand she guided the boat's rudder. That was her business in life when she wasn't cooking or washing or tending children, or loading freight or scrubbing. That afternoon with one hand she steered our course, with the other she fanned to a bright glow the *hibachi* charcoal. If it called for more, out went her long toes, doing their work as skilfully as the latest contrivance in tongs and shovels. All the time she was amusing the baby on her back. In between she brewed us a cup of tea and cherry leaves. And I suppose, had it been necessary, she could have prepared supper and put the baby and all the rest of us to bed without missing a lick. There are many thousands like her and they are a mighty help in keeping the underpinning of the empire from sagging.

Soon we left behind the noise and the throng. For an hour it was a long stretch of smooth water. Then we shot around the base of a perky little mountain. It was like opening the covers of a book long closed to me. Before us lay page after page of the rainbow country. Its beauty lulled our hearts to rest as a mother's song soothes a restless child. Not that any one of us was in particular need of soothing. But as you say—in this troubled old world it is good to lay up treasures of peace and beauty.

Priceless gifts hung all about us. The country bloomed like a garden of magic. The low mountains, terraced to the top, flung out patches of color in the sunlight. In the silvery waters of the paddy fields men and women worked in patches of emerald green. The air was full of sparkle and dragon-flies. Truly, the scene was vivid. It bade our spirits rise to gladsome heights. They did, and, shutting the door in the face of every care and convention, we let our souls out for a sure-enough holiday.

For an hour the boatmen poled, the baby slept, and dreams were dreamed. Then sunset clouds dimmed the glory of the day. Wild things of the near-by forest called to their mates. From out of somewhere dropped a blue mist, mysterious and alluring. And if you got all the messages I sent you in that perfect hour of twilight, about now your spirit is fluttering around as joyously as a white butterfly in a rosy cloud.

From the shore, lights began to glimmer and voices called to indicate the spot where we should land. We found the old moss-covered steps by the light of two flaming torches. They led us through an ancient gateway into a great courtyard. It looked like a bit of Mardi Gras strayed far from home. It wasn't, though. Just everything that belonged to the estate, except the cows and the chickens, came to do honor to the occasion. Serving-maids, weaving and spinning ones, rice-planters, cooks, and overseers—all with their brightest and best on their backs and in their hands a big orange, blue, or crimson lantern.

We marched through rows of them, and it was over a pathway of dancing lights and fantastic shadows that Moto San and Yomi led the way. Kate and I followed up to what seemed to me half a block of paper doors, all done in tiny squares and clearly outlined by the soft glow behind them. It was the grand entrance way—the whole lower floor thrown into one spacious room, and the only ornament, so far as I could see, in the soft light of many candles, was the

stately white-haired master and his picture wife to match. They sat on thick cushions and the cushions rested on the yellow floor mats. I felt I was taking part in a tableau. But when we entered into a long spell of bows and triple bows—enough to dislocate any but the most hardened neckpiece—its realism was most impressive. However, we survived. So will the memory of the warm welcome and the glimpse of many rooms, rich with carved panels and gold screens. We passed through them on the way to our apartment, where, with a flourish of a hairbrush and a prinking up of a bow or so, we were ready for all the quaint delights of the evening.

When we returned to the great "audience chamber" a large company awaited us. The guests were many and variegated. Our host invited us to rest our honorable bodies. We did, on luxurious cushions of heavy brocade. Of course Moto San and Yomi were placed in front of the *tokonoma*—translated "seat of honor." Kitty and I came next, with all the other guests down the line. I'll say it for you! Katherine Jilson and your very best friend surely did look like two black-and-white misfits, in a gorgeous Oriental frieze. It wasn't the way we looked, however, but the way we felt, that helped along the evening's sparkle.

Everything ready, the head of the house clapped his hands three times. Doors slid back and in came a row of little maids, lovely enough to frame, each bearing a short-legged table and each table holding bowls, plates, and chop-sticks. Everything of gold lacquer—and the food! No, it wasn't of lacquer, but there was one guest who shouldn't have cared if some of it had been. Anyhow, it was beautiful to look upon.

The time came for the reading of the pile of telegrams and congratulations. Like a cloak, convention was laid aside. Everybody was humanly gay and laughing. The fun ran high. And when the little bamboo boxes by the side of each

guest were filled with all the table delicacies not disposed of, and each box wrapped in a square of yellow silk ready for guests to take home, the hour had come for an evening's entertainment, such as I have never seen before and possibly never shall again.

If some long-ago Mikado court had suddenly come to life, it couldn't have been more like itself. There were samurai, flower-girls of the past and present, dancing maids, acrobats, and a shogun or so, each playing his part to the utmost. The shining armor and the tints of priceless brocades and embroideries outcoloring an artist's palette.

If it had not been for Katherine Jilson's hearty laugh and merry comments I should have believed it all a dream where grown-up fairies were giving a flower festival with a strong Oriental flavor. It was late when the good-night ceremony began. But it was worth an hour's rest to see it. The procession started with the highest and mightiest guest and ended with an old and wrinkled ditch-digger. As it filed by host and hostess, bride and groom, Kate and me, every fellow with bended knees softly bumped his or her head on the floor. Rather wearing, but it stood for simple-hearted kindness, happy friendships, and some hundred bows.

When I tumbled in between a pile of silken comforts on the floor of our bedroom I really felt as if I should apologize to my overworked back. Kate said she didn't feel a twinge. I guess if thirty-five years of practice doesn't make perfect, eternity won't.

Dawn found me awake. I had seen the inside of this house. Well I knew its creator, though dust a century or so, could but choose a royal setting for the coming true of his beautiful dream. I had to see. Slipping from my soft resting-place, I crept down-stairs and outdoorward. I guessed right. Never had nature and an ancient ancestor done a better job. It was a bit of Paradise tucked away between rounded green hills and giant cryptomerias.

Little paths under clouds of purple blossom and half-circle bridges spanning broad lotus ponds. A *torii*, Pat, is a kind of temple gate. It is graceful and wonderfully convenient. Believers hang prayers of paper and straw on it and all the gods need do is to look and see them fluttering in the lightest breeze. A vivid red one stood before me, and through it I could glimpse long shadowy vistas of old, old trees and rows of gray lanterned tombs. The moss-covered tombs were the only sign of life's brief spell. Everything else seemed to have been there since time was and would abide till time wasn't.

Through the golden light of morning came the sound of intoning bells. Far away stretched rich fields of grain and the shining river. Beauty of sound and scene gave the sense of unreality till, with the last stroke of the bell, fronts of thatched-roof houses opened wide. Out trooped men and women in blue working kimonos and peaked straw hats. Ready for the day's toil, each worker stopped before the open space of the big house where sat the master. Between sips of tea and puffs of his little pipe he had a word for all. I was too far away to hear what he said, but from the smiles and bows which followed it must have been just the right thing.

When a laughing group started my way I thought it time to scuttle back to quarters. But I've stored away the memory of that enchanted spot. Like you, I find it good for mind and heart to have a retreat in time of pressing need. What an awful lot we owe to ancient ancestors!

I should really like to tell you all the details of the second wedding ceremony. It was gone through with more as a compliment to the groom's family than from any legal necessity. I have an idea it was quaint and curious, as most of these old customs are. But not a glimmer can I give you of what it was like. I was not there. Kate said that custom said only those most concerned, and two or three of the elect, should be present during the

ceremonial lifting of cups and changing of kimonos.

So we made ourselves among those absent. Our expressed desire to know all about the private life of silkworms was graciously granted. Plenty of opportunity in this lovely spot. Since silk culture began it had been one of the farm's biggest assets.

It took only the shortest time for an attendant to guide us through a red maple grove across an iris field or so, to a row of low, gray sheds. And through the dusky interior I could see tier upon tier of shallow baskets lined with soft green and, standing near, many workers silent and very watchful. Never have I seen so much attention bestowed upon any crawling thing, and right there I concluded if you wanted to know all about the complicated life of silkworms, you should hie yourself to some textbook that will give facts without trimmings.

But permit me to remark of all the spoiled darlings these creatures are the worst. A half-dozen pet pups would not ask as much. There were tens of thousands of the silver-white bodies wriggling over the shredded mulberry leaves covering the bottom of the trays. And, as far as I could see, each wriggler required the personal attention of a special nurse. They got it, too, night and day, from the girl or woman watcher. The life of a silkworm is brief, but pampered. Exclusive, too. No human must go too close to them. They dislike to be breathed upon.

Just one whiff of tainted air and the casualty list is long. And, while they can stow away tons of mulberry leaves, the food must be specially prepared from the richest and ripest parts of the plants. They must be neither hot nor cold. Just right and so anxious and careful were the attendants I should not have been surprised to see ear-muffs and sweaters all ready to be clapped on their silky highnesses should a left-over cool spell come sweeping over the hills.

After thirty-three days of gorging in-

terspersed with many long hours of beauty sleep the indulged creatures are tenderly laid on a soft mat to which bent straws are fastened. Something tells them it is about time they were going to work. Climbing the straws to the highest point, they begin to give forth a glowing thread of amber hue which they wind about them as a cloak. Then the grand time ends in a boiling bath and the end of the glistening thread is caught by waiting fingers and wound into great golden hanks. These find their way to the farthestmost parts of the world and back again comes a stream of yellow coin, a rich reward for a month's board and keep. One can write about it light-mindedly, but it is a serious, gigantic business, and I wonder to what the numberless women and girl cocoon nurses would turn if some upstart of a genius should invent a mechanical silkworm!

The crêpe kimono I am sending you was a gift from my hostess. From the first silk thread to the last embroidered leaf it is the labor of the handmaidens on the farm. Here's hoping its rose-pink loveliness will enter into your spirits.

It was high noon when we returned from our call on the silkworms. All was peaceful in the great house. I suppose the ceremony took place. There was nothing to show for it.

Yomi San eagerly displayed her wedding gifts. They were many. Inlaid tables, rare old *kakemono*, carved trays, rolls of silk folded into shapes of ships in full sail, and what do you think? A pair of live ducks! The sentimental variety

which if one dies the mate immediately does likewise. There is a legend that they grow only in Japan.

The new husband and wife were to remain longer for a siege of visits to relatives and neighbors.

That afternoon found Kate and me aboard the boat sweeping Tokiward. It must have been steep down-grade all the way. We sped past clusters of huts, their gray roofs standing out against low hillsides all ablaze with crimson lilies. We left far behind the little sunlit fields of rice and barley, dashed into a great gorge and out again into the crowded corner of the Rice Field River. It was like closing the gates to an enchanted country, but it is joyful to know it can still be found.

And now, as at the beginning, I am in Kate's little house that swings over the water like a bird on a limb. Once again the side of my room is open. There is a light in the house across the garden. I hear the laughter of children, and the shadows on the paper door tell a story of home and love.

There is joyful news from Otani San, too. She is really truly married. Lives in Honolulu with husband, child, and a sizable pocketbook. I almost forgot about the baby. Our late host and hostess promptly adopted it, and Kate, gay, debonair, and good to the uttermost, went right out and found two more to raise.

The golden sands of old Peking are calling. But tell me, Saint Patrick, who would help to salvage human wreckage were it not for Kate's kind and—yours?

(The end)

THE LION'S MOUTH

VICARIOUS EXPERIENCE

BY DAVID SEABURY

THERE is something queer about the modern man. Touch him anywhere and he responds as if he had lived every variety of life, known every sort of sensation. Neither the magic stone in the fairy tale which made the hero as strong as ten, nor the mysterious carpet which spirited its owner over the world at a wish, is to be compared with the witchery of twentieth-century inventions. Of prophet, dare-devil, and murderer your modern man knows every thought and emotion. Every phase of life from a gambling den in Dawson to a Newport villa has been set before him in movie, drama, novel, magazine, newspaper, and penny pictorial. Millie Smith of the Bronx or Harry Brown of Oshkosh has traveled over the world and moved in all social levels, though Millie may tend the notion counter and Henry never have ventured farther from his plumbing shop than the last hydrant.

Even young things have an obtrusive sophistication, and at the age of twenty are older in worldly ways than was Methuselah. Watch Millie drinking in the last reel of "Woman Knows." Felice Fay is flashed in a close-up, her eyes wild with fright, her lips curled. She is contracted with terror. A moment more and Roger Refew is revealed, steadily encroaching in the dark. Millie leans forward. Her breath is uneven. A psychological measurement of her sensations, thoughts, emotions, recording themselves upon the sensitive plate of memory, would not differ ten points from that of Felice had she ever been abducted by Roger.

The reel draws to its close. Barry Bruce has rescued Felice. They meet

in a long kiss. Millie is only fifteen, but she feels those hot lips upon her own. No future lover will ever sip Millie's first nectar. She is entirely wise. She will do it like a merry widow. For Millie has not only been kissed as Felice, but as Nanette—Clothilda—Arlene—Nellie—Minnie—Mary—Jane—by heroes long trained in the art. At last, the finale, with Barry at the wheel of a high-power car. Felice waves nonchalantly. Millie already carries herself in the same I-know-all-about-it manner. Felice has "nothing on her." "I'll say she hasn't."

Next, the world news. We visit London. We observe the King about to leave Buckingham Palace. We see just how he smiles. We instinctively respond to his bow. The Queen is with him. Not a motion she makes escapes Millie. We cut to the explorers climbing the Himalayas, again to Tahitian women diving in décolleté. Millie feels the water about her. At a shark scene that follows she draws up her feet. She was almost bitten by one of them, but not quite, for she has killed sharks before, in Key West and Nassau, and done deep-sea diving with Annette. Millie is quite at home in any water, even if Coney Island has been her sole aquatic retreat.

The next day is Sunday. Millie lies in bed, an E. Phillips Oppenheim at hand. Millie intends to spend the next few hours in Monte Carlo. She opens her book. They all sit down to eat something, as is usual when E. Phillips is guide. Lord Neverville turns to Millie. Her head lifts slightly from the pillow in response, but her eyes are on the line of beach with the glistening Casino beyond. She sees Mlle. de Melantroix down the hotel veranda. Not a flick of cigarette ashes, not a trick of speech escapes her.

She may not be able to use them Monday, at the store, of course, needing to keep her job, and but a few of them with Sam Jenkins at Wednesday's dance, feeling "above 'em" mostly. But every detail is recorded on thought and emotion. Millie has now lived in Monte Carlo. She knows Lady Neverville and what it is like to be the wife of a questionable lord.

Monday evening, E. Phillips Oppenheim having been consumed, Millie reads the last issue of *Whizzy Stories*. Jacob Blutstein is in a humorous episode on the Bowery. If the author does not do it to life, Millie will know it; for on the stage and in phonograph records she has heard accent, inflection, dialect, all of Jacob's repertoire. There is nothing new under the sun for Millie. She has been down in a submarine, up in an airplane, traveled across deserts, explored the torrid zone, dined with princes, watched diplomats smile, and even seen the pelicans jazzing on the ice. Millie has lived richly, variedly. Although her physical anatomy has remained in the Bronx, her film of memory, her grooves of sensation, her gamut of emotion, are cut from the life of many lands.

And, after all, are not most of us Millie or her counterpart? Do we have to work hard to picture or to feel any experience? Have we not lived, through all the modern extenuations of the self, so intimately, so repeatedly, in every walk of life, in every land of interest, that our memory records are wider and deeper than those acquired a hundred years ago by even fourscore years of adventure? We have received many of our experiences enhanced and magnified. When in actual life, before, could the common man intimately watch a king, smiling? Or how could he study the very motions of a plant's growth? Or how, but through the modern press sense the activities, events, joys, sorrows, drama of a whole world, all in an hour?

Suppose we should compare the inside of our heads with that of some one living

in 1722, or even 1822. In those days an old sea captain or a returned missionary now and then told vaguely of China. But experience gave them no genius for reporting, and most of them had uncertain imaginations. How much was passed on, compared with five minutes of close attention to a picture laid mostly in Peking or Foo-chow? Where our grandfathers sat in awed silence, listening to second-hand tales, our minds have accurate and graphic images. We have actually seen the old priest's face, his look of eye, his curious walk, his dress. We have watched Ah Fu in his opium den as we should rarely have been able to do in Peking itself. We have studied the coolie-clogged streets, seen the interior of houses, and witnessed a funeral. Yet this was only one among thousands of records that are marked upon our figments of experience. The story of the missionary or the old sea captain stood out in our grandfather's memory as a long-to-be-cherished revelation of strange and wonderful things. We forgot the picture, almost at once, although, as we picked up a newspaper, we may have read of Shantung.

Not only of distant lands, moreover, is our vicarious experience a thousand-fold that of any man's of the last century. If we had lived on the upper social levels in those days, by hearsay we might have known a little of the lower stratum. But never by any chance Jacob Blutstein's whole manner in his Bowery episode. Had the lower stratum been our habitat we might have watched the great ones, riding in their gay coaches, but never could we have seen lord and lady in intimate action. The pioneer Indian hunter knew his forests. Beau Brummel knew London. But by no wildest stretch of imagination could either have understood the other's life, not to conceive sensing his contrasting thoughts, fears, joys, and experiences. Only in the rare novels and drama was there life portrayed with any fulness, and then, only some kinds of life, for the sophisticated and fortunate of that age. No-

where was there opportunity for a moment comparable with Millie's harlequin diet.

The modern man is indeed a curious creature. What, I wonder, will he become after several generations of vicarious living?

SANS-CULOTTISM

BY CHARLES T. WHITE

THE word had escaped me for a long time, like a chance acquaintance who lives in the same town, but happens to go down to the office by a side street, or starts ten minutes earlier in the morning. By the merest accident, we met the other day, in Mr. Canby's article, "Anglomania," in the November *Harper's*, and clasped hands cordially. "Sans-culottism" and I must have met and passed, with a cold nod, more recently than I remember, but, just for the moment, my thought harked back to youthful perusals of blunt-spoken, truth-loving, dyspepsia-ridden Thomas Carlyle.

"We wish to know if a cultural, a literary sans-culottism is possible, except with chaos as a goal?" challenges Mr. Canby. I said "No" on the instant, but prudence suggested consulting the Century Dictionary. That unkempt proletarian herd, making forced court presentations of themselves to cringing Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette through battered-down doors, storming that citadel of ancient law and order, the Bastille, spewing out slum curses and billingsgate on the privileged classes, must have been somewhere in my Unconscious—or is it Subconscious?—all the while, but first-aid psycho-analysis failed to recall the pungent fact that the hard-pressed respectables dubbed these underworld thugs "sans-culottes"—"men without breeches."

The definition was refreshingly frank. I welcomed it as a kind of masculine anticipation of daringly abbreviated skirts and one-piece bathing suits. Victorian propriety might have amended it to

"without creased trousers," thus missing the mark widely, as I discovered by taking down another, and later, reference book. Who should forget that court dandies were proud of their knee breeches and knee buckles in Bourbon days? Long trousers were taboo, and patrician hands flung contempt at them as thoughtless small boys fling stones at unoffending frogs in a pool. The proletariat didn't care for that; they gloried in their sans-culottic ignominy. It robs our frank definition of half its pungency to learn that the men of the Paris mob didn't doff their unmentionables as a defiant fling at convention, but came along *just as they were*. And they carried the day, too. Knee breeches and knee buckles are practically obsolete.

But it was a defiant fling at convention, take it how you will. They appeared at court, *sans-culottes*, without court dress and unashamed, and must have made a sorry appearance. They made a sorry mess of public affairs afterward, too, as the Bolshevik proletariat has done of late in Russia. We invariably look for trouble when the long-trouserer appear to displace those who have worn knee breeches for centuries. It isn't a question of good intentions or bad, worth of manhood, rights, or anything of the sort. It's the simple fact that the sans-culotte is playing a new part, and does not know his lines. He may learn them in time, and, again, he may not. If he does, chaos is an uncomfortable episode; if he doesn't, chaos is the "goal," as Mr. Canby observes, with not much but chaos beyond.

Our doctrinaire Fifteenth Amendment headed strongly toward that goal, and would have reached it, if it had been rigidly enforced. It looked quite the proper thing on the surface, the quintessence of sturdy American democracy, the logical next step to emancipation; but negro domination in the South was an exaggerated instance of the long-trouserer in places where the knee-breeched and knee-buckled were entirely at home. "A man's a man for

a' that," no doubt, whether *that* be a black-skin illiteracy, callow inexperience, faddist notions, or doctrinaire devotion to a theory, but there is a cry for caution, when too many of the sans-culotte order overcrowd the precincts long sacred to conventional knee breeches. Perhaps there *is* a better style of wearables, more becoming, more serviceable, more convenient to the wearer, and this may come in due time, as, indeed, it should, but even such humble raiment as breeches should not be too hastily discarded. It would be embarrassing to find oneself in the native nudity of Adam, with no accommodating fig tree in sight. A prudent man doffs his old suit, only after he feels tolerably confident of the fit of the new one.

The literary atmosphere is unpleasantly full of covert sneers just of late. Victorianism comes in for more than its share, religion, too, and time-honored social conventions. The wearables in which people have been reasonably comfortable and presentable for a good many years are ripped into shreds and tatters, and crazy new styles of dress eagerly offered for inspection. Marriage has had its ups and downs, beyond dispute, incidentally entailed some misery, and spoiled some lives, but, as an admittedly fallible arrangement, it has stood the test of time fairly well. Our vanguard novelists would have us believe that marrying and giving in marriage is actually antediluvian, shamefully behind the line of advanced thought they represent, and likely to become, under their encouragement, a mere relic, two or three generations hence; but, apart from rather misty theories of sex relations, not much constructive tailoring is done in these up-to-date shops, and the alternative halts between being clothed poorly, and not clothed at all.

Our American literature is still in the making, or, as Mr. Canby views it, yet largely to be made. Here the literary sans-culotte appears, mouthing noisy warnings against that rather shadowy specter dubbed Victorianism, without

making it quite clear wherein Victorian writers sinned, and came short of the glory of God and the homage of intelligent readers. Booksellers report that Browning and Tennyson still have a steady sale, and publishers occasionally indulge in the risky venture of Dickens and Thackeray and Jane Austen in new editions. Tennyson may have been too much the stylist, and Browning's rush of impassioned big thoughts may have occasionally tempted him to forget that even great thoughts are not magnetic enough to "get across" without a rather carefully constructed bridge of words to insure safe transit; and yet there is a good deal of sound literature in both, more likely to find appreciative readers a hundred years hence than anything the intolerant newcomers have brought with them.

It is a handicap, to be sure, that most Victorians are more religiously inclined than Bernard Shaw and his ilk, and that, for prudential reasons, which seemed good at the time, and may be good now, delicate subjects of sex were not treated in the fearless fashion which characterizes some present-day novels and plays. But if man is, as some contend, "incurably religious," the chances are fair for these discredited singers of God and faith and hopes beyond to come into their own again, before the world is much older. And even now, I fancy the unnecessary intimacies of the modern sex novel are slightly cloying the taste of the reading public. The average reader is fairly intelligent as regards the commonplaces of life, and rather resents the writer who leaves nothing to the imagination. Beyond a shallow curiosity to see just how somebody else will say what everybody knows, and what nobody—save the daring débutantes of current fiction—introduces into refined conversation, the appeal of the sex novel is neither strong nor lasting. Brutal frankness crept into recent fiction under the philanthropic plea of helpfulness to young people, deplorably ignorant of things they ought to know, but it ap-

pears that the ignorance was overestimated, and the enlightenment has proved itself of doubtful utility. Probably expectant motherhood has always invited feminine confidences, pleasantries, and forecasts, but the situation is scarcely promising material for enduring literature.

The sans-culotte is an iconoclast, and beyond demolishing a few idols, better out of the way, he is little to be relied upon. The creative genius is not in him, and what he builds is a poor substitute for what he tears down. In due time he may acquire the skill of the constructor, but then he will be no longer the sans-culotte, but suitably clothed, and in his right mind.

IF A WORM COULD KNOW

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

THERE was a time when a worm's-eye view of the feet of womankind gave him a fairly good inkling of what was above. He knew the gay, high-heeled slippers of the lady of leisure, the ample-toed kid boots of the aged, the spring heels of youth, and the pitiful shoes of the very poor. As they passed in the street, he felt that he knew something of the people who lived in the world above his head, what they were like, what they were doing. But a poor worm of to-day has a hard time of it, especially if he has inherited traditions of the past and is conservative. Suppose he were turning along Fifth Avenue one of these bright autumn days. Strolling toward him he sees a pair of elegant gray-suède slippers, each strap displaying a shining rhinestone button, and, above, a vast expanse of delicate gray-silk stockings.

"Aha!" he murmurs, "One of the younger ladies of the smart set, just back from Paris. Probably she's been at the Ritz for luncheon."

And he ruminates, as worms must, on the wasteful way humans have of eating enormous luncheons when a bite of green leaf would do perfectly well. But the lady above the gray-suède slippers

hasn't been to the Ritz for luncheon, at all. She has consumed a chocolate ice-cream soda and a cheese sandwich at a drug store, crowded in with a host of rapid lunchers. For it isn't a member of the Four Hundred. It's little Sally Einstein, out for a noon airing between tricks at the power machine in Fox's shirt-waist factory.

Sally's legs are the pride of her heart. When she emerges, every morning, from the crowded East Side tenement where she sleeps with eight or ten other little Einsteins, her mother, still wearing the bright-brown wig of the ancient régime of Jewish women, hangs far out of the window to watch her go down the street. Mrs. Einstein is thrilled by Sally's elegance. She knows that Sally is fashion's latest word. The gray-satin dress, severely simple, was cut from a French pattern, and sewed by flickering gaslight in the crowded room. But it has distinction. Sally knows better than to wear lace or gaudy ornaments. She is topped by a gray-satin hat, plain but "swell," with a willow plume.

They used to picture the factory girl in tattered garments, her toes emerging from worn-out shoes, a shawl around her shoulders. But that was years ago. Sally's friends from the loft, Rachel, Becky, Sonia, and Fanny, are equally expansive and expensive as they join the Fifth Avenue parade. Rachel's stockings are of brilliant blue silk and her black-satin bootees have intricate lacings of ribbon, the sort that used to flourish only in light opera. Becky is shod in white. She cares nothing for the mud and scum of things. Her white-kid button shoes are generously high, but not too high to conceal the vast circumference of Becky's legs, which somewhat resemble those of an old-fashioned square piano. But what of that? The stockings are of white silk.

The ancient worm is fascinated by the variety and glamour of the parade.

"The ladies seem to be all at half mast," he mumbles to himself. "But why should they hide such splendor?"

Presently he is aware of a bronze high-heeled pump tripping along. He gazes upward. He thinks that perhaps a gorgeous young *débutante* is flaunting the skirt, which is as short as those in pictures of savage ladies in Stanley's *Darkest Africa*. But it isn't a *débutante*. It's her grandmother, one of the twentieth-century young-old ladies. Her brown-silk frock is cut as they used to make little girl's dresses long ago, buttoned down the back and completed by a wide sash. Her bronze-silk stockings match the pumps to perfection. She steps along with the pace of twenty years of age. Why shouldn't she! Her children and grandchildren are all brought up and in their several niches. Her work in the world is all finished and she has plenty of time for all the little gayeties of modern old-ladyhood. Her mother was on the shelf at fifty, waiting in a white-lace cap for time to finish its deadly work. It isn't done that way now; but how is a simple worm to understand?

The panorama passes the worm's earnest attention. Once in a while a flat-heeled, strong-minded shoe, with woolen stockings above it, stamps along, an athletic creature inside. But the worm never heard of gymnasiums, hikes, and tennis, and he is as much bewildered as by Sally's suèdes. Occasionally a soft-kid, old-fashioned shoe, with a normal number of buttons, passes to remind him that one elderly woman in a thousand protests against the march of fashion. But they are so few! Mostly it is a bewildering array of slippers, pumps, high-heeled shoes, intricate lacings, straps, buckles, and above all—silk stockings.

They come along, gold, green, purple, white, red, blue, black—every hue and shade. And they are all beautiful. It is the age of legs. Gone are the draped robes of the Athenian and Roman lady, gone the hoops and draperies and ankle-lengths of crinolines. The world is full of great expanses of silk stockings.

The poor old worm doesn't know what

it all means. He may lift his head to deplore the passing of modesty, or cry that all is vanity, that the good old Puritan ideals have gone. If he is of an economic turn he may suspect exploitation on the part of clever manufacturers of shoes and hosiery. Or perhaps, if his cast is Freudian, he may surmise that the modern leg is but another evidence of old repression, and marks the fulfillment of woman's desire to be a biped, even as man is one.

It doesn't make much difference what philosophy the worm evolves. The bewildering procession proves that one great purpose has been achieved. For wherever and however democracy has failed, in the feet of American women it is triumphant. Class distinctions are utterly impossible, with modern shoes and stockings. Silk hosiery and gay bootees, once the perquisites of the lady of leisure, belong now to all women. And the poor worm, turning along Fifth Avenue, one of these bright autumn days, hasn't the ghost of a way of telling whether youth or age, beauty or plainness, rich or poor, is passing above him.

ON BEING HAPPILY MARRIED

BY LOUIS WOODRUFF WALLNER

IF you should be so forward as to ask me that austere question, "Are you happily married?" I should answer, "Yes," and my eyes would not flinch from yours. And it would mean that my wife is also content with her choice, for only were I a smiling fool could I be happy and my wife unhappy. It might be difficult to get her to make so bland and positive a statement, for her sense of humor tumbles out at such serious assertions.

When you see here the word happiness, do not think; swallow two or three times, which will help you to restrain any activity of the intellect, fold your hands, and fill your being with the instinct of a bird singing on a warm, sweet, spring morning, and know that happiness is a very "happy" state to attain. And I shall have to talk about romance,

for unless one is stupid and dull one is either romantic or happy. Romance I shall not have to define for you, because so many of us know that it is found on those islands far out in the dim blue mist of a great wooded lake. We have never set foot on those islands, but some day we may do so.

Happiness and romance have to do with many things in life, and indeed fill us with the impulse of living, but these two currents converge with great force on love and marriage. So we have what are called romantic love affairs and happy ones, and again, romantic or happy marriages. A romantic affair causes our eyes to sparkle with excitement and we hasten to learn all about it, while a happy one discloses a marked diminution in our interest. We are delighted to hear that things are going on so nicely, and we dismiss the simple story as if it were a kind of happy period before death. We can be skeptical of its exact truth, for we have regarded for some years our own marriage and our neighbor's, and we suspect that in a way it is a bit of romance about happiness. It is the ever-recurring ending of fairy tales, "They lived happily ever after"; but as we love fairy tales we accept with satisfaction this withdrawal from the field of battle. So if we happen to say that these two are happily married there is a short silence, and then we begin to talk about others who are not, but whose lives are more romantic because they are not yet happy and therefore more interesting. And it is the same with written tales. Happiness as a part of drama has a moral flavor that is not entirely pleasing to our souls. Romance has no such flavor. In no way does it appeal to our stomach or any other sense. We can be made happy eating baked beans or playing the cornet on Sunday afternoons, but we should not be romantic. Romance pierces straight to the spirit of man, and we even close our eyes in order to see more clearly its splendor. When heroes become happy, writers generally end their

story, for they are aware that the world is not entertained by that exalted state. But how eager it is to hear of their adventures on the way, because we are all on the road, striving for the journey's end, and there are always misfortunes and the fine moments of ecstasy to be told. So it seems that in the sense in which the world takes its idea of these two great moving things of our life, romance is your search for happiness and happiness is your journey's end.

I see that I have placed happiness and romance on opposite sides of the fence, and am rather astonished at what I have done, but this must have occurred because I feel so deeply my own position in this affair. And I cannot help reflecting, after all I have said, that in introducing myself as a happily married man I must be a dull fellow. For am I not one of those who live happily ever after and am entrapped in that classic ending?

One of the things I have against being happily married is the assumption that has gone abroad that I am set on a pinnacle apart from other men. I am accepted as a moral lesson, a model of respectability, and a good father. Mothers intrust their pretty daughters to my companionship, and when they sit close to me and hold my hand, I am ever in the mothers' eyes the complete grandfather. For am I not happily married, and harmlessly happy? They seem to know that I forsook romance for that state, and no man is safer. I consider this at such times an unfortunate attainment. For after a man has splendidly clothed himself in his reputation it is not unusual to discover that, though once he may have been a lion, an ass now rests beneath that lion's skin. Of course nothing like this has happened to me, but in my unique position I review all things. Sometimes I am so irritated by my reputation that I have a strong desire to box my wife's ears in public or swear aloud at one of my children in the market place, not because they vex me, but because I am tired of

being thought incapable of these manifestations of domestic unhappiness.

I suppose that these queer longings are kindled by some stray flashes of romance that is not dead within me—the never-dying hopes of romance. And then it is a very difficult position to be in when you hear that the wives of your acquaintances are pointing you out to their mates as the faithful husband. How can one expect to find male companionship under these conditions, for these romantic husbands do not care to see much of you. They have heard a little too much about you already! It is also difficult to relax in their company. And you know what a revel they would have if they heard of your fall. Thousands may envy me and I would not be in their shoes for anything, but I observe that there is no beaten track to my door to see this rare sight—a happily married man.

If Walter Savage Landor had been happily married, would Swinburne have made his pilgrimage to his door? I don't envy Landor's domestic life, but I envy his art. Now I am not turning my argumentative track a little to prove that art is immoral because I am happily married. I am simply groping for the explanation of a hint that is in the air, that if you are happily married you cannot be an artist. I have as many longings for immortality as the next man. Did I injure my chances by being happily married? Can I turn bitter against my happiness?


No, I cannot. I am too happy; though I can easily imagine a man who could; and if it troubled him long he would soon be unhappily married. In his ears at night a new romance would call to him and by day his restless soul would once more search for happiness; and the world would notice these things and begin to adore him. The long-absent knight has come again into the field and we cheer him. To be sure he will generally be searching for another mate, but is not this intensely fascinating? He is seeking happiness, a place

to rest in and be at peace with a woman, and for his journey's end.


I made but one journey and soon reached its end, for I found my happiness, and there my tale must cease. My position in having arrived is most apparent. I can do little but tend the flowers of my happy garden, for in my blissful state there are few adventures. I can kick mildly at its gates, but I will not kick too hard, for even I, the happily married, tested by many years of the world's ways, know how fragile are those gates. It does not take a very strong man to break them down. But even if I am often impetuous, I do not bother much about them. I am too content in my garden.

And now, how it is done, how one goes about it to be happily married? You think you would be interested in that. But if I wrote a whole book it would only resemble those on *How to Play Tennis*, by the Champion, or *How to Write Well*, with extracts from famous stylists. You do this and not that and it is simple. But you would have a far better time reading one on *How to Play Tennis Badly*, just as you do when you read stories of the romantic unsuccessful.

My wife has been noticing my absence for several hours every day and has insisted on knowing what I am doing. I told her that I was writing about marriage. She seemed to think this very funny and began to laugh, calling me a ridiculous creature. She exclaimed that it was a large subject, and then, eyeing me carefully, asked if I were saying anything about our marriage. I said, "No," and expanded my chest to prove that I was considering the subject in an abstract manner, and I hope that she believes me. I have always been a singularly truthful husband. "She must see it," and I said, of course she should when it was finished, but I have been careful never to refer to it again. I don't know why a man should have this strange reticence about showing to his wife his reflections on marriage. It must occur only when he is happily married.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN the newspapers report an astrological prediction I read it, if I find it, before the other news. What the basis is of the confidence of astrologers that they know what is going to happen I never could make out, not being versed in that department of learning, but astrologers have been predicting for many centuries and seem to take their calling very much in earnest, and there must be some theory that supports their diligence. So far as I notice, their predictions are usually wrong, but they are interesting when they *are* interesting, because they are so large minded and have so much imagination in them. When they tell you something that is quite big and quite out of the line of probability, it is sometimes helpful to examine it, and consider the chance that it may come true.

For example, the papers told the other day of an astrologer who had contributed to the *Journal of Astrology* in London the suggestion that the year 1926 is going to shake the world to its foundations, and that after various misfortunes there will be a battle of Armageddon in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, where the powers of earth will be mixed up in a great final combat. After that he predicted universal peace and a comfortable time on this earth. The question which this announcement suggests is whether the violent troubles of the world are over and things are mending, or whether there are searching upheavals still ahead.

Of course, without any regard to astrology, that is an interesting question, and it really *is* a question. Nobody thinks the world is cured. Nobody knows yet what is coming out of Russia

or out of Asia. It is mighty hard to make any sure prediction about what is coming out of middle Europe. The great question is whether the Western civilization is crumbling or is on the mend. Everybody will agree that the world needs what the doctors call treatment. The efforts of all helpful people are directed to provide that treatment and avoid such a round-up and conflict as the London astrologer suggests. So this much we may get out of the astrologer's forecast, that the state of the world is still precarious, that its reconstructive problems have not been worked out yet, that worse may follow bad if the forces of reconstruction and restoration do not beat the forces of ruin and disturbance.

The aim of the armaments conference still sitting at this writing at Washington, the aim of all individuals and all organizations that want to do away with war, are all directed to save the world from something worse and more drastic than has happened to it yet. Armageddon, a big world fight over in the East, is a mystical, fantastic idea, but it is a familiar word that carries a familiar thought and is as good as another to fasten our minds on possibilities that need attention. It does not do for us to sink back into the comfortable feeling that the war is over, the world is saved, and we can go about our business. One war is over and it accomplished an immense deal, but it left an immense deal still to be done, with vast penalties for not doing it looming up and shaking gory locks at us.

The greatest encouragement we have that civilization will be saved is the

great number and variety of people who are on the job of saving it. So far as we dare trust our judgment we rate certain people and forces as destructive, and certain other people and other forces as helpful. It may be the office of the forces that we consider destructive to destroy what has to go before the world can get well. Anyhow, we cannot suppress them. We shall have to work with them in a way, and practice to beat them when they are dangerous. The great forces that help are the development of knowledge and the better understanding of religion. They belong together and each is a branch of the other. The destructive forces are those that we fought in the war—the belief that might makes right; the belief in the supremacy of certain races or nations, and their right to dominate the others. The idea that must win in the end is the idea that all the people on earth are one family, and that as they live together so they must work together and contribute to the common progress and the common peace. But that idea as yet is slow of acceptance. It is an idea on which, conceivably, the great nations of the earth may divide, and if there is an Armageddon still ahead, the acceptance or rejection of that idea may be its issue.

That idea, as said, must win in the end, and the nations that are the first to accept it may be the leaders in the world reconstruction. To us of the United States a part of it is familiar, and is, indeed, the basis of the organization of our national life. The States are a family working together and prospering by co-operation. The idea is also familiar to the British mind, for the British Empire, especially the English-speaking dominions, is another great family scattered over all the earth, whose members co-operate, and unite when necessary for the common defense, and share prosperity when there is any to share. Co-operation by free will is familiar to the British mind, and that familiarity is at the bottom of the wonderful understand-

ing with Ireland which, at this writing, is the latest news, and, though not absolutely accomplished, is accepted as something that is sure to be.

The idea of co-operation by free will has been very, very slow in coming and its increased vogue nowadays is, of course, one of the consequences of the Great War, which demonstrated that co-operation by compulsion costs more than the modern world could pay, and usually far more than it is worth. One thing that helped to kill slavery in our modern world was the discovery that it was uneconomic—that it was an out-of-date form of labor that did not any longer pay. The same discovery is now being made about the domination of people by force. Since Germany undertook it and failed, everyone who knows anything knows that it does not pay, but the notion of it passes slowly from the minds of men. Greedy minds and frightened ones cling to it. Mr. Root said the other day that the greatest obstacle to peace, and the happiness and progress of us Earth dwellers, was our incapacity to receive the blessings that are ready for us. "The world," he said, "is full of hatred and strife and murder to-day, because of the incapacity of millions of people, in organized states, to receive the truth that is being spread throughout all civilization, and which is to be theirs in centuries to come; but they are not ready for it." This truth that they are so slow to receive is, in part, that it is not even good business to go out and grab what you want from your neighbors, that you cannot long prosper by rapacity nor by compulsion of others, and that the way to do is to work with them and share with them. There was enough sense in England to realize at last that the compulsion of Ireland had always been unprofitable and always would be. There was enough sense in Ireland to realize at last that even Ireland could not go it alone in the world, and that, since she must work with somebody, she had better work with England and the rest of the British Empire.

The way to stand off Armageddon is to do everything possible to spread this kind of sense; to beat the idea that what is grabbed is gained; to diffuse among the peoples the idea of solidarity—the idea, that is, that they have interests and responsibilities in common and should not insist upon going it alone in the world nor in conducting their arguments with big sticks. Nationalism is hard to tame. It has been cultivated in the interests of safety, of everything that men have or want on earth. It has been necessary and is still necessary. The concern for one's country is the concern for one's family widened out, but we have to come to a new idea about it. Just as a man who loves his family is apt to be concerned for his country as the organization in which his family lives and which it depends on, so must he extend his concern for his country to include the other countries which make the organization, economic and social, in which his country exists and on which it depends for safety, progress, subsistence, and peace. If we are really to get along in the new era, the various countries must get over the idea of their self-sufficiency. Our own people can think continentally. They have a good idea of a family of states, but they are still shy of relations with the world outside of that immediate family. Their country is large and its population can protect itself. They can sustain life without outside help and that favors their reluctance to incur obligations outside of their boundaries. Japan is much the same. It is intensely concerned with Japan. It has only been in touch at all with the outside world for two generations and could hardly be expected to develop a feeling about the world family. France has had to live inside of a citadel ever since she was known as France. Great Britain has been to the best school for learning solidarity, for she has been spread over all continents and has had to go away from home to make a living. She never shies at taking responsibilities about the world at large; on the con-

trary, she runs to meet them as though that were her job.

And it may be that they are her job more than that of any other country because she has had the most practice in doing it and has gradually developed the best idea about how it should be done. The worst charge against the British is that they are land grabbers, that they have gone out all over the world and picked up countries and parcels of land and attached them to the British Empire and made a profit out of controlling them. That is true; so they have; but has the control been profitable to the lands attached? Have the British by their land grabbing diffused throughout the earth a good quality of civilization? Have the lands and the peoples that they have attached to their empire liked the attachment and profited by it, or have they resented it and found it burdensome?

The British record in these respects is not perfect, but it has constantly improved for the last three centuries. It has moved steadily from a process of control by force for the profit of England, to a control by consent for the profit of everyone concerned. India is restless and full of complaints, but the British government has still great support there and will not readily be overthrown, because of the doubt in the minds that must make the decision whether any substitute for British administration would be as good for India as that is. Moreover, in these days the British heed complaints from members of their family that are dissatisfied, and try to meet them and to keep their control abreast of the times and agreeable to the new ideas about the relations of nations as they develop. Their progress in this respect in recent times, and especially since the war, has been extraordinary, and has been a progress toward democracy—away from the idea of an empire resting on force, and all in the direction of the family of nations, whose members have a voice in policies, and whose proceedings depend on agree-

ment. The great nucleus of a true family of nations to embrace all the world is obviously the British Empire. No other world organization of brethren—and also cousins—dwell together so nearly in unity. The course of the British dominions in the war was a great revelation. It disclosed an intense feeling in the English-speaking settlements scattered all over the world and in other great settlements that were not even English-speaking, that they knew when they were well off, and would make any necessary sacrifice to maintain a family relation that they liked and believed in. If the world is to be one great family, that is the sort of feeling that its members must have.

The foundations seem now to have been laid for the development of that feeling in Ireland, whereof the natural consequence should be the abatement in the United States of the only important British antipathy that exists there, making easier agreement and co-operation in world policies by the two most powerful exponents of democracy in the world. The great preventive of an impending Armageddon, and, if it comes, the great protection for the world from its results is the co-operation of Great Britain and the United States, provided always that the idea they work to carry out is sound and unselfish and profitable to all mankind. If they should merely get together for their own profit and protection at the cost of the rest of the human family, of course that would do no good and their efforts would fail; but if they get together to save the world—to make all the members of its family safe and free, except from their own faults—that will be the most hopeful performance one

could think of. Moreover, in their co-operation they would be useful checks upon each other, keeping up, each for the other, the standard of unselfish service, so between them they would command more of the confidence of the rest of the world's family than either one of them could command alone. No close corporation can manage the world or do it much good, but association of the nations and a common effort seem necessary, and somewhere in that association there must be great power, equal to emergencies, equal to tremendous action in great crises, and yet not distrusted by the other associates.

These are altogether extraordinary years—years of preparation for a new era toward which we grope more or less in the dark. We do not know what it will require of us. We do know out of our experience that we should go armed to meet it, but armed not so much with martial weapons, though they may still be needed, as with faith in humanity, with confidence in our neighbors, with consecration on our own part to the cause of all mankind. We are working in these days partly, no doubt, to save our own skins, but chiefly for posterity. The world that is in the making now is the world of generations to come. Those of us whose years are fairly full will be lucky if we see even the beginning of it. How long it will take to get it going is guesswork, but we think the little children of our day have a prospect of coming into a great inheritance.

And so they have, if their elders who are now active in affairs do a good job and assemble the factors that belong together and set them operating in the right direction.



FIRST KNOWN PROTEST ON THE PART OF A TENANT

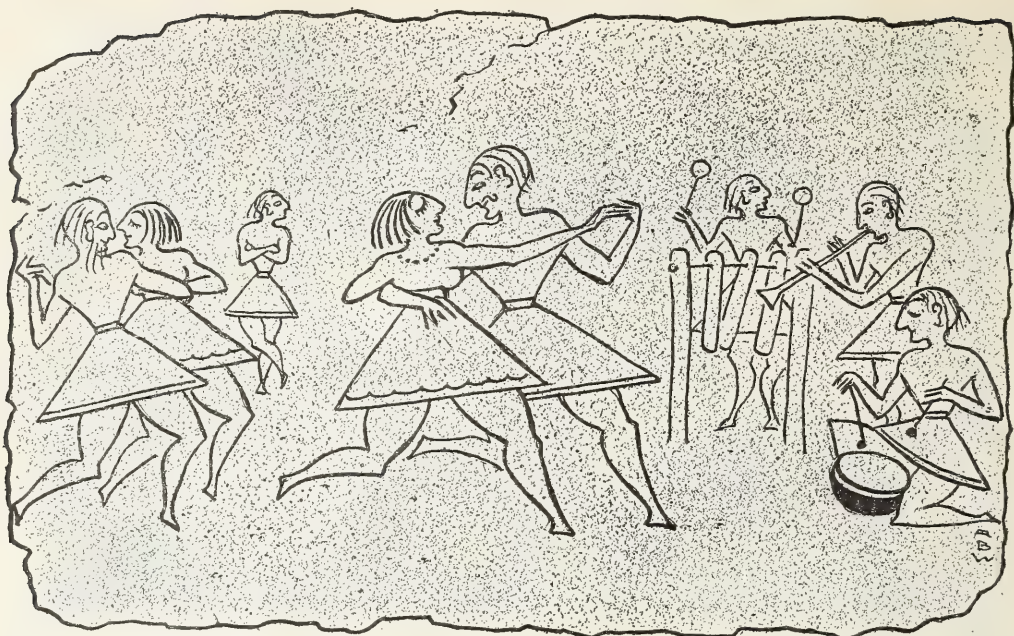
FROM THE DIARY OF A CAVE MAN

Freely Rendered into English Verse

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

MY cousin lately leased a lovely lair—
A cavern with a lot of room to spare;
But he finds it needs improving,
And is putting off his moving,
As the tenant in possession is a bear.

My uncle has apartments in a tree
Above a most unpleasant chimpanzee;
But he says, "It's well attested
That's the way our fathers nested,
And what suited them is good enough for me!"



THE CAVE SCHOOL OF DANCING IS THE ANCESTOR OF THE CASTLE SCHOOL

These shocking innovations in the dance
 Epitomize our mad extravagance;
 And the wriggly, wiggly shakedown
 That I call "a nervous breakdown"
 Inimical to morals and romance.

A visitor has introduced a game;
 You make a little ball, and knock the same
 Over plains and heathy rises,
 Using clubs of varied sizes.
 It has merit, but we think it rather tame.



ORIGIN OF CERTAIN PROFANE EXPRESSIONS

A foreign envoy troubling us a bit,
 With diplomatic subtlety, we hit
 His medulla oblongata
 With our choicest ultimata;
 And, with diplomatic subtlety, he quit.

Our Biggest Chief has ordered me to paint
 His portrait, which I'm doing—with restraint.
 If my patron isn't pretty,
 He is hefty, strong and gritty,
 So I feel I'd better show him as he ain't.

Not to Be Caught

WAITERS in Parisian restaurants always have an answer ready. An American officer had noticed this fact immediately he went to Paris, and made use of it in perpetrating a joke.

"Bring me a sphinx à la Marengo," he said to one.

"I am sorry to say they are out," was the answer.

"What, no more sphinx!" said the officer, in a tone of indignant surprise.

The waiter stepped close to the chair and whispered:

"The truth is, we have some, Monsieur le Colonel, but I don't care to serve them to you, as they are not quite fresh."

An Invigorating Tonic

IT was the small boy's first visit to the barber shop, and he was giving his mother an animated account of the proceedings.

"And, mamma," he related, "the man put pepper sauce on my hair."

A Staying Hen

THERE were callers at the house and little Charles felt that he should contribute something to the conversation.

"We've had chicken four times this week," he offered, politely.

"Four chickens? What luxury!" exclaimed one of the visitors, smiling.

"Oh no," said Charles. "It was the same chicken."

Making it Worth While

AN Irishman, walking over a plank sidewalk while counting some money, dropped a nickel that rolled into a crack between two of the planks. He was much put out, and continued on his way, grumbling audibly.

Early the next day a friend discovered the Irishman in the act of deliberately dropping a dollar down the same crack. The friend was, of course, much astonished, and inquired his reason for throwing away good money.

"Yisterday I was passin' this way," the Celt replied, "an' I lost a nickel down that hole. Now, I reasoned that it wasn't worth the trouble to pull up that sidewalk for a nickel so I am dropping down the dollar to make it worth me while."

Unrecognized

A LADY was visiting the studio of a woman portrait painter, and trying to make herself as agreeable as possible in return for a welcome and tea. The pictures seemed to her much idealized, but she went from one to another, civilly expressing her approbation.

"Ah," she said, "you must tell me all about them! Who is this?"

"Mrs. Gorben."

"I don't know her. Charming, but of course I can't speak for the likeness."

"I try to be faithful," said the artist, humbly.

"Oh, I know, I know! And who is the very pretty lady in brown?"

"That," said the other, with some frigidity, "is myself!"

A Resourceful Youngster

"YOU'LL fall," cautioned his mother, as Tommy climbed up on the fence.

"No, I won't, mamma; I won't fall," remonstrated Tommy—and at that moment tumbled down with more or less disastrous results. But the young man was nothing daunted.

"Did you see me jump?" he questioned, righting himself hastily.



Not Quite Yet, But—

MESSENGER BOY: *"Who'd thought the day would ever come when I'd have to stand in line on Sunday morn to hold a seat in a church"*

A Masculine Weapon

TWO maiden ladies set about taking care of the house of the Rev. Mr. Bronson of the Methodist church while the latter was at a lake resort for the summer.

The first night in the strange old house was rather fearsome for the pair, but they had managed to fall asleep when all their fears materialized at a noise on the porch about midnight.

"There's a burglar at the door," was the strained whisper that awoke the younger of the two sisters.

The younger spinster was a resourceful soul. She crept downstairs, thinking meantime what a man would do under like circumstances, and when she had stumbled to the partly open window demanded, in the deepest tones she could command:

"Who in hell's there?"

The meek voice of the Rev. Mr. Bronson replied, "It is only I, Miss Madden; I left my key behind and was trying to get in for my handbag."

Quite Unimportant

ALFREDA, aged five, was lunching with her aunt, who served her with a chop and peas and asked if she should cut it for her.

"Oh no; I can do it. I always do," she replied.

As the small knife in the small fingers cut into the chop something slipped and the peas went helter-skelter over the tablecloth and

floor. With a disarming smile she looked up and said:

"Don't bother to pick up the peas. I am not very fond of them."

Carte Blanche

A NOVELIST, always on the lookout for "copy" and interesting personalities, decided that he had found them in the person of an intimate friend.

"Would you have any objection if I should put you in my next novel?" he asked.

"My dear friend," was the reply, "you may put in everything you like about me provided it is not true."

The Cruelty of Courtesy

A WEE lad, too small to understand the reasons for good manners, asked, thoughtfully, one morning:

"Mamma, when Professor Smythe passes a lady on the sidewalk, what does he take off his hat and show her his bald head for?"

Reasoning from Experience

THE carpets and rugs were being taken up and little Isabel was watching the operation with a great deal of curiosity, since this was the first spring cleaning she had ever witnessed. Finally, after considerable reflection on the subject, she asked:

"Mother, are you goin' to let the floor go barefooted?"

The Telltale Stripes

A SOUTHERN boy who had often seen the convict laborers of his state, was visiting a relative in Cincinnati. One day he was taken by his uncle to the zoo and was particularly struck by the appearance of the zebra.

"Look, Uncle Jim," he said, pointing to the queer beast—"look at that convict mule!"

A Devious Approach

WHEN Marian was invited out to dinner her mother had tried to impress upon her that she must not ask for a second helping of anything unless urged by her hostess.

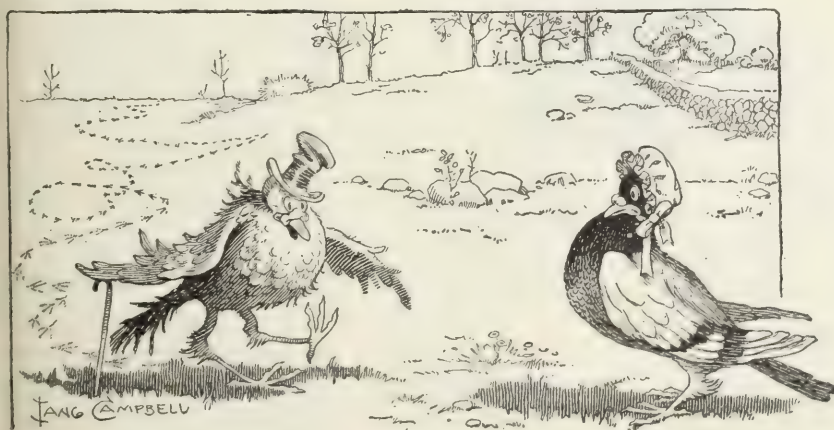
After the dessert had been served, the hostess, seeing something was wrong, asked if there was anything the little girl would like.

"I would like to have you ask me if I should like another piece of cake," was the earnest reply.

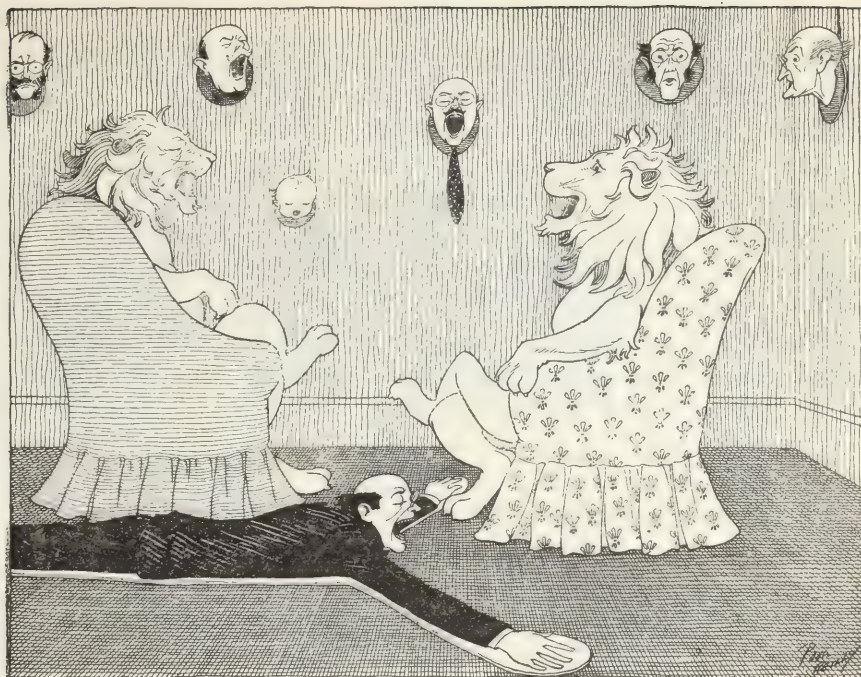
A Satisfied Connoisseur

AN old ducky, who was delivering some parcels at the house, caught sight of some of the pictures in the living room.

"You've got some nice pictures," he said. "I'm awful fond of them myself. Two years ago I bought a picture three feet long and two feet wide for fifty cents, and I've never regretted it."



MR. PIGEON: "Don't judge too hastily, my dear. I'm merely dizzy from roosting on an aeroplane that was looping the loop"



If the Animals Ever Turn the Tables

A Good Measure of Truth

SUZANNE, who had received a severe scolding, could not be consoled.

"You don't love me," she wailed to her mother.

"Yes, I do love you," was the reply.

"Well, you don't talk like it?"

"How do you wish me to talk, Susanne?"

"I want you to talk to me as you do when you have company."

Solved At Last

NINE-YEAR-OLD Lucy had heard father read an account of the successful grafting of monkey glands into the human body, and she had been deeply impressed with the account of the strange performance.

The next day her mother took her to the circus. After seeing the animals they went into the big tent, where the attraction at the moment was a troupe of trapeze acrobats. Little Lucy sat in silence and amazement for a time, and then suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, mother I have been wondering how those people could hang by their feet like that. Now I've found out. They've been eating monkey glands!"

Where Laziness is a Virtue

AN old colored woman in the employ of a Virginia family, though not unconscious of her virtues, never overlooks an opportunity to disparage herself. Her most laudable trait is her unfailing industry.

"Surely you must be tired, Aunt Sarah," said a young visitor. "How can you work so long without a rest?"

"Lawd's sake, honey," was the reply, "I reckon hit's because when I begins a piece o' work I's too lazy to quit."

Strengthening His Last Fence

A PRISONER in a Western case was hard to satisfy, and juryman after juryman was asked to leave the box. However, at last the swearing in of the jury was completed. Then the prisoner leaned over the dock and sought the ear of his counsel.

"The jury's all right, now, I think," he whispered, "but you should challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him sev-

eral times already, and maybe he's beginning to have a prejudice."

Wasting Energy

HERBERT had spent the first four years of his life in an apartment house where pets were unknown, but he had had experience with motor cars. So when he was visiting his aunt, and found the family cat dozing comfortably in the sunny window and purring steadily, he cried, excitedly:

"Auntie, come quick! This cat has gone to sleep and left his engine running!"

Bucolic Wit

SI MULLINS is a quaint old character living in a New England town, whose make-up, some one said, "is two-thirds curiosity and one-third wit."

On one occasion Si met a neighbor proudly displaying a valuable horse.

"That's a fine animal you have there," said Si. "How much did you give for him?"

"I gave my note," said the friend, curtly.

"Well, you got him cheap," said Si.

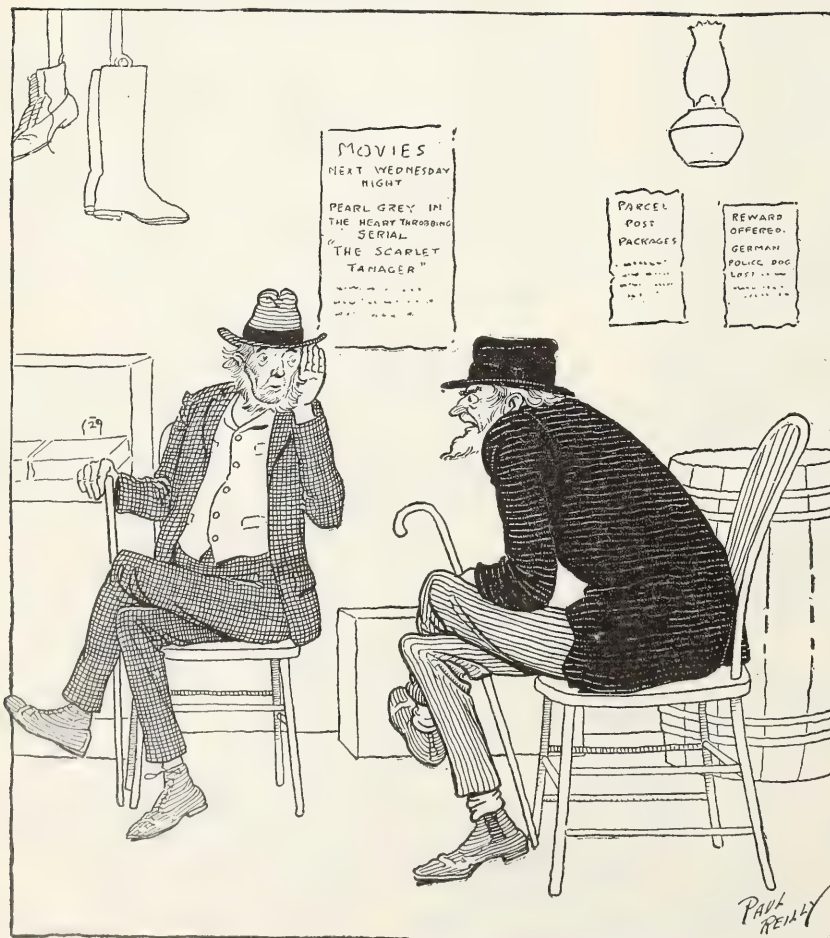
Too Costly

"DOES your husband treat you any better now, Sally?" Mrs. Smith asked her colored laundress.

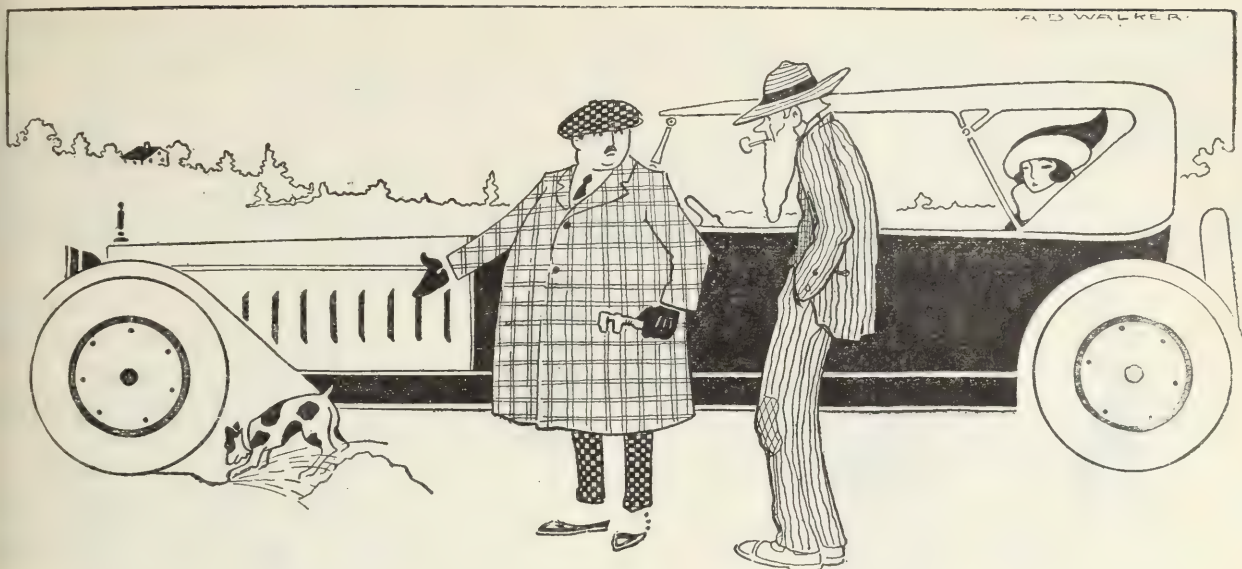
"No'm; he just ain't no account. I have to feed him and git his clo's, and pay de rent, and buy his tobacco for him, and he's as strong as a hoss, but he just natch'ly hates wuk. He sits around de house and don't do nothin'."

"Why don't you get a divorce if he won't support you?" Mrs. Smith advised.

"Well, ma'am," replied Sally, "I consorted wid a lawyer once, and he told me it goin' to cost me two hundred dollars to git a divorce—and I said, 'No, sir, I ain't goin' to git no divorce if it costs dat much—he ain't wuth it.'"



MEMORIES OF YOUTH: "Speakin' o' bathin' my mother gave me a bath oncet and I can't say as it's ever done me any partickler good"



MOTORIST: *"That dog, sir, is a trained auto-hound. In five minutes he will have dug a trench deep enough for me to get under that car"*

REALISM

WITH guileless heart and open mind,
A curious and a trusting youth,
I roamed the world and sought to find
The truth.

I queried him whose pile of gold
Should give him all the forms of bliss,
And he, a trifle wistful, told
Me this:

"Though richer than an ancient king,
My wealth affords me scant delight;
For money isn't everything."
... He's right.

And then of him whose envied name
Is known wherever words are read
I asked the truth concerning fame.
He said:

"Fame in a single day may die.
Fame in a single hour may flee.
A floating bubble, Fame." ... Well, I
Agree.

And as the Lover slipped the ring
Upon the finger of his bride,
He said, "Love isn't everything."
... He lied.

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

Helping Father

A COLORED preacher in Alabama, raising his eyes from his desk in the midst of his sermon, was startled beyond expression to observe his six-year-old son in the gallery, pelting the hearers in the pews below with horse chestnuts. But while the good man was preparing a frown of reproof the youngster called out:

"Jest yo', 'tend to yo' preachin', pop; I's gwine to keep 'em awake!"

Shakespeare in the Kitchen

THE Curtis family, upon returning from an evening entertainment, found their eccentric old uncle seated by the log fire, reading to Dinah, the cook.

"Massa," said Dinah, "I don' un'erstan' any what yo' readin' about!"

"Why, Dinah," replied the uncle, "this is Shakespeare. It's literature. This is three hundred years old."

"All I got to say, den, is dat yo' sho hev taken good care o' dat book."

Aunt Mandy's Code

IN Georgia they tell of the old black cook who was horrified to discover that one of the young negroes, a helper in the kitchen, had been caught stealing.

"Now," said Aunt Mandy, "I don't believe in stealin'. I never takes nothin', 'cept it's somethin' to eat, or somethin' to wear, or somethin' what I thinks de missus don't want, or somethin' de boss is got too blind to miss!"



The Judgment of Solomon

A Tense Situation

MRS. JONES found Mrs. Smith, the aviator's wife, in tears.

"Whatever is the matter, my dear?" she asked, anxiously.

"I'm worrying about Harold," said Mrs. Smith. "He's been trying for a week to kill our cat, and as a last resource he took her up in his plane. He said he would take her up two thousand feet and drop her over the side."

"Well, what is there to worry about?"

"Lots," exclaimed the frantic woman. "Harold isn't home yet and the cat is."

The Weight of Flattery

A COURT in Mississippi was once presided over by a rural justice of the peace. "I realize," said the counsel for the defense, "that I stand in the presence of a descendant of the grand old Huguenot family which emigrated from France to escape from religious intolerance. Many able jurists have sprung from that family, and embellished the bench and bar of the Union. Their watchwords are honor, truth, and justice, and their names are spoken in every home. The law is so plain in this case that 'he who runs may read.' Shall I insult the intelligence of this court by reiterating a proposition so simple? Need I say more?"

"No," said the judge, "'tain't necessary—I'll give you a judgment."

Counsel sat down, while the judge with emphasis knocked the ashes from his cob pipe, and counsel for the plaintiff began:

"May it please the court—"

"Squire, what are you fixin' to do?" asked the judge.

"I have the closing argument," was the reply.

"Well, you jes' as well set down. I done got my mind sot on the other side. Judgment for the defendant."

An Early Traveler

SAID one little boy to another: "We have had such a bad time at home. Our new little kid went up to heaven."

"We have had a worse time," replied the other. "We got one down from heaven."

"What a nuisance," said his little friend. "It must be the same little kid going about."

A Facetious Tradesman

THE new customer was much too pretty and very, very young. She approached the butcher confidentially. "I'd like a shoulder of smoked ham," she confessed, doubtfully.

"Madam, I am extremely sorry," was his reply. "None have come in this morning. 'Won't you consider a nice fresh leg of spare rib instead?"

In Bad Company

WHEN a vote is to be taken on some important measure, a Congressman who cannot be present "pairs" himself with some representative who would vote "aye" to the Congressman's "nay," or *vice versa*.

Once a Democratic member of the House received a letter from an active politician of that party in his district, calling attention to the fact that he was reported in the *Congressional Record* almost every day as being "paired" with a Republican.

"I don't doubt your loyalty to the party," read the letter, "but I think the boys would like it a good deal better if you paired with Democrats instead of Republicans."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Wilbur Daniel Steele contributes the second of a group of short stories which are laid in the Mohammedan lands of North Africa, where he has been making an extended sojourn. The first of these stories appeared in the December issue ("The Marriage in Kairwan"), and is among the stories which have been selected by the Committee of Award of the O. Henry Memorial Prize Stories for the year 1921. **Grace Fal-low Norton** is the author of several volumes of poems, many of which have appeared in this Magazine.

Charles P. Steinmetz, born in Breslau, Germany, and educated in various European universities, is retained by the General Electric Company as a consulting engineer. In the fields of mathematics and physics he has written extensively, and his reputation as a mathematician of extraordinary ability is world-wide. Mr. Steinmetz has in preparation other articles which are soon to appear in the Magazine, notably a popular discussion of recent discoveries in regard to the phenomena of lightning. **Mrs. Henry Dudeney**, a British novelist who lives in Sussex, has contributed to the Magazine many stories of uncommon quality and interest.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, whose stories in *HARPER'S* during the past ten years have placed her in the most distinguished rank of American prose writers, is equally well known for her trenchant essays on American thought and manners. A novel by Mrs. Gerould, entitled *Lost Valley*, is among Harpers' spring publications. **Walter Prichard Eaton** divides his time between dramatic criticism, story writing, and adventures as an amateur naturalist in the neighborhood of his home at Sheffield, Massachusetts. Many of his delightful outdoor papers, done in collaboration with his illustrator and neighbor, Walter King Stone, have appeared in *HARPER'S*.

Sheila Kaye-Smith is one of the coterie of younger brilliant English writers, to whose work the Magazine hopes to give a wider audience in America. Another story by Miss Kaye-Smith will follow in next month's issue. **Maxwell Struthers Burt**, who makes his home on a ranch which he has developed near Jackson's Hole, Wyoming, is spending the winter in the South. His most notable recent story ("Each in His Generation") was awarded first prize by the O. Henry Memorial Committee of Award for the year 1920. Mr. Burt is also a writer of verse of exceptional quality. **John Burroughs's** account of his boyhood years will be concluded in the March number, and will then appear in book form. **Cambray Brown**, an occasional contributor to the *Lion's Mouth* and the *Editor's Drawer*, makes his first appearance in the main body of the Magazine.

Kenneth L. Roberts has been a contributor to various periodicals since his graduation from Cornell. During the war he was connected with the Military Intelligence Division of the army, serving in Siberia during the winter following the armistice. He has written extensively of post-war conditions in various European countries which he has visited, and is the author of a recent volume entitled *Europe's Morning After*. **Frances Little** (Fannie Caldwell Macaulay), whose letters from Japan are concluded in this issue, sends from her home in Louisville, Kentucky, a letter to the editor which is reprinted on another page. **David Seabury** is a new contributor to the *Lion's Mouth*, whom we hope to hear from again. The same is true of **Charles T. White** and **Louis Woodruff Wallner**. The Editor may say in passing that the *The Lion's Mouth* is no "close corporation," but welcomes contributions from anyone and anywhere, provided they have satiric point and interest.

Arthur Guiterman again brings us pages from the cave-man's diary which he seems to have exhumed. **Franklin P. Adams**, briefly and more widely known as "F. P. A.," has recently moved his column "The Conning Tower" from the *New York Tribune* to the *New York World*.



"Propaganda" is a dread and damning word. It is the handiest of bugaboo vocables and slips easily from the lips of the loose-thinking and careless-minded, because one can say "propaganda" and stop there. Further elucidation and substantiation of the charge, which might entail difficulties, are not forthcoming. The lone word stands in its awful sufficiency. Hence it is a favorite club to shake menacingly in the Editorial face. Witness the following letter from a reader in Providence, Rhode Island:

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MY DEAR SIR,—In the December issue of *HARPER'S* there is a splendid article entitled "The Oldest Case on the Calendar," by Meredith Nicholson, which is spoiled by some very sweeping statements at the end. I refer to his remarks about Prohibition. I live in one of the few states that did not ratify the Eighteenth Amendment, and in one which up to date has not passed an enforcement law. But I have yet to see a boy drunk or know of one who can go up to the bootlegger and purchase liquor in any form. In fact, I have seen but one drunk on the streets or anywhere else in three years, and I do not stay at home all the time. I attend every kind of a sporting event of importance, and I am among boys all the time, as I teach them. Furthermore, every summer I go through and reside for a time in at least three states here in New England, and I have for years. I do not know of a single instance of what he says is general. I submitted his statement, "that one could get liquor any time he wanted it," to eight men in the business world to-day, none of whom are angels. None knew of a method by which he could procure it. Of course, none of these drink. I think if you visited here you would find that the law most broken is the speed law for autos and not the Prohibition law.

Sweeping statements of the kind indicated look to me like propaganda and I hope you will exclude them hereafter from your pages.

We are without personal knowledge or experience of the aridity of Rhode Island, but, taking our correspondent's statements at their face value, we are not inclined to make the visit which he suggests. In so far as he attempts to generalize from particulars—(a fatal habit according to the textbooks on

logic)—we lay before our readers the following letter from Meredith Nicholson, the author of the article in question:

The gentleman from Rhode Island who takes issue with my reflections on the nonenforcement of the Prohibition law has me at a serious disadvantage. It must have occurred to him that if I should betray too intimate a knowledge of the methods of the rum runners and bootleggers I should lay myself open to a summons to appear before federal grand juries all over the Republic.

The relation of geography to morals is always a fascinating matter. I am enormously aroused by the assertion of the Rhode Island gentleman that drunkenness is unknown and alcoholic liquors are unattainable in the Narragansett Plantations. As I usually pass through Rhode Island without stopping and never, in the few minutes I have spent at the Providence station, have been moved to seek liquid refreshment other than beverages tolerated by the Volstead Act, I am unable to refute his statement that Rhode Island is a veritable Sahara. The declaration that eight business men in Providence who are "not angels" deny that liquor is obtainable in their bailiwick fills me with mortification. I am led to consider at once whether in my own proud city of Indianapolis I know eight business men who are not angels and yet who would deny any familiarity with the ways and the manners of the bootlegger. God forbid that I should assail the morals of my fellow citizens; and yet I do not believe that I could name eight friends in my home town who, if exposed to the blandishments of a flagon of anything alcoholic, would refuse on principle to conclude a purchase immediately.

I am delighted to know that Rhode Island is different. I salute the shade of Roger Williams. He did his work well. The circuit riders who splashed through the mire of Indiana in pioneer times were unequal to the task of destroying the Rum Devil. The R. D. has continued to dance on all the Hoosier horizons.

"None of these drink." Such is the startling statement of my Rhode Island critic in completing his description of those eight good men and true of Providence who don't know the way to a quart. Naturally men who do not drink are not interested in acquiring the telephone numbers of persons engaged in the mostrous traffic. I myself am ignorant of such numbers. The charm of the illicit is in mystery. It is the joy of doing something forbidden by law that leads many otherwise high-minded citizens to stand on certain corners, not too particularly to be described, and receive from passing automobiles baskets covered with violets or onions in season that conceal a couple of quarts of pretty good stuff.

The insinuation of the critic that I am a booze propagandist is cruelly unjust. I would welcome a referendum of my fellow townsfolk as to my sobriety. I am on record as an advocate of Prohi-

bition. My complaint is not against the destruction of Rum, but against the failure of the government to enforce the law. I have said, and I repeat, that it is not enforced, and that I have seen more drunkenness under nation-wide prohibition than I ever saw before; and I have been a police reporter and have explored many dark and wet corners in my time.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.



While the diplomats sit at Washington and discuss the beating of swords and spears into plowshares and pruning hooks there goes on a slow but persistent evolution—the gradual spreading of mutual understanding and tolerance among the nations. A notable paper in this direction was “Wise Men from the East and Wise Men from the West” which we gave our readers two months ago. One of many letters in appreciation received by the Magazine is reprinted here:

CRAWFORD, COLORADO.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have just finished reading Mr. Rihbany's most excellent contribution to the December Magazine and cannot refrain from saying how very much I feel that the Editor and the Magazine that furnish us such discussions deserve our gratitude and commendation. Thanks a thousandfold!

I am one who sees humanity—the soul of mankind—as a thing infinitely greater than any or all of its innumerable elements viewed separately. The attempts to tie together by some clever make-shift of statecraft and diplomacy the broken pieces of this shattered world can never succeed. We must realize by spiritual understanding how East and West and North and South belong to one another—and are diverse in so many ways only for the sake of the greater service they can thereby render one another—before we can build workable leagues of nations of any sort.

I commend Mr. Rihbany and you for the wisdom in seeing the possibilities of a spiritual fellowship of the world. When that exists, and then only, shall we have a fulfillment of the Christ vision of “Peace on Earth, Good Will Among Men.”

VICTOR E. SOUTHWORTH.



While the words “East” and “West” are echoing we are reminded that the War of the Apples goes merrily on, which, it will be remembered, was precipitated by Edward Hungerford's recent comment and invidious comparison of the relative sizes of the New York and the Washington apple crops. The campaign seems to have settled down to a dispute as to flavors. This is the latest broadside from Oroville, Washington:

DEAR HARPER'S,—It is a pleasure to gratify the evident expectation of Mr. Hungerford that some one in the state of Washington will bristle and defend the apples of that state.

As a self-appointed attorney for Western fruit:

1. We admit that our apples are larger than those grown in New York.

2. We admit that the color of our apples is much more attractive than those of the Eastern state.

3. We admit (subject to possible change in this plea) that the quantity of apples grown in Washington is less than New York's output.

4. We admit that the branding of an apple in no way affects the flavor, but insist that the “blind” method of selection is wholly wrong.

5. We deny that the flavor of the Eastern apple is superior to the flavor of the Western apple.

The Western grower knows, and the Eastern consumer must learn that there is a proper time to eat each variety of apple grown in the West. If an apple is eaten out of its season it will not have its best flavor. No one can be blamed for thinking a “winesap” poorly flavored in November nor a “delicious” in March. But if a “delicious” is eaten in November and a “winesap” in March both will be found good.

While in the East last winter, I was privileged to examine a number of packages of New York apples. I did not look below the top layer and in those top layers I found none but such as would have been sorted as culls had the packing been done in Washington. Some friends bought New York apples in barrels, “paying more than market price to make sure of excellent fruit.” They found few that we would consider marketable fruit. I wonder if in these examinations I stumbled on the explanation of our differences? Can it be possible that partial decay or bruised spots impart a flavor that tickles the palate of the Eastern connoisseur? If so, we withdraw from the argument as gracefully as we can and await the time when Western methods shall educate the people to prefer sound apples.

Seriously, I believe the whole controversy arises from the fact that “Eastern apples” and “Western apples” are considered with no regard to any particular variety. Any open-minded person will find the flavor of the Western Jonathan or Spitz as good or better than the Eastern Jonathan or Spitz because the flavor is there to find. The comparison will hold the same in any other variety, as can be easily demonstrated. It is not fair to taste any apple and declare it inferior when one has not at the moment tasted the same variety grown elsewhere. To do so is simply a memory exercise of a prejudiced mind.

No doubt the gentleman has in mind the apple of his boyhood, when everything tasted so good. He will never eat such fruit again. But ask the youngsters of to-day. We are willing to take the decision of these judges. Are you?

ELTON G. RICE.

The proposal, or challenge, in the last paragraph strikes us as eminently reasonable. If Mr. Rice and Mr. Hungerford are agreeable—(and if sufficient apples are available for the test!)—we suggest that the whole question be referred to the Boy Scouts.



A recent article by E. Alexander Powell, "America at the Eastern Crossroads," in describing present conditions in the Philippines touched upon the problems that confront the United States in determining the future of the islands. Subjoined is a communication evoked by Mr. Powell's article which we reprint at the request of the Philippine Press Bureau.

We have nothing but admiration for Mr. Powell's knowledge of the Philippines giving ethnological as well as historical accounts of the Filipinos, and the progress they made for the last twenty years. We cannot, however, agree with most of his conclusions—that the Filipinos are not a homogeneous people; that the Moro will forever be hostile to the Filipino; that Filipinization retarded the efficiency of the government; that there is a movement which has for its object the substitution of Spanish for English in the school curriculum; that the Republic of the Philippines should become another Haiti as a result of internal jealousies and dissensions. We can cite cases and facts to refute all these conclusions, but because of the space you allow us in your magazine we cannot go into a lengthy discussion.

Many theories have been created, mistakes exaggerated, isolated instances picked up, to counteract the Filipino in his demand for independence. The critics of the Filipino people are "like the bewildered wayfarer who cannot see the forest because of the trees." They pick flaws, but the flaws are not the outstanding feature of the Filipino self-government. There are flaws everywhere if men choose to seek them. There are flaws in all human undertakings.

We agree with Mr. Powell in his statement: "the average American knows far less about the Philippine Islands over which floats the American flag than he knows about Mexico or Ireland or Germany or Russia." And this is the very reason why we are here, to make every American know the responsibility he has toward his brown brother. But the American people by this time must know the fact—that the Filipinos have already established a stable government, the condition precedent to the granting of their independence in the law passed by Congress in 1916. The issue now is not whether the Filipinos are ready for their inde-

pendence, as they have already proven their capacity for it, but will America fulfill her solemn pledge to the Filipino people? America is committed to this promise and it is now the proper time for her to show her sincerity in its fulfillment.

Mr. Powell gave his warning that "the Filipinos should think twice before insisting on independence." In other words, they should hesitate to seek or to accept independence. A people who hesitate about independence are manifestly unfitted for it. If Mr. Powell were deeply imbued with faith in fundamental American principles, he would gladly concede that any people desiring to rule themselves are entitled to do so, and are, in fact, fitted for the task which they voluntarily assume. To deny this is to ignore the maxims of the Declaration of American Independence. Subjection, however benevolent, is a poor preparation for the responsibility of self-government. As a matter of fact, the Filipinos had already secured it, and established the Philippine Republic functioning as an independent country when Dewey captured Manila in 1898. The determination of the Filipinos is to achieve a settlement for all time, a settlement consistent alike with their righteous demand for liberty and the obligations of American honor and faith. As President Quezon said: "We come now before the American people, the arbiters of this question, and say, 'We stand here for justice. Shall we have it?'"

Yours respectfully,

PHILIPPINE PRESS BUREAU,
E. B. RODRIGUEZ,
Acting Manager.



Readers who are at present immersed in "What Patricia Heard from Tokio" will be interested in a letter to the Editors from the author herself. Space prevents our quoting from other letters received this month.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR HARPER'S,—One day not so long since I happened in a book store. A stranger came towards me holding out a copy of the December HARPER'S. With a very earnest "Thank you. I am refreshed," he left. I looked down at the turned backed pages of HARPER'S to see the first installment of "What Patricia Heard from Tokio."

Since then letters have poured in on me from all parts, and I am very sure even an Editor of a top-notch Magazine is not beyond feeling a certain amount of satisfaction that the contents of his Magazine have met with appreciation. Therefore I enclose you two clippings of recent letters. I couldn't think of absorbing your time with the many that have come my way.

Sincerely,

FANNIE C. MACAULAY.



Painting by W. J. Ayland

Illustration for "The Deep Port of Norman

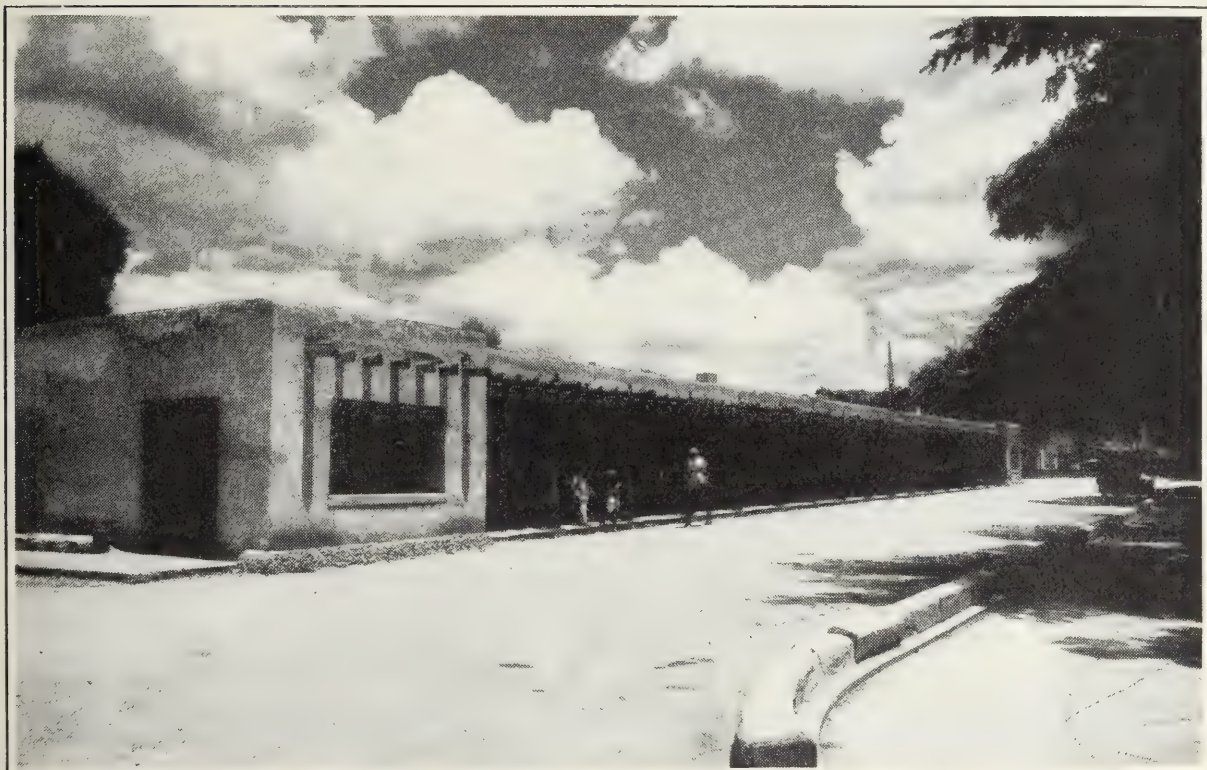
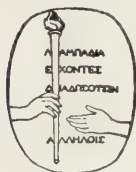
WHEN THE TRAWLING FLEET ARRIVES AT DIEPPE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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Photograph by the School of American Research

THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNORS, SANTA FE

THE JOURNAL OF A MUD HOUSE

PART I

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

ON THE CHICAGO TRAIN.

TILL the last moment I doubted Gertrude's coming, and at North Philadelphia she gave me, as usual, a scare. Passengers get off, passengers get on, platform empties, conductor signals—then, suddenly, whirl of blue serge, zestful laugh, sparkling eyeglasses, bewildered porter, shower of smart black

bags. She always does do it (or almost always), but it keeps her *thin*.

"I'll tell you some news. The Democratic Committee has asked me to run for . . ." No wonder she is still more full of East than West and casts a rather disapproving eye on my war-battered luggage, piled high on the opposite seat. Her own immaculate collection is quite

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worthy of congressional halls or country-house week ends—of a stateroom rather than our crowded section. How will it look in those Mexican rooms in Santa Fe, where we are to live while we rebuild our mud-roofed adobe?

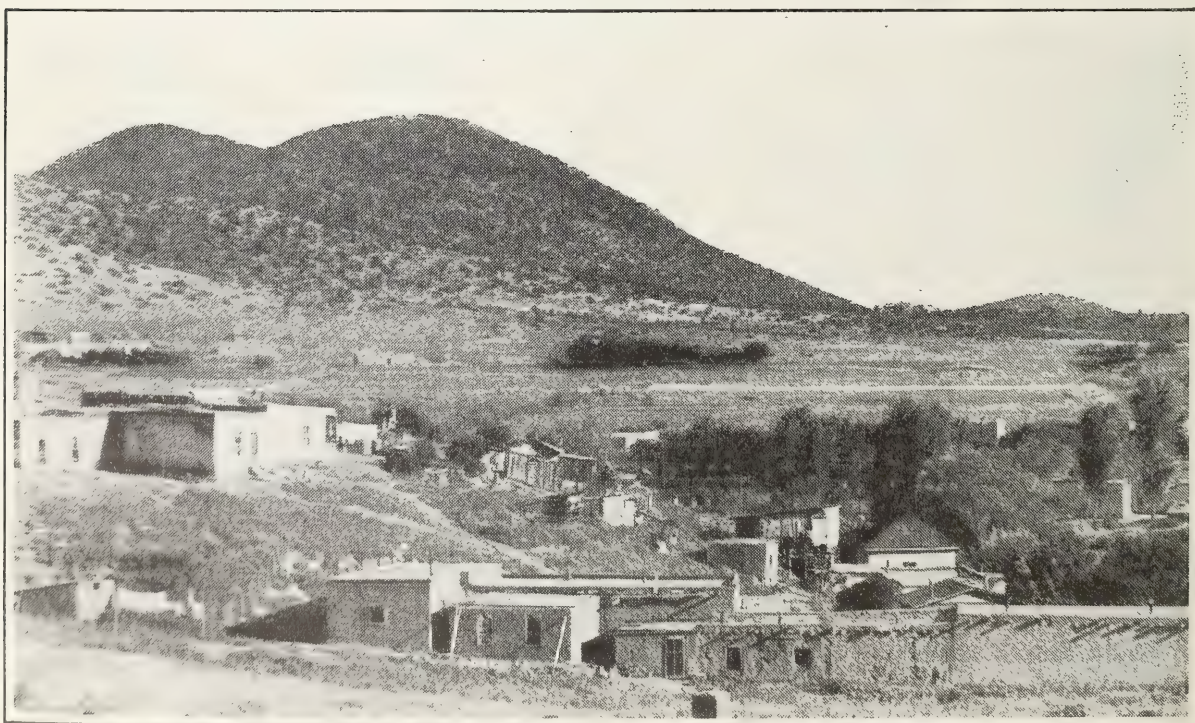
"Do you think it will take a week to do the work on the house?" Her voice is casual.

"Perhaps all summer," I answer, instinctively putting on the brakes. *A week!* How utterly themselves one's friends are. This delightful creature is always trying to cheat an unsatisfied desire to lead twenty lives by spurring Time beyond his fastest gallop. But whatever our temperamental differences, we are equally determined to make the repairs ourselves, with no contractor and—in spite of our lack of Spanish—with "Mexican labor." That is the whole point of our adventure—to plunge in up to the eyes and learn to swim while we flounder.

Meanwhile we revive our spirits by studying the deed which I signed for us both in the Capital Pharmacy on the Santa Fe Plaza, some fourteen months ago:

. . . the following lands and premises [it reads], situate in the Tesuque Valley in the County of Santa Fe, State of New Mexico, as follows—to wit: A piece or parcel of land containing approximately two acres, commonly known as part of the Dominguez property, including a house of three rooms, bounded on the north by the lands of Salomé Martinez, on the west by public road leading past the Tesuque schoolhouse, on the south by a line commencing at the southwest corner and running thence in a southeasterly direction to the ditch, thence circling a hill or knoll lying south of the house, to a point where a line running north will intersect the Martinez property about fifteen feet below the acequia.

I doubt whether the study of this strange legal document would enlighten the editor, who begged me to tell him why a woman who might live in France "should go and bury herself in the desert." Perhaps he would wonder still more if he could see, as I do, our very near neighbor, Salomé, with his quizzical canny face and his pointed Mexican hat and his dark-skinned progeny. . . . And the Acequia Madre encircling our house like a moat. . . . And the wild array of pink foothills the Creator has slung to



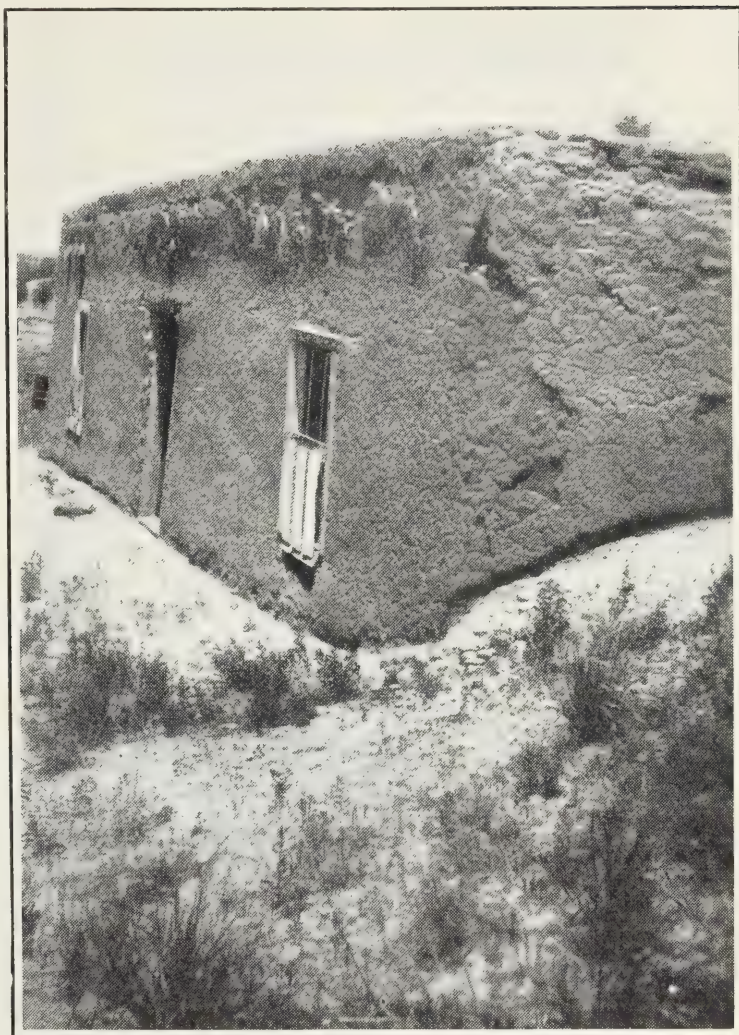
CHARACTERISTIC HILLS AND ADOBES AT THE EDGE OF SANTA FE

the east of us. . . . A taste for the Southwest is as hard to analyze as a taste for drink. Yet I know very well why I bought my half share of our "ranch" in New Mexico.

Illinois, Kansas. Stale dust, aching heat, ugly frame villages. The only thing, to-day, that tells me why I am on this train is the memory of the Chicago Lake front on Saturday afternoon. A gorgeous, a joyous, a triumphantly "Western" sight. The swift motor that met us made one leap for that blue-gold shore, and all the miles it devoured on the way to Winnetka seemed lined with shining bathers—bathers who came pouring half naked out of the black city streets. Chicago, I know, does not consider itself "West" at all, and in Santa Fe every other man says he comes from a still more western "East," say from Minnesota or Michigan. But imagine a Boston street car full of women in bathing suits! Imagine battalions of bath-toweled males swarming through the Fifties and Sixties to New York's East River!

June 14th.

The Southwest at last! Our train should normally be skirting Colorado, but the Pueblo washouts have driven it far out of its course. We awoke in the red hills of Oklahoma. Now we are wandering through flat Texas country—and already the air has the tang of sheer space, and the light that bathes the land is something with color, luminosity, substance almost, instead of the thin, vapid stuff we call light in New York. Already the railroad has become, not just a minor part of a populous mechanical world, but the one vital shining thread that binds man to his fellows across lonely distance.



OUR HOUSE AS WE FOUND IT

"Yes, *ma'am*," says the friendly-faced young brakeman—we are standing on the rear platform of the last car, the better to view these wide plains with their great herds of cattle, long purple shadows, and recurrent windmills—"yes, *ma'am*, the wind blows three hundred and sixty-five days in the year in Texas. . . . No, I was born in Arkansas, but it don't do to say so *here*."

At this point our friend waves to a solitary feminine figure standing at the door of one of the match-box stations that swirl out of the empty plain.

"Telegraph operator. . . . Nice girl. . . . Hope" (with a deprecating blush) "you folks don't think I was *flirting* with her."

The strictly unlimited trains that accept passengers for Santa Fe carry no dining cars west of Kansas City, and to-night in the Harvey Dining Room,

where we get out for supper, we find ourselves eating our fried chicken next to the conductor.

"What's your kick, girls?" inquires this aggressive gray person, severely. "You're only twelve hours late. Guess you don't know what a job it is to keep you passengers—*safe*."

June 15th.

New Mexico is proud of its largest city, just because it is bustling and four-square. But Easterners are advised to look upon Albuquerque in the silence of 5 A.M. when the bird songs are not drowned by whistlings, when the platform is not littered with inferior Indian pottery, when the sun is golden but not burning, and Sandia, the Watermelon Mountain, hangs Chinese blue in the sky.

"The *air* is the best of New Mexico," we said, filling our lungs with this glorious element. Then suddenly we saw an old Indian asleep on the Harvey House green-sward. A bronze statue of primeval times, akin to rocks and trees and mountains.

As we now steam slowly upgrade to Lamy, the junction for Santa Fe, New Mexico *revista* is almost familiar. Gertrude sighs that one can't have the same emotion twice, but I won't admit a diminution in the thrill of these gray-green reaches of mesa, these tawny hills that climb to the dark purple of the Sangre de Cristo. Everything in New

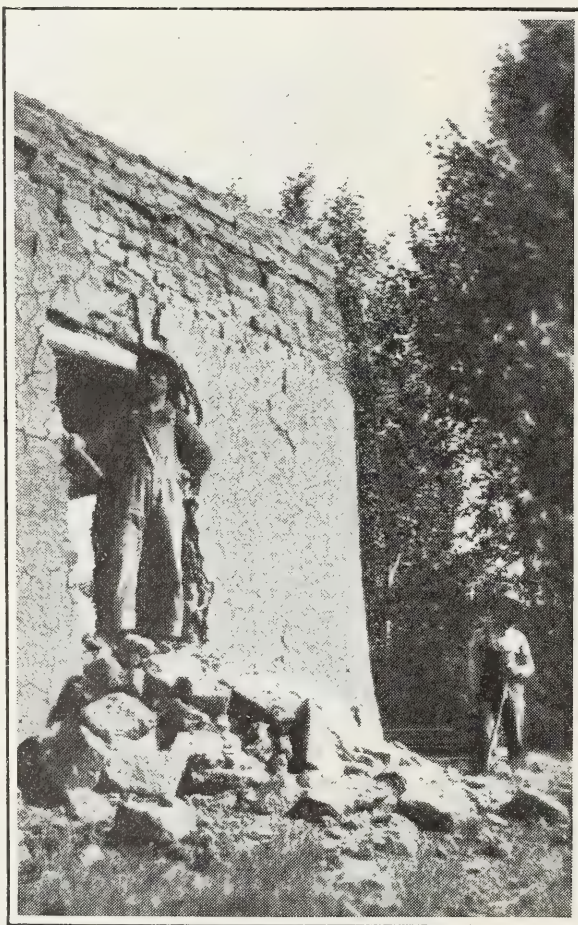
Mexico has extraordinary style—so I tell myself anew, taking in with eyes ever eager for form the flat roofs of the adobes, the draped black shawls of the women at the stations, the Rio Grande wearing its eternal way through gray rock.

"What is that village spread out like a game of dominoes?"

"I believe it's San Felipe Pueblo," I answer, recognizing the twisted white church tower, and beginning to listen for the muffled rhythm of a drum. Here I came on May 1st a year ago, in apple-blossom season, to see a very extraordinary corn dance.

Beyond the pueblo, two lone Indian figures on horseback, red handkerchiefs bound about their heads, ride with slow dignity across the fields.

"Wouldn't you think," says Gertrude, absorbing them into her consciousness, "that any American would be moved by the very fact of their being?"



RAMON BREAKING THE DINING-ROOM WINDOW

SANTA FE, *Evening*.

Letters of introduction from Commissioner Burke to Indian officials and fervent plans for studying pueblo conditions will serve us little at present—we have entered New Mexico this time by the Camino Mexicano. Last year, of the three civilizations of this state, American, Spanish, Indian—as separate in color and psychological substance as those rock strata one sees exposed on the Pajarito Plateau—it was the one named

"native" by the ruling class—the Spanish, that is to say—which we touched least. One brief look into its blackest heart in the *penitente* season, a salute from a brown-skinned person sheltered under the white top of a wagon descending directly from a prairie schooner, a tortilla offered by a gaunt, Goya-esque woman at some ranch in a mountain cañon—that was about what our Mexican contacts amounted to at Bishop's Lodge. But now. . .

Well, I am sitting in a high room with white walls washed with gypsum, under a ceiling of which the beams are draped in billows of white cheesecloth. And I hear Gertrude—engaged in hanging our butter down the well—conversing with Señora Alarid, who has been out to the orchard to bring in her washing. The señora wears a white towel over her head like a woman of Palestine, but it is Sicily rather than the Orient that her long dark face recalls—the Sicily with a dash of Arab in its blood. The well may or may not be salubrious, but very pretty the sort of courtyard formed by the angle of our two-roomed wing with the main adobe. And very lovely the ways of the señora with her husband, her old father, and her children. Seven children

(though their mother is probably several years younger than either of us). Their names? asks Gertrude.

"Josephine, Amalia, Pablo, Umberto . . ."

Here I lost count. But I already know Umberto; the shiny, yet unsmiling substance of his round brown eyes has drawn up my secrets as the sun draws vapors. Dressed in a pair of blue jeans that display plump four-year-old contours before and behind, he seats himself grimly on the doorstep of our kitchen, attended by a sprawling baby, sex unknown, to watch my amateurish efforts to get supper. Other spectators: Fido, an enormous black-and-white Newfoundland, of the Landseer type, and Queenie (Mexicans seem to have a Victorian taste in animal names), a minute shoot of the same family tree. There was nothing, the fixed solemnity of all four observers intimated, the matter with the *stove*. True enough. By the application of a little adobe mud, scooped up on the edge of the acequia (yes, here too we have an irrigation ditch running across the orchard), the misfit "joints" of stovepipe we bought en route were quite perfectly adjusted by the same artist and friend who has



SHOVELING DIRT OFF THE ROOF

added Japanese prints and gold-lacquer screens to the collection of picturesque relics of the Dudley sisters with which our rooms are furnished.

Furnished, yes, with vermilion bureaux, tin candelabra, and mirrors draped in black lace. It was a more prosaic collection of objects we stopped to buy on the Plaza—a bucket for the butter and milk, Poland water, meat, and groceries. Nothing could better mark

our advance from the stage of tourists to that of insiders than this sudden leap from a sleeping car into household economics. Last year, hot baths, breakfasts in bed, comforts of a ranch *de luxe* awaited us at a group of buildings in the American-Spanish style where local color was supplied only externally—through horseback rides, or burrowing in Smithsonian Reports. Now we are met by the real *Fanciulla del Owest*, who, though by no means dressed in khaki, is able to initiate us into all the mys-

teries. A beautiful young creature, who looks sixteen and feels at least twenty-one. A creature who hugs us and then, with a truly terrifying competence, marshals our train-dazed spirits, directs our purchases, lunches us at the Parrot Shop, finally embarks us in a taxi for the Camino del Monte Sol. . . .

Here the *Fanciulla*—who won't be called "little Alice" much longer, though she be Alice Corbin's child—dropped in

again, her arms full of gay Mexican blankets for our cots. She has been having trouble with her hunchback maid, who perhaps resents being directed by a girl of fourteen. Not fourteen by Eastern time. Alice says:

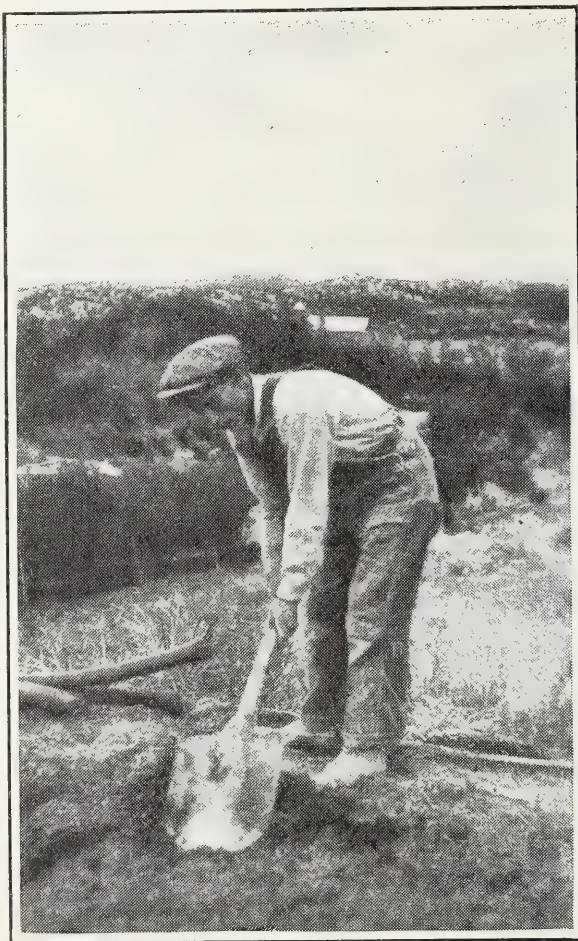
"She can go. What do I care? I can cook better than she does. Father thinks so. Wait till you taste my shortcake. . . . Nella is so funny. She doesn't mind being a hunchback. She is just as

sure of getting married. When her sister went up to the Pecos to work, Nella said: 'My papa had to talk to her seriously first. That stable boy, you couldn't trust him. My papa he would never let *me* go, of course. *I* am not strong enough to fight with a man.'"

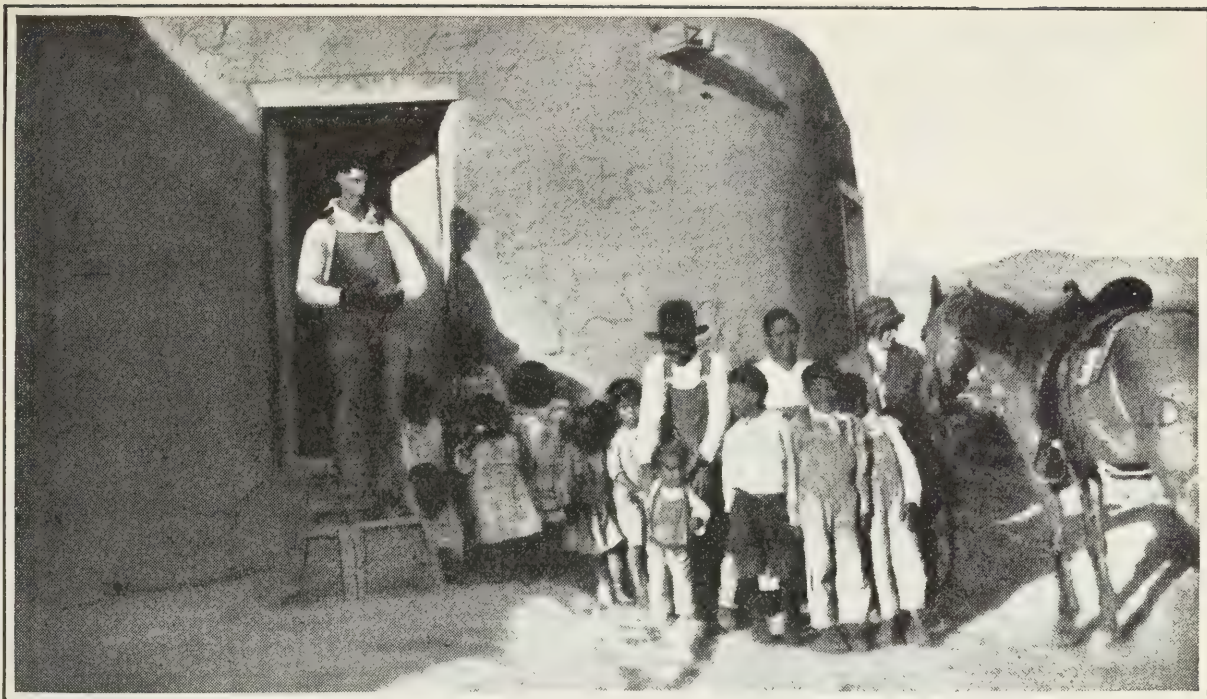
Last year Alice's ambition was to translate these stories of Mexican life into terms of the popular magazines (though, to be sure, the one she read me concerned a wounded French captain who fell in love with a Girl of the Golden West). This year her am-

bitions are histrionic, and clothes her passion. She makes her own—good ones, too—and had to try on all of Gertrude's hats before we could go for a walk.

Finally we started up the road in the dark, or rather in a lucent moonlight that turned the hillsides silver. Air like the Adirondacks in September. Two horses tied at a gate. Three absorbed artists' faces under lamp. The porch of a studio. . . .



JOSÉ AT WORK ON OUR ROOF



THE HOUSE OF THE ROUND TOWER, LIKE SOME MOORISH STRONGHOLD

And here at last, spread out below us, is New Mexico, the New Mexico we came back for, a land untouched, interminable, terrible, and grand, still sleeping the sleep of the ages. How little the hand of man has stirred it from that sleep. The few lights of Santa Fe flicker like fireflies in a hollow. Beyond, on *lomas* mottled like some jungle beast, on cañons gouged black in the mountains, on pale desert outlines, only the cool inhuman light that falls from the bowl of the sky.

It was reassuring, as we came down, to catch the faint tinkle of a guitar, and to smell, like a whiff of pungent incense, the smoke of a few humble Mexican hearths.

June 16th.

The sun crept and crept toward the open door until I could stand it no longer. Gertrude screwed a reproachful eye—but here I sit in my dressing gown at 6 A.M. against the already warm face of the house, bathed in sun, soaked in sun, ready to sit here forever, watching the virgin light on the mountains, and the early smoke rising from flat roofs.

Grandfather Lobato comes around the corner, bent double, holding a bundle of hay. His salute is remote, taking cognizance of my undress, but passing it by.

There is something sweet and clear in the face of this old man; I think he asks nothing of life but to be a little useful still. He used to be a "freighter," he tells me in his mumbled English; made the trip from Kansas City on an ox-drawn prairie wagon. Three months each way! "My daughter *he* . . ." he keeps saying.

"My daughter he got any fruit this year. Frost he died his apples." And he hobbles on toward the corral at the foot of the delicious little orchard, where branches grow right out of the ground, ignoring the necessity of trunks.

Corrals and jagged fences of cedar posts weathered gray, patches of green alfalfa, scraps of bright flower garden, old-rose houses set at flat dicelike angles on the naked curves of old-rose hills—what a mercy not to have a bungalow in sight! In spite of its distinctive Palace of the Governors, the town has many modern Americanisms to blemish its vaunted Spanish antiquity. But this Mexican quarter which straggles out toward the forest-grown slopes of Santa Fe Cañon has real color and character still. How could the country seem so full of danger and mystery last night? This morning it is merely friendly, and *dolce far niente* in the Alarid orchard.

TESUQUE, *Evening.*

Far niente is not the right expression. I write now in bed at Mrs. O'Bryan's ranch, my Democratic friend and my Republican hostess being too deep in battle to miss me. We met the latter in the Plaza this afternoon, and were thrilled by every inch of the drive out in the Ford—a new acquisition this, bought to electioneer for Harding—over the familiar Bishop's Lodge road—the lower one which twists under the hills like a snake in the sand. When we came to the turn at the Lodge gate and saw stretching north *our* valley—narrow here between those desert slopes where the piñons make such dark, regular spots of green; when we splashed through the river at the point where the gray-green clumps of rabbit bush are so thick; when we saw ahead our friend's little ranch set so exactly right for the eye

against the distant blue of the Jemez—at last we felt *at home*.

"Do you remember the first time you came to this ranch?"

Indeed I do! It was one of our early days at the Lodge. We had walked down the road to a very inviting rustic gate, through which we espied a man in a sombrero, working in a field. But when we hailed him, the "man," leaving his plow, revealed himself as a woman dressed in khaki shirt and breeches. A very vivacious and unmasculine-looking little lady, who affirmed that, after twelve years in Paris, she had come back to her native New Mexico and bought a ranch, which she was working herself.

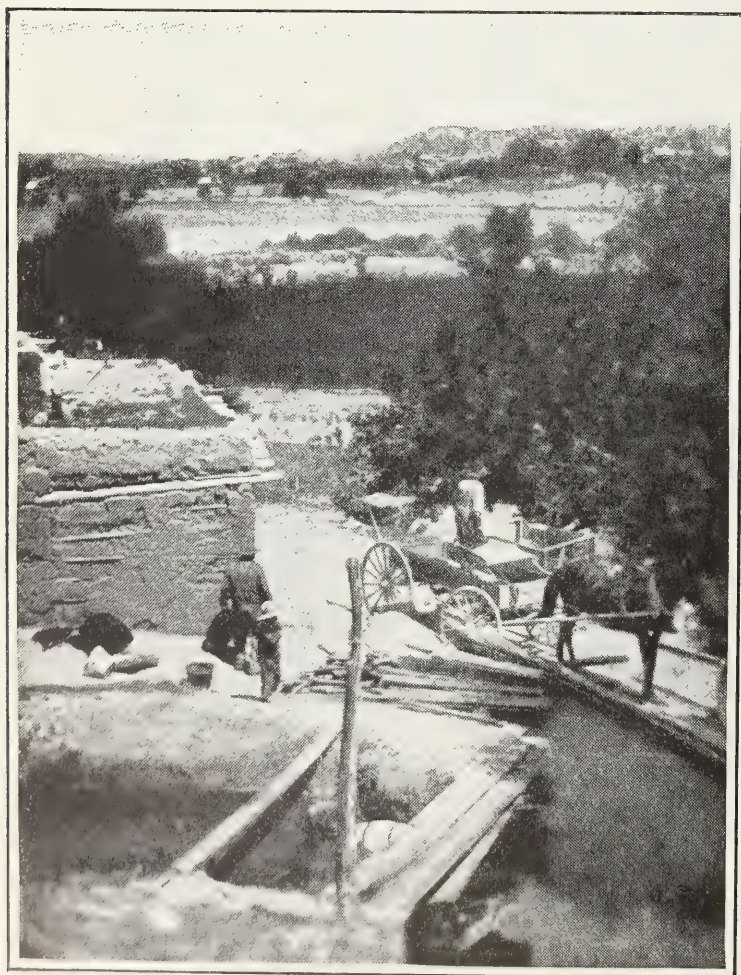
She realized our eagerness to see our own acres, and we drove quickly on. The stretch of road beyond her farm has always had for me a peculiar attraction. I don't know whether it is the "little Tesuque," rushing so fast behind its screen of cottonwoods, or the green contrast of the bottomland with the stark, sunny wall of the cañon. Or that adobe with the round tower at its end, clinging right under the mountain, like some Moorish stronghold.

A green dip through the river and we pass another adobe, a spreading one with blue window frames.

"Don Hipolito's," says Mrs. O'Bryan. "He's the real thing, a Spanish patriarch of the old school. You can trust him up to the hilt."

A sandy crossing, this time, and the Tesuque dodges to the left, while the road slips into the middle of the widening valley between tended apple orchards.

"Harsh's farm on the left," continues Mrs. O'Bryan. "That is Williams's orchard, terraced down the hill on the right—the one you bought the corner of. . . ."



A VIEW FROM OUR ROOF DURING ROOFING
PROCESS

Yes, we are almost there. Up a little rise and the district schoolhouse sits on its sharp hill ahead like a lump of sugar. And here, below a line of steep terraces, partly orchard, partly rough grass, a broken wire gate through which many a burro has obviously nudged his way.

"But where is the *house*?" exclaims Gertrude, making a dash for the hill. "What a hill! We'll turn into mountain goats."

Had it melted away in the winter? Deserted adobes sometimes do. No, it was only hidden by a group of apple trees and cottonwoods, and an enormous rose of Castille, in full yellow bloom—hidden by the green and protected like some enchanted house by the acequia.

"The first thing you need is a bridge, my friends," says Mrs. O'Bryan, as we tumble across, wet to the knees.

Well, it's the sort of house a child draws: door in the middle, window on the right, window on the left—and everything a little crooked. The door gapes, the windows sag, the flat roof is grown with flowering weeds. Mud has fallen in cakes from the walls. Yet the house, too, seems under the spell of utter charm that rules the place. Charm in the acequia describing a wide curve between us and the adobe just below, and then wandering back across our rear through lush beds of mint and Bouncing Bet. Charm in the dilapidated residence of our Mexican neighbor (which so obligingly does not obstruct our view), with its beehive oven built right into the wall. Charm in our little storehouse and our own tumble-down oven, sitting on the thin high neck of the ridge that runs up from the south end of the house toward the knoll. Charm in the inquisitive brown faces that peer as we scramble through barbed wire. . . .

"Watch Salomé, will you?" remarks Mrs. O'Bryan. "My, but he hates you to-night! He has always considered this his own private 'lookout.'"

A "lookout" indeed, our "hill or knoll" with a long, wondrous, northern view that seems to blend the softness of

Italy with the hard ascetic glow of Egypt. First, our flat red-brown roof and Salomé's; then green fields of corn and alfalfa; then (for the Egyptian eye) Mexican Tesuque, grouping its gray adobes below a bare hill with a cross on the top. The Indian village is hidden somewhere in that immense waste of green beyond. . . .

"That yellow ridge at the end of the valley looks near enough to touch, doesn't it? It's twenty-five miles away—the Arroyo Seco just this side of the Rio Grande and Española."

"It's like the Grand Cañon," breathes Gertrude.

"It's like the Parthenon. . . ."

"And see the Black Mesa. . . ."

"And the mesas of the Pajarito."

These latter stand out like "tables" indeed, to-night. High, flat, purple tables, separated by the deeper purple triangles of the cañons that lie between. And above, the blue ethereal Jemez against a yellow sunset.

But my bedroom is here invaded by New Mexican politics.

"If I knew that the Republican candidate was the devil himself I would vote for him! That's what party means to *me*."

Our hostess is the descendant of Spanish territorial governors, and her family still helps to run the state. How should she be worsted by a righteous Democrat? Doesn't believe in women in politics, maybe because she is too good a Catholic. Still, she does *love* campaigning. . . .

June 17th.

My head is reeling from the effort to acquire in one gulp—as I once tried to acquire the rudiments of the military art at Chaumont—some knowledge of building. A decisive conference was held this morning on our hill, Mrs. O'Bryan representing the practical and executive, Mr. Henderson (sacrificing a day's painting to ride out with the Fanciulla) the arts, Brigham representing the roofers, Martinez (our neighbor who has

asked to do the plastering) the masons, while Gertrude and I—what do we represent but colossal ignorance? She may know the difference between a 1x10 and a 2x4—I hope so. But even her keen look goes distracted when three-ply roofing and No. 9 nails are in question. And for adobe building—there she is right in my class.

It is agreed that a flat expanse of what the builder calls "ashfelt" roofing, guaranteed to preserve the native character of the house and to keep out any amount of rain ("You should worry for fifteen years") shall be put on first of all—at great expense. But at least, the experts say, we need not tear out the *vigas*, the old round beams that traverse our rooms at an interval of a foot or so and emerge, knoblike, in the outside plaster just below the roof. We have decided to preserve, too, the hand-hewn boards that form the ceiling above them, browned like the beams to a beautiful old Mexican age. The artists will envy us, though the American farmers despise us. Our middle room is to have glass tops to the doors and an adobe fireplace. Our bedroom (on the right) a threefold casement window to the mountains. Our dining room (on the left) a big window toward the Rio Grande. The Mexicans build their houses with almost no windows—only two in this one!—but each of our end rooms, by good luck, already possesses one of the quaint three-cornered native fireplaces, set on a raised hearth and calcimined the color of the walls. After considerable parley, a tiny kitchen is outlined on the hill, in front of the dining room. We want to preserve the back of the house for a terrace and a *portal*.

Though Salomé kept a jealous eye on the proceedings and obligingly offered his ladder to inspect our roof, when it came to a bargain about the adobe work there was no making one. Mrs. O'Bryan gestured, he pulled his black impertinent mustache, and she returned saying we must get some one else—he was "the crankiest Mexican in the valley." Some

trouble about a horse, too. Well, it seems unfortunate; we want to be on neighborly terms. A carpenter to lay floors is even more difficult to find. The roofer *thinks* he knows "kind of a simple fellow from Nebraska" who might do it—"got kind of a queer car he could come out in, too." This matter of "coming out" is going to be a large item. When I consider that every board and nail has to be hauled six miles from Santa Fe, and that we—who, contractorless, must do the selecting of every board and nail—must also be hauled not six, but seven miles from our Camino. Well, I shall buy a horse. But how arrive on horseback at 8 A.M.? Our experts tell us no Mexican works except when he is watched and advised.

Gertrude repudiates this view, partly because she is too good a Wilsonian Democrat to admit doubts of anything called Mexico, but also, I hazard, because she hates acutely to get up early. I repudiate an *a priori* mistrust because—*a priori*—all Latin peoples are sympathetic. But listen to farmer Thompson, in his slow Iowa drawl:

"Well, you'll find out pretty quick that the better you treat 'em, the worse they act. I decla' they just keep me *mad*. Some days, if they had fur on, I'd shoot 'em."

June 20th.

First moment for writing for several days. I am sitting in our house, out of the burning sun (it gets up its tempo at midday, we note, though the nights on this high plateau are still cold), back against the wall, as José and his little brother sat to eat their lunch just now. Their sheepskin and dinner pail are still spread on the dirt floor. José (Salomé's substitute), a black, sensitive-looking boy who appears full of zeal, has already built—in one day—a jolly little oval fireplace with plump adobe walls, now a wet dark-brown color, on the usual raised hearth.

Opposite me the open door—"batten" door, I add from my new vocabulary—with summer pouring down from

broken red hills. I can't see the higher piny peaks. Crickets chirp, cottonwoods rustle, and I hear José squunching mud and slapping it on the storehouse with a trowel. The process is of the simplest: dig a hole in the hillside, pour in water fetched from the ditch in any old tin can. Result, adobe plaster which dries a yellowy pink, very satisfying to the eye.

Many strenuous moments have preceded this peace. We spent last night again at kind Mrs. O'Bryan's, in order to get here early. Between feeding chickens and Gertrude's temperament, it ended by being well after nine, but because we found our new workman knocking plaster off the roof (not smoking a cigarette under a tree) my "pardner," as José calls her, concludes it is never necessary to be on hand—interesting, but not *necessary*, she says.

Not necessary? We began with a kitchen conference. José says he can build the room in two days, but needs five hundred adobe bricks. Where to get them? We might address ourselves to Miguel Martinez (called Mike), who has rows and rows of said bricks destined for a new house, spread out to dry in the sun below his brother Salomé's. But Salomé's attitude this morning was such. . . . On the watch as we climbed the hill, our enemy-neighbor did greet us by raising his peaked hat. But the next moment he stole across the acequia and took away the ladder he had loaned, just as José needed it.

"Didn't I say so?" said Mrs. O'Bryan.

Salomé then climbed to his own roof and began pulling up weeds. Some he sucked, the rest he cast away. The roof had not had this attention for a long time; it looks like a flower garden. Everywhere we moved the brown, frowning face also moved, waiting and watching for another chance.

It came. Friday it had been agreed that we should have the privileges of Salomé's new well, as we can't undertake to dig one this year. But when

Gertrude sent José for a pail of water he returned with a thwarted air.

"Pardner he say, 'Get water.' That fél-low he say, 'No.' He no like Mr. Brown-Horse, I think."

Mr. Brown-Horse? José floundered hopelessly when asked to elucidate.

But I go too fast. Earlier came a drive in the Ford in search of 'dobes. None in the nearer valley. So we spin on to one of the last Tesuque outposts, a little store kept by the tribe of Chavez. The store is empty of merchandise, and Señora Chavez, short and vastly proportioned, with a long, thick, black braid hanging down her back, has no suggestions to offer. But the appearance of a very beautiful young Josefita opens another issue. Could she provide us with a daughter for a servant? Josefita looks eager, but is a little too young. Melinda, sixteen, will be better.

Gertrude is attracted by the lovely pink color of the señora's one garment.

"Where did you get the stuff?"

"From her own store," interprets Mrs. O'Bryan.

"I'd like some—"

The señora looks confused. It seems it is meal sacking, dyed by herself.

Evening.

Our old friend "Tom, the taximan," drove us in to-night. Tom is still gray and gaunt, but decidedly spruced and cheered by his new bride. Tom highly disapproves of our Tesuque venture, is sure we are being cheated right and left. He'd prefer to have us invest in motor trips like the one we took last year, beginning at Taos and ending at the Rito de los Frijoles.

"Did you know I had my weddin' in one of them cliff dwellings? You bet. Got to have *some* romance in your life. Say, Miss Gertrude, when's your turn coming? Couldn't scare up no beau in the East, could you?" To me: "Needs a man to boss her worse 'n any woman I ever saw. If anyone else kept me waitin' like she does, I'd charge 'em five extra every time."

TESUQUE, June 21st.

A crucial day; even Gertrude consented to be called at six. We actually reached the lumber yard at seven, and the ranch—in company with Brigham and his Mexican roofers—before eight.

José greets us as follows: "Lady like see Mr. Brown. He want twenty-five dollar ten hundred 'dobes."

Light dawns gradually. "Mr. Brown" must be Mrs. O'Bryan. She has found a thousand adobes, but the owner asks twenty-five dollars for them.

"Isn't that expensive?"

José grins, and Brigham, who scorns our greenness, says they cost only fifteen dollars a thousand in town. But there'd be the hauling. Why not have Joe make them right here? "Joe" grins again. "'*Sta bueno*." But, protests the chief Mexican roofer, they wouldn't be dry enough to use for several weeks. The long and short of it—the "long" a hot walk to Williams's telephone—is that we conclude a bargain, though the bricks have first to be removed from the walls of another house. Labor of two more men. . . .

Meanwhile our deserted hill swarms, and Salomé's lower level, too; we seem to have patched things up, for his place is a roofer's highway. One man hauling gravel, another heating asphalt in a huge caldron, two more and somebody's little boy shoveling dirt off the roof—pounds and pounds go flying. The former owner patched his leaks with any defunct domestic implement—an ax, a pick, a washboard, a tin basin, and a grindstone were literally "unearthed." A cold-blooded gentleman, too, it seems. Five separate stove holes to be filled up: And rotten boards and defective brick. . . .

In the interval of watching these proceedings, which have drawn other spectators than ourselves (two stray horses, one burro, eight hens, one black dog, one gray kitten, and a young devil of a Manuel from next door), Gertrude and I test our fireplaces, encourage José—whose pace, alas! declines—cook our lunch, as usual, on the edge of the

acequia, scrape old paint off a door, drive out surplus animals, watch the spraying of our orchard, eat ice cream sent up by Mrs. Williams, and receive our first load of lumber, which one Matias, a presentable young Mexican, has managed to haul six miles in five and a half hours. But by five o'clock the roof is really finished—all but the adobe coping which José is supposed to add. It looks invulnerable, is just the color of the house, and has, at the back, three picturesque hand-hewn wooden gutters, guaranteed to dispose of all cloud-bursts.

TESUQUE, June 22d.

José has now annexed a real "helper," his brother Ramon, who claims a high-school education, but has little English beyond "yessir."

"Say yes, ma'am, to a lady," I gently suggest.

"Yessir," he hastily agrees, with a quite adorable smile.

Matias, much more fluent, is not particular about respectful terminations. Mrs. O'Bryan would say that American education had spoiled him. Yet isn't this rather sulky self-consciousness an inevitable stage in the transformation of the peon-peasant into a good American? And won't a little human converse establish better relations? After one trip with him on his team to fetch adobes—only thirty in a load, they are so heavy—Matias is a different boy. He proposes to lend us a wheelbarrow, will find us *vigas* for the *portal*, warns me solemnly that the men who are taking down the bricks are slacking on their job. . . .

Gertrude, likewise bent on true acquaintance, made the jolting journey across the river with Don Hipolito, who has also consented to "haul."

"My children, all *matrimonio*," he tells her, benignantly smiling. A grand old fellow, swarthy as the ace of spades, with a very white shirt and moustache.

SANTA FE, June 23d.

My "pardner" waked me at 2 A.M. to describe the Rileys' fancy-dress ball.

I was too weary to go, but she, of course, had the spirit to put on a Babani frock and start off with a gentleman dressed in leopard skin. These glimpses of American Santa Fe, caught after our days of Mexican manual labor, have their piquancy! Alice Corbin discoursing gayly of literary pioneers in her Summit porch. Randall Davey in the pink house up the cañon to which his wife's flowered dresses are so becoming. The De Huffs talking pueblo affairs over the dinner Josephine failed to come home to cook, the first night there was music in the Plaza.

Is that girl awake, or shall I have to arise and call her? (I hate to, for it humiliates her grandfather that the young generation is so casual.) The eldest Alarid is now our accredited servant. I can't help liking Josephine, though she won't get up in the morning, often runs off to the movies before we return from Tesuque, and finds our clothes irresistible. Our hats are never where we left them, and I shouldn't be at all surprised to meet one in the Plaza any afternoon—as Katharine Dudley once met her red coat. Nan Mitchell, who has just arrived, bent on Indian exploration, and joins our Mexican "*popotte*," can't understand our tolerance of these idiosyncrasies. But, as Katharine used to say, "Well, she can *cook*; and, after all, she's one of the belles of Santa Fe and has to have her fun!" Easy to see why Josephine joins us in looking forward to "Miss Katharine's" arrival.

Evening.

This was the first day of the carpenter Steffanson, and his yellow topknot, bright-blue eyes, and pink cheeks were in strange contrast to the dark-skinned element, who cast glowering looks from the shade of the apple tree as the Swede spread out his doughnuts beside our acequia lunch and asked us—if we didn't want a boarder?

"Get on the job, you fél-low," called José, impudently, at two minutes past one. It is true that the day's record is—just one window frame.

The carpenter insisted on bringing us home in the "queer kind of a car," about which he is as sensitive as a mother with a defective child, bound to prove that it has all its faculties. The car lacks entirely any outer integument, so its in'ards seem shamelessly exposed. Among them, however, no brake. We skimmed the hills in positively lurid fashion. A scenic railroad was nothing to us.

TESUQUE. *Saturday Night.*

Always some fresh crisis. Yesterday the carpenter arrived three hours late and then quarreled steadily with Joe—or Joe with him—as to methods of breaking windows and laying 2x4's. Gertrude had gone to an Indian dance at San Juan, and I, sole arbiter, wished fervently that my father had apprenticed me in the building trades. Is there just one right way to lay a floor? And is it Steffanson's or José's? My ignorance of the fundamental arts on which our civilization rests begins to get on my nerves.

To-day, no carpenter at all. We are rather glad to have it settled that way. José would be drawing a knife pretty soon. And he insists that he and Ramon can finish the work in a week.

The kitchen (still an imaginary quantity) is now provided with a stove. We yesterday visited on horseback the house of the round tower room, which proves to be really a century old or more. There we found a stove for four dollars, a dining table for one fifty, and—somewhere in a vast, overflowing family, whose relationships we can't yet disentangle—an oven expert, named Anastacio, who will rebuild our outdoor *orno*. The indoor *estufa* crossed the acequia this morning in a wheelbarrow, together with two loads of wood, on burros—enough to last a month. Will Melinda be really cooking us a dinner next Sunday, as José promises us?

This first week of labor has accomplished—*something*, we say, gazing at the littered hill after Don Hipolito and Matias have dumped their last loads,

and José and Ramon driven off in their old buggy.

"It looks like devastated France!"

Yet we have only to sit a few minutes on the edge of the ridge to find ourselves in a pure pastoral. Cows and their sportive calves are tinkling down from the pink *lomas* toward Salomé's corral. The little Mexican church half hidden in the arroyo behind us, shows its tower through the poplars.

Slowly the Mountains of the Blood of Christ turn literally blood purple—like Hymettus at evening. The light is Greek, but the gods of the Sangre de

Cristo are neither Greek nor Christian. More primeval and dangerous are the powers that dwell behind these furrowed ridges—thunder-birds, and coyotes, and eagles, and witches in black shawls.

"We did not come to New Mexico to worry about a carpenter—"

Later.

I spoke too soon. On reaching the Camino del Monte Sol we found this note from Steffanson:

Sorry to disappoint you. Car out of Fix. Will go out Tomorrow with Tarp to Camp till I finish the Job.

(To be continued)

GETHSEMANE

BY DAVID SEABURY

WHO knows what gray days dawned through Shakespeare's years;
 What long weeks fraught with somber doubts and fears;
 Behind old Dante's smile how pressed the tears,
 Or through what hells he never told, there grew
 The passion in his heart, the sense that drew
 His life to peace? The skylark wings and sings,
 Yet trembles at each shadow in the sky.
 With laughter on her lips the morning springs
 From pain within the womb of night, to die
 When day is done. Before the peace which came
 When Hamlet strode through his creator's brain
 Sense we not bitterness and brooding shame?
 Great light is but the darkness free from pain,
 Great Minds but they who suffered not in vain.

THE SUPERMAN

BY JAMES BOYD

THE house stood up, a high, sickly yellow segment in a low, shabby street just off the Elevated. Wilton Durand, in his dark coat of foreign cut and with his dark goatee, steered his way disdainfully among the active litter of alien children on the sidewalk, and entered it with an air of bitter resignation. Nothing could have drawn a figure so cultivated, exotic, and sensitive into this raw, tall slab except the fact that it contained his home. He raised his ironic eyes to the pressed-tin ceiling of the hallway, then dropped them with a wry, slight twisting of the mouth as one who can at least bow to the inevitable with grace and distinction. He climbed the stairs past wholesale showrooms and lofts filled with mangles and linoleum.

"Linoleum! *Mon Dieu!*" he muttered, and clutched the portfolio of manuscript under his arm. Could anything be more incongruous than linoleum and Wilton Durand?

He reached the top of the long flight a little breathless, and paused outside his door to regain himself. Standing there, he thought not so much of the misfortune that had overtaken him that afternoon as of the most effective way to break the news to his wife. It was not a bad situation, dramatically. He smoothed his hair with long fingers, as if for a stage entrance, then took out his key. Unfortunately, the door was opened by his wife.

"Are you home already, Wilton? I thought I heard you."

"Quite correct, my dear," he answered, with some irritation, and brushed by her.

The room was long and narrow, like a sail loft. Two large old Spanish tables were heaped with books and tobacco;

over the fireplace a Japanese *torii* in ivory was flanked by Russian-bronze candlesticks; the buff walls were filled with good etchings by little-known men. He moved down to the windows at the end and stood staring out over the geraniums, over the roofs and chimneys, at a tree he could just make out in Gramercy Park.

Behind him, he heard her follow him into the room, and turned reluctantly. He saw with annoyance how attractive-looking she still was. She was hardly young any longer, but her mouse-colored hair and small, pale face should certainly hold a delicate charm for anyone of the least artistic feeling. As to her slim little high-breasted figure—half like a nymph, half like a faun—undoubtedly there were things in the Luxembourg not nearly so good. Beneath this loveliness, however, there was nothing, absolutely nothing—nothing, at least, that could be of any help to him. She might have been an admirable wife for a haberdasher. Unfortunately, he was a dramatic critic.

She wilted under his stare. Obviously it was time for him to speak.

"Well, my dear," he said, with an air of forced jauntiness, "I have disturbing news for you. *The Superman* has suspended publication."

"Oh, Wilton!"

"Yes, it is regrettable. For us it is a misfortune; for the public, a catastrophe." He twirled his eyeglasses on their black ribbon and paced up and down.

"But it's much the worse for us," said Mrs. Durand. "We have no money."

"Whereas the public always has. True. But that makes it all the more incredible why they should not have spent it on *The Superman*."

"But what shall we do?"

"Never fear. *The Superman* disintegrates"—he laid a hand on his heart theatrically and made a dry grimace—"but the man resurges. Pardon the epigram, which I see leaves you bewildered and me no nearer a solution. The first step in any case is to have tea." He sank down in a deep, shapeless chair.

His wife turned as if to speak. She seemed to wait for him to encourage her, to wait with a touch of appeal and misery in her quiet eyes. He looked away until he heard her go into the kitchenette.

Lying back, he listened to the comfortable gurgle of water as she filled the teapot; he heard the striking of a match, the methodical click of a knife on a plate; she was slicing lemon. There was the rustle of paper and small reverberations from the bread box.

Slowly his air of highly quizzical assurance left him. His glasses, which he had cocked on his thin, high-arched nose, fell off and dangled on their ribbon. His gray eyes were faded. He fumbled on the table for a cigarette and lit it, but it drooped listlessly from the middle of his sensitive, drooping mouth; its very smoke drifted downward and hung lifeless on the floor. It appeared as though he had exhausted himself in his spirited and touching effort to carry his misfortune gayly before his wife. He himself felt this to be the case and raised a slender, veined hand to his brow.

As the methodical sounds in the kitchenette kept on, however, his thoughts changed. His wife would shortly reappear and he knew that he would look on her without a thrill. In fact, quite the reverse.

He had taken her silence for profundity when he wooed her years ago, and, artist that he was—he smoothed back his wavy hair—he had endowed her with a thousand mysterious powers. But in the following years the truth finally bore down all his hopes and dreams. She was nice, gentle, lovely to look at—but simply lacking in mentality; that is to say, mentality of the sort

he demanded, of the sort he needed in his work, in his life; it was hopeless. She couldn't understand what he was saying, much less understand the man he was; she couldn't follow him. It dragged on him intolerably to talk to her—a man of his sort needed response, comprehension. And now this sudden misfortune, this incredible vanishment of *The Superman*, a serious thing for a man of his age and specialized training, instead of drawing them together, made him feel only how incapable of helping him she was. He raised both hands to his brow and sank his head between them.

A tinny rattle sounded from the kitchenette. Mrs. Durand, carrying a tea tray, pushed open the door. Mr. Durand sat up quickly, put his cigarette in the corner of his mouth, and cocked a whimsical eye.

She looked pretty in her dark-blue dress, her slim body straining back a little against the tray and gently swaying. She slid the tray upon the crowded table, pushing a corresponding area of magazines and books off the opposite edge. Wilton Durand picked them up from the floor.

"As Sir Isaac Newton has so justly observed," he remarked, "all actions and reactions are equal. A square foot of tea displaces a square foot of art. Life is a compromise. Will you have this chair?"

"I'm afraid the lemon is a little shriveled, dear." She poured out the tea. "And there seem to be a good many leaves in the cup."

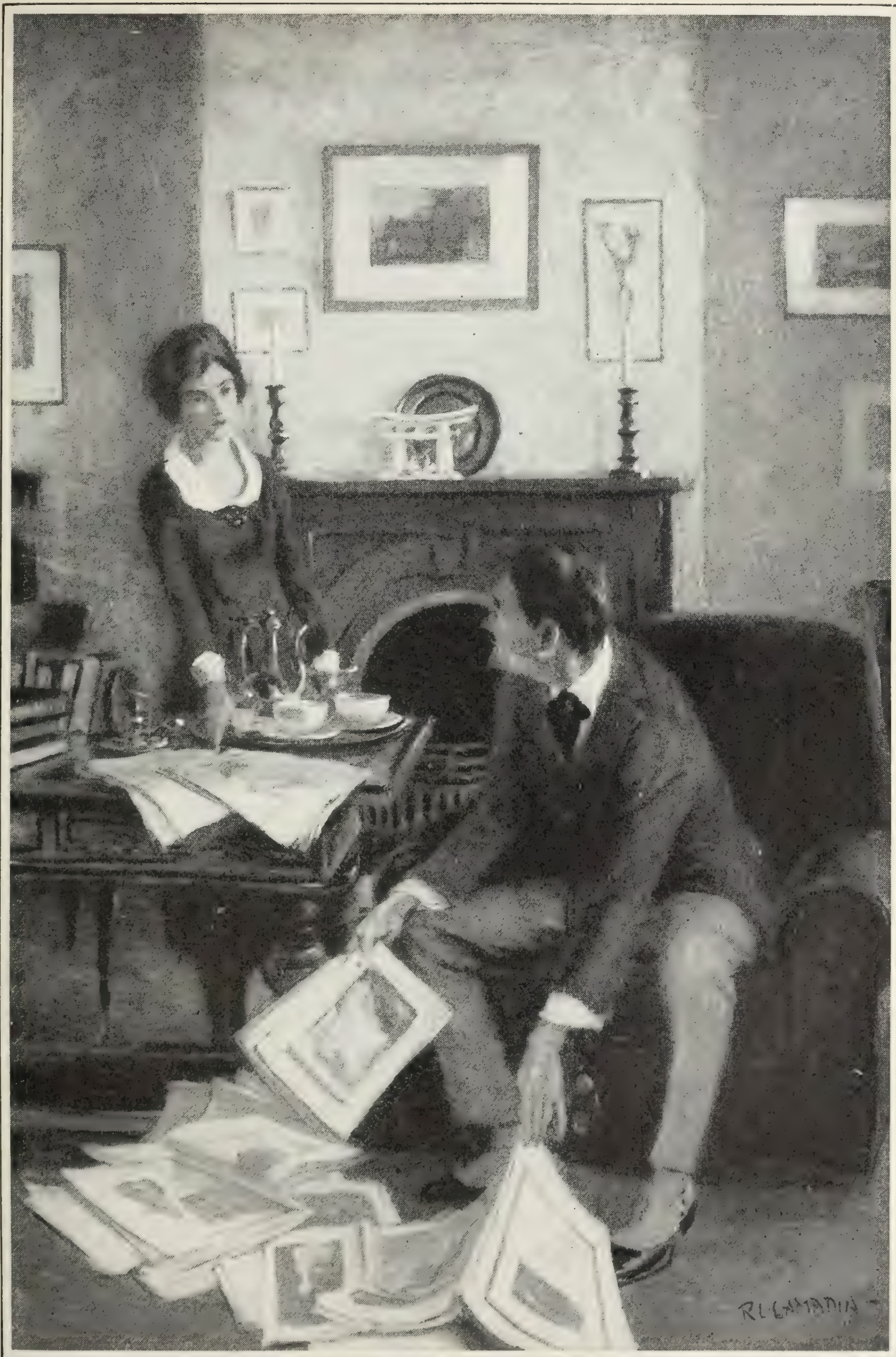
"The symbolism is excellent. We will sit, drinking the lees of life, and contemplate our downfall."

"Tell me about it!"

"You anticipate an epic. Unfortunately, I have nothing to offer but a burlesque. The magazine was from the first designed to appeal to people of taste and culture."

"Yes, I know."

"Unfortunately, our success was complete. As a result there were practically no readers. Outside the editors, of course."



Drawn by R. L. Lambdin

"A SQUARE FOOT OF TEA DISPLACES A SQUARE FOOT OF ART"

She struggled to catch the drift of what he was saying. She was a little pitiful in her humble and futile effort, a little pitiful and invincibly stupid. She decided to speak.

"But it went so well—for five years. And they paid you quite a lot."

"Yes, they did—if the comparison be made with other magazines rather than with the value of my services, but let that pass. We were able to keep going by means of Dancey, the editor. I thought you knew—"

"No."

"When the editor left Harvard, where his themes, though hardly up to standard, were by far the best handed in by anyone of social prominence, he expressed a preference for a literary career. His father fell in with the scheme—in the belief that he would lose less money by financing his son's magazine than by employing him."

"What an idea!"

"Not at all. The old gentleman's analysis of the situation was logical enough to deserve success. Unluckily, Fortune is quite blind in her distributions. The elder Dancey by no means underestimated his son's incompetence. But he did underestimate *The Superman's* capacity for losing money. He has seen his mistake."

"Is he going to make some changes, then?"

"He is going to make a change more fatal than all other changes combined. He has decided that it will be less expensive to take the editor into the family business—blankets, I believe. In vain we have tried to persuade him that *The Superman* is entering on a splendid career of steadily diminishing losses. In vain we have tried to show him that his son's incompetence is even more dangerous than he supposed. The old gentleman is adamant. We shut up shop."

"Perhaps he was angry at what you said about his son."

"What?"

"That he was dangerous or something."

Durand peered over his glasses, smiled with heavy benignity, and sighed. "That remark, my dear, was, so to speak, an extra touch thrown off in the heat of fancy. I felt it necessary to complete the burlesque."

"Then you didn't say that to the old gentleman?"

Durand shook his head sadly. "No, my dear, we did not."

"You shouldn't say such things, Wilton. It sounds horrid—telling an old man such dreadful things about his son."

"But, my dear—" He stared helplessly at her placid, anxious face, at her impenetrable expression. He stuck a cigarette into the corner of his mouth and gave a wry grin. "I congratulate you on the impregnability of your moral position."

She flushed and dropped her eyes.

Lying back in his chair, Durand blew rings of smoke and watched her gather up the tea things. He watched her disappear. She was still graceful, and even charming, too, in a way—if one didn't know her mind. Surely in the ten years they had been married she might have learned to know him—him, a man who liked to carry off life's knocks with a dash, a rather engaging dash of epigram. If he had only married a clever woman they would have sat together just now and made their misfortune into a sparkling comedy. But if he had married a clever woman there would have been no misfortune. With his ability and a woman to bring it out he would long before this have put himself above the reach of fate.

Why had he married her? Her grace, her silence, her name, Moira, had snared him. Moira! Was ever such a stupid girl called Moira before? There ought to be a law against giving people such misleading names. One might as well have called him Henry.

Next day he arranged a boutonnière of pansies, took his walking stick and broad felt hat, and went down to his club. He could manage for two months on what he had saved, but it would be

good policy to let it be known in a casual way that he was for the moment out of employment. He was in the living room at five when the members, for the most part writers and editors, began to drift in. To the assemblage he made the demise of *The Superman* seem very humorous indeed. The late editor, the adamantine father, the staff, all appeared ridiculous. The members were greatly amused, and Durand felt sure of an invitation to dinner and perhaps a good offer afterward. Undoubtedly he was an entertaining talker, one of the few really good conversationalists in America. Even in Paris he could, no doubt, hold his own. At least he could make the *symposiarchs* admit that we were not all barbarians over here—not quite. These thoughts ran through his head as he discoursed.

"Thus, my friends," he said, waving a hand at the grinning circle, "did the old gentleman's obstinacy triumph over my genius. To-morrow the editor enters the woolen business. The blanket of commerce becomes the shroud of art." They laughed. But one by one they drifted out. Alone, at last, he left the club and marched with somewhat faded jauntiness back to his rooms—and Moira. "Ah, *mon Dieu!*" he said, and twirled his stick abstractedly. They understood him at the club, or at least appreciated him. It is true that to-night they all happened to have engagements; that was mere chance, yet, for a fleet instant he felt that there had been something in his audience at the club—how should he say it?—not quite satisfying. The moment passed. He straightened his slender, stooped figure and turned down his own street. It was crowded with children playing in the late evening light. All down the block a shrill din rose above the restless mass. Every night they spun about the street thus, aimlessly, almost without pleasure, as if unwilling prisoners in the toils of their own quavering agitation.

Durand paused before the yellow-terra-cotta entrance to his home. In

the street a small Italian boy, arrayed in a paper hat, was performing by himself a sort of marching dance. It was rather entertaining, and meant to be so, for the boy glanced often at two men who lounged against an iron railing. They grinned with tolerant amusement, then turned to talk of weightier matters.

As Durand mounted the long stairs the thought just brushed him that those two men against the railings smiled a little like the ring of faces at the club; it only brushed him, however, and was gone.

The summer passed and no job came. He first made casual inquiries at the club, then direct approaches. There was nothing. His funds were running low and he resigned. It was a pity that he should have to lose that appreciative circle. Now he began to haunt the offices where work of his sort might be found. Beneath his air, still ironic, he had become almost a petitioner. But at home with Moira he was more than ever acid and obscure. Every evening she asked him with dogged timidity what he had been doing that day.

"Slumming, my dear," he always answered, and waved her away. At last she understood that he meant visiting the editors. She did not dare ask more, and when at times he related the best examples of his wit and their obtuseness she was dazed and could only murmur inarticulately. His *bon mots* fell flat.

"I am constantly amazed," he said, biting, "at the extraordinary heights to which dogged imbecility can carry persons—in all walks of life—from publishing to matrimony."

His words were obscure, but she felt his tone. She managed a wavering smile; her eyes were filling.

"You look so tired, Wilton." Indeed, the veins in his meager hands stood out sharper each day. He had noticed it. Each day his worn, foreign-looking coat weighed on him a little more heavily and left him a little more bowed after his fruitless round. It was a circumstance, however, that he did not care to have noticed. But she went on.

"Very tired; it's so hot, wouldn't you like to have me get out that nice, cool linen suit? You could change before supper."

"The suit was placed in the hands of Monsieur Levinsky this morning. Here are the proceeds."

"You sold it! Are we as low as that?"

"Quite. But there are other resources. That print on the wall there by my friend Wistar. I just learned to-day that Eisenberg, the banker, having taken the Holbeins out of his recently formed collection as being too pro-German, came into the Stuart Galleries last week and bought five of Wistar's etchings, under the mistaken impression that they were Whistler's. The joke is that Wistar's things, though unrecognized, are rather fine. Though on whom the joke is, it is difficult to say. Certainly not on me, for I can now get enough for that print to keep us going for another week."

She made a movement toward him. "I'm so sorry!"

"You needn't be on my account. My only fear is that its removal may make room for one of your lithographs of the work of Sir Edwin Landseer, knight, which up to now I have managed to keep stored under your bed."

"I won't bring them out. Perhaps you could sell them, too."

"My dear!" He shrugged his shoulders and retired behind his paper.

"After all," he muttered, "why should he have been made only a knight? Why not a baronet? Surely talent such as his must be hereditary. I am confident that he transmitted it to his descendants as easily as the rest of his estate."

"But if he had, they would be artists, too, wouldn't they, Wilton?"

"Not at all. The fact that they do not exercise his talent shows not that they are lesser artists than Sir Edwin, but greater."

He felt her looking at him for an irritating length of time, then heard her go into the kitchenette. The paper was dull. Apparently a group of hired men from Chicago had struck a small ball

more frequently than a corresponding group from New York. "Sox Wallop Mac Moundsmen," it said. Grotesque. It might be an account of a tribal raid on a cliff dweller's village, in the original Choctaw. He returned to the theatrical column. Hello! They were giving a dinner that night to their dramatic critic. Lucky pariah. But why?—"who is leaving to become book editor of McCabe & Son." Leaving, eh? "Moir!" he called. "This week the dramatic critic of the *Evening Star* leaves them. What more logical than that I should arrive?"

"Wouldn't that be wonderful! You don't suppose they could have got some one else?"

He scanned the article. "It says nothing."

"Be sure to wear your dark-blue tie. It makes you look so distinguished."

When he came home next day, after his interview with the editor of the *Evening Star*, of course she was waiting for him. And of course she asked, "Well, what happened?"

"Does anything ever happen at interviews? Nothing. I am put off with vague phrases."

"Then they haven't taken anyone else?"

"Not precisely. For the present their dramatic criticism is in the hands of a young reporter of whom they entertain great hopes in view of the fact that he has failed at everything else. I congratulated the editor at the closeness of his reasoning."

"Oh, but he couldn't have liked that."

"On the contrary, he laughed. I added that I was sure that the young incompetent would make good in his sense of the term."

"I hope he understood you were joking."

"He understood, I am sure, that I was not quite the ordinary hack writer seeking a job. As a matter of fact, I got off some rather good things. He was impressed. I say it without conceit. After all, why should not even mediocre

ability impress an editor? At any rate, he promised to let me know in a week."

"I hope you made him like you, too," she said, a little dubiously. "You can make anyone like you if you want to." She looked at him wistfully.

"My dear, I do not seek affection, even the affection of editors, warm-hearted and responsive though they be. I showed him that plainly. I want recognition. I showed him that, too. And I think you will find that he cannot withhold it from me."

His tired face hardened into a supercilious, defiant stare. He felt as though he were facing down the editors of the world—a gallant figure, soon to be triumphant. Moira said nothing, but her timid look of doubt and alarm was equally irritating.

In spite of his confidence the week was rather trying. Moira got on his nerves, always running down to see if it were the postman. At last he said:

"My dear, you seem to imagine our life is in the hands of a single stout and dull editor. For God's sake keep your perspective." She subsided and after that he himself went down to see if it were the postman.

He was far from well, too. Twice, in fact, he was quite vulgarly ill after climbing the stairs. He managed to conceal it from Moira and her dreaded sympathy. She must have suspected, however, for she looked at him with a sort of patient hunger, ghoulishly waiting for a chance to nurse him, no doubt. It was just the sort of thing she would like. Why couldn't she understand that he didn't care what happened to his body if only she could feel the things that went on in his head? But her very look showed how hopeless it was. He burst out at her.

"Will you stop looking at me like a spaniel? For God's sake find something to do! Go for a run in the park. That's a good dog," he added, with a short, stabbing laugh.

Strangely enough, she did not wince. "I am going out in an hour."

Her face was grave, she had a certain dignity. She seemed, so to speak, to have folded her wings about her. He felt that he had been brutal. But, after all, she was hopeless.

The next two days were not so trying. She let him alone, which was something. His outburst, while rather ruthless, had at least cleared the air and made it easier for him. He was even able to do some work on a rather entertaining essay. When he got enough of them he would make a book. They would cause something of a stir, he imagined. In a more expansive moment he read her a passage. That, however, was a mistake; she smiled with rather desperate timidity and he grew angry. His muffled rage in turn made him alarmingly tired, so that he had to stop his work. How different it would have been with a woman who understood!

He must have dozed off, for it was evening and Moira was shyly touching his arm. She had a letter—the letter—his heart checked for a breathless instant. It scurried on; he reached out his hand.

"The messenger of fate, eh?" He managed to look at her quizzically and smile. Curiously enough, after all her agitation of the week, she was not excited. It would have been more appropriate if she had saved her fluttering emotions for the climax. He had opened the letter.

His eyes were swimming dizzily, but through the typewritten blur he knew somehow that he was offered the job.

"They seem to want me in spite of my talents."

Unfortunately, there was a catch in his voice which made her feel justified in patting his hand.

Moira Durand saw little of her husband, now that he had become the dramatic critic of the *Evening Star*. He was a minor notable and consorted with other minor notables at the club, which he had hastened to rejoin as soon as his better fortunes were assured. His essays

were published in a book and praised by reviewers. She could make almost nothing of them, but felt they must be very clever. He seemed happy—that was the main thing. He had a new coat just like the old, and always wore a boutonnière. Among that galaxy at the club, those brilliant men she had never met, he had, as he said, “arrived.” He was full of confidence and superior to everyone in that funny way of his. She no longer tried to follow him or respond when he talked; she knew how ineffectual she was. She simply kept quiet, and worried because he was not well. He was just as alert—more so. But his mind was spinning like a bright, hard machine in his listless, sagging body.

He would not do anything about it. And when she suggested a doctor he grew so angry that it frightened her. It might make him really sick getting so angry as that. It was, of course, childish of him. With all his cleverness, he was childish about such things as that and many others. Yet she felt helpless to deal with him. She was too stupid; he slipped from her grasp and snapped at her bungling fingers. It must be maddening to a man like him to have her blundering around. She blushed to herself. There had been one time, however, when she had not been helpless, not bungled; one time when she had done the right thing. Her flushed cheeks curved softly into a gentle, triumphant smile.

When at last he grew ill she was glad. He would have to rest now. He lay on the sofa during the day, his thin neck straining out of his flapping bath robe, not very distinguished-looking without his coat of foreign cut. His face, fine-drawn, weary, petulant, now showed only repressed exasperation. She thought it was merely because of his confinement, his constant association with her. She looked forward on his behalf to the day of his release.

Instead of resting, however, he worked continually, harder than ever. All day his curved claw tugged impatiently at his goatee and scratched across the

sheets of paper on his sharp knees. One by one, closely written, the sheets fluttered to the floor; he bit his lip at her when she stooped to gather them. He was bright-eyed, feverish. His preoccupation would brook no interruption. Indeed, its exaggerated intensity seemed to sense the approach of the final interruption which can be neither forestalled nor ignored. He had guessed it first. She realized it with a slow, dull shock, then a pang. Again her stupidity had lagged behind his quick intelligence.

Now at last he must see a doctor.

“But I already have. Yesterday while you were out. There is no use in reduplicating either his advice or his fee; both were rather staggering.”

“What did he tell you?”

“Not nearly as much as I told him. I knew my symptoms already, but I wanted him to check them up. He was merely the certified public accountant of a bankrupt concern.”

Why did he always talk that way—not seriously, even now?

“What did he say?”

“That my heart is, for all practical purposes, nonexistent. I inferred that the rest of me was to follow.”

So it was true. That queer, proud figure was to go. No more obscure, bitter words. No one for her to be a clog upon. For her no more continual groping toward that cruel, fascinating mystery and a blow. No one dumbly, clumsily, senselessly to love.

She felt in her breast a thrust of shame and hopeless agony and hid her face in a fold of his dressing gown.

“Now then, my dear.” She felt him patting her, impersonally, impatiently. His fingers, laid on her shoulder were like a lash. Why did she not leave him?

“Now then, my dear, the insurance is quite right.”

“What do I care for that? We must get medicine.”

“The doctor left some. After pronouncing the ritual that accompanies the pills, he admitted on closer questioning that they were quite useless.”

"Wilton, Wilton, I've been no good to you."

"You have never been to blame. And I have at times been rather a mucker. I see that clearly."

They had come to the end, and all he could give her was justice. Why did she not run away?

"If I could only help you now."

"I don't feel that I need it. I wonder if you can believe that. I am sorry not to have been allowed more time. I think I could show them something. Still, I already have. From the first moment I went down to the *Star* to see the editor—I (I was at my best that day—I think I told you—that moment was the turning point)—from then on more and more people have seen the sort of person I am. I say it without conceit; such things simply happen."

"Wilton, it scares me."

"That comes from your religious training, my dear. I wish you would not feel so. Certainly I do not. Why should I? If there is nothing further it means that I shall be freed from stupidity and bad art. If there is"—his face kindled as it had not since the day he first kissed her—"it means that I shall obtain recognition."

He gazed out of the window, out over the housetops and smoke wreaths, over the broken clangor and steady hum note of the town. She followed his tense, listening look, but there was nothing—only clouds drifting out to sea. With a tug at his goatee he began to write.

That night he slept on the couch. She had tried to move him, but his breath was short.

"Perhaps I had best stay," he had murmured, painfully. He laid a long hand on the cover. "Besides, I rather like this chintz. It will make an effective setting. There, there, I did not mean to hurt you. But it is impossible to be serious about an event so irrational and grotesque."

He dozed in snatches, and between-times he wrote. She waited quietly, to

be ready, but she saw that she was far away from him. Toward morning she lay down on her bed, leaving the door open. At dawn she heard a long, soft sigh and ran in to him. The pencil in his hand had made a black jagged line across the paper.

"Wilton!" she cried, in a high, broken voice. The paper fluttered from his quiet hands. She stooped to pick it up but fell forward and pressed her brow against his feet.

She raised herself up at last and looked at him. Then she busied herself doing for him with dreadful passion all the little things he would never allow. When she was done he rested comfortably, carefully tucked in. She sat beside him to wait for day.

As the light grew upon the long, bluff walls, upon his prints and bronzes and the big chair, molded to his form, she thought of all that he had been and all that she had lacked. One scene at last stood out of her despair. She saw herself winding through a great room of humming, flickering machines up to the offices of the *Evening Star*. Now she was outside the editor's room. She was brushing her coat with her hand, hoping that she looked neat and business-like. Then she was standing before the editor himself, red faced and ruthless.

"My husband—he came to see you—he doesn't know I'm here. I thought you might not have understood him—it sounds dreadful, but he tries to show off to strangers. He really isn't that way at all—he's a wonderful worker—he'll do anything—always does what he says he will—he always has his work done on time. You might not think it, but he's the most dependable person in the world. Give him a chance."

The great man looked at her grimly. "Seemed clever but irresponsible—curse of newspaper business."

"He's just like a boy—always playing-acting—all boys do—you know that."

The great man grunted.

"But underneath he's a terrible worker—he pretends to people he isn't. But he'd be a wonderful man for you—you'll see."

"Admire your spirit. But you're prejudiced; love him — that sort of thing."

"I understand him. You don't. He's a worker."

The editor grinned. "You're a sales-

man. I'll try him. Don't think he'll last, though. Next time come first yourself and keep him under cover. No offense."

He was showing her out almost with deference. Her heart was pounding in triumph. Then she heard again his chilling words:

"Young lady, you must be a great help to him."

BEFORE MY HEART WAS BROKEN

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

BEFORE my heart was broken
 I could only hear
 In the flutes and violins
 Crying at my ear,
 Music for my dancing,
 Tripping fast or slow—
 Before my heart was broken
 What could I know?

Before my heart was broken
 I could only see
 In the pulse of sunset-light
 Fairy gold for me;
 Laughter in the wild wind,
 Color in the skies. . . .
 Before my heart was broken
 Where were my eyes?

Before my heart was broken
 I could only tell
 In the looks of all the world
 How the world went well:
 Singers for my passing,
 Garlands for my hair. . . .
 Before my heart was broken
 What did I care?

But now the music's crying
 Tells the whole world's pain,
 Now I know the voice that mourns
 In the wind and rain,
 All the world's akin to me,
 I who dreamed apart . . .
 What's the use of all the world
 Once you break your heart?

EXPORTING HUMOR TO ENGLAND

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

A PECULIAR interest always attaches to humor. There is no quality of the human mind about which its possessor is more sensitive than the sense of humor. A man will freely confess that he has no ear for music, or no taste for fiction, or even no interest in religion. But I have yet to see the man who announces that he has no sense of humor. In point of fact, every man is apt to think himself possessed of an exceptional gift in this direction, and that even if his humor does not express itself in the power either to make a joke or to laugh at one, it none the less consists in a peculiar insight or inner light superior to that of other people.

The same thing is true of nations. Each thinks its own humor of an entirely superior kind, and either refuses to admit, or admits reluctantly, the humorous quality of other peoples. The Englishman may credit the Frenchman with a certain light effervescence of mind which he neither emulates nor envies; the Frenchman may acknowledge that English literature shows here and there a sort of heavy playfulness; but neither of them would consider that the humor of the other nation could stand a moment's comparison with his own.

Yet, oddly enough, American humor stands as a conspicuous exception to this general rule. A certain vogue clings to it. Ever since the spacious days of Artemus Ward and Mark Twain it has enjoyed an extraordinary reputation, and this not only on our own continent, but in England. It was in a sense the English who "discovered" Mark Twain; I mean it was they who first clearly recognized him as a man of letters of the foremost rank, at a time when academic

Boston still tried to explain him away as a mere comic man of the West. In the same way Artemus Ward is still held in affectionate remembrance in London, and, of the later generation, Mr. Dooley at least is a household word.

This is so much the case that a sort of legend has grown around American humor. It is presumed to be a superior article and to enjoy the same kind of pre-eminence as French cooking, the Russian ballet, and Italian organ grinding. With this goes the converse supposition that the British people are inferior in humor, that a joke reaches them only with great difficulty, and that a British audience listens to humor in gloomy and unintelligent silence. People still love to repeat the famous story of how John Bright listened attentively to Artemus Ward's lecture in London and then said, gravely, that he "doubted many of the young man's statements"; and readers still remember Mark Twain's famous parody of the discussion of his book by a wooden-headed reviewer of an English review.

But the legend in reality is only a legend. If the English are inferior to Americans in humor, I, for one, am at a loss to see where it comes in. If there is anything on our continent superior in humor to *Punch* I should like to see it. If we have any more humorous writers in our midst than E. V. Lucas and Charles Graves and Owen Seaman I should like to read what they write; and if there is any audience capable of more laughter and more generous appreciation than an audience in London, or Bristol, or Aberdeen, I should like to lecture to it.

During the last three months I have

had very exceptional opportunities for testing the truth of these comparisons. It has been my good fortune to appear as an avowed humorist in all the great British cities. I have lectured as far north as Aberdeen and as far south as Brighton and Bournemouth; I have been eastward to Ipswich and westward into Wales. I have spoken, on serious subjects, but with a joke or two *in loco*, at the universities, at business gatherings, and at London dinners; I have watched, lost in admiration, the inspired merriment of the Savages of Adelphi Terrace, and in my moments of leisure I have observed, with a scientific eye, the gayeties of the London revues. As a result of which I say with conviction that, speaking by and large, the two communities are on the same level. A Harvard audience, as I have reason gratefully to acknowledge, is wonderful. But an Oxford audience is just as good. A gathering of business men in a textile town in the Midlands is just as heavy as a gathering of business men in Decatur, Indiana, but no heavier; and an audience of English schoolboys as at Rugby or at Clifton is capable of a wild and sustained merriment not to be outdone from Halifax to Los Angeles.

There is, however, one vital difference between American and English audiences which would be apt to discourage at the outset any American lecturer who might go to England. The English audiences, from the nature of the way in which they have been brought together, *expect more*. In England they still associate lectures with information. We don't. Our American lecture audiences are, in nine cases out of ten, organized by a woman's club of some kind and drawn not from the working class, but from—what shall we call it?—the class that doesn't have to work, or, at any rate, not too hard. It is largely a social audience, well educated without being "highbrow," and tolerant and kindly to a degree. In fact, what the people mainly want is to see the lecturer. They have heard all about G. K. Chesterton

and Hugh Walpole and John Drinkwater, and so when these gentlemen come to town the woman's club want to have a look at them, just as the English people, who are all crazy about animals, flock to the zoo to look at a new giraffe. They don't expect the giraffe to do anything in particular. They want to see it, that's all. So with the American woman's club audience. After they have seen Mr. Chesterton they ask one another as they come out—just as an incidental matter—"Did you understand his lecture?" and the answer is, "I can't say I did." But there is no malice about it. They can now go and say that they have *seen* Mr. Chesterton; that's worth two dollars in itself. The nearest thing to this attitude of mind that I heard of in England was at the City Temple in London, where they have every week a huge gathering of about two thousand people, to listen to a (so-called) popular lecture. When I was there I was told that the person who had preceded me was Lord Haldane, who had lectured on Einstein's Theory of Relativity. I said to the chairman, "Surely this kind of audience couldn't understand a lecture like that!" He shook his head. "No," he said, "*they didn't understand it, but they all enjoyed it.*"

I don't mean to imply by what I said above that American lecture audiences do not appreciate good things or that the English lecturers who come to this continent are all giraffes. On the contrary: when the audience finds that Chesterton and Walpole and Drinkwater, in addition to being *visible*, are also singularly interesting lecturers, they are all the better pleased. But this doesn't alter the fact that they have come primarily to *see the lecturer*.

Not so in England. Here a lecture (outside London) is organized on a much sterner footing. The people are there for

I am a Canadian. But for lack of any other word to indicate collectively those who live between the Rio Grande and the North Pole I have to use American. If the Canadians and the Eskimos and the Flathead Indians are not Americans, what are they?

information. The lecture is organized not by idle, amiable, charming women, but by a body called, with variations, the Philosophical Society. From experience I should define an English Philosophical Society as all the people in town who don't know anything about philosophy. The academic and university classes are never there. The audience is of only plainer folk. In the United States and Canada at any evening lecture a large sprinkling of the audience are in evening dress. At an English lecture (outside of London) none of them are; philosophy is not to be wooed in such a garb. Nor are there the same commodious premises, the same bright lights, and the same atmosphere of gayety as at a society lecture in America. On the contrary, the setting is a gloomy one. In England, in winter, night begins at four in the afternoon. In the manufacturing towns of the Midlands and the north (which is where the philosophical societies flourish) there is always a drizzling rain and wet slop underfoot, a bedraggled poverty in the streets, and a dimness of lights that contrasts with the glare of light in an American town. There is no visible sign in the town that a lecture is to happen, no placards, no advertisements, nothing. The lecturer is conducted by a chairman through a side door in a dingy building (The Institute, established 1840), and then all of a sudden in a huge, dim hall—there sits the Philosophical Society. There are a thousand of them, but they sit as quiet as a prayer meeting. They are waiting to be fed—on information.

Now I don't mean to say that the Philosophical Society are not a good audience. In their own way they're all right. Once the Philosophical Society has decided that a lecture is humorous they do not stint their laughter. I have had many times the satisfaction of seeing a Philosophical Society swept away from its moorings and tossing in a sea of laughter, as generous and as wholehearted as anything we ever see in America.

But they are not so willing to begin. With us the chairman has only to say to the gayly dressed members of the Ladies' Fortnightly Club, "Well, ladies, I'm sure we are all looking forward very much to Mr. Walpole's lecture," and at once there is a ripple of applause, and a responsive expression on a hundred charming faces.

Not so the Philosophical Society of the Midlands. The chairman rises. He doesn't call for silence. It is there, thick. "We have with us to-night," he says, "a man whose name is well known to the Philosophical Society," (*here he looks at his card*), "Mr. Stephen Leacock." (*Complete silence.*) "He is a professor of political economy at—" Here he turns to me and says, "Which college did you say?" I answer quite audibly in the silence, "At McGill." "He is at McGill," says the chairman. (*More silence.*) "I don't suppose, however, ladies and gentlemen, that he's come here to talk about political economy." This is meant as a jest, but the audience takes it as a threat. "However, ladies and gentlemen, you haven't come here to listen to me" (*this evokes applause, the first of the evening*), "so without more ado" (*the man always has the impression that there's been a lot of "ado," but I never see any of it*) "I'll now introduce Mr. Leacock." (*Complete silence.*)

Nothing of which means the least harm. It only implies that the Philosophical Society are true philosophers in accepting nothing unproved. They are like the man from Missouri. They want to be shown. And undoubtedly it takes a little time, therefore, to rouse them. I remember listening with great interest to Sir Michael Sadler, who is possessed of a very neat wit, introducing me at Leeds. He threw three jokes, one after the other, into the heart of a huge, silent audience without effect. He might as well have thrown soap bubbles. But the fourth joke broke fair and square like a bomb in the middle of the Philosophical Society and exploded them into convulsions. The process is very like what artillery men tell of "bracketing"

the object fired at, and then landing fairly on it.

In what I have just written about audiences I have purposely been using the word English and not British, for it does not in the least apply to the Scotch. There is, for a humorous lecturer, no better audience in the world than a Scotch audience. The old standing joke about the Scotch sense of humor is mere nonsense. Yet one finds it everywhere.

"So you're going to try to take humor up to Scotland," the most eminent author in England said to me. "Well, the Lord help you. You'd better take an ax with you to open their skulls; there is no other way." How this legend started I don't know, but I think it is because the English are jealous of the Scotch. They got into the Union with them in 1707 and they can't get out. The Scotch don't want Home Rule, or Swa Raj, or Dominion status, or anything; they just want the English. When they want money they go to London and make it; if they want literary fame they sell their books to the English; and to prevent any kind of political trouble they take care to keep the Cabinet well filled with Scotchmen. The English for shame's sake can't get out of the Union, so they retaliate by saying that the Scotch have no sense of humor. But there's nothing in it. One has only to ask any of the theatrical people and they will tell you that the audiences in Glasgow and Edinburgh are the best in the British Isles—possess the best taste and the best ability to recognize what is really good.

The reason for this lies, I think, in the well-known fact that the Scotch are a truly educated people, not educated in the mere sense of having been made to go to school, but in the higher sense of having acquired an interest in books and a respect for learning. In England the higher classes alone possess this, the working class as a whole know nothing of it. But in Scotland the attitude is universal. And the more I reflect upon the subject, the more I believe that what

counts most in the appreciation of humor is not nationality, but the degree of education enjoyed by the individual concerned. I do not think that there is any doubt that educated people possess a far wider range of humor than the uneducated class. Some people, of course, get overeducated and become hopelessly academic. The word "highbrow" has been invented exactly to fit the case. The sense of humor in the highbrow has become atrophied, or, to vary the metaphor, it is submerged or buried under the accumulated strata of his education, on the top soil of which flourishes a fine growth of conceit. But even in the highbrow the educated appreciation of humor is there—away down. Generally, if one attempts to amuse a highbrow he will resent it as if the process were beneath him; or perhaps the intellectual jealousy and touchiness with which he is always overcharged will lead him to retaliate with a pointless story from Plato. But if the highbrow is right off his guard and has no jealousy in his mind, you may find him roaring with laughter and wiping his spectacles, with his sides shaking, and see him converted as by magic into the merry, clever little schoolboy that he was thirty years ago, before his education ossified him.

But with the illiterate and the rustic no such process is possible. His sense of humor may be there as a *sense*, but the mechanism for setting it in operation is limited and rudimentary. Only the broadest and most elementary forms of joke can reach him. The magnificent mechanism of the art of words is, quite literally, a sealed book to him. Here and there, indeed, a form of fun is found so elementary in its nature and yet so excellent in execution that it appeals to all alike, to the illiterate and to the highbrow, to the peasant and the professor. Such, for example, are the antics of Mr. Charles Chaplin or the depiction of Mr. Jiggs by the pencil of George McManus. But such cases are rare. As a rule the cheap fun that excites the rustic to

laughter is execrable to the man of education.

In the light of what I have said above it follows that the individuals that are findable in every English or American audience are much the same. All those who lecture or act are well aware that there are certain types of people that are always to be seen somewhere in the hall. Some of these belong to the general class of discouraging people. They listen in stolid silence. No light of intelligence ever gleams on their faces; no response comes from their eyes.

I find, for example, that wherever I go there is always seated in the audience, about three seats from the front, a silent man with a big motionless face like a melon. He is always there. I have seen that man in every town or city from Richmond, Indiana, to Bournemouth in Hampshire. He haunts me. I get to expect him. I feel like nodding to him from the platform. And I find that all other lecturers have the same experience. Wherever they go the man with the big face is always there. He never laughs; no matter if the people all round him are convulsed with laughter, he sits there like a rock—or, no, like a toad—immovable. What he thinks I don't know. Why he comes to lectures I cannot guess. Once, and once only, I spoke to him, or, rather, he spoke to me. I was coming out from the lecture and found myself close to him in the corridor. It had been a rather gloomy evening; the audience had hardly laughed at all; and I know nothing sadder than a humorous lecture without laughter. The man with the big face, finding himself beside me, turned and said, "Some of them people weren't getting that to-night." His tone of sympathy seemed to imply that he had got it *all* himself; if so, he must have swallowed it whole without a sign. But I have since thought that this man with the big face may have his own internal form of appreciation. This much, however, I know. To look at him from the platform is fatal. One sustained look

into his big, motionless face and the lecturer would be lost; inspiration would die upon one's lips—the basilisk isn't in it with him.

Personally, I no sooner see the man with the big face than instinctively I turn my eyes away. I look round the hall for another man that I know is always there, the opposite type, the little man with the spectacles. There he sits, good soul, about twelve rows back, his large spectacles beaming with appreciation and his quick face anticipating every point. I imagine him to be by trade a minor journalist or himself a writer of sorts, but with not enough of success to have spoiled him.

There are other people always there, too. There is the old lady who thinks the lecture improper; it doesn't matter how moral it is, she's out for impropriety and she can find it anywhere. Then there is another very terrible man against whom all American lecturers in England should be warned—the man who is leaving on the 9 P.M. train. English railways running into suburbs and near-by towns have a schedule which is expressly arranged to have the principal train leave before the lecture ends. Hence the 9-P.M.-train man. He sits right near the front, and at ten minutes to nine he gathers up his hat, coat, and umbrella very deliberately, rises with great calm, and walks firmly away. His air is that of a man who has stood all that he can and can bear no more. Till one knows about this man, and the others who rise after him, it is very disconcerting; at first I thought I must have said something to reflect upon the royal family. But presently the lecturer gets to understand that it is only the nine-o'clock train and that all the audience know about it. Then it's all right. It's just like the people rising and stretching themselves after the seventh inning in baseball.

In all that goes above I have been emphasizing the fact that the British and the American sense of humor are essentially the same thing. But there are, of course, peculiar differences of form and

peculiar preferences of material that often make them seem to diverge widely.

By this I mean that each community has, within limits, its own particular ways of being funny and its own particular conception of a joke. Thus, a Scotchman likes best a joke which he has all to himself or which he shares reluctantly with a few; the thing is too rich to distribute. The American loves particularly as his line of joke an anecdote with the point all concentrated at the end and exploding in a phrase. The Englishman loves best as his joke the narration of something that actually did happen and that depends, of course, for its point on its reality.

There are plenty of minor differences, too, in point of mere form, and very naturally each community finds the particular form used by the others less pleasing than its own. In fact, for this very reason each people is apt to think its own humor the best.

Thus, on our side of the Atlantic, to cite our own faults first, we still cling to the supposed humor of bad spelling. We have, indeed, told ourselves a thousand times over that bad spelling is not funny, but is very tiresome. Yet it is no sooner laid aside and buried than it gets resurrected. I suppose the real reason is that it *is* funny, at least to our eyes. When Bill Nye spells wife with "yph" we can't help being amused. Now Bill Nye's bad spelling had absolutely no point to it except its oddity. At times it was extremely funny, but as a mode it led easily to widespread and pointless imitation. It was the kind of thing—like poetry—that anybody can do badly. It was most deservedly abandoned with execration. No American editor would print it to-day. But witness the new and excellent effect produced with bad spelling by Mr. Ring W. Lardner. Here, however, the case is altered; it is not the *falseness* of Mr. Lardner's spelling that is the amusing feature of it, but the *truth* of it. When he writes "*dear friend, Al, I would of rote sooner,*" etc., he is truer to actual sound and intonation

than the lexicon. The mode is excellent. But the imitations will soon debase it into such bad coin that it will fail to pass current. In England, however, the humor of bad spelling does not and has never, I believe, flourished. Bad spelling is only used in England as an attempt to reintroduce phonetically a dialect; it is not intended that the spelling itself should be thought funny, but the dialect that it represents. But the effect, on the whole, is tiresome. A little dose of the humor of Lancashire or Somerset or Yorkshire pronunciation may be all right, but a whole page of it looks like the gibbering of chimpanzees set down on paper.

In America also we run perpetually to the (supposed) humor of slang, a form not used in England. If we were to analyze what we mean by slang I think it would be found to consist of the introduction of new metaphors or new forms of language of a metaphorical character, strained almost to the breaking point. Sometimes we do it with a single word. Then some genius discovers that a "hat" is really only "a lid" placed on top of a human being, and straightway the word "lid" goes rippling over the continent. Similarly a woman becomes a "skirt," and so on *ad infinitum*.

These words presently either disappear or else retain a permanent place, being slang no longer. No doubt half our words, if not all of them, were once slang. Even within our own memory we can see the whole process carried through; "cinch" once sounded funny; it is now standard American-English. But other slang is made up of descriptive phrases. At the best, these slang phrases are—at least we think they are—extremely funny. But they are funniest when newly coined, and it takes a master hand to coin them well. For a supreme example of wild vagaries of language used for humor, one might take O. Henry's "Gentle Grafters." But here the imitation is as easy as it is tiresome. The invention of pointless slang phrases without real suggestion or merit is one

of our most familiar forms of factory-made humor. Now the English people are apt to turn away from the whole field of slang. In the first place it puzzles them—they don't know whether each particular sort of phrase is a sort of idiom already known to Americans, or something (as with O. Henry) never said before and to be analyzed for its own sake. The result is that with the English public the great mass of American slang writing (genius apart) doesn't go. I have even found English people of undoubted literary taste repelled from such a master as O. Henry (now read by millions in England) because at a first sight they get the impression that it is "all American slang."

English people also find tiresome our American "anecdote"—the conversational form of humor that flourishes all over the United States and Canada. Everybody knows how much addicted we are to telling one another stories. With many people it becomes a settled idea of pleasant social intercourse. If two men meet in the train one says, "I heard a good story last week; perhaps you've heard it." And the other has to say, "No," before waiting to hear what it is, because he's going to get it, anyway. At a dinner party our people no sooner sit down than the host begins, "I heard a story the other day; perhaps you've heard it," and there is chorus of, "No, no," all round the table. I often marvel at our extraordinary tolerance and courtesy to one another in the matter of story-telling. I have never seen a bad story-teller thrown forcibly out of the room or even stopped and warned; we listen with the most wonderful patience to the worst of narration. The story is always without any interest except in the unknown *point* that will be brought in later. But this, until it does come, is no more interesting than to-morrow's breakfast. Yet for some reason or other we permit this story-telling habit to invade and damage our whole social life. The English always criticize this and think they are absolutely right. To my

mind in their social life they give the "funny story" its proper place and room and no more. That is to say—if ten people draw their chairs in to the dinner table and somebody really has just heard a story and wants to tell it, there is no reason against it. If he says, "Oh, by the way, I heard a good story to-day," it is just as if he said, "Oh, by the way, I heard a piece of news about John Smith." It is quite admissible as conversation. But he doesn't sit down to try to think, along with nine other rival thinkers, of all the stories that he had heard, and that makes all the difference.

The Scotch, by the way, resemble us in liking to tell and hear stories. But they have their own line. They like the stories to be grim, dealing in a jocose way with death and funerals. The story begins (will the reader kindly turn it into Scotch pronunciation for himself), "There was a Sandy MacDonald had died and the wife had the body all laid out for burial and dressed up very fine in his best suit," etc. Now for me that beginning is enough. To me that is not a story, but a tragedy. I am so sorry for Mrs. MacDonald that I can't think of anything else. But I think the explanation is that the Scotch are essentially such a devout people and live so closely within the shadow of death itself that they may without irreverence or pain jest where our lips would falter. Or else, perhaps they don't care a cuss whether Sandy MacDonald died or not. Take it either way.

But I am tired of talking of *our* faults. Let me turn to the more pleasing task of discussing those of the English. In the first place, and as a minor matter of form, I think that English humor suffers from the tolerance afforded to the pun. For some reason English people find puns funny. We don't. Here and there, no doubt, a pun may be made that for some exceptional reason becomes a matter of genuine wit. But the great mass of the English puns that disfigure the press every week are mere pointless verbalisms that to the Amer-

ican mind cause nothing but weariness.

But even worse than the use of puns is the peculiar pedantry, not to say priggishness, that haunts the English expression of humor. To make a mistake in a Latin quotation or to stick on a wrong ending to a Latin word is not really an amusing thing. To an ancient Roman, perhaps, it might be. But then we are not ancient Romans; indeed, I imagine that if an ancient Roman could be resurrected, all the Latin that any of our classical scholars can command would be about equivalent to the French of a cockney waiter on a Channel steamer. Yet one finds even the immortal *Punch* citing recently as a very funny thing a newspaper misquotation of "*urbis et orbis*" instead of "*urbi et orbos*," or the other way round. I forget which. Perhaps there was some further point in it that I didn't see, but, anyway, it wasn't funny. Neither is it funny if a person, instead of saying Archimedes, says Archimeeds; why shouldn't it have been Archimeeds? The English scale of values in these things is all wrong. Very few Englishmen can pronounce Chicago properly and they think nothing of that. But if a person mispronounces the name of a Greek village of what O. Henry called "The Year B.C." it is supposed to be excruciatingly funny.

I think in reality that this is only a part of the overdone scholarship that haunts so much of English writing—not the best of it, but a lot of it. It is too full of allusions and indirect references to all sorts of extraneous facts. The English writer finds it hard to say a plain thing in a plain way. He is too anxious to show in every sentence what a fine scholar he is. He carries in his mind an accumulated treasure of quotations, allusions, and scraps and tags of history, and into this, like Jack Horner, he must needs "stick in his thumb and pull out a plum." Instead of saying, "It is a fine morning," he prefers to write, "This is a day of which one might

say with the melancholy Jacques, it is a fine morning."

Hence it is that many plain American readers find English humor "highbrow." Just as the English are apt to find our humor "slangy" and "cheap," so we find theirs academic and heavy. But the difference, after all, is of far less moment than might be supposed. It lies only on the surface. Fundamentally, as I said in starting, the humor of the two peoples is of the same kind and on an equal level.

One final judgment, however, might with due caution be hazarded. I do not think that, on the whole, the English are quite as fond of humor as we are. I mean they are not so willing to welcome at all times the humorous point of view as we are in America. The English are a serious people with many serious things to think of—football, horse racing, dogs, fish, and many other concerns that demand much national thought; they have so many national preoccupations of this kind that they have less need for jokes than we have. They have higher things to talk about, whereas on our side of the water, except when the World Series is being played, we have few, if any, truly national topics.

And yet I know that many people in England would exactly reverse this last judgment and say that the Americans are a desperately serious people. That in a sense is true. Any American who takes up with an idea such as New Thought, Psychoanalysis, or Eating Sawdust, or any "uplift" of the kind becomes desperately lopsided in his seriousness. And as a very large number of us either cultivate New Thought, or practice breathing exercises, or eat sawdust, no doubt the English visitors think us a desperate lot.

Anyway, it's an ill business to criticize another people's shortcomings. What I said at the start was that the British are just as humorous as are the Americans or the Canadians or any of us across the Atlantic. And for greater certainty I repeat it at the end.

ENIGMA

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I HAVE known loveliness that broke my heart:
Pale aspens through an evening wet with rain;
A dusty road whereon the rattling wain
Went creaking homeward from some crowded mart—
A road that wandered like a thing apart,
And made me dream of lost youth once again.
And what of roses with their crimson stain
Against a wall that crumbled from the start?

I drink all wonder avidly, lest I
Be absent from this world within a day.
I scarcely dare to sleep, or turn away,
Fearing that Death may whisper, "Say good-by
To this bright scene, and follow me!" Oh, why
Is Life so brief? Why can we not delay?

II

There is no instant but is packed with bliss;
And every hour is crowded with delight.
I see the stars upon a breathless night,
And the great stars of my metropolis.
The moon goes whirling down the blue abyss
Of darkness; and I tremble when the white
And awful dawn comes like an anchorite
To warn us that no moment must we miss.

Dumb in my adoration I could stand
Forever at the gates of dusk, and say,
"I shall remember this exultant day,
Bright as a clean sword in an angel's hand!
Each cloud I shall recall, each stretch of sand,
Each blossom in an orchard lit with May."

III

Yet the days pass like frightened ghosts. We, too,
Pass in a twinkling through this world of glory.
Beauty remains; but we are transitory.
Ten thousand years from now will fall the dew,
And high in heaven still hang that arch of blue;
The rose will still repeat its perfect story,
And after generations dim and hoary
The world will be a garden, clean and new.

Do we come back to haunt the best-loved places?
Are we the wind that murmurs in the pines?
Or does a Power that to the dust consigns
Our bodies, give us back fresh forms and faces,
And bid us be like actors with new lines
To ponder on earth's beauty and earth's graces?

TOP DOG

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER

THERE was a brief moment during Marcia Silvain's distractingly lovely infancy when she might have been, as Granny Silvain remarked at the time, "taken in hand."

It was six o'clock in the evening, and Granny Silvain, on a visit to her son and his wife, was toasting her toes luxuriously before the drawing-room fire as she read the paper and waited for them to come down from the nursery.

But it was Philip who came alone, and he came with the rapidity of panic. "You might take a look at the infant, mumsie," he remarked from the doorway in the studiously unemotional manner that his mother recognized as a sign of profound disturbance. "Nora seems to think she's in for a fit or something."

Granny Silvain, an erect, slender woman, was up the stairs in an instant, and gazing at baby Marcia, who lay in her cot. Baby Marcia's hands and teeth were clenched, her lips frothy, her lovely cheeks distended and flushed to a tinge that certainly approached purple.

"Oh, granny—what *is* it?" implored the younger woman.

Her mother-in-law's expression was enigmatic. "What happened?" she inquired.

"Why, nothing — nothing at all!" Nora explained, eagerly. "I simply can't understand it. She was crooning away to herself as happily as possible, with that big blue woolly ball you brought her dangling above her head. I just took it down and put it on one side, and when I came back to lift her out for her bath she was like *this*."

"I thought so," pronounced Granny Silvain, with some grimness. "Temper."

"Temper?" The young parents took up the word first in surprise, then in

unspeakable relief and amusement. Only temper? Unbelievable! And yet—how easy to prove its truth or falsehood. The thought flashed from Nora's eyes to Philip's, and Philip reached out a hand and replaced the blue ball on its hook. Once more it dangled its delectable woolly sphere above baby Marcia's head.

And it was true! To the bobbing bliss just out of reach baby Marcia's fit instantly yielded, breaking up into a heavenly gurgle, a seraphic smile. During the struggle that ensued between her infatuated parents for the first kiss Granny Silvain walked to the door.

"I suppose you know what you ought to do?" she inquired, dryly, over her shoulder.

"No. What?" demanded the worshippers.

"Spank her," said Granny Silvain.

Their heads lifted simultaneously.

"Spank—?"

"Spank *Marcia*?"

"Monster!"

"Solomon!"

"Hardened back number!"

Their laughing insults pursued Granny Silvain down the stairs, to the audible accompaniment of luscious kisses.

Thus early was it borne into the mind of the infant Marcia that it was a good, a desirable, an incalculably useful thing to go purple in the face. And to the spirit, if not to the actual letter, of that discovery she adhered firmly through the years that followed. Her father and mother never again had a chance against her; her brother Colin, born two years later, was hopelessly handicapped from the start; governesses, nurses, servants all accepted, after brief experiment, the topsy-turvy principle that it was better

never to have opposed Marcia at all than to have opposed her and lost.

Besides, Marcia really did offer exceptional terms for non-opposition. She grew in beauty like a vivid flower, for one thing; the kind of beauty that cannot be ignored and that even custom cannot stale. For you might think that you had seen the child Marcia at her best one night at a party; and the next morning you would meet her on her way to her bath, her arrowy slimness swathed in a severely useful dressing gown, her dark hair screwed into a tight knob above those dancing sunbeams, her eyes—and know that you had been mistaken.

For another thing, she really had striking graces besides those of person: the graces of a warm-hearted, quick-witted, generous nature. And all this—her unclouded beauty, her brains, her sympathy, her royal generosity—you might

have on the really preposterously easy terms of not opposing her will.

On the other hand, if you did oppose it, you had an extremely unpleasant time, for Marcia's will was like fire or water or any other elemental force; the flame that warmed you was capable, if trifled with, of consuming you; the liquid that, coming from a tap, was such a convenience, did astonishing damage if you hammered a rash nail through its conduit. In family life it is the worst temper that wins, and Marcia's temper seldom came within leagues of being challenged by any other in the house.

When in the fullness of time she went to school her family did, indeed, indulge faint hopes. But, after the sharp tussle of a first term, she won again. For it was not as if Marcia's will was a vicious or even a consistently revolutionary thing. As a rule, what she wanted was something quite sensible, quite reason-



WHEN THEY PLAYED ABSURD GAMES SHE BULLIED HIM OUTRAGEOUSLY

able; it was so much simpler, therefore, to let her have it than to provoke, by opposition, a storm that distracted the attention and upset the discipline of the whole school. Of course, an alternative possibility would have been to expel her, but there her genuine virtues saved her; for where Marcia reigned, as her teachers well knew, there would be no dishonor, no delving in mud, no slacking, even; nothing worse than the light-hearted mischief inseparable from youth, high spirits, and perfect health.

And it was at school that Marcia met Georgie Lush and summarily made her her best friend. Everybody, including Georgie, was astonished; for Georgie was indolent, placid, and far from clever—everything that Marcia was not, except that she, too, in her so different way, was pretty. But her desk was immediately in front of Marcia's, and it was really that which settled the matter. For whenever Georgie bent over that desk her two thick, bright plaits had a trick of swinging by their own weight forward, leaving behind them only a few small curls that lay flat, as if delicately penciled, against her white neck. Marcia found those curls entrancing; they looked so young and soft and somehow helpless; they stirred in her an immature passion of protection. But she was ludicrously incapable of expressing what Georgie's curls did to her.

Not that she did not try, of course. "I liked you the minute I saw you," she informed Georgie, forthrightly.

"Did you?" Georgie blushed and smiled.

"Yes. Do you know why I chose you for my friend?"

"N - no." Georgie was agreeably stirred by the prospect of a compliment to her prettiness.

"You looked so clean," Marcia pronounced. "Most people look dirty; haven't you noticed? Yes, they do; a *little* dirty, anyhow. But you and I don't."

This singular tribute, obviously satisfactory to Marcia, was less so to Georgie.

She made what she could of it, but it was not much; she had hoped for something that she could pass on to a discreet neighbor for circulation throughout the form. But "*clean!*"—no, it was impossible.

The unlikely friendship flourished, however, and was probably the only one that Marcia could have sustained unbroken through so many years. For Georgie did not mind being bossed; she was lazy and rather liked it. It saved trouble to know that Marcia was ready and indeed determined to make up her mind for her on every occasion. And Marcia, in return, bestowed upon Georgie a strikingly selfless and disinterested devotion. If she "ran" Georgie (as she undoubtedly did), it was always in Georgie's own best interests. She was ready to fight to the death for Georgie, to sacrifice any pleasure of her own for her, to give her anything she possessed—provided only that she thought it good for Georgie and that Georgie did exactly what she told her about it.

She was an excellent friend for Georgie; anybody could see that. She stimulated her sluggish intelligence; she goaded her to violent exercise; she saved her temporarily from her idle and over-indulgent self.

Georgie, on the other hand, was extremely bad for Marcia. For by her acquiescence in Marcia's beneficent autocracy she strengthened it; and when they both left school it made little difference to their relationship. Marcia, in the interval of deciding what she was going to do with her life, continued ardently to play games, to read, to attend concerts and lectures, to seek out any form of nourishment on which, with her voracious mental appetite, she could bite hard; and she continued relentlessly to drag Georgie with her.

Two or three times, nevertheless, Georgie managed to find an interval for falling in love, and they would have a conversation on the subject.

"He's simply a *darling*, Marcia."

"Yes, but, Georgie, he's only a stu-

dent." (For they were always medical students, contemporaries of Colin at his hospital.) "It will be six or eight years before he can marry anybody. If *I* were in love with him, that wouldn't matter, because I could wait. But you can't wait for things; you know very well you can't, Georgie."

And Georgie knew very well she couldn't. With a sigh she sacrificed her students, one after another, on the altar of Marcia's will.

Each time, as soon as she had done it, Marcia would be nice to her. "Don't you be in such a *hurry*, you little idiot. It will be all right. . . . You wait and see. . . ."

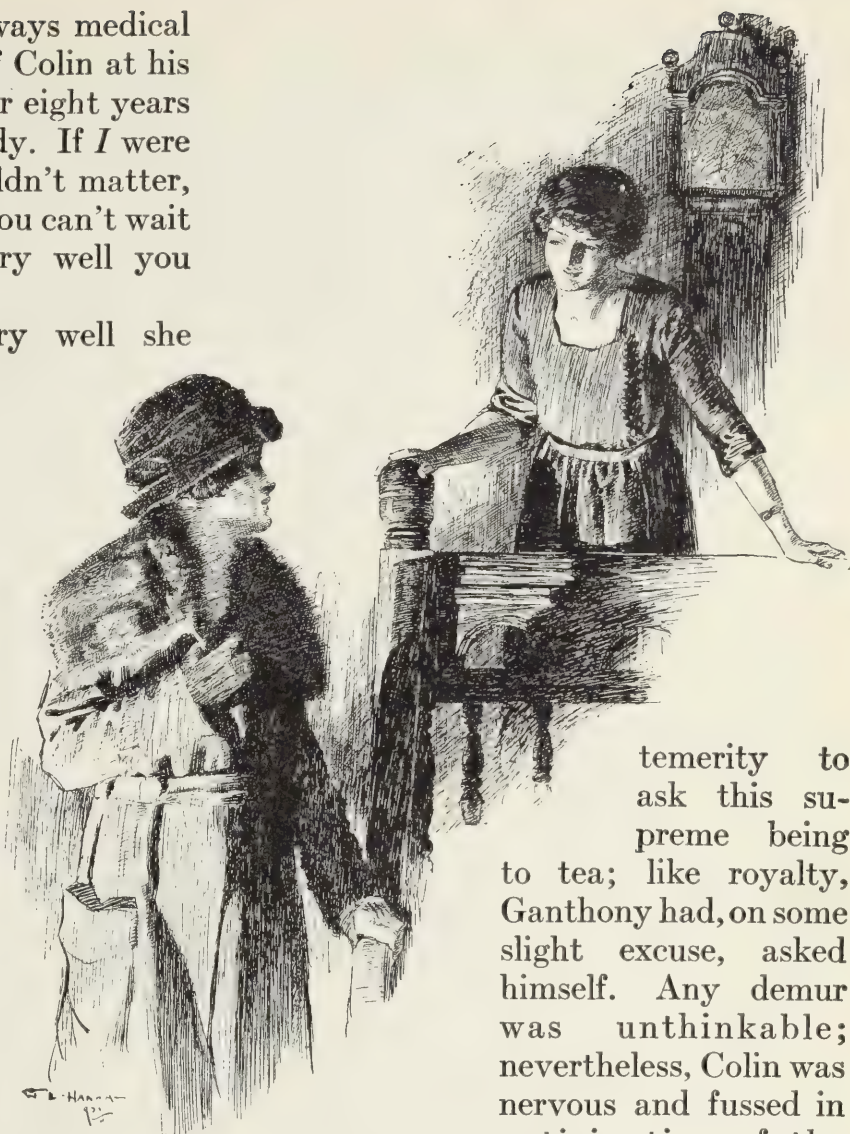
And Georgie, comforted, would go home with an agreeable thrill, half persuaded that Marcia had a delightful husband already up her sleeve for her, just as in their school days she had so often had a box of delightful chocolates saved up for her in her pocket.

Marcia hadn't. All she meant was that, since Georgie was so anxious to be married, she would keep her eyes open for her and secure anyone suitable who might turn up; Georgie had only to leave it to her, as usual.

It was in an interval of its being left to her, and when Georgie had for the moment no particular student in tow, that Colin announced, at home, "I say—Ganthony's coming in to tea on Sunday."

The simple statement conveys nothing of the magnificence of the prospect. To appreciate it at its full value one would have had to be Colin or one of his fellow-students at the hospital, where Nigel Ganthony was king, if not god.

Colin, of course, had not had the



"DO YOU MIND NOT MONOPOLIZING HIM SO?"

temerity to ask this supreme being to tea; like royalty, Ganthony had, on some slight excuse, asked himself. Any demur was unthinkable; nevertheless, Colin was nervous and fussed in anticipation of the event.

"I hope to goodness you won't start ragging or ordering *him*

about, Marcia," he counseled, with a lamentable lack of finesse. "He's not used to it, I can tell you."

The light of mischief danced in Marcia's lovely, fearless eyes. She resolved to subject her brother's hero to exactly the same treatment as any other young man. For he *was* young, she gathered—barely thirty, although already, evidently, something of a figure in his profession. He was probably abominably self-confident and eaten up with vanity, she reflected; so much adulation must be bad for any man, and the thought of herself as a corrective was pleasing. As an afterthought she asked Georgie to tea on the same Sunday; it was just possible, she allowed,

that he might do for Georgie; she would decide after seeing him.

But with the coming of Sunday two unexpected facts presented themselves. The first was that nothing could well have revealed less bumpthousness than Nigel Ganthony's manner, which was quiet and natural. The second fact (involving a good many others) was that she had seen him before.

And that fact, she found, was really rather interesting, even exciting; for this second meeting (hitherto attributed to some unsuspected brilliance or promise in Colin) could now mean nothing less than that he had come for *her*; it was the deliberate result of their first meeting. If the fact had not been obvious in itself, she would have known it by the way his rather shy eyes, after encountering all the others in the room, came to rest on her—not with the surprise, eagerness, sudden homage of a stranger; but simply with satisfaction, with the quiet contentment of a plan fulfilled.

And that sent her thoughts racing back to their first meeting—to that oddly intimate silence that they had shared for an hour a fortnight before. Marcia was healthily unsentimental, and in the interval the significance of that hour had rather faded; but now it returned as the vivid and moving thing that it had seemed at the time.

There had been a lecture—a literature lecture by a distinguished writer and critic; and (Georgie being in bed with influenza) Marcia had gone to it alone, and had sat on a chair at the end of a row. Next to her had been a man, and during most of the interval before the lecture began she had been quite indifferent to his personality. Then suddenly, as he turned a page in his book, she had happened to notice his hands, and was struck by their unusual beauty and sensitiveness. From his hands she had glanced to his face—to find him quietly studying hers. At that they had both flushed and turned away, and then the lecturer had come in. The lecture had

caught her interest at once; she had listened to it with a genuine, increasing delight, and for a time had forgotten her neighbor. Gradually, however, born of that very delight and of her resultant impatience with an audience too slow of response to delicate allusions and the lightning-play of wit, she had become aware of some intellectual kinship and sympathy with the man at her side.

He, too, was distressed by a slowness, an obtuseness in the audience; he, too, was not only enchanted with lecturer and lecture, but was missing nothing, was picking up every point as swiftly as it was made. And she had found that silent companionship exhilarating; more and more, as the lecture proceeded, they had been like two trained athletes contending in a friendly rivalry of skill amid the horseplay of clumsy bumpkins. Once, even, as they smiled in unison a full minute before a particular point made its mark on the bulk of the audience, their eyes had met again—giving them the effect of smiling at each other.

That had been all. Only, now, here was her neighbor of the lecture again, deliberately here, and bearing the name—Colin's "crested and prevailing name"—of Nigel Ganthony. She forgot Georgie and her claims completely for the moment, for she was engaged in fighting down a strange new fear of her own. She had been free, and something was threatening her freedom; she longed for escape, yet at the same time would not have moved if she could. It was unprecedented; it was horribly disconcerting.

In revenge she treated Ganthony to something more than her usual high-handedness. She forced him to sit next to Georgie instead of by herself at tea; she contradicted him repeatedly, though lightly; later, when they all played absurd pencil-and-paper games round the fire, she bullied him outrageously, disputing his definitions, disallowing the technical terms with which he would have snatched victories, even condemning his handwriting as illegible.

Colin was furious with her; the visitor himself yielded to her so readily, so absolutely, that she was secretly ashamed of herself. But at least she had established her point—Nigel Ganthony went down before her will as everyone else did.

When he said he must go he secured two minutes alone with her. It was not until afterward that she realized it had been his doing. Both his speech and manner were so quiet, so casual, so entirely without emphasis, that he was able to say and do significant things without their significance being recognized at the moment.

He looked at the etching on the wall of her little sitting room that he had asked to see, and then at her—with a smile. It was a smile so content, so trustful, establishing, as it were, so unwarrantable a footing of perfect confidence between them that she was startled and confused. She plunged into some gibe about his early departure, sug-

gesting with laughing impudence that he was going home only to collect material wherewith to dazzle Colin and his fellow-students on the morrow in his lecture room.

He laughed softly in return. "No. I'm going to do nothing worse than read."

"Ah—but what weighty tomes?" she challenged.

"Shakespeare."

"Really?" Her eyebrows rose skeptically. "Which?"

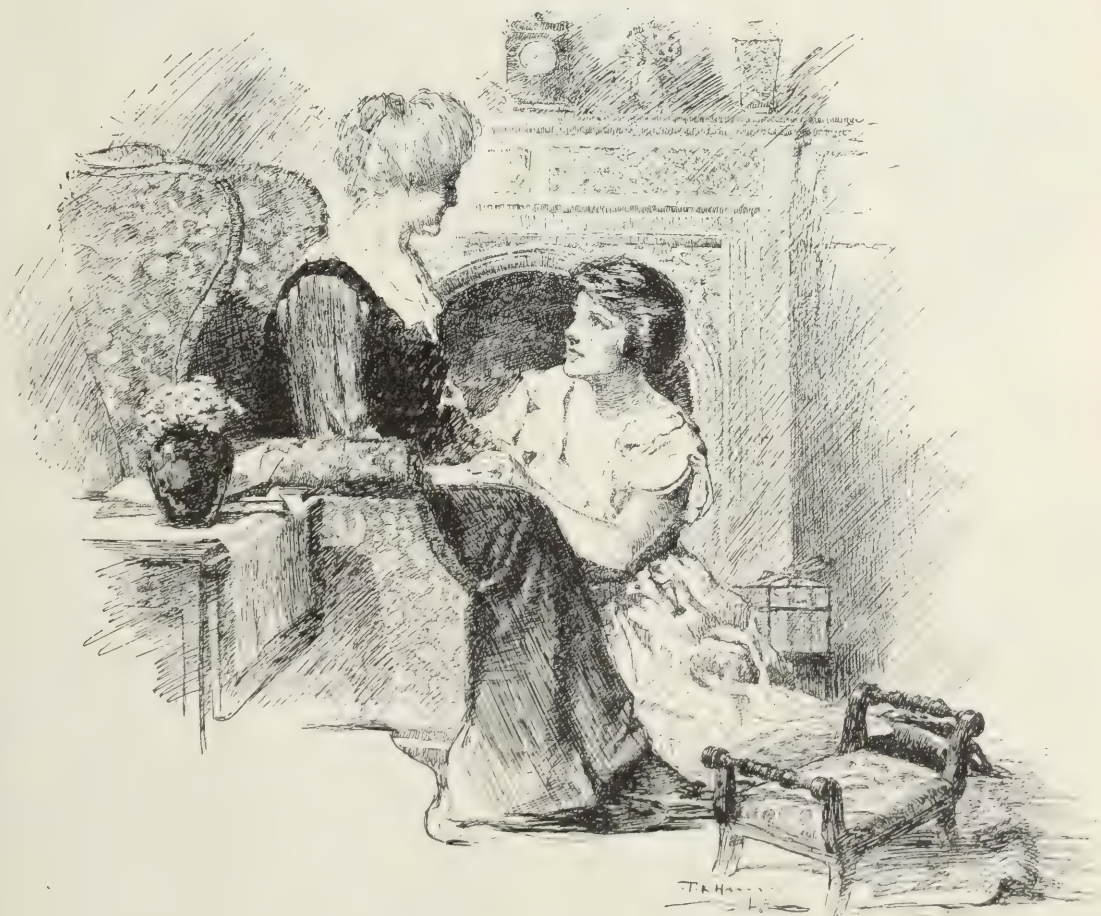
"I'm not quite sure. 'Pericles,' I think."

"What a choice!"

"Of plays? But if it's in it—the passage, the two or three words I want—it's worth going through all the five acts of only conjectural Shakespeare to find it."

"So good?" she mocked. "And so private?"

He looked at her with quiet intent-



MARCIA SHOOK HER HEAD. "NO, HE'S NOT A FOOL, GRANNY"



"I'M SCARED TO DEATH OF HIM NOW, GRANNY"

ness. "So good," he agreed in his cool and level voice that left her unprepared for his next words. "To my thinking, at any rate, it is perfect; it describes you—body, mind, and spirit."

"Oh!" she murmured, utterly taken aback.

"Good-by," he added. "If I find it, I'll send it to you."

He was gone, and Georgie was talking about going. Marcia took her upstairs

to put on her hat. And there another surprise awaited her.

"Oh, Marcia, isn't he simply *divine*?" Georgie burred ecstatically. Then her eyes snapped sudden triumph. "And you'll have your work cut out, my dear, won't you, to find anything against *him*!"

Marcia felt a curious pang. "But, Georgie," she protested, "you don't mean, surely—or do you—?"

"Of course I do," Georgie declared, serenely. "Why should you be surprised? He's glorious. I'll never, never love anyone else."

"Oh, what a *flapper* you are still!" Marcia retorted, irritably—even savagely—and was surprised by her own heat. "Think how many times you've said that before!"

"They were all quite different to this," Georgie explained, with dignity. "And, Marcia, do you mind next time not *monopolizing* him so? You see, it's just play to you, but to me it's serious."

"Oh—certainly," Marcia agreed, lamely. She was helpless for the moment, because stung in her virginal pride. ("Monopolizing!")

Georgie took the stairs with an insufferable stateliness, and Marcia recovered. "Oh, by the way!" she called over the banisters.

"Well?" Georgie arrested her swan-like progress.

"Do you mind—next time—saying 'different *from*'? You see, it's just play to you, but to some people—and I shouldn't wonder if he's one of them—it's serious."

"Beast!" exploded Georgie, with dignity shattered.

All that night Marcia managed to confine herself to the facts and to shirk the essential truth. Georgie had fallen in love with Nigel Ganthony, and Georgie's remark had been perfectly just—there *was* nothing against him. He and Georgie could get engaged and married just as soon as they chose, except that—

It was that exception which she fought successfully until the morning. But then, with her early cup of tea and her letters, it vanquished her. She recognized Ganthony's writing on an envelope, the small, scholarly writing that she had publicly criticized, secretly admired. She tore it open. Within was a single thin slip of paper, and on it the words:

As wandlike straight.—*Pericles*: v, 1

VOL. CXLIV.—No. 862.—57

Nothing more. No signature, no date, no address. Nevertheless, she knew it for what it was—a love letter, and from him.

"As wandlike . . .?" In a flash she was out of bed, had flown to her bookshelves, was turning pages, making queer little unconscious sounds of mingled impatience and mirth and excitement as her eyes devoured the lines. Ah, here was the place. In perfect stillness she read the whole speech. But—he had gathered for her its one faultless flower! All the rest—brows, stature, eyes, voice—were not the descriptions of these the work either of a second-rate mind, or else of the master mind in a mood of weariness, flatness, mechanic fluency?

Well, but was not that what he had said? "If it's in it—the passage, the two or three words I want." And he was right! Only that one phrase was lambent with the natural magic of genius, a silver arrow flying true. . . . Her heart was smitten to surrender before the eyes that had seen her so and loved her for it. "As wandlike straight"—the delicate, ethereal note of it! "As *wandlike*" O treasure-trove from the land of faery to grace a mortal maid! She turned shyly sideways toward her mirror, remembering, tasting the ultimate implications of his thought. What else was it he had said? — "*body, mind, and spirit*" Ah no, it was too sweet for endurance in the open, like that! With a flying leap she was back on the bed, her pillow receiving her tears and laughter, her muffled voice repeating an astonishing, unauthorized word as though she had never known any other — "Darling—darling—darling!"

The clock on Granny Silvain's mantelpiece chimed a single silver note; it was half past ten, and the owner of the clock put down her book. "Well, Marcia, what about bed?" she inquired.

The girl looked up from the paper that she had not been reading, hesitated, and

flushed. Then, with a sudden impulsive movement she was on the floor, her head resting against her grandmother's knee. "Oh — not yet, granny!" she said. "Please not quite yet. Talk to me."

Granny Silvain considered that proposition for a moment in silence; then she amended it. "You mean you want to talk to me, Marcia. Out with it, then."

The girl's fingers slid into hers. "It's only"—she attempted a laugh—"oh, granny, I *wish* I'd been spanked! You know—that time when I was a b-baby." The gallant voice faltered.

"Well?" said her grandmother, quietly. "Go on. You want to tell me, don't you?"

The girl nodded. "Granny, it's—Nigel."

"I thought so. There's been something between you two, then, after all?"

"Yes, there's been something—between us."

An ironic note in the last two words suggested a clew. "A quarrel, you mean, Marcia? You've opposed him over something, I suppose, and won't give in? Well, you seem to have met your match this time, since you've been here two months and the man doesn't come near you."

The girl did not take offense at the blunt words; well enough she knew herself for an old woman's darling.

"No, no, granny; you've got it wrong. I've made him do what I wanted. He"—she glanced at the clock—"he's probably doing it at this very minute."

"Doing what? Remember I know nothing, Marcia."

"No—of course. Nobody knows anything, except Georgie—and Nigel—and I. But now—in an hour or so, granny, everybody will know that they are engaged. He'll have asked her at the dance."

"Doctor Ganthony?—and Georgie? How in the world do you know?"

"Because I asked him to do it."

"Well, really, Marcia—!"

"I know—I know. I must tell you

from the beginning. I love him, granny. I wasn't meaning to love him or anybody; I wasn't thinking about love. It—just happened—to both of us. But, all the same, I've asked him to marry Georgie, and he's going to, for my sake."

Her grandmother, having explored the possibilities of speech in vain, remained silent.

"You see, granny, Georgie loves him, too; she loves him so much that she got ill over it. At first I didn't worry about her; I thought it was only another of her passing fancies. But it wasn't; she got worse and worse. She wouldn't eat; she couldn't sleep; and I was the only person who knew what was the matter with her. She only told her mother that I could help her if I would. Naturally her mother implored me to; naturally she told me what their family doctor feared for her. But I held out; I didn't believe it; I couldn't and wouldn't. Then they called in Nigel in consultation. (I couldn't stop that, of course, without giving Georgie away.) And at first Georgie was excited and pleased; she began to get *better* because she thought she'd a chance of making Nigel love her. But when she saw that it was no good, that she was nothing to him but a patient, she lost heart suddenly and altogether; she despaired.

"Granny, you know what despair can do to a person, body and mind. I saw then that Georgie would either die or lose her reason if she didn't get what her heart was set on. And it was my fault, granny—that was the point; I was trapped—trapped by myself. I'd made myself responsible for Georgie. All those years I'd never allowed her to fight anything by herself, to develop courage or self-control; and now, when she needed them, they weren't there. I'd always bullied her, but at the same time I'd always spoiled her. She simply couldn't believe that there was really something I wouldn't let her have, and for no better reason than that I wanted it myself. It was my fault that she couldn't believe it;

I'd made her like that. Oh, granny, I'm *responsible* for Georgie! I wish—I wish I weren't, but I am. And so in the end I saw what I had to do. Nigel and I are strong, and Georgie is weak; We can suffer without—dying of it. And so we've got to. On the day that Nigel came to—tell me he loved me, I explained it all to him. I knew he'd understand and do what I asked if he loved me *enough*—if my suffering meant more to him than his own happiness. So I told him and he understood."

There was a brief pause. "I don't believe it!" declared Granny Silvain, bluntly. "The man can't be such a fool as all that, Marcia, or you wouldn't love him."

Marcia shook her head, smiling faintly. "No, he's not a fool, granny. But—don't you understand?—I gave him up; I sent him away, definitely and finally. I made it plain that, whether he married Georgie or not, it was all over between him and me. I *had* to do that—if Georgie was to have a fair chance."

"And you mean to tell me that he gave in to you?—that he agreed to carry through, at your dictation, this—this quintessence of quixotic dementia? What did he say?"

"Oh, Nigel's not a talker!" the girl countered, evasively. "He just understood."

"Still, he must have said *something* in reply to your hare-brained scheme," her grandmother argued, reasonably, "or how do you know that he's carrying out your orders?"

"He—he didn't say anything," Marcia murmured, and turned her head away. "He just stood quite still, thinking, for a long time."

"Yes? And then?" her grandmother persisted.

"And then—granny, and then he kissed me. That's all. After that he went away at once. But he'd kissed me. I knew he loved me—loved me enough to do what I asked—to make Georgie

well and happy in the only way possible. His kiss—it was a *promise*, granny; I know it was."

"And after that?"

"After that I came here to you—to wait. It's nearly over now, the waiting. I know what he's been doing, granny; all their letters from home have shown me. He's gradually been seeing more of Georgie, and she's better; she's practically well. He started those Sunday evenings at his house so that he could see her that way; he's giving this dance to-night to—settle it. I know, I know. Only—oh, granny, if I'd been spanked! Think of it. I'd never have tried then to boss anybody—not even Georgie. And so I shouldn't have been responsible for her, shouldn't have had to give her—" Her voice caught; there was another pause. "Granny?"

"Well?"

"It *does* get better—with time—doesn't it?"

Her grandmother caught her by the shoulders and drew her almost roughly to her breast. "You fool, Marcia! You arrant, unspeakable, pig-headed . . . There, there, darling! Don't try to stop it. Let it come, my sweeting; let it come."

But Marcia would not let it come. "Not till—after to-morrow," she said.

"Why to-morrow?"

"Because he'll come to tell me. Oh, granny, don't you *know* he'll come to tell me—as soon as it's settled?"

He came. He was alone, waiting for her, in the room to which she was summoned. His greeting was formal, unsmiling. As she took the chair that he placed for her she felt curiously small and weak, ashamed, even afraid. This was no longer Nigel—her Nigel. He was an innocent man whom she had condemned to the rack; and now he was here to tell her what the rack felt like—the prisoner was somehow changed into the judge.

"You knew I should come, Marcia?"

"Yes." It was all she could answer.

Her tongue felt like a leaden weight in her mouth.

"Georgie is better."

"Yes."

"She is all but well."

"Yes."

"The wedding is in June."

This time she could not speak at all; she could not even see him. Her hands went out to him in a mute appeal that he should understand what she would say—her love, her suffering, her gratitude, her homage. And he did not move.

"There is nothing to thank me for, Marcia," he said. "I have not done what you asked."

"Not done—?" Her hands dropped.

"No. You had no right to ask it. I have set my judgment against yours, and the event has, as it happens, proved me right; I am here to tell you about it. But if it had proved me wrong, I should in the same circumstances do the same thing to-morrow. I want you to understand that quite clearly." There was no anger, no triumph in his voice, only that uninflected steadiness with which he always spoke.

"I don't—understand anything," she protested.

"I will tell you. From the first, Marcia, I saw that your scheme was idiotic, unworkable. All it could have done was to make three people unhappy instead of one. But I also saw that it was no use telling you so. For what would have happened then? Deadlock—I refusing to marry Georgie; you refusing to marry me. And so *ad infinitum*. Isn't that so?"

"I—suppose so," she answered, uncertainly.

"Suppose?" His steady eyes demanded more of her; with an effort she gave it.

"Yes, it is true," she amended.

"Thank you. I was forced, therefore, to take another way; I was justified in taking another way—the way not of argument, but of proof. For you had attempted to control two matters that

were none of your business—my work and my love. To do that, Marcia, to anybody is to trespass on the inalienable rights of the individual. Take the question of my work first. You know nothing about medicine, yet you did not even think it necessary to consult me with regard to your friend. You decided that the problem was insoluble except in one way, and you called upon me to solve it in that way. But to me Georgie's condition was not unprecedented; it indicated a fairly common form of hysteria, and I have dealt with it accordingly.

"What Georgie wanted was a husband. For a time, it is true, she was under the impression that only one particular husband could satisfy her, but that delusion has yielded easily enough to the treatment of placing before her several other possible husbands. Last night, at the dance I gave in the hope of clinching the matter, my diagnosis was proved correct. Georgie is engaged to young Dallington, a senior student of mine, with very few brains and a good deal of money. But if it hadn't been Dallington it would certainly quite soon have been somebody else.

"There remains, Marcia, the question of my love for you. You may reject that love for any reason that seems to you sufficient; you have rejected it. But I am at liberty to go on loving you as long as I live, to remain unmarried for love of you, if I choose. That is no business of yours, and I do not admit your right of interference. You claimed that right, and so there is nothing more to be said. Only, if some day you should see that you were wrong—that your terms were too high—you would, I know, revise them; for you have a sense of justice. In that case, Marcia, I trust you to give me a sign. I am yours, you know, for always—yours or no one's. Good-by."

Before that—before the threat of his going—she found herself somehow on her feet. For she loved him; she knew now for the first time what love was.

It was the tremor, the longing, the glow that she had felt before; but it was also this strange rapture, this proud confidence based on a new thing—on the bedrock of respect. . . . (*She had not been able to do what she liked with him! She had met her match!*) And instantly on the thought came panic lest she should, after all, lose what was now doubly dear.

"Nigel!"—he stopped and turned, but he made no responsive movement as she came toward him—"I revise my terms. Immediately. Thankfully. Abjectly. Will—will that do—Petruchio?"

His eyes searched hers swiftly. The man she had never seen before, the man adored by Colin and his fellows, the man who was wax in things that did not matter, adamant in things that did, vanished in a flash, and the lover took his place. His hands were on her shoulders; he was looking down at her with wonder, with something like awe.

"Marcia!—you mean it? *Surrender?*—without bitterness, without humiliation? And—without delay?"

She nodded. "But you mustn't get a swelled head, you know," she warned him, rallying instantly. "If I surrender, it's not to you. Anybody may surrender honorably, mayn't he, to—the truth?"

More than ever he looked at her as at something unbelievable, immeasurably precious. "The greatness of you," he said below his breath, "*the greatness . . .*" Then, with one of those swift descents that flesh is heir to, his eyes troubled. "Then you didn't mean the other, Marcia?—about—Petruchio? You know it's not a case of mastery?—or, at least—only over myself?"

She glinted mischief, behind her tears, and thrust forth a declamatory arm. "I am the master of my fate," she annotated; "I am the captain of my—"

He pinioned the arm. "Yes, but you *do* know you've nothing of that sort to fear from me?" he insisted. "Tell me. Say it."

"Oh yes—yes!" she assured him. "I know. You're modern—modern to your adorable finger tips that I first fell in love with. You'll refuse ever to be top dog in the good old-fashioned way—however desirable it might be for *me*." She sighed elaborately. "Well, I must content myself, I suppose, with the knowledge that I'm not top dog, either—never was, where you are concerned—never shall be. And that, after all, is an almost insane pleasure in itself, isn't it?—never, never to have to be top dog any more! It's like—" She fell into smiling thought.

"Yes?"

She laughed. "Oh, I don't know—nothing much! Well, then, it's like—I was thinking of one winter at school; one hockey season. As it happened, we made a very good start—simply couldn't lose anything for several weeks. So then, of course, we made up our minds that we *wouldn't* lose anything—not a single match. And it was terrible—nerve shattering; the strain got worse every week. We did manage to worry through the season undefeated, but it wasn't really worth it. The next year we were all secretly delighted when we lost the very first match."

"Yes; but— Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Silvain?"

Granny Silvain stood in the doorway, examining them shrewdly. It was too late to profess that Marcia's cheek had not been laid against Nigel's waistcoat, so she left it there.

"Well, I suppose I congratulate you both?" inferred Granny Silvain. "But, really—talking hockey already! You young people nowadays get through your affairs so expeditiously."

Marcia made a wry face. "Some affairs, granny, are so painful that one's glad to get through them."

"What do you mean, child?"

Marcia pointed a finger upward in the direction of Nigel's head. "He denies it, granny. He says he never did and never will. But all the same, I *have* been, and you'll be pleased."

"Have been what?"

"I'm scared to death of him now, granny—though appearances are perhaps a little against me just at the moment. He's capable of anything. And so I'll never, never do it any more."

"Madcap! What is she talking about, Doctor Ganthony? *What* has she been?"

"Spanked," affirmed Marcia, pensively. "Spanked so hard, granny, that now I daren't ask him for a single thing—not even the most inconsiderable trifle—not so much as another kiss—in case I should be trespassing on the inalienable rights of the individ— Thank you, Nigel!"

HONEY

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

THE bee's way is a blue way
Through the trembling air.
Bearing rich merchandise,
On fragile wings he flies,
He has sacks of pollen gold,
And casks of flower wine,
And mysteries untold
Of scent and color fine.

Wingless, men come and go
Along white ways that lie
Winding and long and slow.
The honey-bees go by
On the blue way and high,
Dropping to earth to sip
At some weed's scarlet lip,
Singing a drowsy rhyme
Over green herbs that drip
By hidden streams—sharp thyme,
And spearmint and catnip.

On my milk-white bread
Brown honey I will spread—
Topaz honey found
By bees with pleasant sound
Of summer melodies.
Red clover, water-cress,
Wild grape and its sweetness,
Walled gardens, apple-trees,
The singing honey-bees
Have visited. They know
Where spirits go, and scents
Hold secret sacraments,
And little winds are free,
And clouds speak intimately.

UNPUBLISHED CHAPTERS FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK TWAIN

PART II

FROM time to time during the last half of his life Mark Twain wrote or dictated chapters of recollections and comment which he classed under the general head of Autobiography. The early attempts were erratic, and not long continued, but in January, 1906, in conjunction with his biographer, he began a series of dictations which continued steadily through that year, and intermittently during the years that followed, to the end of his life. Selections from these dictations which Mark Twain thought might appear with propriety during his lifetime were printed during 1906 and 1907. The greater portion of the manuscript, however, remains unpublished, and contains much of his choicest work.

The Autobiography was not written as a continuous narrative. The author wrote or dictated whatever happened to be in his mind at the moment, regardless of chronology or sequence.

HOW wonderful are the ways of Providence! But I will take that up later.

About forty years ago I was a reporter on the *Morning Call* of San Francisco. I was more than that—I was *the* reporter. There was no other. There was enough work for one, and a little over, but not enough for two—according to Mr. Barnes's idea, and he was the proprietor, and therefore better situated to know about it than other people. By nine in the morning I had to be at police court for an hour and make a brief history of the squabbles of the night before. They were usually between Irishmen and Irishmen, and Chinamen and Chinamen, with now and then a squabble between the two races, for a change. Each day's evidence was substantially a duplicate of the evidence of the day before, therefore the daily performance was killingly monotonous and wearisome. So far as I could see, there was only one man connected with it who found anything like a compensating interest in it, and that was the court interpreter. He was an English-

man who was glibly familiar with fifty-six Chinese dialects. He had to change from one to another of them every ten minutes, and this exercise was so energizing that it kept him always awake—which was not the case with the reporters. Next, we visited the higher courts, and made notes of the decisions which had been rendered the day before. All the courts came under the head of "regulars." They were sources of reportorial information which never failed. During the rest of the day we raked the town from end to end, gathering such material as we might, wherewith to fill our required column—and if there were no fires to report, we started some. At night we visited the six theaters, one after the other, seven nights in the week, three hundred and sixty-five nights in the year. We remained in each of those places five minutes, got the merest passing glimpse of play and opera, and with that for a text we "wrote up" those plays and operas, as the phrase goes, torturing our souls every night, from the beginning of the year to the end of it, in the effort to find something to say

about those performances which we had not said a couple of hundred times before. There has never been a time, from that day to this (forty years), that I have been able to look at even the outside of a theater without a spasm of the dry gripes, as "Uncle Remus" calls it—and as for the inside, I know next to nothing about that, for in all this time I have seldom had a sight of it, nor ever had a desire in that regard which couldn't have been overcome by argument.

After having been hard at work from nine or ten in the morning until eleven at night scraping material together, I took the pen and spread this much out in words and phrases, and made it cover as much acreage as I could. It was fearful drudgery—soulless drudgery—and almost destitute of interest. It was an awful slavery for a lazy man, and I was born lazy. I am no lazier now than I was forty years ago, but that is because I reached the limit forty years ago. You can't go beyond possibility.

Finally there was an event. One Sunday afternoon I saw some hoodlums chasing and stoning a Chinaman who was heavily laden with the weekly wash of his Christian customers, and I noticed that a policeman was observing this performance with an amused interest—nothing more. He did not interfere. I wrote up the incident with considerable warmth and holy indignation. Usually I didn't want to read, in the morning, what I had written the night before; it had come from a torpid heart. But this item had come from a live one. There was fire in it, and I believed it was literature—and so I sought for it in the paper next morning with eagerness. It wasn't there. It wasn't there the next morning, nor the next. I went up to the composing room and found it tucked away among condemned matter on the standing galley. I asked about it. The foreman said Mr. Barnes had found it in a galley proof and ordered its extinction. And Mr. Barnes furnished his reasons—either to me or to the foreman,

I don't remember which; but they were commercially sound. He said that the *Call* was the paper of the poor; it was the only cheap paper. It gathered its livelihood from the poor, and must respect their prejudices, or perish. The Irish were the poor. They were the stay and support of the *Morning Call*; without them the *Morning Call* could not survive a month—and they hated the Chinamen. Such an assault as I had attempted could rouse the whole Irish hive, and seriously damage the paper. The *Call* could not afford to publish articles criticizing the hoodlums for stoning Chinamen.

I was lofty in those days. I have survived it. I was unwise, then. I am up-to-date now. Day before yesterday's New York *Sun* has a paragraph or two from its London correspondent which enables me to locate myself. The correspondent mentions a few of our American events of the past twelvemonth, such as the limitless rottenness of our great Insurance Companies, where theft has been carried on by our most distinguished commercial men as a profession; the exposures of conscienceless graft—colossal graft—in great municipalities like Philadelphia, St. Louis, and other large cities; the recent exposure of millionfold graft in the great Pennsylvania railway system—with minor uncoverings of commercial swindles from one end of the United States to the other; and finally to-day's lurid exposure, by Upton Sinclair of the most titanic and death-dealing swindle of them all, the Beef Trust, an exposure which has moved the President to demand of a reluctant Congress a law which shall protect America and Europe from falling, in a mass, into the hands of the doctor and the undertaker. According to that correspondent, Europe is beginning to wonder if there is really an honest male human creature left in the United States. A year ago, I was satisfied that there was no such person existing upon American soil—except myself. That exception has since been

rubbed out, and now it is my belief that there isn't a single male human being in America who is honest. I held the belt all alone, until last January. Then I went down, with Rockefeller and Carnegie and a group of Goulds and Vanderbilts and other professional grafters, and swore off my taxes like the most conscienceless of the lot. I was a great loss to America, because I was irreplaceable. It is my belief that it will take fifty years to produce my successor. I believe the entire population of the United States—exclusive of the women—to be rotten, as far as the dollar is concerned. Understand, I am saying these things as a dead person. I should consider it indiscreet in any live one to make these remarks publicly.

But, as I was saying, I was loftier forty years ago than I am now, and I felt a deep shame in being situated as I was—slave of such a journal as the *Morning Call*. If I had been still loftier I would have thrown up my berth and gone out and starved, like any other hero. But I had never had any experience. I had dreamed heroism, like everybody, but I had had no practice, and I didn't know how to begin. I couldn't bear to begin with starving. I had already come near to that once or twice in my life, and got no real enjoyment out of remembering about it. I knew I couldn't get another berth if I resigned. I knew it perfectly well. Therefore I swallowed my humiliation and stayed where I was. But, whereas there had been little enough interest attaching to my industries before, there was none at all now. I continued my work, but I took not the least interest in it, and naturally there were results. I got to neglecting it. As I have said, there was too much of it for one man. The way I was conducting it now, there was apparently work enough in it for two or three. Even Barnes noticed that, and told me to get an assistant, on half wages. There was a great hulking creature down in the counting room—good-natured, obliging, unintellectual—and he was getting little or nothing a

week and boarding himself. A graceless boy of the counting-room force who had no reverence for anybody or anything, was always making fun of this beach-comber, and he had a name for him which somehow seemed intensely apt and descriptive—I don't know why. He called him Smiggy McGlural. I offered the berth of assistant to Smiggy, and he accepted it with alacrity and gratitude. He went at his work with ten times the energy that was left in me. He was not intellectual, but mentality was not required or needed in a *Morning Call* reporter, and so he conducted his office to perfection. I gradually got to leaving more and more of the work to McGlural. I grew lazier and lazier, and within thirty days he was doing almost the whole of it. It was also plain that he could accomplish the whole of it, and more, all by himself, and therefore had no real need of me.

It was at this crucial moment that that event happened which I mentioned awhile ago. Mr. Barnes discharged me. He did not discharge me rudely. It was not in his nature to do that. He was a large, handsome man, with a kindly face and courteous ways, and was faultless in his dress. He could not have said a rude, ungentle thing to anybody. He took me privately aside and advised me to resign. It was like a father advising a son for his good, and I obeyed.

I was on the world, now, with nowhere to go. By my Presbyterian training I knew that the *Morning Call* had brought disaster upon itself. I knew the ways of Providence, and I knew that this offense would have to be answered for. I could not foresee when the penalty would fall nor what shape it would take, but I was as certain that it would come, sooner or later, as I was of my own existence. I could not tell whether it would fall upon Barnes or upon his newspaper. But Barnes was the guilty one, and I knew, by my training, that the punishment always falls upon the innocent one, consequently I felt sure that it was the newspaper that at some

future day would suffer for Barnes's crime.

Sure enough! Among the very first pictures that arrived, in the fourth week of April—there stood the *Morning Call* building towering out of the wrecked city, like a Washington Monument; and the body of it was all gone, and nothing was left but the iron bones! It was then that I said, "How wonderful are the ways of Providence!" I had known it would happen. I had known it for forty years. I had never lost my confidence in Providence during all that time. It was put off longer than I was expecting, but it was now comprehensive and satisfactory enough to make up for that.

In those ancient times the counting room of the *Morning Call* was on the ground floor; the office of the superintendent of the United States Mint was on the next floor above, with Bret Harte as private secretary of the superintendent. The quarters of the editorial staff and the reporter were on the third floor, and the composing room on the fourth and final floor. I spent a good deal of time with Bret Harte in his office after Smiggy McGlural came, but not before that. Harte was doing a good deal of writing for the *Californian*—contributing "Condensed Novels" and sketches to it, and also acting as editor, I think. I was a contributor. So was Charles H. Webb, also Prentiss Mulford, also a young lawyer named Hastings, who gave promise of distinguishing himself in literature some day. Charles Warren Stoddard was a contributor. Ambrose Bierce, who is still writing acceptably for the magazines to-day, was then employed on some paper in San Francisco—the *Golden Era*, perhaps. We had very good times together—very social and pleasant times. But that was after Smiggy McGlural came to my assistance; there was no leisure before that. Smiggy was a great advantage to me—during thirty days. Then he turned into a disaster.

It was Mr. Swain, superintendent of the Mint, who discovered Bret Harte.

Harte had arrived in California in the 'fifties, twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and had wandered up into the surface diggings of the camp at Yreka, a place which had acquired its curious name when in its first days it much needed a name—through an accident. There was a bake shop with a canvas sign which had not yet been put up, but had been painted and stretched to dry in such a way that the word bakery, all but the B, showed through and was reversed. A stranger read it wrong end first, Yreka, and supposed that that was the name of the camp. The campers were satisfied with it and adopted it.

Harte taught school in that camp several months. He also edited the weekly rag which was doing duty as a newspaper. He spent a little time also in the pocket mining camp of Jackass Gulch (where I tarried, some years later, during three months.) It was at Yreka and Jackass Gulch that Harte learned to accurately observe and put with photographic exactness on paper the woodland scenery of California and the general country aspects—the stagecoach, its driver and its passengers, and the clothing and general style of the surface miner, the gambler, and their women; and it was also in these places that he learned, without the trouble of observing, all that he didn't know about mining, and how to make it read as if an expert were behind the pen. It was in those places that he also learned how to fascinate Europe and America with the quaint dialect of the miner—a dialect which no man in heaven or earth had ever used until Harte invented it. With Harte it died, but it was no loss. By and by he came to San Francisco. He was a compositor by trade, and got work in the *Golden Era* office at ten dollars a week.

Harte was paid for setting type only, but he lightened his labors and entertained himself by contributing literature to the paper uninvited. The editor and proprietor, Joe Lawrence, never saw

Harte's manuscripts, because there weren't any. Harte spun his literature out of his head while at work at the case, and set it up as he spun. The *Golden Era* was ostensibly and ostentatiously a literary paper, but its literature was pretty feeble and sloppy, and only exhibited the literary forms, without really being literary. Mr. Swain, the superintendent of the Mint, noticed a new note in that *Golden Era* orchestra—a new and fresh and spirited note that rose above that orchestra's mumbling confusion and was recognizable as music. He asked Joe Lawrence who the performer was, and Lawrence told him. It seemed to Mr. Swain a shame that Harte should be wasting himself in such a place and on such a pittance, so he took him away, made him his private secretary on a good salary, with little or nothing to do, and told him to follow his own bent and develop his talent. Harte was willing, and the development began.

Bret Harte was one of the pleasantest men I have ever known. He was also one of the unpleasantest men I have ever known. He was showy, meretricious, insincere; and he constantly advertised these qualities in his dress. He was distinctly pretty, in spite of the fact that his face was badly pitted with smallpox. In the days when he could afford it—and in the days when he couldn't—his clothes always exceeded the fashion by a shade or two. He was always conspicuously a little more intensely fashionable than the fashionablest of the rest of the community. He had good taste in clothes. With all his conspicuousness there was never anything really loud or offensive about them. They always had a single smart little accent, effectively located, and that accent would have distinguished Harte from any other of the ultra-fashionables. Oftenest it was his necktie. Always it was of a single color, and intense. Most frequently, perhaps, it was crimson—a flash of flame under his chin; or it was indigo blue, and as hot

and vivid as if one of those splendid and luminous Brazilian butterflies had lighted there. Harte's dainty self-complacencies extended to his carriage and gait. His carriage was graceful and easy, his gait was of the mincing sort, but was the right gait for him.

I knew him intimately in the days when he was private secretary on the second floor and I a fading and perishing reporter on the third, with Smiggy McGlural looming doomfully in the near distance. I knew him intimately when he came East five years later, in 1870, to take the editorship of the proposed *Lakeside Magazine*, Chicago, and crossed the continent through such a prodigious blaze of national interest and excitement that one might have supposed he was the Viceroy of India on a progress, or Halley's comet come again after seventy-five years of lamented absence.

I knew him pretty intimately thenceforth until he crossed the ocean to be consul, first at Crefeld, in Germany, and afterward in Glasgow. He never returned to America.

Harte told me once, when he was spending a business fortnight in my house in Hartford, that his fame was an accident—an accident that he much regretted for a while. He said he had written "The Heathen Chinees" for amusement; then had thrown it into the waste-basket; that presently there was a call for copy to finish out the *Overland Monthly* and let it get to press. He had nothing else, so he fished the "Chinees" out of the basket and sent that. As we all remember, it created an explosion of delight whose reverberations reached the last confines of Christendom; and Harte's name, from being obscure to invisibility in the one week, was as notorious and as visible, in the next, as if it had been painted on the sky in letters of astronomical magnitude. He regarded this fame as a disaster, because he was already at work on such things as "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and "Tennessee's Partner." In the San Franciscan days Bret Harte was by no

means ashamed when ne was praised as being a successful imitator of Dickens in America, a remark which indicates a fact—to wit, that there were a great many people in America, at that time, who were ambitiously and undisguisedly imitating Dickens. His long novel, *Gabriel Conroy*, is as much like Dickens as if Dickens had written it himself.

It is a pity that we cannot escape from life when we are young. When Bret Harte started East in his new-born glory, thirty-six years ago, with the eyes of the world upon him, he had lived all of his life that was worth living. He was entering upon a career of poverty, debt, bitterness, and a worldwide fame which must have often been odious to him. There was a happy Bret Harte, a contented Bret Harte, an ambitious Bret Harte, a hopeful Bret Harte, a bright,

cheerful, easy-laughing Bret Harte, a Bret Harte to whom it was a bubbling and effervescent joy to be alive. That Bret Harte died in San Francisco. It was the corpse of that Bret Harte that swept in splendor across the continent; that refused to go to the Chicago banquet given in its honor because there had been a breach of etiquette—a carriage had not been sent for it; that resumed its eastward journey, leaving behind the grand scheme of the *Lakeside Monthly* in sorrowful collapse; that undertook to give all the product of its brain for one year to an Eastern magazine for ten thousand dollars—a stupendous sum in those days—but collected and spent the money before the year was out, and then began a dismal and harassing death-in-life which was to cease only at the grave.

(Written in 1906)

(To be continued)

TO A LITTLE SHIP

BY BARBARA HOLLIS

A QUaint old seaman spoke to me
Down on the wharf. His eyes were bright
With indignation. Pointing—"See,
She dragged her anchor in the night!"

Oh, little ship, I understand.
How can he blame you—you who ride
Ever obedient to his hand,
Braving, for him, the wind and tide?

How can he blame you when you try
For once to wander where you will?
Oh, he would know, if he were I,
Tugging against my anchor still . . .

Straining to reach the open sea,
Dragging my anchor through the night,
Hoping each dawn may find me free,
Riding, triumphant, toward the light.

THE DEEP PORT OF NORMANDY

BY HERBERT ADAMS GIBBONS

AMONG tourists the English Channel has a bad name. Whoever confesses shamefacedly to the nosy man in the smoking room, "Yes, my first trip abroad," is told that the Atlantic successfully crossed does not mean immunity until the Continent is reached. "You think you can stand it rough? Well, wait till you tackle the Channel, and you see the bow go down, the boat spin, and then slide over." Because of Channel terror most Americans see France first at Calais or Boulogne. The habit of the short crossing is formed for life. As if one couldn't get bowled over in an hour as easily as in three! When you suggest that one does not know the chalk cliffs of Normandy until one has sailed into Dieppe, you are asked how long the passage takes. Seventy-five miles from Newhaven! More than three hours at sea! No, siree, not for me!

Fear of seasickness makes the three exclamations an incontrovertible syllogism. Personally conducted or traveling independently, Americans go from Dover to Calais, from Folkstone to Boulogne. They are a bit let down to find that the *falaises* of which they have heard so much are not as imposing as the cliffs of the Sussex coast from which they started. Having been able to see the French coast before they boarded the Channel steamer, there was no glamour, no mystery about it. The victims of the beaten path become its slaves. They do not realize that in travel it is the same as in other pursuits—the choicest is not always conveniently at hand, thrusting itself in your way at each step. Who seeks finds. How often is one told that the cliffs of Normandy, the much-sung *falaises*, are "not so much, after all." But they have not seen

the *falaises* of song and story, which are not at Calais or Boulogne. And they have always missed experiencing the perfect approach to France.

A youngster whose way of getting to the Exposition of 1900 was by cattle ship walked from Liverpool to London to save the pound sterling he had earned mucking out stalls. He had no choice. Newhaven-Dieppe was the only route to Paris within the means of the possessor of sixteen shillings and sixpence. (For three-and-six had gone to meals and lodgings across England.) How the Channel behaved I do not remember. But I do remember coming suddenly out of the sea upon a wall of land whiter than the waves which dashed against it—a solid wall that showed no opening until we were close upon it, then the narrow cliff-bound entrance, a sharp bend, and the steamer docking at a jetty on which the Paris train was waiting. We had seemed to penetrate France through a barrier of *falaises* as the sun had reached the ocean through a thick mist half an hour earlier, unexpectedly and completely. The first contact with France is a memory as mystical and glorious as it is precious. But I have always regretted that I took the train. Paris could have waited. Paris should have waited. I might never have returned to Dieppe. What a risk I ran!

Up to this point the Artist listened without smile or word. At Simpson's one is tempted by the generous cut off a peripatetic roast to use one's mouth for a single purpose until the plate is clear. For a man who really did not want any lunch, who had declared his intention of skipping lunch to catch the afternoon boat to Calais so he could be home that night, when I ran into him

on the Strand, the Artist was doing well. Not until the last bit of a second roll, secured fishermanwise on the fork, had captured the last trickle of sauce, did he look up and grin.

"Tryin' to sell me Dieppe, eh? No need to hurry back to Paris? A week of bathin' and fishin'? Well, I'm wary of these wonderful ports of yours since you got me to sign a three-year lease at that little old hole of Les Sables d'Olonne last summer. No end of worry with the *propriétaire* and lawyers after my wife came. Well, I bet you haven't been near Dieppe since that youthful morning when you did take the Paris train. And if anyone could inveigle you into crossing from Newhaven to Dieppe at your present age and experience, you'd hop from the steamer to the train just as you did when you were a kid. Not a chance in the world, you eiderdown quilt! Anyway, we'd have rotten weather. Always is on the Channel in August. Look how it is here. Starts rainin' Bank holiday and runs straight through the month."

Just then appeared my salvation. A young American we had known in the A. E. F. came to our table in the uniform of the Royal Flying Corps.

"Well, of all things, finding you two *fine champagne* sniffers in London!" He told us how he had not been able to let well enough alone after the armistice, and had signed up for a year in India with the British. "Been chasing Afghans on the northwest frontier," he explained, "but now I am with the X Company. What luck this is! I know you must be en route for Paris. So am I. I am taking over a new plane for my people. You are both on. Free ride."

An X Company plane had come down the day before, none too gently, near Amiens. I looked at the Artist anxiously. Had he read the morning paper?

"Sorry to miss the heavenly opportunity," he declared, with an unwonted tone of finality. "Awfully good of you and all that sort of thing, but we've just arranged for a week in Dieppe—maga-

zine stuff, editor pressing us, y'understand—and we can't put it off."

"Dieppe? Oh yes, I know where that burg is. Pile your things into a taxi—stopping at the Savoy, I s'pose—and come out to Hendon. I'll drop you in Dieppe in two hours."

Drop us!! Brr—! Again I let the Artist take the cue. He fingered his demi-tasse. To tease me, he said nothing for a moment. He sighed, as if he were struggling against strong inclination. Then he shook his head.

"Henry," he said to the aviator, "I know the Cardinal is all for it. I, too. But to get the proper impression of Dieppe for our article we cannot afford to drop into the town. We must approach it from the sea and have those great cliffs (the *falaises* of song and story) burst suddenly upon our view like a long wall of white with no opening. Now you'd have to go too high, or bump us into 'em, which the X Company might row you for, and if you didn't you'd be goin' so fast we shouldn't get the due effect of the grandeur of the perfect approach to France. No, Henry, the boat from Newhaven for us, and let there be no sea."

Henry, not having heard what went before, followed the Artist's gestures from left arm to right arm, and jumped to a conclusion. "Right-o! If they get that old bus to-morrow, what's the difference? Waiter!" The next day I hope he flew safely to Paris. We entrained for Newhaven, found my boat of early memories, and the Artist agreed with me about the perfect approach to France.

Dieppe in midsummer is unmistakably a summer resort. The long crescent of beach is dotted with gayly striped tents and giant umbrellas; the Casino stands by a pier; hotels mar the townscape; villa roofs emerge at monotonously regular intervals out of the tree-tops on every rise of land; and in the harbor glittering white pleasure craft lie beside boats that earn their living. The streets are filled with smartly dressed

strangers, addicted to canes and parasols. Posters announce a horse show, regattas, and grand opera. And yet Dieppe, from your first hour, fails to remind you of Ostend and of other Normandy watering places like Deauville and Paris-Plage. Rajahs and pashas, Russian and Rumanian princes, Greek shipowners, and the typical international *fripouille* which has managed to survive seven years of Entente secret service and passport control—God only knows how and why!—evidently do not like Dieppe.

Or perhaps Dieppe does not like them. The foreign element is predominantly English and unostentatious, and meets here a French element too well bred for display. Tourists and transients are few. The summer folk dress from trunks, not from suitcases; but they seem to have come for a good time and not to show their clothes. In bathing garb, they go into the water. In flannels, they play tennis. In knickerbockers, they play golf. In breeches and puttees, they get on horses. Rigged out for the sea, they sail and fish. Do not be incredulous. I am telling the truth. Go to Dieppe and see for yourself. The use of beach and outdoor togs for sport's sake is, I know, unusual, but it is the habit at Dieppe. You do not feel that bathers and dancers are mannikins for Paris houses, and that your casual acquaintance on the porch of the golf club is a tout for an establishment in the Rue Auber. Dieppe is the exception among the larger and more elegant *plages* within a few hours of Paris. It is a vacation place, where folks go to enjoy themselves. Many people have a good time, as they understand it, at fashionable *plages*. But the great majority scarcely look at the ocean, and never go in it or on it. One can listen to opera and dance and gamble at Dieppe as well as elsewhere on the Normandy coast. But one does not go there for that alone.

At our first meal the Artist began to get interested in what he called preposterous English types—of both sexes.

His pencil was out. Later, on the Rue Aguado, he decided that the English invasion of Normandy was a splendid theme for our article. "I never tried this sort of thing, but I think I can get—" he began

I interrupted with a pointed question. "What color's the sky?"

"Generally speaking, blue."

"Well, I guess Dieppe is, generally speaking, French. Let's give it a chance to show itself to us."

But I agreed that there is something about the English that makes you pay attention to them—and makes you feel that they are dominating whatever scene you find them acting in.

Summer resorts may not begin by destroying the normal economic life of communities, but where city people flock in great numbers to amuse themselves and spend money a change in the spirit of a place comes about, and the "natives" gradually accustom themselves to live for and by the summer colony. A generation is enough to obliterate the charm that first attracted strangers. This occurs the world over. A community has to be large, and remarkably well rooted and steeped in its traditions, to resist the virus of summer invasion. But summer colonies rarely grow up in populous centers. Where summer resorts are cities, the increase of population has come in the wake of summer people and because of them. Ever since the Duchesse de Berri picked it out for her summer home a hundred years ago, Dieppe has been what the French call a *plage*. But the townspeople have not surrendered or adapted their economic life to summer visitors. A few shopkeepers are dependent upon summer trade. As for the rest of the Dieppois, the influx of July and August means nothing to them. They live as their fathers did, and follow the pursuits of their fathers.

So Dieppe has retained its distinctive *cachet*. A few thousand visitors give to the marine park and the Rue Aguado a Paris-London air for two months, and

make a good-natured nuisance of themselves in the Avant-Port and Chenal by attempting to revive the almost forgotten art of sailing. But the Dieppois fish, build and repair ships, spin cotton, saw logs, make lace, and carve bone and ivory—the pursuits for which Dieppe was noted before the Bourbons ruled France. Methods, of course, have changed in the old industries, and tobacco, coal, and African ivory have added new industries. But essentially the activities of the Dieppois are those of the sixteenth century.

Inheriting from Norman ancestors the love of adventurous voyaging and looking after themselves in a fight, the sailors of Dieppe made a history of their own in exploration and wars. They founded the first French settlement on the Atlantic coast of Africa, explored Brazil, and followed close upon the Portuguese in the East Indies. Before united France had a navy, the Dieppois mustered a fleet strong enough to blockade the Portuguese in the Tagus. When France began to contest with Spain and England and Holland the mastery of the sea, Dieppe was her impregnable naval base. It was natural that Duquesne, the great admiral of Louis XIV, should have been a Dieppois, and have fitted out in his home port the fleets that routed the Dutch and Spanish, compelled the rebels of Bordeaux to return to French allegiance, suppressed piracy in the Mediterranean, and bombarded Algiers and Genoa. By the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, however, the *Grand Monarque* struck a mortal blow to the prosperity of Dieppe and the invincibility of his navy. Duquesne and more than half the population of Dieppe were Protestants. The sailors and artisans went into exile in 1685. Ten years later the citadel and town were reduced to ruins by the English. Chalk cliffs furnished no protection against cannon, and Vauban had fortified Brest instead of Dieppe. Brest is still the Atlantic naval base of France. But the mastery of the sea disappeared, never to be regained.

The Normans who settled Dieppe were amazed to discover the opening in the forbidding cliffs. When they entered the narrow passage and found that the River Arques widened into a natural basin passing out into the Channel, their delight in the deep port gave them a name for the town. Diep—a Norman word we have kept in its original sense and the French discarded—became Dieppe. Even in the day of large ships Dieppe remains one of the safest and deepest harbors of France, and has been made into a twentieth-century port with less labor and expense in proportion to the facilities it affords than any other French port. Protected by jetties, the long entrance is in itself a harbor, and is bordered by a quay at which ships unload. The Avant-Port lies at right angles with the Chenal, and is skirted by the railway that comes down to the Gare Maritime on the Quai Henri IV, where the Newhaven steamer docks. On the opposite side of the Avant-Port from the Gare Maritime are Le Pollet and the Quai de Carénage, where the hulls of small vessels, high and dry on a grid, can be scraped at low tide. The Arques has been widened into what is known as the Nouvel Avant-Port, with two basins beyond, while the large Bassins Dusquesne and Bérigny go back into the heart of the town. They are so lined with warehouses that you do not know they are there until you hit upon them by crossing the drawbridge over the communicating lock.

I am using the word "warehouse" wrongly. The Artist and I thought the buildings around the *bassins* were mostly warehouses until we discovered some of the largest of them were *entrepôts* in a wider sense. It is the custom in French ports to transform partly raw materials before sending them on. Cotton, for instance, is spun, and logs from Scandinavian countries go from the ship through sawmills before reaching freight cars. Coal, already in dust or small pieces, is ground, mixed with tar, heated, and pressed into oblong cakes, *briquettes*,



AN OLD STREET IN LE POLLET, THE FISHERMAN'S QUARTER

which the French use for locomotives and marine boilers. This gives the fascination of variety to the life of the port. When one sees the imported raw materials immediately worked, the unloading of vessels takes on a vividness and personality that are lacking in the dreary business of transfer from hold of vessel to inert piles on the wharf. Something is done with the stuff—and right away! Droghers from Norway and colliers from Wales crowd constantly upon one another for a turn to unload timber and coal, while a block away beams and boards and *briquettes* are received by the cars. It is like the funny picture of a dog thrown into a meat grinder and coming out sausage at the other end—the appeal is more subtle than just the kind of the meat.

In the Bassin Dusquesne we saw Dutch ships from the East Indies un-

loading bales of Sumatra. Having smoked French tobacco for many years, we had suspected the origin of our cigars. There was too much of the stuff for wrappers alone. Havana filler is a myth in France as in the United States. Only we do not have to go farther than Connecticut. The French government imports its own tobacco and manufactures cigars, cigarettes, smoking mixtures, and snuff, of uniform kind and quality, in different centers. Where a government monopoly exists in a democracy a distribution of business is imperative. The location of government plants, like army depots and garrisons and arsenals, may have originally been decided upon by economic considerations. Political influences, however, maintain them where they started, even if the economic considerations have changed, and political influences prevent their

growth if economic considerations have not changed. The pork barrel is inevitable when those who decide upon appropriations are representatives of the people. Dieppe could have become the tobacco mart of France, as Havre is the coffee mart. But the Bretons claimed their share of salaries, and insisted upon a factory at Morlaix. The other provinces followed suit. So the industry has developed slowly. The indifference of the Dieppois to their summer guests is shown by the location of the tobacco factory on the fashionable Rue Aguado, facing the marine park and the beach.

The adjacent hotels must make the best of it.

The smaller industries, partly carried on by individuals in their own homes, go back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The Dieppois bake porcelain, weave cotton cloth, make laces by the manipulation of bobbins hanging from cushions, and carve from bone and ivory missal covers, crucifixes, spoons, buttons, brooches, handles, and trinkets. As we wandered through the old streets, especially in the neighborhood of the Place du Moulin à Vent and in Le Pollet, ovens in yards and looms in houses and sheds proved that modern industry has not yet put out of business the workers at home. To carve one needs but a knife and time. Lace making is equally a work of patience, adapted to the incapacitated and to wives and children. The man does not have on his shoulders all the burden of the family livelihood. Europeans understand economy of time, as well as economy of money, better than Americans. They seem leisurely to

us. We miss our atmosphere of "hustle and bustle," and think they are not getting anywhere. But Europeans are never idle, and everybody works. We admire our own energy and success so much that we do not realize the bluff of it all. We produce by spurts, with a wastage all along the line. We do not view productivity from the standpoint of the community as a whole. Odd moments, like odd pennies and scraps of food and materials, we do not consider worth thinking about. There is no real struggle for existence in America. We have not yet come to the time when to-day is hard and

to-morrow may be harder. The French have long been there. And in ports they have always been there. Where people have centuries of seafaring folk behind them, they do not stake their all upon the success and life of one breadwinner. He may have bad luck, or he may not come home

Almost every family of Dieppe

has its sailors. But fishing, the greatest industry, is largely in the hands of the inhabitants of Le Pollet. If one is feeling shaky after the Channel crossing, Le Pollet had better be saved for the morrow. You need a steady stomach to stand fish and tar and—other things. Like some sea voyages, however, the end justifies the agony, and it is temporary. Your nose becomes inured and you are ready to assent to the Artist's ecstatic comment. His brush leaves out the smells. Along the quay lie trawlers, with masts, booms, and gaffs in a tangle against the sharp sky. Nets hang from spars, the stone coping of the quay, poles of fortune stuck between cobbles, and balconies of houses. Their gray is



A CROSS-CHANNEL VISITOR

relieved by the bright flash of oilskins. Everything the fisherman uses hangs, too, from every place a thing could hang from. Housefronts display blue jumpers, trousers, hip boots, lobster pots, shallow fish baskets, coils of rope, reels and line.

Many of the buildings facing the quay house *estaminets* on the ground floor, where the fishermen fortify themselves for or console themselves after the rigors of the sea. Sandwiched in between the drinking places are the sail-maker, the chandler, the rope merchant, and the gasoline dealer, with the familiar tins which have come to be within the past twenty years the one truly universal merchandise. Mineral oil is the transforming agency of international relations, of political and economic life, as coal was a hundred years ago. Sailcloth is going the way of horseflesh. Fishermen and sportsmen alike no longer wait for a favorable wind. On sea as on land life is being robbed of the charm of uncertainty and irregularity. Trawling on a large scale, of course, has long been steam-driven. But fishermen in business for themselves (the Dieppoise, like all Frenchmen, are intensely individualistic) have also discarded sails. The younger generation knows more about

engines than about rigging and ropes. Sails there still are, for gasoline is expensive and not to be wasted, and yet one sees here and there canvas tied down with suspiciously permanent knots. We asked an old fisherman if all the craft were partly wind-driven, or if in the newer boats sails were for emergency rather than auxiliary use.

"*Essence* is dear, very dear," he answered, "and the good God gives us the wind. Still, there are those who trust the machines to serve them; but it is they who serve the machines."

We pressed him further. He refused my cube-cut tobacco, and took only a puff or two of the cigarette the Artist offered him. But he accepted our invitation to have a *consommation*, and then another one. Apple brandy loosened his tongue. His opinion of the changes in our time was that with which old age comforts itself for having done without what the youth of to-day has. The gas engine, and the resultant ignorance and slavery of those who use it, were the text of his discourse. A third drink and two sympathetic listeners inspired him to prove to us that the world was becoming a wretched dwelling place, with its mechanical conception of life, fishing



GABLES AND DORMERS IN LA PLACE MOULIN À VENT



NORTH SEA TIMBER DROGHERS IN THE BASSIN DUQUESNE

financed by banks in cahoot with railways and middlemen, automobiles running you down, food and drink become luxuries, vaccination, garbage fines, priests begging your women for money instead of getting it from the state or shutting up, your children for long years in the army, the whole world in a treadmill rushing like mad for nothing, impenitent Germany, ungrateful England, and France being expected to live on flattery while being sold coal at famine prices. The present? It is to weep. The future? It is to laugh. The past? Well, there was a time—we did not know it—when life was worth living. Yes, he would have just one more *petit verre*.

A magpie jeered in at us from his wicker cage by the door. It was time to leave our friend. We stepped from the gloomy *estaminet* into reassuring August sunshine. Across the Avant-Port, from the cliff beyond the city the fifteenth-century castle looked down on Dieppe and the Channel. Its wireless masts, and the factory smokestacks rising alongside the towers of St. Jacques and St. Rémy, were witnesses, like the launches darting

ahead of sailboats, of the new vying with the old. Ahead of us, on the northern cliff, Notre Dame de Bon Secours, of the sixteenth century, was far above the modern jetties, the Gare Maritime, and a steamer passing through the estuary. Beside Notre Dame, on a talus of pre-Vauban days, stood a semaphore. Our world called us. A boatman ferried us over to the jetty end of the Quai du Hâble, and we were soon on the *plage* among people who had never been in Le Pollet, who did not know Le Pollet existed. Because the Artist stopped occasionally to look at bathers, we did not hurry Casinoward. We got there eventually. We were only two miles from Le Pollet, and here was a place the old fisherman, be it his misfortune or ours, did not know. We had had enough for a day of beauty and squalor, and of wondering whether we were caught in the *engrenage* of a mechanical world.

"Let us play," said the Artist, solemnly, and made for the little horses.

Who has not discovered that what attracts attracts more strongly than what repels repels? You may have to read

that sentence aloud to understand it. Fish smells are horrid, but fish fascinate. Cleanliness, neatness, and becoming clothes are associated with desirable women, but a pretty face and a shapely body triumph over dirt and dowdiness. We did not keep away from the fish market, and we were ready to stand over any mess of fish. Our eyes picked out types among the packers and sellers that gave us the feeling of admiration we should have experienced had we been standing in a ballroom or the foyer of a theater. The landing of the catch is the great sight at Dieppe. Do not miss it, but if you should, there is still much to see in the marketing and shipping of it.

The *poissonnerie* is at the inner end of the Avant-Port, only a block from the Place Nationale and St. Jacques, and almost as near the *plage*. The fish are landed on the quay, sorted, sold, packed, and shipped immediately on waiting cars. The fish train from Dieppe carries a precious and essential freight, for the fishermen of Le Pollet are the most important purveyors to the Paris market. Your *sole à la Marguéry* (which, not

knowing, you choose instead of *sole Dieppoise*), *turbot sauce hollandaise*, and other delectable dishes are possible every day in Paris because of Dieppe. *Sole*, so white and desirable on the restaurant table, is a beastly little flounder, with uncanny eyes. *Raie*, not bad with *beurre noire*, is a jellyfish. *Alose*, European rival of our shad, has a peaked look.

What is less attractive than the thought of a mess of fish, slimy, scaly, gasping for breath? And yet, when you have a chance, you look long and curiously at all the monstrosities dumped from a net. The thought of a fish scale makes you rub the back of your hand, but the sight of a fish does not deter you from picking it up to get a better look at the one underneath. It flaps, the poor fish, and you are sorry for it; but you wish you had caught it yourself. You would have gone out in a rotten little boat and struggled against seasickness so as not to have given in—or up—before the other fellow. You would have put a bit of stinking, decayed clam on a hook with those fingers of yours, have seized



DIEPPE IN MIDSUMMER IS UNMISTAKABLY A SUMMER RESORT

your victim with a shout of glee, and have ruthlessly torn the hook from its mouth. When you get back from such an expedition, you don't want to eat fish for a month of Sundays, and you swear you will never be such a fool again—until next summer, when some other fool says, "Let's go deep-sea fishing," and you yell, "Sure thing!"

Running aboard with large, flat baskets and bringing them laden ashore, squatting over mounds of squirming creatures and sorting them, packing the catch with seaweed, cutting off halibut steaks and throwing the almost bleeding flesh into the balance, wiping a right hand on an apron, pushing back fugitive hair with a scale-specked left hand,

holding a bespattered knife blade in the mouth while delving into a pocket for change with one hand and wrapping the purchase with the other—would you not have guessed that my sensitive Artist turned his head away or quickened his step. Not a bit of it! And the knife-holding girl gripped him hardest of all.

"Saint Bernard and the Pilgrim Fathers would fall for this one!" he exclaimed. But he assumed that I would not. "Several remarkably interesting subjects here," he told me. "I must make a few notes to use in the ensemble of all this later on. If I'm not back by one, do not wait for lunch."

I ignored both prevarication and hint. "I'll talk to her while you sketch her," I said.

Beyond the fact that her name was Finette—short for Josephine—and that she had once been to the Isle of Wight, our pretty fish girl was uncommunicative. She hadn't time, for one thing, as there were many customers; and then,

when they saw me speak to her, two men came over and stood by, both of them looking as if they wouldn't mind a fight. I should have. So I began to look at others, and to wait for the men to challenge the Artist. But when he saw what I had seen he finished quickly, remembering that he needed *several* notes for his ensemble. We had the same experience over again before we had reached the end of the *poissonnerie*. The fishermen of Le Pollet are willing to have you look at their fish, but not at their women.



CLIFF DWELLINGS ON TWO LEVELS



THE PROMENADE BELOW THE CLIFFS

We admired them for it. They were right. Travelers sometimes forget that the easy way they try to form contacts with people would be regarded as an impertinence, were the roles reversed.

It was easier to get to know and be allowed to sketch English girls on the *plage* than the fish girls of Le Pollet. But we observed them enough to realize that they are not *Dieppoises*. More than the men do the women of Le Pollet bear the stamp of Mediterranean origin. One thinks of Italy, and is not surprised to learn that the fisher folk of Dieppe hark back to a ship that came from Venice in the twelfth century. It is not uncommon in the coast towns of France to find descendants of shipwrecked sailors from far-off countries, who, since mediæval times, have followed one *métier*, and have not intermarried with their neighbors. The distinctively alien

villages around Brest include even Mongolians. The physiognomy and customs of Basques and Catalans are found on the coasts of Gascony and the Vendée. In small ports surrounded by agricultural country, where landsmen and seamen have little contact and the activities are fishing and coastal trade, the persistence of a foreign racial strain in a few thousand people is not astonishing. In a large and frequented port like Dieppe, where the community of alien origin is outnumbered and sailors come and go, the Venetian stamp of the Le Polletans indicates the aloofness of the fisher folk, the virtue of the women, the fear-inspiring jealousy of the men. Le Pollet is evidently not a quarter for rambles of townsmen and foreign sailors. And the Quai Henri IV, which is as far into town as the Le Pollet women venture, is, as we found out, strictly for business.



DIEPPE'S OLD HOUSES RECALL HER HISTORIC PAST

Dieppe has the delightful feature common to Normandy *plages* of an immediate hinterland rich in historic memories and beautiful walks. You find an agricultural country with woods and valleys and hills, wild flowers and hedges overgrown with honeysuckle along the roads, and frequent vantage points for views of land and sea. The peasant homes are every one of them pictures, with thatched barns and lean-tos, weather-beaten cider presses, set in a semi-circular background of orchards. Sudden drops in the river are marked by dams and mills. Avenues of elms and poplars

lead to manor houses. A few miles out the valley branches into three parts, and high on a hill, at the junction of the Arques with its tributaries, stands the famous Château d'Arques, one of the most imposing ruins in France. Here is the spot where Henri IV won the decisive victory over the Ligue which established the Bourbon dynasty on the throne. We climbed from the town of Arques to the castle, and looked inland over three valleys and a great forest. Seaward were the spires and chimneys of Dieppe. But the sea view was shut off by the cliffs, almost as high as our own lookout.

The walk to Arques through the valley of the river takes one to the east of Dieppe. In the other direction, following the coast, through small *plages*, less than two hours brought us to the Manoir d'Ango, where the merchant prince of Dieppe entertained François I four hundred years ago. Most of the manor house remains, and it is easier here, perhaps than anywhere in Europe to study the modifications in architecture in the generation following the discovery

that gun powder could be used to throw huge balls against stone walls. The time had arrived when castles were no longer strongholds. Accepting this fact, Ango and his contemporaries began the building of a new type of home, influenced by the palaces of the Italian Renaissance.

Our week was nearly up. Two days in the town, two in the country, and a Sunday at the *courses*, where jumping was the feature, had left little time for the Artist's first suggestion—a study of the English in Dieppe. But we had seen their traces each day in our rambles.

During the Hundred Years' War, we were told, Dieppe had been destroyed seven times by the English, which was given as a reason why no church in the town dates back before the latter half of the fifteenth century. During the wars of religion in the sixteenth century Dieppe suffered further. At the end of the seventeenth century the English fleet stopped off Dieppe for a day and bombarded the town and castle. The ruins on the hill are witness of the carrying power in those early days of English guns. At the end of the eighteenth century a fire, started by the bombardment of another English fleet, swept the town. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, after Trafalgar, Dieppe was blockaded for several years, and lost all her trade to the English. The Germans? Yes, they came in 1870, and occupied the city until Paris surrendered. Although the Germans did not come by land or sea in the recent war, the Dieppois suffered more from the fighting of 1914-18 than from all the centuries that went before. So they think, at least. Recent memories are the most vivid. But it may well be so, for the toll of human life in army and navy and merchant marine was so large and widespread that even now the list of names to go on the new monument of those *morts pour la patrie* is not yet completed. I was told that Dieppe lost two thousand of her sons. If we cut the figure in half it means more than twenty per cent of her mobilized manhood.

There is feeling against the English (against all foreigners, in fact) in post-bellum Dieppe. It is not shown openly. But by those who are thinking that it must be there it is quickly sensed. Englishmen, however, are not in the habit of worrying about what others think of them. They would be surprised to learn that the Dieppois resent the shipping situation, and are bitter over the price of British coal. No Dieppois thinks anything of the centuries of struggle between Norman and Englishman, in which his city suffered so sig-

nally. Traditional animosity does not exist. It is the seemingly hopeless inequality between the people living on the two sides of the English Channel that stirs up the Norman. English and French were allies in a common war, fought for a common cause. After the war, French shipping is in a chaotic state, French money goes to pot, and there is no help from, no mercy shown by, the more fortunate ally and neighbor. I do not sponsor the French attitude. I simply state it. Owing to the nearness of Dieppe to England, the maritime basis of Dieppe's prosperity, and especially her interest in coal at reasonable prices, the Dieppois are exercised over what they believe is a crying injustice.

But they do not show it to the summer people, and, as I have said, the English are not in a habit of bothering about what other people think of them. At home or abroad they have the kind of a time they want to have, which is a good time after their fashion. If they were not having it in Dieppe, nothing is more certain than that they would not be in Dieppe. No English watering place has the natural beauty of Dieppe, and, although the beach is more pebbly than one would choose, the promenade makes up for it. And if there is anything finer than the walk through the Rue de Sygogne, and around the huge cliff at the western end of the *plage*, I do not know where to find it in Normandy or in England. One passes under the castle and along the road unexpectedly inhabited. Houses? No. There is no place for them. Homes are made by digging into the cliffs, for the most part on two levels. The front yard, fenced in with rope, for children and chickens is upstairs. Below the lobsterman has his place of business, a dugout for his tackle and pots, his baskets and crates, his sails and rope, and a lean-to against the rock for his boat. This example of French ingenuity, just around the corner from the Casino, is not a good object lesson for the Englishman. If he thinks

at all, he probably says to himself that none needs to worry about the economic future of a people that knows so well how to take care of itself. These cliff-dwellers, they manage. And Dieppe? Knocked out by bombardments God only knows how many times, and yet it's a thriving town, with the inhabitants happy in an unnecessarily noisy way.

No, the Englishman is not worrying at Dieppe, but he ought to be—not about other people, but about himself. The fishermen of Dieppe work no harder for their catch than do English mothers and older bachelor girls in the Rue Aguado hotels and on the beach. The mothers have in many cases first-class bait to fish with. But the girls who are

dependent upon their own efforts seem to have been that way for many years. Their clothes are sporting, but they wear them in too masculine a way. The cigarette in a holder is intended to be chic, and the knitting to show that one is domestically inclined, although a good fellow. How they are able to think they are bait is beyond my comprehension. I said so to the Artist. But I added that, being English, they would probably pull it off. How they do believe in themselves, and get away with it!

"You forget," answered the Artist, "that their intended victims are English, too, and that makes catching them a man's job. You think they don't see their danger. But isn't there an English proverb about muddling through?"

REMEMBRANCE

BY VIOLET ALLEYN STOREY

YOU may remember scenes in other lands;
 Gay cities on a summer holiday;
 Bright caravans that pass across gray sands,
 Or singing peasants on the Appian Way.
 But I shall all my life remember this
 As my most clear and cherished memory:
 Two children drinking deep of God's own bliss,
 Watching the sunset far across the sea.
 You may remember perfumes rich and rare;
 Incense that comes when some jeweled censer sways;
 The scent of blossoms that have drunk dim air;
 Exotic odors that are swift to fade.
 But I who have been poor shall always know
 The smell of sea-enamored winds that crawl
 Over the bluff to talk with flowers that grow
 In bright array against my moss-flecked wall.
 You may remember luxury and ease;
 The touch of silken cushions, soft and cool.
 The taste of fruits plucked from dark-fronded trees
 By hands that laved in some warm eastern pool.
 But I'll remember struggle-flavoring peace;
 The roughness of my cottage small and bare;
 The taste of fish I fry in bubbling grease;
 And little hands that set the table there.

But who can tell which memories will be dearer,
 And who shall care if they bring youth the nearer?

MORE NEW FACTS IN PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

BY J. D. BERESFORD

WITHIN the past twelve months a definite reaction against spiritualism has been evident both in America and Great Britain, a reaction that is comprehensible and, from the point of view of all earnest workers in this field, very welcome. For five years or so spiritualism became a "craze." The enthusiasts had an abundance of new material of many kinds and used it without discretion. Some of this material was valuable, but much of it was worthless. Moreover, when the demand for wonders increased, wonders were inevitably invented to supply the market. And the invented wonders were often more thrilling than the real. Also, another class of material came to fill the demand. This was neither real nor deliberately invented; it was imagined. Hysterical subjects who had been soaking themselves in the abundant literature of spiritualism, and particularly in that more sensational side of it which was so prominent in the press, began to have visions on their own account, and many of them passed beyond the stage at which they could be content to keep those visions to themselves as a secret solace. The next step for these neuropaths was the well-known stage of the desire for recognition, though how far they actually deceive themselves when they begin to produce their pseudo-phenomena it is impossible to say. In any case the phenomena were produced, taking, for example, such a shape as the pretended haunting of a house by poltergeists, a peculiarly easy marvel to imitate. Indeed, one such case held the public in thrall for over a fortnight in England in the summer of 1920, being dressed up day by day on the middle pages of most of the important journals.

As a natural consequence of these influences the "market" in spiritualism was soon glutted, and suffered not only from excess of superfluous and spurious material, but also from overadvertisement. For when advertisement oversteps a certain limit it invariably overreaches its object and produces distaste. Finally, another cause for the reaction can be found in the gradual consolation of those who had suffered losses in the war, and who are ceasing to haunt the consulting rooms of mediums in the hope of a message from their dead.

Now, as I have said, this reaction is exceedingly valuable from the point of view of those who are truly interested in the investigation of psychical phenomena. It is valuable for two reasons. The first is that the invented and imagined wonders will cease to be supplied; and many of them were so ingenuous and intriguing that even the specialist was deceived and spent valuable time in exploring them. The second reason is that the "craze" was doing much harm to the cause of spiritualism among thoughtful people. The sensation seekers and the credulous, the members of that majority of the public mainly catered for in the yellow press, were sometimes harmfully affected, and the sufferers have been frequently instanced in the pulpit and in medical and psychological journals as representative of the effects of spiritualism. Furthermore, the ecstasies and posturings of these lighter-minded people filled the thoughtful with a disgust for the whole subject. It was almost impossible to dissociate the subject from the futile claims and extravagances of those who so abundantly professed their belief in it. And the result upon the intellectuals was necessarily a

strong swing of the pendulum toward incredulity and contempt.

We may most sincerely hope, therefore, that the "craze" has spent itself, and what we now speak of as a reaction will fade into inanition. For below all this superficial froth of exaggeration and foolishness the real work of investigation has been steadily going on, and the underlying contention that actuates all research of this kind—the contention that the consciousness and personality of the individual survives the death of the body—was never so near scientific proof as it is to-day.

In the May number of *Harper's Magazine* for 1919 I described the experiments of Schrenck-Notsing, Doctor Geley, and Madame Bisson with the medium Marthe Beraud—generally known as "Mlle. Eva"—and made certain large claims on behalf of the amazing results they had obtained. And I should like now to revert to those claims for a moment, if only to prove that they were neither ill-founded nor exaggerated. Since that article was written Schrenck-Notsing's book has been published; the material has been further confirmed in Doctor Geley's admirable work entitled *From the Unconscious to the Conscious*; and Marthe Beraud has given sittings to a select committee of the Society for Psychical Research in London, in the course of which sittings, although no new results were obtained, certain of the familiar phenomena were produced under conditions that practically excluded the possibility of fraud. (Incidentally, it is worthy of mention that members of that committee to whom I have spoken were unanimous in their belief in the absolute good faith of Madame Bisson, the real crux in this case. For if, as now seems almost certain, she is entirely to be trusted, the possibility of trickery may be excluded from the whole range of these experiments.)

Lastly, Marthe Beraud has lately been the instrument of new and intensely interesting phenomena, as she has been

able to materialize the perfect body of a tiny, nude woman, which moved with all the material actions of life, was visible to the whole circle, and stood for a few moments on the hand of one of the sitters. This amazing phenomenon was described at some length by Madame Bisson at the Copenhagen Congress last August.

I do not, however, propose to deal further with the evidence afforded by materializations in the present article. Personally, I am now convinced by the abundance and corroborative nature of the experiments that we must accept the possibility of the extension and materialization into visible, tangible, and ponderable form of some as yet unknown matter in the human body. But, while this fact is of the greatest scientific interest and psychical significance, it would not in itself demonstrate the certainty of survival, even though it were acknowledged by the Royal Society. I have referred to it in this place partly because I wish all those thinking people who have recently turned away from the whole subject with some feeling of disgust to realize that the quiet, steady work of research still goes on, adding fact to fact with patience and persistence—and using none of it for sensational purposes in the press. The best evidence for the survival of the personality does not find its way into the newspapers.

And it is further evidence of this sort that is the theme of the present article, evidence which, unlike that for materialization, seems if it be accepted to demonstrate the fundamental contention we have set out to prove. It is, at least, a considerable advance toward that final conclusion which will be possible when a sufficient body of attested facts has been brought together to frame the last incontestable argument.

The chief witness to this new material is the Rev. C. Drayton Thomas, a minister of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, who has received the strange series of "tests" from a spirit claiming to be his father (a Nonconformist divine),

through the mediumship of Mrs. Osborne Leonard. I am fortunately in a position to vouch for the good faith of Mr. Thomas. I have met him and talked with him more than once, and I have been privileged to read the manuscript of a book that is to be published next year, a book in which he has set out the full account of his experiences in a form so official and unemotional that it has something the air of a government report. Mr. Thomas has, of course, far more influential guarantors than myself. He is a well-known member of the S. P. R. in England, and a very interesting introduction to his book has been written by Sir William Barrett. But first-hand testimony is always more convincing than a list of references; and I should like to add that in this case it comes from one who has still to be convinced of the truth of survival. For, despite all the evidence that is accumulating I am not yet convinced. . . .

What pleased me most when I first met Mr. Thomas was the fact that I could see in him none of the marks of the fanatic—fanaticism has its uses, but it is out of place in the witness box. He has a quiet, sincere manner and is an earnest Christian, and I judged him to be quite free from any suspicion of hysteria. Also it is well to remember that the witness he is bearing to the truth of the survival of the personality is of a kind that is by no means popular with ministers of religion in England; and that, personally, he has probably more to lose than to gain by the testimony he is about to publish. Lastly, it seems worth while to mention that when, on the second occasion, we met I stated that I was still unconvinced of the truth of survival, he was ready to admit that the attitude I have taken up is quite defensible, the attitude, namely, of not seeking personal evidence. For I have never in my life either consulted a medium or attended a spiritualistic seance.

It was in the autumn of 1919 that Mr. Thomas first began to receive messages from the presumed spirit of his father,

suggesting an entirely new form of test with reference to proof of that spirit's identity and condition. Before that time (and again later), what have been termed "book tests" had been repeatedly experimented with, in which Mr. Thomas received messages that could be verified by books, the position and page of which were precisely indicated.¹ This method, however, was open to the criticism that it was practically impossible to prove that the book used could not in any circumstances have been seen by Mr. Thomas. For in this connection we always work on the assumption that everything seen is infallibly remembered by the unconscious mind, although normally no trace of the record can be found in the consciousness.

The proposed new test appeared to overcome this objection, since it was now suggested that the confirmation of the message should be sought in the pages of the next day's newspaper, which could not conceivably have been seen by Mr. Thomas at the time the messages were received and recorded. And, apropos of the latter operation, it is essential to mention the fact that all these messages were taken down in writing at the time they were received and that in most cases a copy was sent by post to the offices of the S. P. R. in Hanover Square, the same evening—that is to say, on the evening of the day preceding the publication of the newspaper.

I will begin with a very early communication made at 3 P.M. on the 10th of October, 1919. The messages were as follows:

"In the *Times* for to-morrow, second column of front page, halfway down or nearly so, will be your name and your father's, your own coming first. . . . In the first column and much in line with the above there is an address mentioned which he knows well; he knows the locality and the town."

Later the communicator added that

¹See Lady Glenconner's *The Earthen Vessel*, with a preface by Sir Oliver Lodge for an account of these experiments.

close to these names and the address was a word looking like "Loos." Mr. Thomas inquired if this indicated the verb "lose" or the adjective "loose," to which the control (Mrs. Leonard's control is invariably the supposed spirit of a child calling herself "Feda") replied that "it was more nearly the name of a town, or possibly a person." Mr. Thomas, it may be noted, then made up his mind that the word was probably the French town of "Loos," a place quite likely to be mentioned on the front page of the *Times* in connection with "In Memoriam" notices of losses in the war.

Mr. Thomas does not tell us what his motives were when he picked up the *Times* next morning to find proof or disproof of the validity of these messages. No doubt it is as well that he should have kept all evidences of emotion out of his work, but I confess that as a novelist I miss the excitement and drama of what must have been a very critical moment. The cold record of the event, however, has its own value as evidence. For in the front page of the *Times*, in the second column, "about a quarter down" (note that the message gives halfway or nearly) he found a marriage announcement containing the name Charles John Workman—Mr. Thomas's own name being Charles and his father's, John. In the first column, in line with this name, was the address, "Ventnor, I. W." the only address in that column meeting the description, which it did to perfection, Mr. Thomas's father having worked in the Isle of Wight, and having frequently visited Ventnor in the exercise of his professional duties. But the most convincing shot of all was the third, inasmuch as immediately following the "Charles John" notice was that of the golden wedding of a man living at "Loose Court," who had been married at the church of "All Saints, Loose." Mr. Thomas adds that this was his first acquaintance with the fact that there was a village in Kent of that name.

From this time onward the tests were repeated on many occasions; but as they

were all of very much the same character it would be tedious to detail them at any length, and I will choose only one or two of the more striking as examples before examining the value of the evidence provided. Here is an instance taken from a sitting on the 10th of December, 1920, beginning at 5.57 P.M. The message was:

"In the *Times* for to-morrow, column two of front page and close to the top, he thinks within an inch, is the name of a friend, a man, whom you were helping lately. Very close, almost in conjunction with it, is another name which will be an additional clue to him."

Exactly in the place described, Mr. Thomas found next day the name of "Leslie" and, two lines above, the address "Queen-Square." Mr. Thomas had recently been discussing books and other matters with Mr. Leslie Curnow, who is on the staff of *Light*, in the offices of which publication at 6 Queen-Square nearly all their meetings had taken place.

The greater number of the tests refer to names, but before concluding the examples two cases may be given in which there are other forms of allusion. On February 4, 1921, among other references was one to the communicator's "niece 'E.' not a name but words"; and in the place indicated was found a notice containing the words "of heart failure," the niece "E" mentioned having died not long before of heart failure after an operation. Again among references to names and places on January 20, 1921—all of them identified—was, "A little lower something made him think of golf; he did not look for it, but suddenly found himself so thinking; the words made him do so." Four inches below the last reference Mr. Thomas found the words, "Out of bounds." He adds, "Although my father did not play golf, he may have heard the expression from me; I not infrequently have need to make the observation when golfing!"

The first comment that everyone will naturally make on these tests is as to

their vagueness, coupled with the suggestion that in a majority of cases the Christian names referred to are so common that they are almost certain to be found somewhere in the *Times's* small advertisements of births, deaths, and marriages. The latter suggestion, however, has been answered by experiment. In the test cases, out of 104 items, 73 were absolute successes, 12 were indefinite, and 19 were failures. Taking the same cases and seeking for an identification of the references in copies of the *Times* for other dates taken at random, gave 18 successes, 10 indefinite, and 76 failures. This, and other experiments, seem fairly to demonstrate therefore that the successes in the test cases were far too high to be accounted for by coincidence. Personally, I do not feel inclined to quibble over this point, since in so many instances at least three correct and precise references were given for the same date, thereby enormously increasing the mathematical odds against coincidence.

The accusation of vagueness must be met on other grounds, and it is, admittedly, one of the most irritating factors in all evidence of this kind that the communicating spirit, while apparently demonstrating amazingly subtle powers of knowledge, should not be able to produce a few straightforward proofs of its remarkable powers. Why, it will be asked, could not the communicator in this instance have given, not necessarily verbatim, the content of a news paragraph to be published the next day? Half a dozen definitely successful cases of this kind would, it is felt, have been so much more convincing than all this juggling with family names.

But we must beware of impatience in this particular. When questions that in effect open this inquiry have been put to the communicating spirit, the answer has indicated that very considerable difficulties have to be overcome before the information can be obtained at all. These answers imply fairly definitely that sight, as we know it, is not the

instrument employed for reading, say, a type form of the *Times's* announcements, but that the matter is in some way, not comprehensible to us, "sensed." Now if this be the case—and it is, after all, inherently probable that it should be so—we may argue *a priori* that this sensitive response will be more easily provoked when the matter offered refers to something that was within the spirit's knowledge during its earth life. Furthermore, we must recognize the very significant fact that the communicator's effort is so often concentrated on the endeavor to prove his or her own identity. Both these factors—namely, reference to the known and the attempted evidence for identity—are always prominent in communications of this kind, and must be taken into careful consideration when we attempt to postulate the condition and powers of the spirit after leaving the body. Lastly, we must not forget the terribly complicated process by which the messages are given, involving the interpretation of a "control" as well as of the medium before the thought of the communicating spirit can be translated into language.

The critics of this kind of message—and in reproving them I rebuke my own past impatience—are so apt to make the unwarranted assumptions (1) that the spirits must be able to communicate directly if they would, and (2) that the conditions obtaining on this other plane correspond very nearly to those of our earth life.

With regard to (1), we can only say that, while the method of communication is still very obscure, it has obviously to undergo a form of translation and therefore needs a translator. And, personally, I lean strongly to the belief that the "control," the "Phinuit," "Doctor," or "Feda" of well-known mediums is evolved from those mediums' own subconsciousness. This belief in no way implies deceit on their part. One might just as well accuse the shell-shock patient of deceit when he declares, for example, that he cannot lift his right arm

above the shoulder. What it more probably implies is that in the trance state there is a dual control and an awareness on the part of the conscious of the activities, in certain directions, of the so-called unconscious self. On this point, however, we are still awaiting expert psychological evidence.

As to (2), the conditions on the spirit plane, the evidence is so extraordinarily contradicting that in my opinion only one hypothesis can account for it—namely, that the condition of the spirit after death, perhaps for some years as we reckon time, is one of *illusion*. I have dealt with this elsewhere and have no space for the necessary argument in this article, but the essential points of the theory are that the spirit creates its own environment on that plane, and that we can no more expect any typical, much less a universally applicable, description of life on the other side than could an inhabitant of Mars who cross-examined witnesses of earthly conditions taken successively from New York, Thibet, and the Malay Archipelago. And if this be so we can understand both why we so often receive an account of life on the spirit plane couched in physical images, and why we are far too ready to assume that the communicating spirits could be far more convincing if they wished to be. For, on this hypothesis, the powers of these spirits are very definitely limited by their earth experiences. (I may add that since I first began to adopt this theory, soon after the publication of Sir Oliver Lodge's *Raymond*, I have found in it a wonderful key to many of the perplexities associated with this class of phenomena).

Our second criticism of the Drayton Thomas "*Times* tests" must necessarily deal with that terrible bugbear, telepathy, between the living. Would it be possible to account for the mystery by this means? We may begin by ruling out the possibility that either Mr. Thomas or the medium, Mrs. Leonard, could have had access to the material—

the impossibility, in other words, that the names and facts given together with their positions on the front page of the *Times* could have been known by any normal physical process either to their conscious or unconscious minds. That possibility could only in this case be accounted for by a long and elaborate process of fraud which is quite inconceivable. (Apart altogether from the character of the chief persons concerned, there are purely mechanical difficulties to be overcome—involving confederacy with some employee in the *Times* office—which seem to me to put any charge of deliberate fraud completely out of the question.)

But the application of the telepathic theory goes much deeper than this, for, according to the modern method, we are not permitted to exclude the possibility of telepathy when the material is known to any living mind. Now, in the case under consideration, detail of the contents of the newspaper page to which reference is made was obviously in the consciousness of many minds at the time of the sittings. Thus, particulars of the announcements in question would be known to those who sent them up for insertion, and to the clerks who received and classified them. The almost equally essential point of the *position* on the page, however, could not be known to these people; but this also would have been known in some cases to the compositors and typographers at the time of the sittings. Inquiry at the *Times* office elicited the information from the manager that the work of setting these advertisements is begun at 5 P.M.; but in a further letter with reference to a particular instance, he writes that the copy for the announcement in question had been set up "some considerable time" before the hour of the sitting, four to five o'clock. Another interesting point in this connection is that at a sitting on December 4, 1919, taken at the unusually early hour of twelve, noon, the name Hutchinson was given by the communicator as appearing "about two inches

from the bottom" of the first column. This name was found next day by Mr. Thomas at the top of the second column, a fact conveying the suggestion that extra matter had later been inserted in front of it, necessitating its transference from the bottom of one file to the top of the next.

No doubt this examination should be pushed much farther and a careful comparison made; but even from the material at present available, it seems possible that in some cases the exact position of the announcement on the page was not known to any living being when the message was received—a conclusion that considerably complicates the whole problem, since it appears to involve the power of accurate prophecy on the part of the communicating spirit. Personally, I should prefer to relegate the criticism of telepathy to other grounds, for, in my opinion, the theory of telepathy, if used to account for such a case as this, must be stretched beyond all credibility. My difficulty, taking this instance as more or less typical, is that there is no kind of sympathy or rapport between the minds of Mr. Thomas or Mrs. Leonard and a perfectly unknown compositor or printer in the *Times* office; and we have therefore to assume, in the first place, that the extra sensitive mind of a medium in trance can select its information *at will* from any possible source. What does this imply? I can see nothing for it but to postulate that the momentarily released spirit of Mrs. Leonard was able to get into communication with the thoughts of certain previously unknown operatives at the *Times* offices, and meticulously choose from those thoughts a few particular names and phrases and their precise position on the forms for the next day's paper. Furthermore, she must at the same time have been in communication with the minds of Mr. Thomas and occasionally of new sitters that he brought with him, inasmuch as the particular names she had to select had a special application to the sitters and were in a great many cases unknown to her conscious mind.

Well, I can only say that of the two hypotheses I should prefer, from the points of view of ordinary reason and common sense, to accept that of a communicating spirit endowed with supernormal powers in some directions, particularly in this direction of "sensing" certain information. It seems to me the lesser miracle. Moreover, if we accept the telepathy hypothesis in such a connection as this, does it not practically commit us to the theory of survival? If we grant such amazing capabilities to the spirit of a medium, temporarily released from the control of the entranced consciousness, we can hardly deny the probability that it is capable of a separate life of its own. If we are to credit the subconscious personality (or whatever we like to call it) with all kinds of supernormal powers, including that of temporary separation from the body and independent function, we in no way explain the wonder by talking about telepathy. Yet I can find no alternative to the positing of these supernormal powers if we are to account for the phenomena just examined by any theory of thought transference. If such transference as this were conceivable between conscious minds, the world would, indeed, become a very queer place to live in.

In conclusion, I would submit that these *Times* tests constitute new and exceedingly valuable evidence in this inquiry. The facts are open to challenge and investigation, and I, at least, am fully convinced that no charge of trickery or fraud could be upheld for five minutes. I do not suggest for a moment that, taken by themselves, these phenomena would convince a determined skeptic. Most skeptics are so very determined! But, taken in conjunction with the rapidly increasing body of evidence, I claim that this Drayton Thomas case furnishes a piece of testimony that is very hard to combat. It is not so sensational as the materializations of Marthe Beraud and Katherine Goligher, but from our standpoint it is far more essential.

Nevertheless, as I said earlier, I, myself, am not as yet fully convinced that the consciousness survives physical death in the sense in which the implications of that statement are generally understood. The nearest that I have ever been to conviction was on an occasion in the winter of 1920-21, and then the influence was not reason, but the atmosphere of intense belief by which I was surrounded. I had been lecturing to the London Spiritualist Alliance in London, a lecture in which I had made some fairly stringent criticisms of my

hearers' attitude. But when the lecture and ensuing discussion were concluded several members of the audience came up to speak to me, and it was then that for a few minutes I seemed to be actively aware of the truth of survival. It was not the things these people were saying that swayed me, but their faith. I could maintain my side of the purely intellectual argument in any discussion of proofs. Yet I felt an inner conviction that in some way or another they *knew*. *Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas.*

AUNT SELINA

BY CAROL HAYNES

WHEN Aunt Selina comes to tea
 She always makes them send for me,
 And I must be polite and clean
 And seldom heard, but always seen.
 I must sit stiffly in my chair
 As long as Aunt Selina's there.

But there are certain things I would
 Ask Aunt Selina if I could.
 I'd ask when she was small, like me,
 If she had ever climbed a tree.
 Or if she'd ever, ever gone
 Without her shoes and stockings on
 Where lovely puddles lay in rows
 To let the mud squeegee through her toes.
 Or if she'd coasted on a sled,
 Or learned to stand upon her head
 And wave her feet—and after that
 I'd ask her how she got so fat.
 These things I'd like to ask, and then—
 I hope she would not come again!

GOOD WITS JUMP

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

ROSIE PONT had been chicken girl at Wait's Farm for a little over five years, which meant, as anyone who saw her round, sweet, childish face would know, that she had started her career at an early age. Mrs. Pont was a believer in early beginnings—a wise and practical belief in the mother of eleven children. All the little Ponts had been sent early to school, to be out of her way in her mornings of cooking and scrubbing and washing; they had been taken away from school at the earliest possible moment so that they might look after still younger Ponts, and then had gone early to work—to take their share of the burden which had grown too heavy for their parents' backs.

Rosie had not liked going to school. She had not liked leaving school when she was thirteen and looking after her little brother Leslie, and she had not liked, when Leslie grew old enough to go to school himself, being packed off by her mother to Wait's Farm, to clean the fowl houses, collect eggs, mix chicken food, scrub the dairy floor, and make herself generally useful for five shillings a week.

"You don't know your own luck, Rose," her friend, Emma Brown, had said to her just as she was starting. "Now you might be having to go away into the Shires, just as I am. That's hard. I'd give anything to be stopping here among them all, but there isn't much work in these parts, and you're lucky to get it."

Emma Brown was quite four years older than Rosie. She had been a pupil teacher at Rosie's school in the days when Rosie was still on the safe side of twelve. Then things had gone wrong with Emma. Her father and mother had

died within a few weeks of each other, no money had been left, and she had been obliged to give up her ambitions in the way of education and turn to farm work like other girls in Oxhurst village. She had worked for some time at the Loose Farm, a mile from Wait's, but they had had bad luck at the Loose and had turned away several hands, and now Emma could not get work in the neighborhood, so had been obliged to take a post as dairy girl on a big farm in Shropshire.

Rosie was very sorry that she should have to go, for she was fond of Emma. But she could not feel that her friend was so unlucky as she made out, for it was possible that away in the big world of the Shires Emma might come to glories beyond the reach of chicken girls in Sussex.

They wrote to each other for nearly a year. Emma did not like Shropshire ways, and she found her work hard and perplexing, owing to unaccustomed methods of farming. Botvyl, the farm in Shropshire, could have swallowed up two or three Waits and Looses in its acres—"And all the work there is to do, and the ways they have of doing it, you'd never guess, Rosie."

Rosie wrote in her turn and gave news of Oxhurst and the Ponts, and the Orpingtons and Wyandottes at Wait's, but, naturally, letter writing did not fulfill the same need for her as it did for the exiled Emma, nor had she Emma's pen of a ready pupil-teacher. Letters were a "tar'ble gurt trouble," as she told her mother, and after a time hers grew farther and farther apart, till there would be two of Emma's between two of hers. Then when summer came, with the long evenings, Tom Boorner,

the plowman's son, asked her to go out with him into the twilight fields and lanes. They would go down the Bostal Lane, to where the gate looks over the fields toward Udiam and the Rother marshes, full of the cold mists of the twilight east, with the stars hanging dim and still above them, and there they would stand for half an hour, perhaps. They had not much to say to each other, but somehow it used to fill their evenings, and, what was more, it filled Rosie's thoughts, so that at last she seemed to forget all about Emma Brown. Emma grew tired of writing and getting no answer, and after a time the letters ceased.

Two months after she received the last, when the summer was gone and the gold corn stubble had been plowed out of the autumn fields, it was known at Wait's and through Oxhurst that Tom Boorner and Rosie Pont would marry as soon as they were old enough and had the money. This did not plunge the neighborhood into any very great excitement, for it was not expected that the marriage would take place for five or six years at least. The couple were extremely young and their prospects were not very bright. Besides, a courtship which did not run into years was not considered "seemly" in the country round Oxhurst.

"Now don't you go thinking above yourself, Rosie," said her mother. "You'll have to work harder than ever with a marriage ahead of you. Tom's a good boy, but he ain't making more than fifteen shillings a week, and your father and me can't do nothing for you; so you'll have to put by a bit every week for buying your clothes and sheets and things, and then maybe, by the time Tom's ready to marry, you'll have enough money to set up housekeeping."

Rosie took her mother's words to heart. Under her rather stolid exterior was a very lively desire for the little home that Tom had promised, and she was anxious that it should materialize as quickly as possible. Not only did she do

her usual work with more than usual thoroughness, but she occasionally helped Mrs. Bream of Wait's in the house when she was short of girls, and on Saturday afternoons, which were supposed to be holidays, she occasionally put in half a day's charring at the Vicarage or at the week-end cottage the artist people had taken in Bostal Lane. These extra shillings were carefully put away in a wooden money box, bought by her father for that very purpose at Battle fair.

Thus it happened that at the end of five years Rosie had saved nearly fifteen pounds. She was now nineteen and Tom was twenty-two. His fifteen shillings a week had been made a pound and there was no reason why they should not be married in the spring. Tom was very proud of her. He said she had been a good girl to work so hard and save so much, and that it spoke well for her success as housewife in the little cottage which on his marriage would be added to his wages from Tileman's farm.

Rosie was proud of herself and inclined to boast a bit. She would be married in a white dress made by the dressmaker at Battle. She would have a coat and skirt in her favorite blue, a felt hat with a quill in it, and a bit of fur to go round her neck. She had already begun to buy one or two little things—bargains that were brought to her notice by other girls or friends of her mother. She had a silk blouse and a pair of artificial silk stockings and a belt with a silver buckle.

Then one day a peddler came to Wait's Farm with lace collars and hat ribbons and jeweled combs for the hair. He said that he had been told down in the village that one of the young ladies up at Wait's was going to be married, and he promised her that she would find nothing better or cheaper than what he carried on his tray.

"I've been all over England, miss," he said to her in the queer "furrin" voice which she and the other girls sometimes found difficult to understand. "I've been in Scotland, where the lasses

never wear shoes to their feet. No good me taking my fine silk stockings there! I've been in Ireland, where the girls wear shawls over their heads. No use have they for my fine hat ribbons. And I've been in Norfolk and Suffolk and Yorkshire and Cheshire and Shropshire and every shire, but," said he, with a roving brown eye for all the young faces crowded in the doorway, "I like Sussex girls the best!"

Rosie stood silent, fingering a lace-edged handkerchief. "Did you say you'd been in Shropshire?" she asked, after a bit.

"Shropshire? Why, yes, my lady. I've been to Salop and Ludow and Stretton and Bridgenorth. A fine place, Shropshire, with the Wrekin, and the Welsh hills that you see from the river, and the big jail in Salop where a murderer was hung three months ago."

"Did you ever meet anyone called Emma Brown?" asked Rosie. "She went to live in Shropshire at a farm called Botvyl."

"That 'll be near Stretton, won't it?" said the peddler.

"Church Stretton, Shropshire, is the address, though it's four years since I got a letter from her. But maybe you've met her, knowing those parts?"

The peddler looked reflective. "Now I come to think of it," he said, "I did run across a young lady of the name of Emma Brown. But she was in the hospital in Salop, where I went to see a cousin of mine who had been taken ill with the rheumatic fever. Yes, I remember it was Emma Brown from Botvyl in the bed next to hers. That's queer, now, ain't it, miss? It's what they call a coincidence. Was this Emma Brown a friend of yours?"

"Reckon she was, but I haven't heard from her these four years."

"Well, poor girl, she must have fallen on bad times. There she lay in bed and could scarce speak to my cousin Polly. Now I remember, Poll told me she was down on her luck—all she'd saved gone on paying for being ill, which is a poor

way of spending. Now, miss, which will you have—the lace border or the embroidery?"

"I don't think I'll have neither, thank you," said Rosie, in a crushed voice.

"What, neither? But you'll never be married without a lace handkerchief!"

"I don't like to go spending my money when poor Emma Brown's in want."

"Now don't you be silly, Rosie," said one of the girls. "Your spending or not spending won't make no difference to Emma Brown."

"You can't keep the gentleman all this while talking and then buy nothing," said another girl.

They all wanted to see Rosie spend her money—it gave them an extravagant thrill.

Rosie gave way and bought the embroidered handkerchief, which was sixpence cheaper than the lace one. Then she went indoors quietly and rather sadly.

The peddler's visit had been a shock to her; it had made her think; it had made her a little ashamed of herself. How wicked she had been to forget poor Emma—poor Emma who had not liked going away from home! She had forgotten her because she had been happy with Tom, and now she was going to be married and would never have thought of Emma at all if it had not been for the peddler. And poor Emma was ill. She had not been happy; her journey to foreign parts had not been a success. It didn't seem fair.

That night at home she was very thoughtful, and as soon as supper was over she went upstairs to the bedroom where she slept with two little sisters. They were already asleep, for their mother had put them to bed early to get them out of the way. They did not hear Rosie go to her chest of drawers and take out her money box. She counted the money that was inside—twelve pounds. She had saved fifteen pounds in five years. Probably Emma had done as well as that, for Emma was a hard-working girl, a better worker than Rosie.

But now all Emma's savings had been swallowed up in a long illness, so the peddler said, while Rosie was spending hers on clothes and linen for her marriage—as if marrying Tom was not good enough in itself without the extra pleasures of silk and lace! Emma had spent her money on doctors and physic and all the hardships of a sick-bed. As if illness wasn't bad enough in itself, without having to spend one's savings on it! It didn't seem fair.

The tears ran down Rosie's cheeks. She felt that she had treated Emma badly, and now she couldn't bear to think of spending all this money on herself. She must send it to Emma; it would help her if she was out of work because of her illness, or if she was still poorly it would allow her to go away for a change to the seaside, perhaps. She wouldn't let herself think of all she must give up in the way of a white wedding dress and the sage-blue coat and skirt and the hat with the quill. . . . Her marriage would be a poor affair indeed. Still, the chief thing about the marriage was Tom. She would have him, whatever happened, while poor Emma had nobody. They said she had been sweet on young Reg Vidler before she left Oxhurst, but it had come to nothing—perhaps because she had had to go away. Poor Emma!

The next morning Rosie asked her mistress for an hour off at dinner time. Thinking she wanted to run down and see the peddler, who was still in the village, Mrs. Bream agreed, and Rosie went off. She carried her purse, not in her pocket, but in the front of her dress, inside her stays, for her purse this morning held more money than it had ever held in its overlong life.

"I want a postal order for twelve pounds, please," said Rosie to the postmistress. Her face was very pale and a little drawn.

"You can't get a postal order for all that," replied Miss Smith; "it'll have to be a money order." She wanted to ask the girl some questions, but she took

her office seriously and maintained a professional aloofness.

"Then give me a money order, please," said Rosie.

The postmistress produced one. "Sign your name here," she directed.

"But I don't want her to know who it's from."

"Then you can't send a money order."

Rosie's face fell. "What am I to do?" she said. "Reckon I don't want the person it's for to know it's from me."

"If you like I will change your money for notes, and you can send them by registered post."

"Then I'll do that. But I don't want to post it here."

"You can take the envelope and post it anywhere you like," said Miss Smith. "But remember, Rosie," she added, gravely, "it's a lot of money. I hope you're not doing anything rash, my dear."

"No," replied Rosie; "it's something that must be done, I reckon. But don't tell anyone about it, Miss Smith."

"No, I won't tell. You've always been a sensible girl and I trust you not to do anything silly."

Rosie escaped with the registered envelope in her hand. She had not guessed that the matter would involve such difficulties, but she hoped they were now nearly over. She went next to the George Inn, where she found the peddler just setting out for the next county.

"I want you to post this letter for me," she said, "from some big town away from here. It's to Emma Brown, but I don't want her to know it's from me. . . . She'd think I shouldn't ought to send it . . . or maybe she'd be angry and send it back, seeing the way I've treated her. So I've done the address in printing hand, and if you post it from a place like Lewes or Horsham she'll never know who sent it."

The peddler smiled. "I'll post it from Lewes," he said.

Of course Rosie Pont was a little fool and deserved to lose her money, after intrusting it to an unknown peddler to

post at his discretion, but as a matter of fact her folly was quite successful. The peddler was honest, and in due course the letter arrived at Botvyl Farm in Shropshire.

"Miss Emma Brown, care of Mr. and Mrs. Tudor. That 'll be for me," said the farmer's wife. "Who is sending me a registered letter, I wonder?"

She tore it open and in surprise counted twelve treasury notes for one pound each.

"Goodness gracious! Now who in the name of wonder can have sent me that?"

"Some one who doesn't know you're Emma Tudor," said her husband.

"Well, it's not six months since I was Emma Brown, and this comes right away from Lewes. Maybe some one from the old place has sent it to me, thinking I'm still poor as I used to be. There was old Mr. Prescott, the vicar, he was a kind old man and I think 'u'd have done more for me when I left if he'd been able, but he was in a poor way himself. Maybe he's luckier now and thinks to do me a good turn."

"But don't the folk down there know you're married? Why didn't you write and tell 'em?" asked her husband, with reproachful fondness.

"Why should I? They'd all forgotten about me. Rosie Pont, who was the last one to keep up with me, hadn't written for over three years, so why should I

remember folk who had forgotten me?"

"Well, some one's remembered you, as you see. Can't you think who it is?"

"No, I can't—unless it's Mr. Prescott. I don't know anyone round there who'd be worth twelve pounds. Stay, it might be Mrs. Gain of the Loose. She was sorry enough to turn me away, and said she'd do something for me if ever she found she could."

"Well, no matter who sent it, here it is! And you can't send it back, seeing there's no address. We'll take it as a piece of luck and go into Salop to buy you a gown."

"I don't like to do that," said Mrs. Tudor. "I've got everything I want. I've been a lucky woman. I've had my ups and downs, but I've come through safe and happy at last. It isn't everyone who's had such luck. I'd like to give it to some girl who hasn't done so well. Now there's that girl Rosie Pont at home. I was middling fond of her once, and I don't suppose she's never done much for herself, poor child. One of a family of eleven children, and a silly little thing. I'll tell you, Owen! I've a mind to put that money straight into an envelope and send it to her. You can post it at Ludlow Market, and she'll never know where it comes from. I reckon she'll find it useful, for these are hard times for those that haven't had my luck."

A GROUP OF POEMS

BY W. H. DAVIES

W. H. Davies, probably the most talked of English poet of to-day, is a unique figure in London's literary world. Drawn by the lure of the unknown, he came to this country as a young man, and tramped westward beyond Chicago, having for his associates hoboos and yeggmen and oftentimes spending the cold winter months in the old-fashioned "bounty" jails. But he was always the dreamer and always he was gathering along the way the stuff of many a future poem and of his prose Autobiography of a Super-Tramp. On his return to London he alternated between similar vagabondage along English highways and the writing of volumes of verse, the rich and unusual lyrical quality of which has given him an undisputed place in English literature. The British government has recognized his worth by making him a grant such as is given only to artists of real distinction.

IMPUDENCE

ONE morning, when the world was gray and cold,
And every face looked dull and full of care
There passed me, puffing clouds of silver breath,
A lovely maiden, with a jaunty air.

The red carnations flamed in both her cheeks,
Her teeth all there and shown; while either eye
Shone like a little pool on Christchurch Hill
When it has stolen half the sky.

And when I saw such beauty, young and fresh,
So proud, although the day was gray and cold,
"Who ever saw," I laughed, and stared amazed,
"Such impudence before in this old world!"

TELLING FORTUNES

"YOU'LL have a son," the old man said—
"And then a daughter fair to meet
As any summer nights that dance
Upon a thousand silver feet."

"You dear old man, now can you tell
If my fair daughter 'll marry well?"

The old man winked his eye and said,

"Well, knowing men for what they are,
She'll break their hearts, because she'll not
Be half as good as she is fair."

The new-made wife was full of pain,
And raised her head and hoped again.

"And will my son be fine and smart
And win a noble lady's heart?"

The old man winked his other eye.

"Well, knowing women as we do,
The kind of man they most prefer,
He'll break their hearts, because he'll be
A fool, a coxcomb, and a cur."

TWO WOMEN

The Mother

THE midwife nearly drowned my son,
And beat him hard, before he'd give
That cry a mother longs to hear
To prove her precious babe will live.

The Wife

I WISH that she had drowned him quite,
Or beat your precious babe to death.
Since he has grown so fierce and strong
He'll beat me out of my last breath.

Your precious babe is now a man,
But, mother, he's not worth the skin—
As husband, father, or a son—
That he was made for living in.

THE HOUR OF MAGIC

THIS is the hour of magic, when the Moon
With her bright wand has charmed the tallest tree
To stand stone still with all his million leaves!
I feel around me things I cannot see;
I hold my breath, as Nature holds her own.
And do the mice and birds, the horse and cow,
Sleepless in this deep silence, so intense,
Believe a miracle has happened now,
And wait to hear a sound they'll recognize,
To prove they still have life with earthly ties?

HOW MANY BUDS

HOW many buds in this warm light
Have burst out laughing into leaves!
And shall a day like this be gone
Before I seek the wood that holds
The richest music known?

Too many times have nightingales
Wasted their passion on my sleep,
And brought repentance soon;
But this one night I'll seek the woods,
The Nightingale and Moon.

THE TEACHER AND THE TAUGHT

BY GRACE IRWIN

IN every city there is a district which is called "tough"—a district which decent people, afraid of insult or theft, shun in both daylight and darkness. It is there that the overworked police grow callous to the everlasting complaints and brawls. In one such community, by the grace of a country whose proud boast is a free education to all, is a public school. And in this public school are teachers who daily work against the heavy odds of vice and miserable ignorance which have been piling up year after year or generation after generation. But vice and ignorance are not the only odds against them; there is also the lack of understanding and interest of the state.

When most persons think of teaching they have a mental picture of little boys and girls sitting in straight rows and listening attentively to a very proper and very precise teacher. Every little boy and every little girl has a clean face; each blouse and dress is immaculate. This is the picture I actually had during my "practice" teaching days. They were quite adorable—those children in that second grade, twenty-five of them! Every one left home each morning with a mother's kiss, a fresh handkerchief, and an admonition "to be good," and they were good, very good.

But I look at my class to-day and sigh. There are forty-three in the room; a few are absent. They are the offspring of two dozen and more nationalities, not including Americans and American colored children. One girl is part negro and part Indian—a rare combination for temperament. Thanks to the vigilance of the school nurse, they are not physically dirty, although their clothes are often filthy and ill smelling. They do not leave home in the morning with a

parental kiss, but more often with a curse or a blow, and no breakfast.

The district in which I have taught since I left my "Little Italy" has no picturesque or novel background of foreign peasantry, for it is merely ugly, sordid, and commonplace. Literally speaking, such a section is only of passing moment to the rest of the country—for it lies about a railroad's coal yards. The world is forever passing through it, but, bent only on what lies beyond and its journey's end, it ignores its drab and hideous aspect.

I never leave a city by train or enter another one that I do not find myself seeking curiously for the familiar sights: the blackened tenements and shacks, an occasional church steeple rising out of the foggy atmosphere, the factory smokestacks sending forth over everything their pall of yellow, black, or gray clouds. The only intense color in the whole picture is sure to be in the crude and glaring advertisements which are painted on the side of every tenement, the side which is turned toward the railroad. I peer through the smoke and the gloom, searching for the roofs or the chimneys of the public schools. Coal dust and factory fumes may obscure them, but I know that they are there. There is nowhere in this land a section so hideous, so poor, or so bad that has not its public school.

This particular neighborhood in which I teach lies at the back of a railroad and along its coal yards, and on its other side is a river, polluted by the refuse of many a factory. The factories themselves seem to be of a particularly odoriferous variety, for they send forth the most nauseating collection of smells. I do not care to imagine anything worse than a tannery,

a piggery (a slaughter house), and a gas house all in the breathing distance of one nose!

The neighborhood in which I teach is what is often called "run down"; it was once respectable and respected. The rest of the city stamps it to-day as a "rough-neck district," and with equanimity adds that somewhere "down there" there's a street in which more murders have been committed than in any other part of the city. It is still foreign, almost wholly so, but in quite a different sense from a "Little Italy." There is a large percentage of Italians, but with a conglomerated assortment of two or three dozen other nationalities as well. One or two blocks of tenements are occupied solely by colored families. This variation of nationalities helps to quicken the process of Americanization, but, unfortunately, the first thing they pick up is American street and gutter life, and with more rapidity than in districts in which one nationality is quartered by itself. But in spite of this I believe that it is far better for our national development that our different foreign populations should intermingle. The assimilation is not automatic or simple. Street brawls and even school fights are evidence of the complications which such a condition creates. The particularly popular epithet, "dirty" or "lousy," followed by Wop, Polack, Jew, Irish, or nigger, makes for a problem I never knew in "Little Italy," but I believe it is better for them to have these knocks and this opposition than to be placidly content to remain alien.

The street blatantly announces itself as the first problem to be met and dealt with. The most casual passer-by has it thrust upon his notice. He does not think of it any farther than as a personal affront or insult. The sidewalk is smeared with foul messages, likewise a near-by fence. Sometimes these are left untouched for weeks—the general neighborhood is too hardened and indifferent, and outsiders are either too fastidious or

too sensitive, to remove them. Gutter comments or insolent jeers at any stranger are quite the order. The teacher faces all this before she enters the school building. How can she teach intelligently within its walls and shut her eyes to what lies without?

I feel that it is as fundamental and vital a need that a boy or girl should respect the social and personal rights of the passer-by as it is to know the boundary of his state. If this is heresy, let school boards make the most of it!

A boy followed another teacher and myself for a block or more one day, mimicking our walk, gibing at us.

"There's my house. Come and tell me mudder! Tell her!" He stood in a doorway just in front of us, mocking, inviting.

We stopped and quietly accepted his invitation. His mother was somewhere up in the odoriferous chasm above us. I hesitated as I looked at the rickety stairway which led up into the black hole.

"Ask your mother please to come down to see us," I said to the taunting Joe who was perched part way up the stairs. He was instantly swallowed up in blackness. We waited, listening to noisy, quarrelsome voices above us. Finally I turned to one of a dozen or more curious onlookers who had suddenly sprung from nowhere in particular to see what the teachers wanted.

"Go upstairs and ask Mrs. Ciccone if she will please come down. There are two teachers who would like to see her."

Peter eagerly sprang to do my bidding, but a minute later he was down again, wide-eyed and excited. He stutted over his message:

"Joe says like this to get the hell outer here or he'll throw the broomstick down on you."

Of course this was not the end of the story. Mrs. Ciccone came to school that afternoon at the request of the principal. Poor woman, I felt sorry for her. She could not speak a word of English, and Joe had always taken advantage of that fact to trick her and to lie to her time

after time. She wanted him to be good, she conveyed through an interpreter, for she had a great respect for the school-house in the neighborhood. It had helped her with her many offspring, in many ways. They were not "so fresh," so hard to manage, after they had been to school; she was proud of her "clean little American daughters"! And the nurse had been so good and the teachers—poor things, poor things! She knew how bad children could be. The teacher was a marvel to make them over—make them good. But Joe—he was an ungrateful wretch. She wished she had a knife and she would cut his heart out! She left us bowing deeply, but with a very humble, very apologetic Joe following meekly in her wake.

Then there was my experience with Tom, which involved the same offense—yelling at me from the street. I suppose I should have considered myself more or less fortunate that it was only words which were thrown at me. Stone-throwing scenes *have* taken place—usually following a crusade against rouge, truancy, or cigarette smoking.

Tom's other name was Kelly, and Tom was "tough" and proud of it.

"Oh, he's so tough, teacher!" The other children looked with glowing pride upon their hero. "He's got the best gang—they can beat everybody."

Tom had a paralyzed foot, but he was big and husky, even for fifteen. Every movement of his face or body was "tough." I had felt that vaudeville actors exaggerated when they imitated the street gangster—until I met Tom. He hadn't a vicious face—a little shrewd, but rather good natured. The first day that he was in my class the vice-principal came to my room and said:

"Do you see that boy back there—Raphael Domminick? He has a fearful temper; he would just as soon go out the window as out the door. He is on probation from the reform school. Try to have more than patience with him. Keep your eye on him, but don't let him know that you are doing it."

It is not a cheerful, happy prospect—sitting by a human volcano, waiting for it to show signs of erupting, and then be expected to put a lid on gently and successfully. I had faced it before and it was a strain on my nerves.

I taught with one eye on Raphael and one eye on Tom. I didn't know Tom then, but I knew the signs. I had a distinct feeling that on the morrow his seat would be on the opposite side of the room from the volatile Raphael. But the morrow I suddenly realized was a procrastination—immediate disaster pending. Tom, in some subtle fashion, was annoying Raphael. I walked to the back of the room, apparently to get something from a closet. I looked sternly into the averted face of Tom.

"Turn around," I motioned with my lips, indicated with my hand. But he grinned, scratched his head, cocked one eye at me, as though considering my force. He did not move. As I went to the front of the room I passed Tom and took his chin in my hand and turned his face forward.

He shoved it away, and out of the corner of his mouth said, firmly but affably, "Lay off that stuff!" He made a sidelong gesture with a flat palm, indicating finality. I have seen the gesture imitated many times on the stage.

"Go to the office!" I commanded.

He dragged himself lazily out of his seat and gave a broad wink at his audience.

"A'right, a'right!"—twisting his mouth under one ear and then letting it curl toward his nose. Then he smiled complacently in a broad and genial fashion.

"Ta-ta!" He gave me a salute with his hat as he left for the street, not the office.

That afternoon after school he followed me on the other side of the street and yelled, "Ta-ta! Lay off that stuff!" until I had boarded a trolley car. It was the quintessence of all that was maddening. I could do nothing but itch with a desire to wring his neck.

The next morning, at the first oppor-

tunity which presented itself, I sent for him. I did not see him in my room until the afternoon periods.

He strolled toward me leisurely with eyebrows raised questioningly. He was a beautiful picture of serene and holy innocence.

"Tom, what you did yesterday would make the boys think you were a coward, a 'fraid cat,' as you call it. Any 'sis,' the very weakest 'sis' in the whole class, could have done the same thing!"

Down went his eyebrows. He was completely taken back.

"Was it brave? What could I do? You were out of my reach! But, besides, and this is more important, you were acting like a rowdy. The police don't stand for that sort of thing, and you know it! Yelling at passers-by, annoying them, insulting them, result in—you know?"

Tom knew; he was silent.

"Are you a Boy Scout?"

He was not. He shook his head. He wanted to get away from my direct gaze, from my words, my hand on his shoulder. He would have preferred the customary beating at that minute to my remarks.

"A'right," he agreed, "but you could 'a' pushed me teeth down me throat yesterday." He grinned sheepishly.

"What nonsense! You know it is nonsense, and saying it to me is impertinent, and you know that, too! Tom, if I take your chin so again—" I repeated the experiment of the day before, which had saved Raphael but had not spared Tom. He took my wrist in his hand and shoved it away.

"Don't do that!" he commanded, firmly but agreeably, as he shook his head reprovingly. "I don't want to hurt you!"

No, he didn't want to hurt me, but if I persisted it would be quite necessary.

I did not send him to the office, for I felt that it would not be necessary. He watched me for days, trying to get the "dope" on me. I often caught him looking at me with one eye squinted, and he would shake his head perplexedly.

"Tom," I said a week later, "will you be monitor of these pencils? They are disappearing very mysteriously."

Then and there he succumbed. He performed his new duty like a religious rite.

For weeks he was a joy and a comfort, although his solemn mien was almost oppressive. I liked his smile. Raphael, too, was very quiet. I almost forgot his possibilities, until I heard of his eventual eruption in another quarter of the school.

One day I had to leave my class for nearly half an hour. I left Tom in charge, for I had come to have implicit faith in him. My faith was apparently justified, for upon my return the room was almost uncanny in its profound silence.

I never knew until a week later the secret of Tom's hold upon a class which was not "easy." For the first minutes they were quiet, they were in awe of the class "tough"; but then they grew a little restive. Tom was resourceful, and, besides, he wanted to reward their past quiet deportment. He removed from his pocket a pile of dirty, grimy pictures—pictures of "ladies" who "was models" or worked in a "the-ay-ter." But each lady was dressed like Trilby. Anthony Comstock must have turned in his grave. Tom displayed them, one at a time, to a class that was fascinated by this unusual class-room exhibition. He was hurt a bit, surprised when I spoke to him about it, as I told him that once again he had erred. He was shamed and very quiet. Hereafter he will render to the pool room the things of the pool room.

The street is more an indication of a problem than the problem itself. It is only the tendrils of a sturdy weed whose roots are deeply buried in a soil which holds it tight. Merely clipping off the tops is a folly, for it will spring up with renewed vigor in some other spot.

It is in the daily routine of the classroom work that the teacher comes in

intimate contact with some of the causes which lie behind the ways and manners of the street. She has to work and struggle with a deeply rooted weed. It must be dealt with in its entirety before anything better can be expected to flourish. Refusing to recognize the complete situation is a menace to the general welfare of the country and unfair to the children themselves.

Nowhere in the "course of study" is any arrangement made for this uprooting. It is not on the schedule. Courses of study are uniform, alike in every school, regardless of surrounding conditions. If human beings were all alike, if the altruistic "Pollyannish" theory that all men are created equal were true, then there would be no need for special classes for the defective, deficient, abnormal. There are such classes in the public-school system, which admits a difference in the individual physical makeup. The exceptional degenerate is also taken into consideration and placed in a particular class or school. With these cases removed there seems to be a general belief that all the rest are cut to one pattern—socially, mentally, morally—for the state expects and demands from them the selfsame results in the same length of time.

One day a mother was sent for. Her son had been playing truant for weeks. When she faced him in the principal's office she was venomous. He had been bad—evil company night after night. She had hardly caught a glimpse of him in all that time. He looked haggard from lack of sleep and proper nourishment. She leaned down and removed one of her heavy shoes, and with its stout heel she hammered her young son upon the head until she was stopped by an outraged, frantic audience.

"Don't hit that boy on the *head*. You could hit him where it would do no serious harm, but on the *head*—don't!" The gentle vice-principal urged, commanded.

"Yeah." She shrugged her shoulders, twisted her mouth in contempt at the

silly notion. "I have been hitting him on the head all of his life and it 'ain't hurt him yet."

Can you honestly imagine, you who believe that all children are the same and have the same opportunities, that a boy who had been hit on his head all his life would be as quick at his lessons as one who had not?

Some of the physical punishments given to these children are shocking in their primitive ferocity, for the parents will kick, bite, beat their miserable boy or girl until they themselves are physically exhausted and the child cut and bleeding. Children treated so are of course combative and hard to manage. It is only the public performance of this brutality which comes under the notice of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Harsh punishments lie behind the street, but more pernicious in its influence is the fact that nothing is kept from the children. There is nothing too sordid, too foul for them. They know more than most men and women who go through well-rounded lives without knowing and are happier for their ignorance.

The day before Christmas I permitted a few boys and girls to stay and help me. They were excited, filled with the coming holiday spirit.

"Teacher," Frank queried, "have you got any barrels of wine in your cellar?"

"No, Frank," I answered, half smiling. "Have you?"

"Oh yes, teacher, ten. I'll get you some. I'll bring it to school now." He started for the door. The idea of my being without a barrel of wine on Christmas appalled him.

"Oh no, Frank; no, thank you. I haven't time. I'm going home very soon."

His face fell. "But I'll bring it to you if you'll meet me on Adams Street at two o'clock," he almost pleaded.

I gently reminded him of the Eighteenth Amendment and the folly of a boy so young taking wine. Frank was alto-

gether too hilarious to take my sermon seriously; besides, he had the complete approval of his parents.

"There's a man who comes to our house ebbery Christmas and he's ebbery time full—"

I listened, shocked at this description of the man who was—"full." He must be a beast, a brute. Frank's audience was very quiet.

"And he gets tough on me and hurts me, and I holler. He ebbery time gives me a quarter to shut up."

The other children were visibly impressed.

"Then he wants to dance with my sister and she don'ts wants him to."

"Does your mother let him dance with your sister when he's full?" Jennie's eyes opened with horror.

"Sure!" Frank answered, shortly. "If she don'ts dance with him he hits her."

"My God! even hittin'!" Jennie stared.

Not one of these children was over thirteen, and they were merely talking over a family party at Christmastide. I had a miserable feeling; it was all so far from what it might be. Jennie's expletive grated unpleasantly; she was so young and childish looking.

Nickie stretched luxuriously and boasted: "Hair cutting until twelve to-night. Everybody gives me big fat tips, and then I'll get drunk—good and drunk—oh, boy!"

As they "helped me" I told them of my Christmas, of Christmas when I was a child, of little boys and girls who did not get drunk and who did not swear. I tried to make it sound appealing, for Christmastide has so many cherished, happy memories in my heart that it cast a shadow over the thought of the coming one to realize what Christmas might mean to others. But I wonder if they really were impressed favorably with the stories I told. Their own wild, riotous time had a lure which they could not yet resist.

The picture I carried home with me that day was not a pleasant one, but it

gave me a new light, a clearer understanding and sympathy for my children. If these things were so, it was better that I should know them. The children themselves are quite unconscious of how very different their lives are from those of other children.

For example, there was little Maria, a pale-faced child of thirteen in whom I had taken an interest. She looked so frail and she was so desperately poor. I had brought her a warm little coat which I had dug out of the attic, and a little muff made of nice old tiger cat. How Maria adored that muff! She adored it so much that she wore it only on Sundays, and her poor hands looked purple and frozen during the week days.

"We wasn't so awful poor," she explained in a listless manner, "but one time a fresh lady always bodders my father; she ebbery time comes to our house to see him. My mother, she told her to get out, but she don'ts wants to go. She was nothing but a bum. Her husband ebbery time had to beat her and put curses on her because she never stayed home, and she had seven children just like my mother. But she don't care about nothing but chasing after my father. Her husband told her to even get out of his house and she hangs around just the same. One day she sneaked over to our house, pulled all the chairs and tables outer the room until it was empty, and she waits. When my father comes home she begins to shoot him with a gun. They arrested her; she was even fresh with the policeman, but everybody was glad she was arrested, even her husband—he had his revenge on her. But ever since we don't have the barber shop, and the funeral was grand, but it cost too much money—we are poor."

To Maria, whatever glamour this story had once had was gone, had grown stale, covered with the mildew of poverty. Her whole family was now helped by the Bureau of Charities. In the height of all its glory how Maria would have told her tale! No detail, however

gruesome or sordid, would have been hidden from her, and she would have reveled in them all. A fresh "lady" had shot, murdered her father, and now they were poor, and that was the end of it!

But through all this sordidness is a sweet, strong element of human quality—mother love and father love such as are to be found in any decent community. Because of the heavy burden of poverty and ignorance piled upon it, it is at times pathetic—tragic.

Little Patsy was brought to the office because he had been sneaking home with schoolbooks. It was against the rule of his grade to have home lessons, and so he should not have taken his books home. He looked nervous, frightened to death, but his small mouth was set in a stubborn line. He was ashamed to explain, afraid, too, of the ultimate consequences of his disclosure. After repeated insistence upon the part of his inquirer he gave up, almost hysterically. His father could neither read nor write, and he was ashamed; he wanted to learn. Nine-year-old Patsy was stealthily and secretly teaching him! But rules are rules, and Patsy was forbidden to take his books home.

Young as my children are, all under fifteen or sixteen, I sometimes encounter love of a different variety from mother love or father love. That, too, has its tragic side.

At the back of my room was a commotion. Rosie was in a rage—I could see that, I could hear it! I asked what the trouble was, for it seemed to me that she was complaining of some one's having called her a name. I was not sure.

"What is it, Rose?" I asked again, "What is it?"

She was incoherent.

Rose had been repeating the "name" that Sam had called her. It was wholly unfamiliar to me. I had never heard it before. No wonder I didn't understand her. Rose thought that my "what is it?" called for a definition. In plain, unvarnished English she explained just what Sam had accused her of, howled it out

from the back of the room for all to hear. My blood ran cold. I suddenly felt sick.

I had seen the word in the Bible and in Shakespeare. I knew its meaning if not its sound. I would scarcely have asked for its definition in public. Rose was only fifteen, but before the year was out she was a mother.

Most of the love affairs are not so unfortunate. The note which I took away from Fannie as she was about to give it to Abie was typical. I never ignore their notes, because it is only shutting one's eyes to so much that needs sympathetic attention and correction.

MY DEAR DARLING SWEETHEART,—I am writing to let you know I am well. I hope the same from you. You think I am a damn fool but I am writing to let you know I ain't. You go to the movies every time and sit next Mary and say how Fannie could go to hell as long as you went with her. Mary told me what you said. Is that any way to go with a girl, fooling around with other girls? I never go out with other fellows. I never said go to hell, in back of you, but you did to me. Anyhow you mustn't say all of them bad words in front of me. Oh Abie, you are a doll, you can't say you ain't. You are the nicest fellow I ever went with yet. I love you with my whole heart, don't be false to me. Kisses x x x x x x x

Your loving sweetheart,

FANNIE.

Fannie was a big, matured girl of fifteen, a half head taller than the dapper Abie. She was dark and sullen, while he was a gay young blade, frankly a favorite with the ladies. At times they annoyed him by their attention. But if he was the "nicest fellow she ever went with" she must have had a past!

As I step out into the street of the city's slums after my day in the public school, it is with a feeling half of pride, half of pain, that I contrast in my mind what lies about and what lies behind the doors of the public school. The farther I walk through the congested, noisy streets, the longer I breathe the heavy,

sickening smells, the more I marvel at what the school means to such a neighborhood, and what it will eventually mean to the nation. The strength of the chain is the strength of its weakest link, and the strength of the nation will be measured by the success of the school in these districts; and this success is based upon the teachers' loyalty, inspiration, and sense of grave responsibility. They must, besides giving the prescribed emphasis to the three r's, shape the patriotic and civic ideals, see that health is safeguarded and morals guided.

I think over what I have seen in one day within that school. Its surroundings are limited, narrow, or evil, but the school has stretched its arms out and over it, and brought from the outside world a new environment. There are inspiring class-room talks on current events, into which a wildly interested class bring newspaper clippings, discussing under the teacher's guidance the history of nations in the making, encouraged to share as Americans this country's problems. Once a week the worlds of industry and of commerce and their processes are shown to them through carefully prepared and selected "movies," widening their narrow scope of factory life, and making them respect the power and wonder of production and construction. Or again, the greatest of musicians play or sing to an enthralled audience of young music lovers as the phonograph is played. Lantern slides of famous paintings, and talks on the world's foremost artists, bring to them a world of beauty. And then there are library periods when these children, whose parents are powerless through ignorance to guide them, are taught to choose their reading with care and thought.

The tortured existence of an alley cat or dog is alleviated by the school, since most of the poor youngsters have never dreamed of treating animals in a humane way. They have never heard of it in their homes. This cruelty of theirs is not innate, but, like so many of their faults, is due to ignorance. The

child's natural and instinctive love for dumb animals is encouraged in their lessons in biology. They can repeat blood-curdling descriptions of scenes that they have witnessed in which some miserable horse, bird, cat, or dog has been the victim. It is rather a harrowing lesson until the culmination comes in their expressions of passionate sympathy and condemnation!

What is the matter with the public schools? The only answer is that there is too much public, too little of the school. From one end of the land to the other we need more and more schools. More schools, so that the cherished hopes and ideals and hard work of the whole teaching force from the superintendent to the assistant teacher may serve the nation as they so sincerely aspire to—and plan for.

A street fight will bring back the sharp contrast again. I remember the day that a teacher came into the teachers' room with her arm bleeding badly from an ugly scratch. Jennie had been having a furious argument with the girl sitting next her in the auditorium, and in baffled rage decided to run home. It was then that the teacher had blocked her path. Jennie had flown at her like a young fury—she was fourteen—and had dug her nails into the arm which obstructed her headlong flight. . . . Then I recall with a shiver that ugly-looking weapon which I wrung from a boy who was trying to use it on a young teacher. It was shaped like a "black jack" and was made of solid mahogany. He had been shrieking and kicking like a little fiend, and was threatening her with death one minute, and his whole gang the next. Most of his life had been spent in "homes" and reform schools. But many parents of these children recognize and appreciate what the schools are doing for them and are grateful.

Once after the war was over we had occasion to visit most of the homes in the neighborhood. One rather prosperous Italian asked us about his Antoinette. Was she good?

"No—well," I hesitated, "is her mother here?"

"Don't bodder with her," he answered, loftily. "Me, me you should talk to. Womans they don't got the intelligence a man has. See? Except"—and he bowed low—"except teachers."

We smiled and nodded.

"*I see*—Antoinette, she's fresh! My God! her mother ought to eat her heart out like she would a piece of bread. My God! In Italy we pay for ebberythin'—books, paper, pens, ebberythin'. In America—ebberythin' free—and right away she gets fresh! And the teachers—

how they work for her—a dog's life. She ought to be ashamed. Italy even is ashamed of her. Look what Italy done—won the war. Look at Antoinette! She's ebbery time fresh. And Italy made the Kaiser no better than me—nothing but a saloon keeper."

His pride in Italy, his shame at the ingratitude of Antoinette toward America and its teachers, were passionately sincere.

Twisted as some of his points were, they had in them something to warm the hearts of teachers down in those byways and alleys of the city's slums.

THE MAGIC FLOWER

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

YOU bear a flower in your hand,
 You softly take it through the air,
 Lest it should be too roughly fanned,
 And break and fall, for all your care:
 Love is like that, the lightest breath
 Shakes all its blossoms on the land,
 And its mysterious cousin, Death,
 Waits but to snatch it from your hand.

O some day, should your hand forget,
 Your guardian eyes stray elsewhere,
 Your cheeks shall all in vain be wet,
 Vain all your penance and your prayer:
 God gave you once this creature fair,
 You two mysteriously met;
 By Time's strange stream
 There stood this Dream,
 This lovely immortality
 Given your mortal eyes to see,
 That might have been your darling yet;
 But, in the place
 Of her strange face,
 Sorrow will stand for evermore,
 And Sorrow's hand be on your brow,
 And vainly shall you watch the door
 For her—so lightly with you now,
 And all the world be as before.

Ah! spring shall sing and summer bloom,
 And flowers fill life's empty room;
 And all the singers sing in vain,
 But bring you not your flower again.
 O have a care—for this is all:
 Let not your magic blossom fall.

GIOVANNI

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

OFTEN I black my own boots, and I never enjoy doing it. But Giovanni, now, *likes* to black boots! You could not mistake him. He has a real fondness for his profession.

When he stands outside his little booth on a sunny day, it is not at the faces of the passers-by that he looks, but at their lagging or hurrying boots. He is so interested in watching and reading and interpreting these that sometimes, when I have passed quite close to him, he has not seen me, to accord me his smile. He has seen only my boots, which, alas! on these occasions have not been greatly in need of polishing.

As to the weather, it has for Giovanni a meaning so woven in with his advantages or disadvantages that it becomes easy to understand the genesis of mythology. Were Giovanni pursuing his profession in the mythopœic age, Mud would be Giovanni's beneficent god. As it is he crosses himself on Sundays, with a prayer to the Madonna, and mud is to him only mud, howbeit a desirable, not to say downright fortunate thing.

When, having received his welcoming smile, I mount one of his two chairs, with their iron footrests, business begins. With the dignity of a priest about to perform his office, he brings out his brushes, rags, bottles, and grease boxes.

He is a fat little Italian, very good-natured, and extremely intent on doing his polishing in the right manner—a bootblack in a hundred. When he gives, finally, the last touch, your boots shine so that they are fit like "them golden slippers" for walking "the golden streets, hallelujah!"

It was inevitable that I should find out something about him. Moreover, he was ready enough to tell me. Oh, yes, he had been in America for a long while, twelve, fifteen years!

He has an occasional partner and crony, an inconsiderable person against whose rather grayish neutral character that of Giovanni shines vividly, as a sea gull, swooping, shines vividly white in the sun against gray clouds.

If a blue sky shone back of Giovanni—I mean to say, if his partner, for instance, were young and glib, with the terrible



OUTSIDE HIS LITTLE BOOTH ON
A SUNNY DAY

lightning-like efficiency of the young—Giovanni's vividness would, I believe, alter wholly and be subdued, until, like the gull flying against a clear sky, his shining plumage would turn dull and his pleasantness fade to somber silence.

A moment after I enter the booth there comes in a large overcoated man in a checked suit, who takes his place heavily in the other chair. Giovanni summons the crony with a terrible sweeping gesture.

The crony shuffles in from the pavement where he, too, has been watching people's boots as they pass by. Giovanni points at the customer's very large shoes with a terrible commanding finger. The crony understands, and begins with Theocritan leisure to reach for brushes and other preliminaries.

Meanwhile Giovanni bends, I should say almost tenderly, over my shoes, which really do look rather small, al-

most lovable, in contrast to the great, flat, broad, spatulate ones of the hippopotamuslike gentleman in the next chair.

The heavy customer, meanwhile, is in no mood to be patient. Moreover, the crony really is slow and the heavy gentleman has, obviously, an appointment.

"Get busy, will you?" he says, sharply.

He has taken out his watch and keeps it in his hand, opening it and snapping it to, a nervous, impatient performance calculated to destroy artistry.

The crony takes an almost rapid glance at him and eliminates all extra flourishes. Silence! *Laboramus!* The bent back of the crony accedes perfectly to the heavy man's request. Yes. *Laboramus!*

Meantime, Giovanni is pursuing his task very leisurely. He puts one grease box back on the shelf and takes down another with a really Jovian gesture.

He takes down from a hook a pair of shoe laces that have nothing to do with the case, looks at them, and hangs them up again. I think this extreme leisureliness is Giovanni's way of making me very welcome.

The heavy man gets down, soon, weightily. The crony seems willing to do a great deal more for him, but he will have none of it. He rams a heavy hand in his trousers pocket, brings out some coins, throws one on the base on which the chair stands. The crony stoops over it and picks it up deftly without comment, much as a dog that is hungry does not pause to register his disapproval of your manner of throwing his bone, but seizes it. The coin safe in his pocket, the crony makes one inefficient dab at the gentleman's trouser legs with a suddenly remem-



HE RAMS A HAND IN HIS POCKET

bered whisk broom. The hippopotamus escapes.

Then ensues a really terrible conversation between the crony and Giovanni. Before this I have always longed to know Italian. Now I am relieved that I do not. The polishing of my boots is abandoned, save for an occasional swooping, lightning-like dab at them by Giovanni's right arm and hand, which seem to work independent of his intellect, that being wholly and hotly engaged with the crony.

They talk in a really alarming manner. You had supposed them to be old friends! You even think that the traffic policeman on the corner might be called in. Before taking this step you decide to try the dissuasiveness of your own voice. Giovanni, you think, likes you. You will beg these men to desist and to stop short of what it seems may develop any minute now into murder.

Well, we are a prejudiced people! God forgive us! Personally, I see little hope of nations understanding one another. What we take to be the terrible breaking of friendship may be its cementing. The crony goes out gesticulating (which is much for him). Then Giovanni puts down his brush, opens his grease box, swings the tips of his fingers around it with a gesture beginning at the elbow, pauses, and says, not only with mellow satisfaction, but with positive melting affection, "Hee is a *verra* good man!"

Well, so be it! They have given you a *verra* bad few minutes. Yet there is a law of compensation, too, for Giovanni has just given you, to offset your fright, an immense sense of relief.



THEY TALK IN A REALLY ALARMING MANNER

"You said you have been in this country fifteen years?"

Giovanni stops all operations to nod a deep nod such as they give on the stage.

"Fifteen-a-year! Tha's long-a time!"

"And you like America?"

"Oh!" Impossible to give a hint of the tone. Loyalty, fidelity, gratitude—everything rolled into one!

The polishing of my shoes goes forward. I look at them, waiting, and finally further information that I've been hoping for comes.

He straightens up, almost as though he were about to salute a flag, but instead squares his elbows with his sides, looks me kindly, proudly—I had almost said patronizingly—in the eyes, like a man who believes himself to have better knowledge than you are likely to possess.

"*Dis is de country for de opportun'!*"

So! I am to know his history. It comes soon—amid pauses, polishings, gestures, lightning transfers of his brush from hand to hand, as he warms to his subject; sometimes entire and sudden stoppages; again eloquent ejaculatory resumptions. All this to tell a very brief and extremely simple story. It concerns his son. His boy is going to school. A star pupil! His boy can read "ever-a-thing!" His tone and his words make it impossible to doubt—his boy is a real marvel. You would be willing to accede. No such boy could ever have been before "heem"—no such is likely to succeed him!

"He is a *verra* good boy! He can a-read ever-a-thing!" (Wide sweeping gesture that threatens to send the brush through the glass door of the booth.)

Giovanni himself cannot read.

"Tha's *why!*" This refers to some conclusion that he has been without words expressing. "I canno' read. But *he* can read!" Another sweep of the hand. "Oh, ever-a-thing!"

And I am able to read "ever-a-thing,"

too, suddenly. I can read all the letters of his shining, happy face; I can read why he polishes shoes so excellently; in short, I can read the whole bright, clear purpose of his profession.

For a profession, you understand, if we are to take for arbiter the dictionary, is "an open declaration, a public avowal or acknowledgment of one's sentiments or beliefs."

Here is a clear purpose and a calling, if ever I saw one. Giovanni's youth lacked advantages and the gates of reading were closed to him. He had determined they should not be closed to his boy. Does one need more? It was evident enough why he polished shoes so well; why, for his purposes, the passers-by were, of course, all headless—mere conveyors, purveyors, wearers, owners of shoes.

He was a man of single purpose. He had nothing to say against his government, or his parents, or his priests, who had neglected to see that he could read "ever-a-thing." He confined himself to his work and his profession. "I canno' read! But *he* can! Ever-a-thing!"

I am profoundly fond of my country, but am, for this very reason, perhaps, the less blind to her faults; and her faults I know are many. But like the little girl of the immortal manner of wearing her hair—when she *is* good she is so *verra verra* good! I hear with a lift of the heart (which is, alas! perhaps pride in my own) Giovanni's words, "*Dis is de country for de opportun'!*"

So Giovanni chose to come here to carry out his purpose. For always a deep purpose must be back of every wise or worthy choice; and that purpose is more than the choice, as the life is more than meat, or



"DIS IS DE COUNTRY FOR DE OPPORTUN' "



"HE CAN A-READ EVER-A-THING!"

the body than raiment. I am inclined to think those are the best citizens of any land, who take the human heart for their country. And this, it seems to me clear, Giovanni has done. For it is for the advantage of others that he builds, not reckoning his own disadvantage, save only as it serves them. So, probably never having heard of him, he puts himself happily, while he flings his brush with such skill from hand to hand, in the class with Prometheus,

. . . to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contem-
plates.

But this is to infer too much! and perhaps foolishly to idealize. Your mind goes to the crony. So does mine. They live together, it seems. I have no doubt he judges of Giovanni's life soberly. I have an idea that he would tell the story

of it without a particle of glow; would show you the boy in a cold light. I believe the crony has some hold over Giovanni; has perhaps been witness to family disruptions. Who knows but that this lad who can read "ever-a-thing," occasionally, it may be even frequently, puts forth the arrogant flower of his superior knowledge. Who knows but that he treats these older men with patronage, it may be, even, God save us! with arrogance.

Then, too, the future must be reckoned with, and the bitter facts and realities of life. No one who has lived observantly can fail to see the possible danger. The boy has yet to grow up. Well, we have seen boys grow up before. Who knows? Who would dare predict? He may grow up to be a cigarette-smoking ne'er-do-weel. Even put it at its worst! He may some day grow stout from repletion, may wear a check suit.

a huge overcoat, and large, flat, spoon-shaped boots! He may hold a watch in his palm, open it and snap it to at intervals with an impatient fat thumb, and say in a sharp, surly manner, "Get busy, will you!" to some bent-shouldered old bootblack stooping over his shoes! Yes, and he may, even, then fling down to him a coin in the manner in which one flings a bone to a despised dog.

I know; I know. I have thought of these things. Yet all this changes nothing. There is a safety in the universe better than all our preventions; a consistency better than our contrivances. They were perhaps an exaggerative people, the old Hebrews, and certainly with reason they were very emotional; but they had both greatly observed and greatly experienced life. A certain young Nazarene spoke in their own key when He reminded them that every hair of their heads was numbered, and that not a sparrow falleth. He was but bringing them in new guise their old observation and conviction arrived at many hundreds of years before, that He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps.

So I am not anxious for the outcome of Giovanni's profession, and of those years of untiring, and it must have been happy, labor, which were all "an open declaration and public avowal and acknowledgment" of Giovanni's sentiments and beliefs. Go to! Is the world ever lost? That which had been denied to him shall belong in its fullness, and by efforts of his, to some one else. So he works twelve, fifteen years ("Tha's a long-a time!") at his polishing, not so much Prometheus after all, perhaps, as some dim Hermes Trismegistus—turning baser metals into gold. "The gods

go in low disguise"; as I grow older, I am more and more aware of the truth of that, and more aware of them.

Meanwhile, Giovanni pulls his long strip of blackened flannel finally across the toe of my boot, with that deft downward, justly accented stroke and skill that come of twelve, fifteen years of practice.

"You *leeve* down here?"

Of course he knows perfectly well that I do not live down here in the midst of these skyscrapers. He merely does not want me to go without a little salutation of his heart.

"No," I say, "but I am down here often, on account of my work."

"Oh!" Again that mellow, modulated monosyllable. Then sadly, or is it only sympathetically, "You *work*?"

I remember the fifteen years.

"Yes." Then I add, stumbingly explanatory, "I *write*."

"Oh!" (Wonderful curved inflection.) His eyebrows fly up happily, and he says in a brilliant, congratulatory manner, free from all envy, "You can-a—*write*?"

I nod.

"An'-a *read*?"

Yes. I can read and write. I let it go at that.

Then I dig in my purse. He slips the coin in his pocket inconsideringly, with perfect indifference, as though money had nothing to do with the values of such people as ourselves.

Then that shaking of his head over something too difficult for him; and pursuing, without envy, the thought of my accomplishments:

"I canno' read," he reasserts; then adds, happily, "but *he* can—ever-a-thing!"

THREE PER CENT

SOME HUMAN FACTORS IN THE IMMIGRATION PROBLEM

BY VIOLA I. PARADISE

SHOULD they admit or deport him? Ellis Island considered the case of an ex-official of Monrovia, Liberia. The month's quota for his country was all but exhausted; an allotment of one-half of one person remained. The official could not successfully be cut in half; he conformed in other respects to the requirements of our immigration laws; and so, after deliberation, it was decided that he be admitted, the remaining half of him to be charged to the following month's quota.

For, since the passage of our latest immigration law, arithmetic plays the leading role in the continuous drama at Ellis Island and other ports. The law limits the number of newcomers of any nationality to 3 per cent of the number of foreigners of that nationality in this country, according to the census of 1910. And of these admissible 3 per cent, no more than one-fifth may enter in a single month. Thus of 5,692 admissible French, 1,138 may enter in one month; of the 68,039 Germans, 13,608 may enter in one month; of 3,286 Greeks, 657 may enter in a single month; and so on, for each nationality, until the year's quota is exhausted. Some countries will exhaust their quota within five months. Others—Great Britain, for example—will use up neither the monthly nor the year's quota.

How does the law work out? Can it be enforced fairly, without excessive hardship to the immigrant? Is it a restrictive measure? Is it also, as it aims to be, in any way selective? What problems of administration does it create? Just what happens to immigrants applying for admission to the United States since the passage of this law? Is it a case of "first come first served?"

To begin with the last question, nothing so simple as "first come first served" applies to the enforcement of this law. If you are a Greek, for example, and arrive on August 31st, your chance of admission is poorer than if you came on September 1st; and your chance, if you arrive on September 2d, is poorer than if you had waited to reach these shores until October 1st. For in some instances a country's quota is exhausted within the first few hours of the first day of the month. As a result, ships carrying immigrants from small-quota countries lie just outside the harbor, if they arrive before the first of the month, and then, on the stroke of midnight, dash to quarantine. The ship that wins the race has the privilege of landing its immigrants first. Thus at midnight of August 31st some half dozen ships steamed at full speed to quarantine in the New York Harbor. A single minute would make a tremendous difference in the lives of hundreds of immigrants who had pulled up stakes in the old country, had used the savings of years to buy their tickets, had broken old ties, and who, if deported, would be stranded penniless at a European port, faced with untold hardship and distress. Surely no other race in history was run for such tremendous stakes. One boat reaches quarantine at 1 A.M. Its human cargo is safe unless, perchance, at some other port in the United States another immigrant-bearing vessel arrived a minute, or a fraction of a minute, earlier. Another ship arrives at 1.09 A.M. Its passengers—if the law is enforced—are doomed to deportation, while others of their countrymen, who set out perhaps a month later, and who happen to be on the lucky

boat which the following month first reaches quarantine, will be admitted.

"But," it may be asked, "how does it happen that the steamship companies, which must carry the deported immigrants back to the port of embarkation free of charge, take the risk of bringing immigrants here in excess of the numbers admissible?"

The steamship companies have no way of knowing how many passengers other steamships are carrying, either to the port for which their boats are bound or to other ports. At present about seventy-five steamship companies are sending ships from, roughly, a hundred foreign ports to forty-seven ports of entry into the United States. Moreover, even if a steamship company had the figures for other companies, it could always gamble on the chance of beating other ships to quarantine.

"Is there no danger in such racing to port?" I asked the representative of one company.

"Considerable danger," he said. "It's safe enough on a clear night, but in a fog anything might happen"—involving not only immigrants, but even the innocent by-passengers of the cabin!

How many immigrants have been deported as a result of the law? At the time of writing (September 10th) no statistics on the number of deportations since July 1st are available at Ellis Island or in Washington. The Acting Secretary of Labor stated that he had within the last few days signed hundreds of deportation orders under the quota law. In the month of June only one single immigrant was actually deported for exceeding the quota. At the time this law was passed many immigrants were already on the high seas, and the unlimited trouble which would result by the immediate enforcement of the measure led Congress to pass a public resolution providing for the admission of any immigrants on vessels which had departed from foreign ports on or before June 8th, if otherwise admissible, even though the June quota was full.

(Immigrants so admitted were to be charged to the quota for the year beginning July 1st, but not to July's quota.)

Not only does an immigrant's luck in happening to land at a propitious moment determine his acceptability to us under this measure; there is also a dash of luck in regard to his nationality. The law is not based on his race, but on the political identity of his country at the time he was born. (An exception to this is made in the case of transferred territory or the creation of a new country recognized by the United States. Thus a native of Alsace-Lorraine, whatever nationality he claims, is charged to France; a native of what is now known as Poland is charged to that country; but a native of an unrecognized Baltic state, formerly a part of Russia, is charged to the quota for Russia.) A case typical of many was that of three girls, cousins, born in the same village, which had belonged to Bulgaria when two of them were born, to Greece at the birth of the third. The Bulgarian quota happened not to be full at the time the ship on which these girls sailed reached quarantine, but the Greek quota was exhausted. The two so-called Bulgarians were admitted. The so-called Greek girl was deported.

Still another instance is in point. A Scotchman and his wife emigrated to Africa, where their child was born. When the boy was fourteen years old, both parents died. A well-to-do kinsman, in America, able and eager to give the boy a good home and education, went out to Africa to get him and bring him to America. When they reached our shores the African quota for the month happened to be exhausted. If the boy had been born a little earlier, before his parents had moved to Africa, he could have been brought in under the quota for the United Kingdom, which is never filled. But he was born in Africa and was therefore excluded at the port. The uncle, however, appealed the case to the Secretary of Labor at Washington, who found a loophole under which

to admit the child. The law makes certain exceptions. Students, for example, are allowed to enter. Every law admits of interpretation. Since this child was to be educated here, he was admitted as a student.

During July and August the Department of Labor made certain more general exceptions to the strict enforcement of the law, in various respects, in order to avoid inflicting the anguish which strict enforcement would entail. "Temporary entry into the United States" was permitted in August to wives coming to husbands, aged and dependent parents coming to children, children under eighteen coming to one or both parents, and sisters coming to brothers who had served in the World War—provided, in every case, that the relative to whom the immigrant was "destined" was able and willing to support the newcomer. Such temporary entries were to be charged to later quotas, the temporarily admitted immigrants meanwhile being considered travelers—also an excepted class.

This, however, was a temporary measure only. No similar regulation was made for September, and the general impression was current that the practice was to be discontinued. Whether or not it is immediately given up, it must perforce eventually be stopped, for the annual quota for certain nationalities would very quickly be filled, and as soon as this happens all immigration from such countries will be cut off. A generous interpretation of the law may temporarily mitigate the anguish of a limited number of families, but there is no way in which the annual quota may legally be exceeded, no matter what misery may result.

Has the quota law affected the quality of immigration in any way? An attempt was made to learn the number of aliens deported for specific causes, and to compare the proportion of idiots, imbeciles, and other deportable classes, with the proportion of the same classes deported before the passage of the quota law. No

such statistics have at present writing been compiled by the Bureau of Immigration. It was the general opinion, expressed by the Commissioner at Ellis Island, physicians, inspectors, and interpreters on the Island—practically all of whom are firm believers in the restriction of immigration—that the law had in no way affected the quality of immigration, although, of course, it had greatly reduced the numbers. It would seem that steamship companies, since they may land far fewer persons than formerly, would select only the very strongest and safest immigrants. Evidently, however, the previous laws (which still stand) which exclude every conceivable class of "undesirable aliens," had been sufficient to make the companies exercise their maximum of care.

The quota law, as it works out, surely cannot be called selective, despite the nationality-percentage provision, which was framed with the intention of restricting immigration from the south and east of Europe, while allowing it freely from the north and west. It should be noted that the law does not actually permit the admission of 3 per cent of the aliens now in this country, but 3 per cent of those here eleven years ago, for the 1910, not the 1920, census is used as the basis of population. The law in no way stimulates English, Irish, Scandinavian, and other immigration from the north and west of Europe, which has been falling off for years. The nationality clause merely acts as a further limitation on numbers. Examine the following list of countries with their quotas admissible for the fiscal year 1921-1922:

Country or Place of Birth	
Albania	287
Austria	7,444
Belgium	1,557
Bulgaria	301
Czechoslovakia	14,269
Danzig	285
Denmark	5,644
Finland	3,890
Fiume ¹	71

¹ Given up by Austria and Hungary, and therefore cannot be included in either of these countries.

France	5,692
Germany	68,039
Greece	3,286
Hungary	5,635
Italy	42,021
Jugoslavia	6,405
Luxemburg	92
Netherlands	3,602
Norway	12,116
Poland (including Eastern Galicia)	25,800
Portugal (including Azores and Madeira Islands)	2,269
Rumania	7,414
Russia (including Siberia) . . .	34,247
Spain	663
Sweden	19,956
Switzerland	3,745
United Kingdom	77,206
Other Europe (including Andorra, Gibraltar, Lichtenstein, Malta, Memel, Monaco, San Marino, and Iceland)	86
Armenia	1,588
Palestine	56
Syria	905
Turkey (Europe and Asia, includ- ing Smyrna District)	653
Other Asia (including Persia, Rhodes, Cyprus, and territory other than Siberia which is not included in the Asiatic Barred Zone. Persons born in Siberia are included in the Russia quota) .	78
Africa	120
Australia	271
New Zealand	50
Atlantic Islands (other than Azores, Madeira, and islands adjacent to the American Continents) . . .	60
Pacific Islands (other than New Zealand and islands adjacent to the American Continents) . . .	22
Total	355,825

The United Kingdom has not since 1914 contributed anything like her present quota; nor has Germany or Sweden contributed even an approach to their respective quotas within recent years. The result of the law will be that, instead of the 355,825 which the law permits to enter the United States, a smaller number will come.

Meanwhile, of course, the enforcement of our other immigration laws goes on.

The procedure of handling immigrants is familiar to many, but perhaps a brief restatement should be made. From quarantine the steamships go to the

dock, where cabin passengers are landed, and where immigrants are transferred to barges, which take them to Ellis Island. Here their first experience is examination by physicians of the Public Health Service. One physician makes a general cursory survey of the newcomer, perhaps asks him a question or two. If there is any suspicion of physical or mental inferiority, the immigrant is marked for a more careful examination. A second physician examines every scalp for favus or ringworm, turns back every eyelid for traces of trachoma. He, too, puts his mark on all doubtful cases.

The immigrant, who has already been examined many times—at the port of embarkation, on shipboard, and at quarantine—is so accustomed to the process that he takes it as a matter of fact. Even the little children do not cry, but merely blink as their eyelids are turned back. However, when marked immigrants are led into a special room for a thorough physical and sometimes mental examination then, perhaps, there are tears. A child taken without its mother may be frightened; or an adult, separated from the main stream, becomes anxious and nervous, and the fear of deportation, never wholly absent, waxes strong.

The immigrants who are passed by the physicians, and later those who have been examined and tagged to indicate the doctor's diagnosis, proceed upstairs into the aisles of the large inspection hall. At the end of each aisle are an inspector, an interpreter, and sometimes a guard.

I stand next to an inspector as he checks up the "manifest sheets," and questions immigrant after immigrant. First comes a Hungarian, twenty years old, round-faced and confident, with a ticket to Chicago, fifty dollars, and an affidavit from a prosperous uncle who promises to provide for him. He has already satisfied the doctors that he is not an idiot or imbecile; that he is not feeble-minded, insane, epileptic, tubercular, afflicted with a loathsome or contagious disease, and that he has no con-

stitutional psychopathic inferiority, or other mental or physical defect which could affect his ability to earn a living. He now satisfies the inspector that his passport and visa are genuine; that, among other things, he is not a pauper, a vagrant, stowaway, polygamist, criminal, anarchist, or person who believes in the overthrow by force or violence of the government of the United States; that he is not a contract laborer; that his passage has not been paid for by any "corporation, association, society, municipality, or foreign government"; that he is not likely to become a public charge; that he is not illiterate. He takes the test book, with its forty words transcribed from the Bible, and begins reading with gusto. He seems almost disappointed that the inspector, convinced after the first few words of his ability to read, does not push the test to its conclusion. He is admitted, the quota for his country not being exhausted, and passes down to the railroad room.

After him comes a man of thirty-seven with his nephew of nine.

"You are Greek?" asks the inspector, examining his Greek passport.

"No, I am Albanian."

"Your passport is Greek."

The man answers in English. He has lived in the United States for several years. "When I born my village Greek. Now Albanian."

"You're Greek," says the inspector. "Don't try to pull any of that bull. Where's the boy's passport?"

The boy also has a Greek passport, although when he was born the village belonged to Turkey. He is coming to his father in Boston. They are questioned further, and then are both given yellow cards, meaning that they are held for "Special inquiry."

The inspector turns to me. "They know the Greek quota is exhausted, and try to pretend they are Albanian."

"What will happen to them?" I ask.

"Oh, the board will probably admit the boy, if his father provides bond. The

Turkish quota is not yet exhausted. But the uncle will be deported."

"Won't the fact that he has been in America before, that he has money, and was able to save enough to go back to Greece, and is obviously capable of supporting himself—won't these facts help him?"

"No; he's been away longer than six months, and so has forfeited his exemption under the quota law; the quota's filled, so back he'll go." He turns to the next case.

Again it is a Greek, twenty-two years old, a wheelwright by trade. He, too, receives a yellow card. After him come others. Every Greek from now to the beginning of the next month will run foul of the full quota; and within a few days quotas for several other countries will probably be filled.

I pass to the next inspector's desk. An Armenian boy of nine with an old little face is the first applicant. He has traveled all the way from Armenia alone. He answers the inspector's questions intelligently, but almost with detachment. He is a child only in years. His large brown eyes meet the inspector's frankly for a moment, then turn absently toward the window. It is as if he has seen so much of sorrow that he has no emotion left to give to this present crisis in his life. The inspector, as he writes out the yellow card, says to me: "He'll doubtless be admitted on bond. His father has sent a good affidavit." I smile encouragingly at the boy, who has now turned half-attentive eyes on me. He nods, in recognition of the smile, but does not smile back. Has he ever known how, I wonder, and will he learn again?

Next comes a Mennonite, a Russian German, rather short and chubby. He wears a tan Russian blouse and high boots. He says that he is one of sixty-two Mennonites who have come on money provided by a Mennonite society in Kansas. The society will provide them with tickets to Kansas, where they expect to farm. Under the law they are deportable, as "assisted immigrants,"

but the loophole of religious persecution will probably let them in—they were conscientious objectors; it was against their religion to carry arms, and they “had trouble with the government at home.” The Russian quota is large, and there will be no difficulty on that score.

The next applicant is an old Jew from Palestine. He wears a long coat, and pulls nervously at his white beard. The physician has certified him as having defective vision. He takes his yellow card with a trembling hand. He stops to tell the inspector that his son in America is rich. The guard hurries him on, to a Special Inquiry room.

It is with difficulty that I tear myself away from the inspection hall, with its picturesque crowd of eager faces, some glowing with excitement and hope, others tense with apprehension. I should like to wait until the group of rosy-cheeked Slovak peasant girls—with their red-figured kerchiefs about their heads, and tied under their chins, their white blouses with big sleeves, embroidered in red-and-blue cross-stitch—reaches the inspector's desk; or for the Italian mother, in a dress of bright, bluish-green, proudly carrying a baby tied gayly on a white pillow with a bow of pink ribbon; or for another Italian family, a mother and father, with four tiny children all dressed in figured scarlet calico. It is a colorful room, and an eager. Is there any other place in the world, I wonder, where so many people are gathered together, all having torn themselves up by the roots, from their homes, coming not to visit, but to live in a country whose language and customs are foreign to them?

Next I go into one of the Special Inquiry rooms, where the doubtful cases are sent for consideration by the boards. It is only by special privilege that I am allowed in these rooms, for the hearings of the Special Inquiry boards are secret; the public is not allowed. There is no jury. The cases are heard by three inspectors, appointed from among the inspectors on the Island, who have the

power of deciding whether to admit or to exclude. To be sure, the immigrant has the right of appealing—except in certain cases (see below) to the Secretary of Labor at Washington, who in many instances has the power to reverse the board's decision; and when the immigrant or one of his relations already in the United States happens to understand this right, or when some immigrant-helping society learns of his case and undertakes to make the appeal for him the adverse decision of the board may possibly be reversed.

During the last fiscal year for which statistics are available (ending June 30, 1920), 11,795 persons were rejected at the ports of entry. Of these only 4,812 availed themselves of their right to appeal, and in 1,862 cases the opinions of the board were reversed. These facts may suggest the power that is wielded by the immigration inspector—probably a greater power of meting out happiness or misery than that of any other Federal officer. He makes decisions which have more far-reaching effects upon the lives of human beings than that of a judge in our courts, passing prison sentence. Imagine the wisdom needed to decide fairly, for example, whether an immigrant is “likely to become a public charge”—the reason for which more immigrants are deported than for any other.

What are the qualifications of the men who fill these important positions? How are they selected?

They take a Civil Service examination, which tests their memory of the immigration laws—an examination of the same general type as a policeman's. They are paid salaries ranging from \$1,380 to \$2,100 a year. Equipped with a familiarity with the law, the departmental instructions, and what individual endowments they happen to possess—which, fortunately, may include some human understanding, even though the examination does not demand this quality—they sit and pass judgment. “Every day is judgment day at Ellis

Island," said the Commissioner there. "The watchword I have sent out is, 'When in doubt, deport.'"

But to return to the Special Inquiry room. I am permitted to sit at the table with the three inspectors, the interpreter, and the stenographer. Eight or ten immigrants wait their turn, on benches facing the table. They go through the ordeal alone, their American relations not being allowed in the room while they are being questioned. At present a young Jewish couple, the man nineteen, the woman twenty, are being considered. On primary inspection they were certified as "likely to become a public charge," not because of any mental or physical defect, but because the inspector thought they might have difficulty in finding work, and because of their youth.

"Is the man's brother here?" asks the board chairman. A guard goes to the witness room and returns with a dapper, prosperous man, in a well-fitting palm-beach suit. He has been in America for many years. He states that he has \$22,000 invested in his business, has \$1,500 in the bank; that he will look after his brother and sister-in-law, will see that the man learns English, and will in time employ him in his store. After some hesitation the board admits the couple.

Next comes a Greek seamstress thirty-seven years old. She happened to be among the first Greeks to land this month and therefore is not excludable under the quota law. She is "destined" to her father. Attractive, well dressed, she obviously makes a good impression on the board. But, unfortunately, she is illiterate. They hand her a book and ask her to read. She begins to tremble, turns white. She points a shaking finger at the letters. "*Upsilon*," she mutters, and repeats the letter. It is evidently the only one she can recognize.

The board questions her. "Where is the rest of your family?" They had been killed by the Turks. She herself had escaped to Constantinople, and worked

in a French family as housemaid. Possibly she still had one brother in the Turkish army. She had not had positive news of his death, but neither had she heard from him in three years. She had mourned him for dead.

If she returned to Turkey would she work again for the French family?

No; they had gone back to France. She had no one in Turkey.

"While in Constantinople did you experience any religious persecution?"

No, she shakes her head.

They let her try to read again and again she fails utterly. If she were coming to escape religious persecution, if she had been married and were coming to a husband, or if she were under sixteen years of age, the literacy provision of the law would not have kept her out.

It is explained that, in case of deportation, the money she paid for her ticket will be refunded to her. "Where do you want the money sent?"

She is dazed, cannot answer. The interpreter, amazed at her failure to reply, repeats the question impatiently. She shrugs her shoulders; she has no place to go, can give no address. Her only living relative — her father — is in America.

She is ordered deported. She goes back to her seat, drops her face in her hands, and cries silently.

"You understand you have the right of appeal to the Secretary of Labor?" she is asked.

She does not answer. Evidently the statement means nothing to her. It is repeated. Again she does not answer. Then the interpreter, impatient, shouts it at her, asks her if she understands.

"Yes, yes," she says; and this goes into the record, though it is obvious that she does not understand. Presently a guard comes and takes her to the detention quarters, where she will await deportation.

The next case is also Greek. An illiterate woman, "destined" to her husband in Chicago, has neither money nor

ticket. The board asks her a few questions, to assure themselves that she is really the wife of the man she claims as her husband. "What day of the week were you married?" And again, "When you were married, did you and your husband set up housekeeping for yourselves, or did you live with his family or your family?" The answers reassure the board, and a telegram is sent to the husband (in her name) asking for an affidavit and money. The case is deferred, pending his reply.

Next a German woman from Jugoslavia, with her fifteen-year-old son. The board is evidently as much impressed with the boy's successful full-grown mustache as is the boy himself. They are coming to the woman's daughter and son-in-law. The affidavits are satisfactory; they are admitted.

Another Greek case—this time a romantic one. Her name is Penelope; she is shy and attractive. She is coming to her intended husband, who works in a restaurant in New Haven. She is questioned. Yes, she has known him since childhood. (An inspector turns to me to explain that many Greek women have been coming recently to marry men they have never seen.) She is told to sit down. A guard goes to the witness room and comes back with the man. He is beaming with anticipation; he has no doubts as to the outcome. He has been in America a year, speaks English fluently.

"Why are you here?" he is asked.

"I'm engaged with a girl."

He is making \$30 a week, has saved \$600, has bought \$450 worth of furniture, and has taken and furnished an apartment.

The girl is called. "Is this the man?" she is asked. She blushes, nods. He reaches out his hand and gives her left hand a secret hasty shake.

"When are you planning to get married?" she is asked.

She looks down. It is not for a well-mannered Greek girl to say. Her fiancé speaks up. "In two weeks."

"Would you be willing to marry her to-day? Right now?"

He assents. "By all means!"

She looks hastily, deprecatingly, down at her dress, but is willing. She is admitted, in care of the Y. W. C. A., which is intrusted with the task of getting the license, and seeing that the marriage is performed.

"The big church wedding they'll have after they get home," an inspector informs me.

And so on, case after case. Now the decision is favorable, there is a happy ending; again it is unfavorable, there is tragedy.

"It is a terrible thing to see a boatload of immigrants about to be deported," said the Commissioner at Ellis Island. "No one can ever picture the scenes of anguish we see at this port. Sometimes we have to carry people on board hysterical, shrieking, threatening to jump overboard. Only recently we had difficulty in keeping two women from throwing their babies overboard. They said death was preferable to the lives these children would have to lead back in their old country."

Threats of suicide are, of course, more frequent than the act itself. Yet suicides as a result of deportation are by no means unknown. At the Department of Labor in Washington I was told of two deported stowaways, one sixteen, the other seventeen years of age, who jumped overboard and were drowned.

Another very different story of a stowaway was cited. A seventeen-year-old boy had crossed the Alps, had walked all the way across Germany, and had shipped as a stowaway from Marseilles. He stayed down in the hold for four days, when hunger drove him up. He was deported from Ellis Island. Some months later, again a stowaway, he applied for admission at New Orleans, and was again deported, the law in regard to stowaways being very strict.

During the fiscal year ending June 30, 1921, 13,779 immigrants were debarred. Of these by far the largest number de-

ported for any one cause were the 5,872 who, for one reason or another—but not because of any mental or physical defect—were considered by the inspectors as likely to become public charges. The next largest group were the stowaways, of whom 2,291 were excluded; 1441 illiterates were third in the list, 993 contract laborers were fourth, and 856 persons afflicted with loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases (including tuberculosis, trachoma, favus, and others) were fifth. The sixth group were the 620 persons with other physical defects, which it was believed might affect their ability to earn a living. Among the thirty-one other classifications were 200 children under sixteen years of age, unaccompanied by either parent, 88 who were excluded under the passport provision, 204 who were idiots, insane (or had been insane), imbeciles, feeble-minded, or epileptic; 178 criminals, 81 prostitutes and aliens coming for any immoral purpose, and 16 polygamists.

As has been said, the immigrant rejected by the Board of Special Inquiry has the right to appeal, unless he belongs to one of the classes to which the law does not allow this right. Thus, criminals, prostitutes, persons certified by physicians of the Public Health Service to be idiots, imbeciles, insane, persons with loathsome or dangerous contagious diseases, are among those who may not appeal. Others, however—such, for example, as those who are judged likely to become a public charge—may appeal, if they understand their privilege, or if they have relatives or friends who understand and help them to exercise it. Certain nationalities have organizations equipped to assist their countrymen to make use of their rights under the law. Thus, the right of the immigrant to enter this country often depends not on the intrinsic merits of his case, but on the fact that pressure is brought to bear at Washington. Three immigrants with exactly the same claim may apply for admission to the United States. One, not realizing his right of appeal, does

nothing, and is deported. A second asks that his case be appealed, and the minutes of the hearing are sent to Washington, in which event the Secretary may or may not reverse the board's decision. The third secures the help of an immigrant aid society, which knows the law, which looks up the alien's relatives in America, finds out what they will do for him, and sends an effective statement of the facts to Washington. The Secretary's decision may still be adverse, but there is no doubt that the chance of the third immigrant is far better than that of either of the others.

Perhaps the most tragic situations which arise are those involving a separation of families. A typical case is that of a mother, coming with four children to her husband, who has preceded her to America with his two oldest sons, who has established a home here, and has sent for the rest of his family. At Ellis Island one of the children is certified by the examining physicians as feeble-minded, and must be deported. Some member of the family must return with this child, who can never be admitted to this country. Tragedy is inevitable. Shall the father and older boys give up the comfortable home they have established for the family here in America and go back with them to certain poverty and misery at home? Or shall the mother be sent back to leave the helpless child in the care of some stranger and return to give her other children the advantages which America offers?

Sometimes, in similar cases, but where the affliction is nothing as incurable as a mental defect—as, for example, a light case of trachoma which the physicians think would respond quickly to treatment—the Department at Washington has allowed a child to be treated in the hospital at Ellis Island, if the family pays the expense. In such cases one adult member of the family is also usually detained at Ellis Island, or occasionally admitted on bond, so that, if the family stops paying, or if the child is not, after all, curable, there will be

some one to accompany him when he is deported.

It happened, during the war, that, because of the terrible suffering which would result from deportation, some excludable immigrants were admitted temporarily, on bond, to be deported as soon as the government decided a return passage was safe. Among these was a child, certified as feeble-minded. He was sent to school during his stay in America. When the time for his deportation approached his family protested that he was not feeble-minded. The principal of his school and his teacher filed statements that his work was above the average; that he frequently got "100" in arithmetic, for example. However, the decisions of the examining psychiatrists at the ports are final; there is under the law no appeal from them, even though any number of outside alienists should disagree. The alienist in charge of the mental examinations, when interviewed about such cases as the above one, stated that they were very unusual and that, though the relatives of mentally defective or insane immigrants were allowed to bring in outside alienists, it seldom happened that such physicians disagreed with the diagnosis of those at the Ellis Island. When there is disagreement, however, the original diagnosis stands, and the immigrant is deported.

Often the cause of deportation is quite incomprehensible to the immigrant. How explain the intricacies of the quota law in such a way as to make a deported peasant understand? How convince an alien, who, in good faith, paid for a visa, believing it to be genuine, that he is rejected because back home some one imposed upon him, and sold him a fraudulent visa? How persuade such a man that the lack of an American consul's signature—which is granted as a matter of routine to almost any appli-

cant upon the payment of a fee—is the sole reason why he is not acceptable to America? Can it be that in future international relations the experience of these dazed, rejected people, for a cause very few of them could understand, and none could see as just, will affect the point of view of their own countries and the attitude of these countries toward America?

This article attempts merely to put before the reader a brief picture of how the application of our present immigration laws works out. The picture is by no means complete—a single paper is too small a canvas for it. The policy of restricting immigration is not considered. If Congress wants restriction, restriction it will have. The writer does wish to suggest, however, that the quota law is, in its working out, neither logical nor humane; that in all deportation cases some less haphazard way be devised to mete out justice; that the secrecy of the Special Inquiry hearings be abolished; and that, in every important case—in fact, in every deportation case, until a workable policy has been found—publicity be given to the decisions handed down. Plenty of precedent for such procedure is to be found in the Department of Agriculture, in the enforcement, for example, of the Food and Drug Act, in which enforcement each decision is not only made available to the public, but considered a matter of public concern. A decision as to how our immigration laws are being enforced is of no less value, and it is of great importance that the country at large should have available whatever information there is about this subject. This material concerning the addition to our population, so stimulating, so humanly interesting, could not help but increase the wisdom with which the nation will handle its immigration policies in the future.

MY BOYHOOD

PART III

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I WAS born at Roxbury, New York, April 3, 1837. At least two other American authors of note were born on the 3d of April—Washington Irving and Edward Everett Hale. The latter once wrote me a birthday letter in which he said, among other things, "I have been looking back over my diaries to see what I was doing the day you were being born. I find I was undergoing an examination in logic at Harvard College." The only other American author born in 1837 was William Dean Howells, in Ohio in March of that year.

I was the son of a farmer, who was the son of a farmer, who was again the son of a farmer. There are no professional or commercial men in my line for several generations; my blood has the flavor of the soil in it, it is rural to the last drop. I can find no city dwellers in the line of my descent in this country. The Burroughs tribe, as far back as I can find any account of them, were mainly countrymen and tillers of the soil. The Rev. George Burroughs, who was hung as a wizard at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1694, may have been of the family, though I can find no proof of it. I wanted to believe that he was, and in 1898 I made a visit to Salem and to Gallows Hill to see the spot where he, the last victim of the witchcraft craze, ended his life. There is no doubt that the renegade preacher, Stephen Burroughs, who stole a lot of his father's sermons and set up as a preacher and forger on his own account about 1720, was a third or fourth cousin of my father's.

Farmers with a decidedly religious bent contributed the main elements of my personality. I was a country man

dyed in the wool; yea, more than that, born and bred in the bone, and my character is fundamentally reverent and religious. The religion of my fathers underwent in me a kind of metamorphosis and became something which would indeed have appeared like rank atheism to them, but which was nevertheless full of the very essence of true religion—love, reverence, wonder, unworldliness, and devotion to ideal truth—but in no way identified with church or creed. I used to feel that my religious temperament was as clearly traceable to the hard Calvinism of my fathers as the stratified sandstone is traceable to the old granite rock, but that it had undergone a sea change, as had the sandstone or, in my case, a science change through the activity of the mind and of the age in which I lived. It was rationalism touched with mysticism and warm with poetic emotion.

My paternal grandfather and great-grandfather came from near Bridgeport in Connecticut about the end of the Revolution, and settled in Stamford, Delaware County, New York. Capt. Stephen Burroughs of Bridgeport, a mathematician and a man of note in his time, was father's greatuncle. Father used to say that his uncle Stephen could build a ship and sail it around the world. The family name is still common in and about Bridgeport. The first John Burroughs of whom I can find any record came to this country from the West Indies and settled in Stratford, Connecticut, about 1690. He had ten children, and ten children to a family was the rule down to my own father. One October, while on a cruise with a small

motor boat on Long Island Sound, stress of weather compelled us to seek shelter in Black Rock Harbor, which is a part of Bridgeport. In the morning we went ashore, and as we were walking up a street seeking the trolley line to take us into the city, we saw a large brick building with the legend on it—"The Burroughs Home." I felt like going in and claiming its hospitality—after our rough experience on the Sound its look and its name were especially inviting. Some descendant of Capt. Stephen Burroughs was probably its founder.

My great grandfather, Ephiram, I believe, died in 1818, and was buried in the town of Stamford in a field that is now cultivated. My grandfather, Eden Burroughs, died in Roxbury in 1842, aged seventy-two, and my father, Chancy A. Burroughs, in 1884, at the age of eighty-one.

My maternal grandfather, Edmund Kelly, was Irish, though born in this country about 1765. It is from his Irish strain that I get many of my Celtic characteristics—my decidedly feminine temperament. I always felt that I was undoubtedly more a Kelly than a Burroughs. Grandfather Kelly was a small man, with a big head and marked Irish features. He entered the Continental army when a mere lad in some menial capacity, but before the end he carried a musket in the ranks. He was with Washington at Valley Forge and had many stories to tell of their hardships. He was upward of seventy-five years old when I first remember him—a little man in a blue coat with brass buttons. He and granny used to come to our house once or twice a year for a week or two at a time. Their permanent home was with Uncle Martin Kelly, in Red Kill, eight miles away. I remember him as a great angler. How many times in the May or June mornings, as soon as he had his breakfast, have I seen him digging worms and getting ready to go a-fishing up Montgomery Hollow or over in Meekers Hollow or over in West Settlement! You could always be sure he

would bring home a nice string of trout. Occasionally I was permitted to go with him. How nimbly he could walk, even when he was over eighty, and how skillfully he would take the trout! I was an angler myself before I was ten, yet grandfather would take trout from places in the stream where I would not think it worth while to cast my hook. But I never fished when I went with him; I carried the fish and watched him. The pull home, often two or three miles, tried my young legs, but grandfather would show very little fatigue, and I know he did not have the ravenous hunger I always had when I went fishing, so much so that I used to think there was in this respect something peculiar about going fishing. One hour along the trout streams would develop more hunger in me than half a day hoeing corn or working on the road—a peculiarly fierce, all-absorbing desire for food, so that a piece of rye bread and butter was the most delicious thing in the world. I remember that one June day my cousin and I, when we were about seven or eight years old, set out for Meekers Hollow for trout. It was a pull of over two miles and over a pretty hard hill. Our courage held out until we reached the creek, but we were too hungry to fish; we turned homeward and fed upon the wild strawberries in the pastures and meadows we passed through, and they kept us alive until we reached home. Oh, that youthful hunger beside the trout stream! Was there ever anything else like it in the world?

Grandfather Kelly was a fisherman nearly up to the year of his death at the age of eighty-eight. He had few of the world's goods and he did not want them. His only vice was plug tobacco, his only recreation was angling, and his only reading the Bible. How long and attentively would he pore over the Book! But I never heard him comment upon it or express any religious opinion or conviction. He believed in witches and hobgoblins; he had seen them and experienced them and used to tell us stories

that almost made us afraid of our own shadows. My own youthful horror of darkness, and of dark rooms and recesses and cellars, even in the daytime, was due, no doubt, largely to grandfather's bloodcurdling tales. Yet I may be wrong about this, for I remember a fearful experience I had when a child of three or four years. I see myself with some of the other children cowering in a corner of the old kitchen at night, with my eyes fixed on the black space of the open door of the bedroom occupied by father and mother. They were out for the evening and we were waiting for their return. The agony of that waiting I shall never forget. Whether or not the other children shared my fear I do not remember; probably they did and maybe communicated their fear to me. I could not take my eyes off the entrance to that black cavern, though what I may have fancied it held that would hurt me I have no idea. It was only the child's inherited fear of the dark, the unknown, the mysterious. Grandfather's stories, no doubt, strengthened that fear. It clung to me all through my boyhood and until my fifteenth or sixteenth year, and was peculiarly acute about my twelfth and thirteenth years. The road through the woods at twilight, the barn, the wagon house, the cellar, set my imagination on tiptoe. If I had to pass the burying ground up on the hill by the roadside in the dark, I did so very gingerly. I was too scared to run, for fear the ghosts of all the dead buried there would be at my heels.

Probably I get my love for the contemplative life and for nature more through my mother than through my father. Mother had the self-consciousness of the Celt; father not at all, though he had the Celtic temperament—red hair and freckles. The red-haired, freckled, harsh-voiced little man made a great deal of noise about the farm, shouting at the stock, sending the dog after the cows or after the pigs in the garden, or calling his orders to us in the field, or shouting back his directions for the work

after he had started for the Beaver Dam village. But his bark was always more to be feared than his bite. He would threaten loudly, but punish mildly or not at all. But he improved the fields, he cleared the woods, he battled with the rocks and the stones, he paid his debts, and he kept his faith. He was not a man of sentiment, though he was a man of feeling. He was easily moved to tears and had strong religious convictions and emotions. These emotions often found vent in his reading his hymn book aloud in a curious, undulating, singsong tone. He knew nothing of what we call love of nature, and he owed little or nothing to books after his school-boy days. He usually took two weekly publications—an Albany or a New York newspaper and a religious paper called *The Signs of the Times*, the organ of the Old-school Baptist Church of which he was a member. He never asked me about my own books and I doubt if he ever looked into one of them.

How far off the current of my thoughts and interests ran from the current of his thoughts and interests! Literature he had never heard of; science and philosophy were an unknown world to him. Religion (hard predestinarianism), politics (Democratic), and farming took up all his thoughts and time. He had no desire to travel, he was not a hunter or a fisherman, and the shows and vanities of the world disturbed him not. When I grew to crave schooling and books he was disturbed lest I become a Methodist minister—his special aversion. Religion on such easy and wholesale terms as that of his Methodist neighbors made his nostrils dilate with contempt. But literature was an enemy he had never heard of, a writer of books had no place in his category of human occupations, and as for a poet—he would probably have ranked him with the dancing master. Yet late in life, when he saw my picture in a magazine, he is said to have shed tears. Poor father! his heart was tender, but as regards so much that fills and moves the world his mind was dark.

He was a good farmer, a helpful neighbor, a devoted parent and husband, and he did well the work in the world which fell to his lot to do. The narrowness and bigotry of his class and Church and time were his, but probity of character, ready good will, and a fervent religious nature were his also. His heart was much softer than his creed. He might scoff at his neighbor's religion or politics, but he was ever ready to lend him a hand.

The earliest memory I can recall of him dates back to a spring day in my early childhood. The "hired girl" had thrown my straw hat off the stonework into the road. In my grief and helplessness to punish her as I thought she merited, I looked up to the side hill above the house and saw father striding across the plowed ground with a bag strung across his breast, from which he was sowing grain. His measured strides, the white bag, and his regular swinging arm made a picture on the background of the red soil, all heightened, no doubt, by my excited state of mind, that stamped itself indelibly upon my memory. He strode across those hills with that bag suspended around his neck, sowing grain for many years.

Another spring picture of him much later in life, when I was a man grown and was home on a visit, comes to mind. I see him following a team of horses hitched to a harrow across a plowed field, dragging in the oats. To and fro he goes all afternoon, the dust streaming behind him and the ground smoothing as his work progresses. I suppose I had a feeling that I should have taken his place. He always got his crops in in season and gathered in season. His farm was his kingdom and he wanted no other. I can see him going about it, calling the dog, "hollering" at the cattle or the sheep or at the men at work in the fields, making a great deal of unnecessary noise, but always with an eye to his crops and to the best interests of the farm. He was a home body, had no desire to travel, little curiosity about

other lands, except, maybe, Bible lands, and felt an honest contempt for city ways and city people. He was as unconscious as a child, and would ask a man his politics or a woman her age as soon as ask them the time of day. He had little delicacy of feeling on the conventional side, but great tenderness of emotion on the purely human side. His candor was at times appalling, and he often brought a look of shame into mother's face. He had received a fairly good schooling for those times, and had been a school-teacher himself in the winter months. Mother was one of his pupils when he taught in Red Kill. I passed the little schoolhouse recently and wondered if there was a counterpart of Amy Kelly among the few girls I saw standing about the door, or if there was a red-haired, freckled country greenhorn at the teacher's desk inside. Father was but once in New York, sometime in the 'twenties, and never saw the capital of his country or his state. And I am sure he never sat on a jury or had a lawsuit in my time. He took an interest in politics and was always a Democrat, and during the Civil War, I fear, a "Copperhead." His religion saw no evil in slavery. I remember seeing him in some political procession during the Harrison campaign of 1840. He was with a gang of men standing up in a wagon, from the midst of whom arose a pole with a coonskin or a stuffed coon upon it. I suppose what I saw was part of a Harrison political procession.

Father "experienced religion" in his early manhood and became a member of the Old-school Baptist Church. To become members of that Church it was not enough that you wanted to lead a better life and serve God faithfully; you must have had a certain religious experience, have gone through a crisis as Paul did, been convicted of sin in some striking manner, and have descended into the depths of humiliation and despair, and then, when all seemed lost, have heard the voice of forgiveness and acceptance and felt indeed that you were now a

child of God. This crucial experience the candidate for church membership was called on to relate before the elders of the church, and if the story rang true he or she was in due time enrolled in the company of the elect few. No doubt about it's being a real experience with most of those people—a storm-and-stress period that lasted for weeks or months before the joy of peace and forgiveness came to their souls. I have heard some of those experiences and have read the record of many more in *The Signs of the Times*, which father took for more than fifty years. The conversion was radical and lasting; these men led changed lives ever after. With them, once a child of God, always a child of God; reformation never miscarried. It was an ironclad faith and it stood the wear and tear of life well. Father was not ostentatiously religious; far from it. I have known him to draw in hay on Sunday when a shower threatened, and once I saw him carry a gun when the pigeons were here, but he came back gameless and with a guilty look when he saw me; yet I think he never wavered in his Old-school Baptist faith.

There were no religious observances in the family and no religious instructions. Father read his hymn book and his Bible and at times his *Signs*, but never required us to read them. His church did not believe in Sunday schools or in any sort of religious training. Their preachers never prepared their sermons, but spoke the words that the Spirit put into their mouths. As they were mostly unlettered men, the Spirit had many sins of rhetoric and logic to answer for. Their discourses did more credit to their hearts than to their heads. I recall some of their preachers—or elders, as they were called—very distinctly: Elder Jim Mead, Elder Morrison, Elder Hewett, Elder Fuller, Elder Hubble—all farmers and unlearned in the lore of this world, but earnest men and some of them strong, picturesque characters. Elder Jim Mead usually went barefooted dur-

ing the summer, and mother once told me that he often preached barefooted in the schoolhouse. Elder Hewett was their strong man during my youth—a narrow and darkened mind tried by the wisdom of the schools, but a man of native force of character and often in his preaching attaining to a strain of true and lofty eloquence. His discourses, if their jumble of scriptural texts may be called such, were never a call to sinners to repent and be saved—God would attend to that Himself—but a vehement justification from the Scriptures of the Old-school Baptist creed, or the doctrine of election and justification by faith, not by works. The Methodists—or Arminians, as he called them—were a thorn in his side and he never tired of hurling his Pauline texts at their cheap and easy terms of salvation. Could he have been convinced that he must share heaven with the Arminians, I believe he would have preferred to take his chance in the other place.

Religious intolerance is an ugly thing, but its days in this world are numbered, and the day of the Old-school Baptist Society seems numbered. Their church which was often crowded in my youth, is almost deserted now. This generation is too light and frivolous for such a heroic creed; the sons of the old members are not men enough to stand up under the moral weight of Calvinism and predestination. Absurd as the doctrine seems to us, it went with or begot something in those men and women of an earlier time—a moral fiber and depth of character—to which the later generations are strangers. Of course, those men were nearer the stump than we are, and had more of the pioneer virtues and hardiness than we have, and struggles and victory or defeat were more a part of their lives than they are of ours; a hard creed with heroic terms of salvation fitted their moods better than it fits ours.

My youthful faith in a jealous and vengeful God, which in some way had been instilled into my mind, was rudely shaken one summer day during a thun-

derstorm. The idea had somehow got into my head that if in any way we mocked the powers above or became disrespectful toward them, vengeance would follow, quick and sure. At a loud peal overhead the boy I was playing with deliberately stuck up his scornful lips at the clouds and in other ways expressed his defiance. I fairly cringed in my tracks; I expected to see my companion smitten with a thunderbolt at my side. That I recall the incident so vividly shows what a deep impression it made upon me. But I have long ceased to think that the Ruler of the storms sees or cares whether we make faces at the clouds or not. Do your work well and make all the wry faces you please.

My native mountain, out of whose loin I sprang, is called the "Old Clump." It sits there with bare head but mantled sides, looking southward and holding the home farm of three hundred and fifty acres in its lap. The farm with its checkered fields lies there like a huge apron, reaching up over the smooth sloping thighs on the west and on the east and coming well up on the breast, forming the big, rough mountain fields where the sheep and young cattle graze. Those mountain pastures rarely knew the plow, but the broad side-hill fields, four of them, that cover the inside of the western thigh, have been alternately plowed and grazed since my boyhood and before. They yield good crops of rye, oats, buckwheat, and potatoes, and fair summer grazing. In winter huge snowbanks lie there just below the summit of the hill, blotting out the stone fences beneath eight or ten feet of snow. I have known these banks to linger there until the middle of May. I remember carrying a jug of water one hot May day to my brother Curtis, who was plowing the upper and steepest side hill, and whose plow had nearly reached the edge of the huge snowbank. Sometimes the woodchucks feel the call of spring in their dens in the ground beneath them and dig their way out through the coarse, granulated snow, leaving muddy

tracks where they go. I have "carried together" both oats and rye in all these fields. One September during the first year of the Civil War, we were working in the oats there, and Hiram was talking hourly of enlisting in the army as a drummer boy. When the cattle are grazing there one may often see them from the road over the eastern leg of Old Clump, which is lower, silhouetted against the evening sky. The bleating of the sheep in the still summer twilight on the bosom of Old Clump is also a sweet memory; so is the evening song of the vesper sparrow, which one may hear all summer long floating out from these sweet pastoral solitudes.

From one of these side-hill fields father and his hired man, Rube Dart, were once drawing oats on a sled, when the load capsized while Rube had his fork in it on the upper side, trying to hold it down, and the fork, with Rube clinging to it, described a complete circle in the air and Rube struck on his feet below, none the worse for his adventure.

Grandfather's farm, which he and grandmother carved out of the wilderness in the last years of seventeen hundred, and where father was born in 1802, lies just over the hill on the western knee of Old Clump, and is in the watershed of West Settlement, a much broader, deeper valley of nearly a dozen farms, and to which my home valley is a tributary. The sugar bush lies near the groin of the old mountain, the "beech woods" over the eastern knee, and the Rundle place, where now is Woodchuck Lodge, is on his skirts that look eastward. Hence, most of the home farm stands apart in a valley by itself. As you approach on the train from the south you may see Old Clump rising up in the north eight or ten miles away, presenting the appearance of a well-defined cone, with the upper portion of the farm showing, and hiding the mountain system behind it, of which it is the southern end.

Old Clump figured a good deal in my boyhood life and scarcely less in my

life since. The first deer's horn I ever saw we found there one Sunday under a jutting rock as we were on our way to the summit. My excursions to salt and count the sheep often took me there, and my boyhood thirst for the wild and adventurous took me there still oftener. Old Clump used to lift me up into the air three thousand feet and introduce me to his great brotherhood of mountains far and near, and make me acquainted with the full-chested exhilaration that awaits one on mountain tops. Mount Graham, Double Top Slide, Mount Peek o'Moose Table, Mount Whittenburg, Cornell, and others are visible from the summit. There was, as well, something so gentle and sweet and primitive about its natural clearings and open glades; about the spring that bubbled up from under a tilted rock just below the summit; about the grassy terraces, its hidden ledges, its scattered, low-branching, moss-covered maples, the cloistered character of its clumps of small beeches, its domestic-looking mountain ash, its orchardlike wild black cherries, its gardenlike plots of huckleberries, raspberries, and strawberries, the patches of fragrant brakes like dense miniature forests through which one wades as through patches of green midsummer snow, its divine strains of the hermit thrush floating out of the wooded depths below you—all these things drew me as a boy and still draw me as an old man.

From where the road crosses the eastern knee of Old Clump to where it crosses the western knee is over half a mile; well down in the valley between them the home buildings are situated, and below them the old and very productive meadows, only the upper borders of which have ever known the plow. The little brooklet that drains the valley used to abound in trout, but in sixty years it has dwindled to such an extent and has been so nearly obliterated by grazing cattle that there are no trout until you reach the hemlocks on the threshold of which my fishing excursions of boyhood

used to end. The woods were too dark and mysterious for my inflamed imagination—inflamed, I suppose, by grandfather's spook stories. In this little stream in the pasture I used to build ponds, the ruins of one of which are still visible. In this pond I learned to swim, but none of my brothers would venture in with me. I was the only one in the family that ever mastered the art of swimming, and I mastered it by persistent paddling in this pond Sundays and summer evenings and between my farm duties at other times. All my people were landlubbers of the most pronounced type and afraid to get above their knees in the water or to trust themselves to rowboats or other craft. Here again I was an odd one.

I used to make kites and crossbows and darts and puzzle people with the trick of the bumcomb blocks. One summer I made a very large kite, larger than any I had ever seen, and, attaching a string fully half a mile long, sent it up with a meadow mouse tethered to the middle of the frame. I suppose I wanted to give this little creature of the dark and hidden ways of the meadow—so scared of its life from hawks, foxes, and cats that it rarely shows itself out of its secret tunnels in the meadow bottoms or its retreats under the flat stones in the pastures—a taste of sky and sunshine and a glimpse of the big world in which it lived. He came down winking and blinking, but he appeared none the worse for his trip skyward, and I let him go to relate his wonderful adventure to his fellows.

Once I made a miniature sawmill by the roadside on the overflow of water from the house spring that used to cause people passing by to stop and laugh. It had a dam, a flume, an overshot wheel ten inches in diameter, a carriage for the log—a green cucumber—a gate for the tin saw about six inches long, and a superstructure less than two feet high. The water reached the wheel through a piece of old pump log three or four feet long, capped with the body of an old

tin dinner horn. Set at quite an angle, the water issued from the half-inch opening in the end of the horn with force enough to make the little wheel hum and send the saw through the cucumber at a rapid rate—only I had to shove the carriage along by hand. Brother Hiram helped me with the installation of this plant. It was my plaything for only one season.

I made a cross-gun that had a barrel in the end of which you dropped the arrow, and a lock with a trigger, and that was really a spiteful, dangerous weapon. About my fifteenth year I had a real gun—a small, double-barreled gun made by some ingenious blacksmith, I fancy. But it had fairly good shooting qualities—several times I brought down wild pigeons from the tree tops with it. Rabbits, gray squirrels, partridges, also fell before it. I bought it of a peddler for the sum of three dollars, paying on the installment plan, with money made out of maple sugar.

On the wooded west side of Old Clump we used to hunt rabbits—really the northern hare, brown in summer and white in winter. Their runways made paths among the mountain-maple bushes just below the summit. The eastern side was a more likely place for gray squirrels, coons, and partridges. Foxes were at home on all sides, and Old Clump was a favorite ground of the fox hunters. One day of early Indian summer, as we were digging potatoes on the lower side hill, our attention was attracted by some one calling from the edge of the woods at the upper side of the sheep lot. My brothers rested on their hoe handles a moment and I brushed the soil from my hands and straightened up from my bent attitude of picking up the potatoes. We all listened and looked. Presently we made out the figure of a man up there by the edge of the woods, and soon decided from his excited voice and gestures that he was calling for help. Finally we made out that some one was hurt and the oxen and sled were needed to bring him down. It

turned out to be a neighbor, Gould Bouton, calling, and Elihu Meeker, his uncle, who was hurt. They were fox hunting, and Elihu had fired at the fox from the top of a high rock near the top of Old Clump, and in his excitement had in some way slipped from the rock and fallen on the stones fifteen or twenty feet below, and sustained serious injury to his side and back near his kidneys. With all possible speed the oxen and sled were got up there, and after long waiting they returned to the house with Elihu aboard, groaning and writhing on a heap of straw. The injury had caused him to bleed from his kidneys. In the meantime Doctor Newkirk had been sent for and I remember that I feared Elihu would die before he got there. What a relief I felt when I saw the doctor coming on horseback, in the good old style, running his horse at the top of his speed. "Now," I said, "Elihu will be saved." He had already lost a good deal of blood, but the first thing the doctor did was to take more from him. This was in times when bleeding was about the first thing a doctor did on all occasions. The idea seemed to be that you could sap the strength of the disease by that means without sapping the strength of the man.

Well, the old hunter survived the double bloodletting; he was cured of his injury, and cured of his fox-hunting fever also. He was a faithful, hard-working man, a carpenter by trade. He built our "new barn" in 1844 and put a new roof on the old barn. Father got out the timber for the new barn in old Jonas More's hemlocks and hauled it to the sawmill; Lanson Davids worked with him. They had their dinner in the winter woods. One day they had a pork stew and father said he had never eaten anything in his life that tasted so good. He and mother were then in the flower of their days and Lanson Davids said to him on this occasion:

"Chancey, you are the biggest hog to eat I ever saw in my life."

"I was hungry," said father.

We had "raisings" in those days, when a new building was put up. The timbers were heavy, often hewn from trees in the woods, set up, pinned together in what were called "bents." In a farmer's barn there were usually four bents, tied together by the "plates" and cross-beams. I remember well the early summer day when the new barn was raised. I can see Elihu guiding the corner post of the first bent, and when the men were ready calling out, "All together now," "Set her up," "Heave 'o heave, heave 'o heave," till the bent was in position.

One June when he was shingling the old barn he engaged me to pick him some wild strawberries. When I came in the afternoon with my four-quart pail nearly full, he came down off the roof and gave me a silver quarter, or two shillings, as we then said, and I felt very rich.

It is an open country, like an unrolled map, simple in all its lines, with little variety in its scenery, devoid of sharp contrasts and sudden changes, and hence lacking in the element of the picturesque which comes from these things. It is a part of the earth's surface that has never been subject to convulsion and upheaval; the stratified rock lies horizontally, just as it was laid down in the bottom of the Devonian seas millions of years ago. The mountains and the valleys are the result of vast ages of gentle erosion, and gentleness and repose are stamped upon every feature of the landscape. The hand of time and the slow but enormous pressure of the great continental ice sheet have rubbed down and smoothed off all sharp angles, giving to the mountains their long sweeping lines, to the hills their broad round backs, and to the valleys their deep, smooth, troughlike contours. The level stratum crops out here and there, giving to the hills the effect of heavy eyebrows. But occasionally it is more than that; in the mountains it is often like a cavernous mouth into which one can retreat several yards, where the imaginative farm boy loves to prowl and linger, like

the half savage that he is, and dream of Indians and the wild, adventurous life. There were a few such cavernous ledges in the woods on my father's farm where one could retreat from a sudden shower; but less than a mile away there were two lines of them, one on Pine Hill and one on Chase's Hill, where the foundations of the earth were laid open, presenting a broken and jagged rocky front from ten to thirty or forty feet high, gnawed full of little niches and pockets and cavernous recesses by the never-dulled tooth of geologic time, and affording dens and retreats where Indians and wild beasts often took refuge.

As a boy how I used to haunt these places, especially on Sunday when young wintergreens and black birch gave us an excuse to go to the woods! What an eternity of time was written in the faces of those rocks! What world-old forces had left their marks there, in the lines, in the colors, in the huge dislocations and look of impending downfall of many of them, yet with a look of calm and unconquerable age that can only be felt in the presence of such survivals of the primeval! I want no better pastime now, far from my boyhood as I am, than to spend part of a summer or autumn day amid these rocks. One passes from the sunny fields, where the cattle are grazing or the plow turning the red furrow, into these gray, time-sculptured, monumental ruins, where the foundations of the everlasting hills are crumbling and yet where the silence and the repose are like that of sidereal space. How relative everything is! The hills and the mountains grow old and pass away in geologic time as invariably as the snowbank in spring, and yet in our little span of life they are the types of the permanent and unchanging.

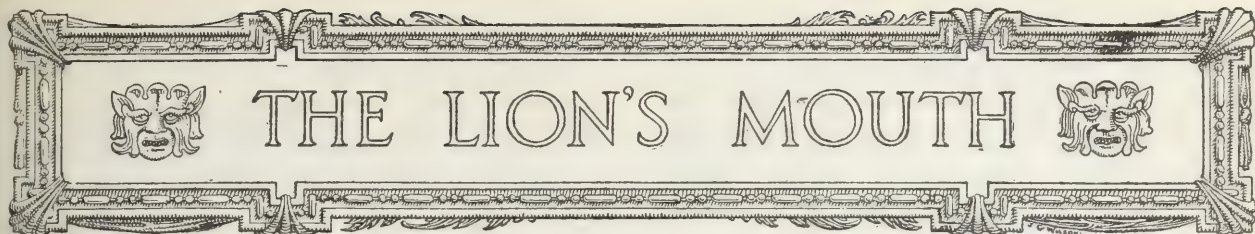
The phoebe bird loves to build its mossy nest in these shelving ledges, and once I found where one of our native mice—maybe the jumping mouse—had apparently taken a hint from her and built a nest of thistledown covered with moss, on a little shelf three or four feet

above the ground. Coons and woodchucks often have their dens in these ledges, and before the country was settled, no doubt bears did also. In one place under a huge ledge that projects twelve or fifteen feet, there is a spring to which cattle come from the near fields to drink. The old earth builders used material of very unequal hardness and durability when they built these hills, their contracts were not well supervised, and the result has been that the more rapid decay of the softer material has undermined the harder layers and led to their downfall. Every fifty or a hundred or two hundred feet in the Catskill formation the old contractors slipped in a layer of soft, slaty, red sandstone which introduces an element of weakness, and of which we everywhere see the effects. One effect of this weakness has an element of beauty. I refer to the beautiful waterfalls that are sparsely scattered over this region, made possible, as nearly everywhere else, by the harder strata holding out after the softer ones beneath have eroded away, thus keeping the face of the falls nearly vertical.

The Catskill region is abundantly supplied with springs that yield the best water in the world. My father's farm had a spring in nearly every field, each one with a character of its own. What associations linger about them! How eagerly we found our way to them in the hot haying and harvesting days!—the small, cold, never-changing spring in the barn-hill meadow under the beech tree, upon whose now decayed bowl half-obliterated initials of farm boys and hired men of thirty, fifty, and nearly seventy years ago may still be seen; the spring in the old meadow near

the barn where the cattle used to drink in winter and where, with the hay-makers, I used to drink so eagerly in summer; the copious spring in the bank at the foot of the old orchard, which, in the severe droughts of recent years, holds out when other springs fail; the tiny, but perennial spring issuing from under the huge tilted rock in the sumac field where the young cattle and the sheep of the mountain pasture drink, and where we have all refreshed ourselves so many times; the spring from under a rocky eyebrow on the big side hill which is now piped to the house, and which in my boyhood was brought in pine or hemlock "pump logs" and to which I have been sent so many times to clean the leaves off the tin strainer—what associations have we all of us with that spring! For over eighty years it has supplied the family with water, and not till the severe droughts of later years did it fail. The old beech tree that stands above it is one of the landmarks of the farm. Once when a boy I saw a flock of wild pigeons disappear in its leafy interior and then saw Abe Meeker, who worked for father in 1840, shoot into it from the stone wall, six or seven rods below, and bring down four birds which he could not see when he fired. Three of them fell dead, and one fell at his feet behind the stone wall. But I need not call the roll of all the fountains of my youth on the home farm—fountains of youth indeed!—and fountains of grateful memories in my later years. I never pass any of them now but my footsteps linger by them and I clean them out if they are clogged and neglected, and feel that here is a friend of other days whose face is as bright and youthful as ever.

(The end)



THE LION'S MOUTH

AN APPRECIATION OF BAD TEMPERS

BY PHILIP CURTISS

A PART from exceptional talents, what is the single most valuable attribute with which a man or woman can be endowed? A violent temper, without any question. I do not say this pietistically, meaning that its value lies in the fact that it offers something to overcome. I say it literally. I say it also enviously, for my own nearest prototype in the animal world is the lamb.

Without examining the claims of any special creed or philosophy, the sum of universal judgment seems to be that human happiness, or success, lies in the ability of an individual to march consistently toward that objective which seems to him most desirable, conscripting on every occasion the talents of his fellow-men to further his advance, but at the same time never allowing himself to be diverted by any counter-proposals which others may have to present. Who, among mortals, realizes this ideal so completely and so consistently as the man or woman of violent temper? In any family, office, conference, or other intimate association find the man or woman with the most violent temper, and, in him or her, you will find the individual who has most perfectly solved the social problem. Needless to say, you will also find the ruler of the roost.

Violent tempers do not seem to be so common as they used to be. In commercial life, the Little Rollo cast which has of late years dominated business literature has made them unfashionable. The current idea is that a violent temper is a handicap to success. In one of those "efficiency" stories which are crowding even detective stories off the

printed page I seem to recall a scene in which two captains of industry are discussing the various candidates for some important post. One of them says, "And how about Jones?" To which the other replies, "Jones is a fine man, honest, able, and loyal, but he has one prohibitive vice—an incontrollable temper." The moral of the tale is, of course, "Are you Jones?"

I am not Jones, but I wish that I were, for the utter fallacy of the idea that a violent temper is a handicap to success can be proved by the simplest observation among successful men. In a real case, along the lines of that efficiency story, what would actually happen would be this: The first man would say, as before, "And how about Jones?" But the second, instead of quoting from Jacob Abbott, would answer, "Yes, Jones is a skunk, but if he *doesn't* get that job there will be hell to pay." And Jones would get it! He would keep it, too, and the efficiency of his office would pick up fifty per cent.

When you come right down to it, our very idea of greatness is inseparable from a violent temper. Any one of us would tremble in his boots at the mere thought of interviewing the richest man in the world, the greatest soldier, the most illustrious artist, the most famous actor. Would it be so if tradition had recorded that the higher a man went in the world the sweeter became his nature? Distinctly not. Our common ideal of a great financier is one whose clerks fall silent and begin to shiver whenever he comes into the room. If in the height of battle a great commander lets out a string of brave oaths, the fame of them always outlives the name of the battle itself. Great artists, we know, are always insulting admirers,

throwing boots at their valets, and making life generally miserable for all concerned. All that most of us know of Carlyle is that he was reputed to be the most crabbed man in London. *Idem* Sam Johnson. *Idem* Whistler. Our basic idea of a hero is really a "hard-boiled egg."

The epics of literature all have centered about some one's wrath. "Anger" is the first word in the *Iliad*, and not a righteous anger at that, just a plain, old-fashioned sulk. Take the Italian epic. What is its title? "Orlando Furioso." "Othello," "Macbeth," and "Hamlet" are classics of hate, and Cicero's greatest oration is just sheer abuse. Ibsen's Nora walked out in a pet, and Rawdon Crawley first rose to grandeur when he got "mad" and began to throw things around the room. For the first time in his life, says Thackeray, his wife almost loved him, or words to that effect.

The real truth about violent tempers is one which most of us do not care to admit. We affect to despise them because we fear them. There are twenty good-natured persons for one who has a genuine violent temper; but that one invariably crows all the rest. Naturally we don't like it. We good-natured persons are the craven helots, and the violent-tempered ones are the ruling class. We know it, and they know it, too. In a given case they have only to keep on ranting long enough, and we, every time, will give in.

This in itself is merely another way of saying that a violent temper and a strong character are the same thing. We may not be afraid of physical violence from strong-tempered persons, but nevertheless our courage always falls short of theirs. There is, in our intimate circle, a lady weighing just over one hundred pounds who has not only her husband, but all the rest of us, absolutely paralyzed with fear. The lengths to which any of us will go to avoid crossing her in the simplest detail are too shameful to confess. I have seen three grown

men stand whispering for minutes in the cloak closet under the stairs simply because they had tried to get seats for "Bombo," but didn't dare go back into the dining room and tell Marjorie that they couldn't get them. In the case of any other woman the party would merely have gone to see something else, but with Marjorie such an announcement would have meant only a violent, unending tirade on the ticket speculators, the modern theater, the city government of New York, the servant question, and the Volstead Act, which would have lasted until the party broke up at 1 A. M. Every man Jack of us knew it, although none of us said it; and therefore we cowards remained at that telephone until, somewhere, those tickets were found, which shows that a violent temper and executive genius are not so very far apart, after all.

Now in this case, as I have suggested, one could easily argue that we were not actually "afraid" of our tiny hostess. That is to say we were not afraid that she would kick us in the shins or even put poison in our after-dinner coffee. Yet we were afraid of her all the same. We were afraid of a row. We were, in short, the most craven of all cowards—peace-at-any-price men. If the thing had happened in a restaurant, as it might just as well have done, we should have felt that we were merely afraid of attracting attention in a public place. But Marjorie is afraid of nothing. It is not that she is any less refined in her instincts than the rest of us, but simply, that as with most great souls when an issue is before her that issue is all in all. The rest of the world has ceased to exist. For the moment she is not afraid of a disturbance in public, she is not afraid that her husband will leave her, she is not afraid of anything on earth.

This is not lovely. It is ruthless, but genius usually is. The proof of the case is the way that we take it. Why do we stand it year after year? If any one of us had Marjorie's courage he would throw discretion, tact, friendship, good breed-

ing, masculine chivalry and everything else to the winds, simply stop her in one of her tirades and say: "Now, Marjorie, you've spoiled my dinner eight times this year. I, for one, don't propose to stand it any longer. Keep still or I'll throw this plate at your head." Of course no one of us ever does say that. We do just what all cowards do in a crisis—look the other way and become very "discreet." But courage and Simon-pure genius are never discreet. There you are!

ON TRIAL

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

THERE were four of us at luncheon. One of the two men was telling the rest of us the truth about women. He had always suspected that women were dishonest; now the facts were undeniable. Last registration day, in the Fifty-third Election District of the Forty-ninth Assembly District of the Borough of the Bronx, a woman gave a fraudulent address. She was a "floater"! He admitted that, while this was something new in the nature of municipal corruption, it was not altogether unexpected to a ballot reformer like himself. The Fifty-third is a rough district. In fact, he casually explained that seven hundred men were on the list of the illegally registered there.

The charge of women's corrupt political ideals was not striking. But the effect upon one of his hearers, a passionate feminist, assuredly was. She shuddered. She fairly writhed. She wrung her hands.

"I feel as guilty as if I had done it myself!" There was no doubting the sincerity of her words. "Whenever a woman goes wrong all women go wrong. I cannot forget that we are on trial—always and forever on trial."

The passionate feminist had evidently suffered much. Her face was furrowed by anxious lines. Think of the billion and more women in the world and the possibility that at any moment one of

them, somewhere, may take an awkward step! She lived as if she were always on the verge of some last tragedy, as if a horrible misdoing of a woman would finally kill her outright. It is a very solemn thing, this being on trial. It is much as if a candidate for a college fraternity kept his on-edge initiation period all his life, or a nervous young minister retained the state of mind in which he preached his first sermon to a prospective congregation.

How could the passionate feminist help feeling like a probationer in the human race? From childhood she had been fed on books about women. She knew what early writers thought of their virtues, what later Christians said about their vices. She had listened to the arguments of suffragists and anti-suffragists, read current novels in which women figure desperately as a problem. She never even picked up an innocent-looking magazine to while away an hour or so but what she was confronted with intimate revelations about women by a practicing psychoanalyst or the confessions of a dissatisfied husband. No early turtle-backed Presbyterian was ever more convicted of sin than she was of being a woman.

The intensity of passionate feminism is like a contagious disease. After luncheon, when I read the afternoon paper, I, too, felt a conviction of grave responsibility, a pungent sense of wrongdoing on a magnificent scale. The news flared vicarious malevolence at me. Women seemed to be in action everywhere, and in the wrong kind of action, at that. A conspicuous caption, "Woman Calm After Murder," headed an extraordinary story of a farmer's wife who had coolly killed her husband because she was tired of always seeing a queer, twisted sort of sneer he had given her for fifteen years. It was a deliberate act, following her determination, one day, to shoot him the next time he did it. As I read of the tragedy, a long procession of gentle, domesticated, and entirely resigned women passed before my eyes, and I

thought, but they are all guilty. Because they are women, they share in that Connecticut murder. I shivered. It was a gruesome idea.

Next there came an account of a lady bandit, out in extra-dry Arizona. Single-handed, she had held up a United States mail truck, bound and gagged both the driver and his assistant, helped herself to fifty thousand dollars' worth of Liberty bonds, and disappeared. The mails, it seemed, were no longer safe from women. Banditing has now become a new and exciting occupation for them. In the eyes of women's judges, my mother and my aunt, quiet and law-abiding as they are, have now become brigands, thanks to that woman in Arizona.

Or maybe if they aren't highway-women they are just ordinary burglars. For the third conspicuous misdeed reported was about a supposedly hermetically sealed summer palace on Long Island cleverly robbed—and the finger prints on the sideboard, from which a bottle of champagne had been taken, were those of a woman! The deeper I got into the newspaper the more grew the sense of collective sin and the more impossible the escape of womankind. There were women bootleggers, women vagrants, shoplifters, bribers, and grafters. There were women who drove automobiles too fast and ran over and killed pedestrians. Whenever a column was not filled by the misdoings of men, some wretched woman was doing something somewhere to penalize us all.

Perhaps we ought to be calloused to the sense of blame. We've had it, more or less, since Eve made such a bad start in the Garden. Literature is full of large generalizations about us. Even in the time of Plutarch there were dark sayings about telling secrets to women. We've always been credited, too, with passing on the gossip of the world. If he had thought more highly of us, Pope's "Essay on Man" might well have been called a treatise on woman. His gem—

Men some to business, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake—

has come down the years as a sample of the way we've been characterized on a large scale.

And the habit, unfortunately for our peace of mind, is increasing. It is the fashion, nowadays, for men to issue pronunciamentos about us from their conventions. The business men pass resolutions about our flimsy blouses, the musicians credit us with creating jazz, the automobile manufacturers deplore our reckless driving, the reformers regret that we cause so much divorce. The ministers make a specialty of us. No conference of clergymen is complete without an edict about women and modern life. At the last annual meeting of the Methodists, most of the evils of our time were attributed to modern women, and the statement made:

The new feminism is drawing the best of our womanhood from marriage and motherhood, while loose ideals on the permanence of marriage are being imported by Russian barefoot dancers. The hand that stops rocking the cradle begins to rock the boat of our family life.

A few weeks later, not to be outdone by the Methodists, an Episcopal prelate declared that, in the interests of the race, all women must volunteer to scrap rouge, bridge parties, gossip, cigarettes, and immodest clothes. Notice that we are all guilty. Furthermore, he said, we must overcome the outrageous habit of covering our ears with our coiffures, for upon women to-day rests the entire political and social future of the United States.

This is a large order, likely to give every woman who reads it a sinking sensation. It was bad enough when we were held responsible for the home only and the domestic graces, but, now that we have embraced the entire world and are on trial for the whole of mankind, it sits heavily. It reminds me of Sarah Maud in Mrs. Wiggin's *The Birds' Christmas Carol*. All the Ruggles family

was invited to a party, and during the dress rehearsal, staged in the kitchen, Mrs. Ruggles constantly told Sarah Maud that as the oldest she would be held responsible for the entire tribe of nine children. It was almost too much for Sarah Maud to bear and she exclaimed, mournfully: "Seems as if this whole dinner party set right square on top o' me. Mebbe I could manage my own manners, but to manage nine manners is worse 'n staying to home!"

The only consolation afforded us is that others are also on trial. It seems to be a human characteristic to group individuals and think of them *en masse*. Whenever a negro commits a crime ten millions of his color are held guilty. In average conversation there is likely to be rigid classification of characteristics: all Catholics are unable to think for themselves, delegating their mental powers to their priests; all Presbyterians are harsh and narrow; Unitarians have no religion at all. When races are under discussion, all Japanese are tricky; all Swedes stingy; all Englishmen arrogant; Frenchmen are volatile; Germans are Huns; Italians all set upon vendetta. Whenever a Democrat in office has been dishonest it becomes a party of grafters. To those outside their ranks all Republicans are reactionary, and to conservatives all liberals are Bolshevists, anarchists, and violent revolutionists.

Perhaps there will come a day when there will be a general taking off of tags, a kind of no-judgment day after which women and other members of groups will be considered as individuals. Then we shall be on trial only for ourselves, whether we come from Ninnipingo, Nantucket, or only New York.

THE UNIVERSITY TONGUE

BY ALTHA LEAH BASS

THERE is no doubt that the attendance of one's sons and daughters at any large state university is highly educational—to the parents at least, if not to the sons and daughters themselves.

My wife and I, having for a long time debated the advisability of sending our young son and daughter, just beginning their college work, to our state university, are now ready to bear witness to the above-mentioned fact, for our children, after attending the university for twelve weeks, have spent the holiday season with us, and have left us amazed at the rapidity with which they have rid themselves of their old forms of speech and have taken up the new and ever-changing language of the university. Incidentally, too, our own vocabularies have been partially renovated, though at our age we dare not hope for complete mastery of the university tongue.

"I've been bid O. A. T.," George announced, triumphantly, on the first evening of his return for the holidays.

"'Bidden,' you'll find is the modern participial form," I corrected.

George ignored the correction. "They bid us last night, so we'd have the good news to take home for the holidays."

"Bade," his mother corrected, to bear out my earlier remark.

But George was adamant. "Who ever heard anyone say the O. A. T.'s *bade* him, or that he was *bidden*? They simply wouldn't take you if you talked that way." And I retired in silence to my New Oxford Dictionary.

"You still like geology?" I asked George in another attempt at conversation on university topics.

"Yes, I'd like well enough to be a rock hound, but I don't know what species yet. Sand smellers have about had their big day in this part of the country—unless," he added, obviously to spare me the humiliation I should feel if he had to explain to me that sand smellers are oil geologists—"unless they find some big veins they haven't even got a line on yet. You'd like Prof. Williams, dad; he's a fine fellow, only maybe you'd think he uses too much rock-hound candy. That's tobacco," he explained, at my inquiring look. "All the pebble pups chew it, more or less."

Then we lapsed into the silence which

lack of a common language necessitates. When this silence had become ominous I broke it cautiously.

"How's young Brewer coming on?" I asked regarding the boy next door, who was studying pharmacy at the same university.

George beamed. "Great!" he answered. "He can shake a wicked spatula, and no doubt about it. He nearly got canned when they found some of the pill peddlers drinking mule and aqua, but of course Brew wasn't in it and he came clear."

"Aqua's water, of course," I mused, "but what can mule be?"

"Alcohol," George responded, laconically, and again I felt the silence setting in.

"And you say he shakes a wicked spatula?" I asked.

"Yes; made the best grades of all the pill peddlers," he answered, and I gathered that a pharmacy student who made good grades was said to shake a wicked spatula.

At dinner my wife and I received further enlightenment regarding the antiquated state of our vocabularies.

"I hope you have a good instructor in freshman English," began my wife, addressing our daughter. "So many of the freshman teachers are young and inexperienced."

"Well, Mr. Roberts knows his onions, all right," Ruth responded, readily. "I'd have been scared to death of him if I hadn't met him at the O. A. T. struggle. But if he didn't really know his on—if he didn't know so much about English as he does, I'd think he was just a lounge lizard. He queens the Alpha Theta Gamma girls terribly but he's hard as nails on them in class. It's mucilage to him then."

Ruth stopped to finish her dessert, but before either her mother or I had time to ask for an explanation of her remarks we were distracted by a terrific noise on the front veranda.

"Yaw-hee!" came a stentorian bray.

"Yaw-hee!" came in equally sten-

torian tones from George's throat. It was no Baalam's ass on our veranda or in our dining room. The noise was the call of college intimates.

"That's Brew," George explained, and rushed from the table to open the front door for the pharmacy student. "As I live, Brew's going stepping," he commented, surveying the newcomer in the doorway, from his shining patent-leather pumps to his sleek head. "Shiners and claw-hammers and stiff choker, and bear grease on his hair. I'll say you're slick, Brew."

Ruth joined in the admiration, while their mother and I returned to our coffee in silence. Scraps of weirdly syncopated music reached our ears, such as our staid Steinway had never before known, and we heard fragments of a song about "mysterious, melodious, mystifyin' blues."

Mother looked at me inquiringly. "They do learn, at the university," she said, enigmatically.

"And so do their parents; they learn their onions," I replied, above the rattle of the piano and the vocal agonies called blues.

"I'll say they do," replied their mother, as we rose to join them in the music room.

UP A TREE

BY STANLEY ALDEN

NOT often, even from a tower window such as mine, is one able to envisage at once the whole of the *orbis terrarum*; but my gaze, tempted by the sunny splendor of an autumn day, recently fell upon what seemed to me to embody in a miniature moving picture, without scenario, without those indispensable "close-ups," and with but two amateurs playing the leading roles, the peoples of the earth and their goings up and down its ways. Seated in the crotch of a leafless maple, some fifteen or twenty feet from the ground, was a most complacent cat, white with patches of tiger stripes, who "registered" un-

mistakable interest in a lively gray squirrel that, from a point of vantage at some distance above him, paid Thomas Cat his respects in precise—though to me quite inaudible—terms. Mr. Cat chose to ignore these remarks and proceeded with his tentative plans for ascent in the businesslike manner of a particularly successful villain. His essays were those of a man sure of his ground. Time, he seemed to reflect, was altogether on his side, and it was his immediate problem to reduce Space, an element at present inimical to his plans. (These latter seemed to the squirrel perfectly evident.) An exploring forepaw was thrust forth from time to time to test the footing just above and beyond his stance, but was always withdrawn for reasons connected with the alleged law of gravity, which Thomas was not sufficiently modern to question. Schemes safe and unquestionably tested by previous experience were being matured; but while feline reason busied itself with these, an immaculate white face, flanked by impeccable whiskers and displaying a tiny patch of pink nose, occasionally lifted wistfully toward the enraged and distraught squirrel—a squirrel according to the Thomasian philosophy destined for a hungry cat's dinner.

Meanwhile the pursued Mr. Squirrel was not wholly without strategic advantage, being in his own terrain, as it were, but on the defensive and thus limited. He would make hasty dashes toward the enemy, futile, but designed for effect on the offensive's morale. His consequent retreats within his own lines were orderly and conducted with great skill. An indignant plume of gray tail gave him a Cossacklike fieriness of demeanor quite disproportionate to his size. Thomas remained, apparently, unimpressed, and settled down stolidly into a state of siege, threatening now and again to prove ineffectual because of the drowsiness of the commander-in-chief. During one of these periods when the Greek leader seemed, like Homer,

to nod, Hector projected escape by the daring expedient of slipping down the side of the tree opposite the slumbering enemy. But this *coup*, conceived in haste, was as suddenly abandoned. The forces subsided again into stalemate. Prospects for getting out of the trenches by Christmas appeared unpromising.

Just as gloom seemed to settle over both camps, Olympians, after the well-known manner of the Immortals, took a hand. Two jaunty college girls, books under arms, burst upon (or, to speak by the book, under) the field. Their trained minds required no explanation of the situation—had they not studied history? With an unerring instinct for right, they espoused the cause of the smaller nation, and, procuring small but possibly useful ammunition in the form of clods, they tried to dislodge the besieging army. After several shots, eloquent of the usefulness of physical culture, having made no impression save one of mild surprise upon Mr. Cat (who doubtless recognized in his assailants former purveyors to his creature comforts, and thus in all probability no very formidable foe), they sauntered on, sighing at the evil in a world otherwise so full of chocolates and dreams of men-in-football-sweaters.

Only at this point did the picture reveal to my mind its obvious significance—a motion picture must have a moral. "Behold," said I, "oppressed humanity—the downtrodden poor, starving Russia, famine-stricken China, what you will—in the person of the helpless pursued; and its oppressor—the brute Capitalist (his greedy green eyes aglow!), bureaucratic Europe, the wealth-burdened but callous Occident—in the complacent and slightly timid pursuer. In the college girls, see untrained Charity, satisfying its conscience by a few sentimental gestures."

Then the Tired Business Man passed by, in this case a man whose business obviously had something to do with drains, or furnaces, or perhaps with


recalcitrant motor cars. He was a business man who, as he walked, lurched slightly from side to side, as though his grandfather might have been a seaman, a sailor before the mast. His seamy face gave evidence of but passing interest in the arboreal warfare, upon which he bestowed a tolerant and slightly acid smile, as of one who should say: "No affair of mine. Let the bloomin' idealists get him out of his scrape. What difference does it make to *my* pocketbook?" And with this unanswerable Parthian shot, he slouched on his sane and businesslike way.

The squirrel, meanwhile, had (in the elegant language of Joseph Conrad's Mr. Ricardo) been "doing a think," and was rewarded by one of those happy thoughts so frequently born of desperation. Running lightly to the outer end of a limb that reached out neighborly toward another maple near by, he made a daring and successful leap, which landed him, thanks to an indomitable faith in himself and in the ultimate triumph of Good, squarely in Maple Number Two and safely beyond the enemy's influence. Here he made himself comfortable for a stay of whatever length should prove needful. Thomas, lulled by a sense of security into the "catacteristic" somnolence of intrenched power, remained unaware of the newest turn in the tide

of battle, and continued preparations for invading the enemy's territory. These plans involved several cleverly executed sorties up neighboring limbs, which, however, proved inadequate footing for a cat of such comfortable rotundity, and had to be abandoned. During a wheel movement, performed midlimb, the balance of feline power seemed in imminent danger of toppling ingloriously to the ground. As a result, the commander gingerly withdrew to his former position, deigning not so much as a cursory glance at the enemy, who, it was to be supposed, might be exhibiting amusement mingled with contempt. A period of time having elapsed, it now occurred to Mr. Cat to reconnoiter the enemy, by this time settled down into a satisfactory position for a nap.

More pressing affairs then called me away, and I left cruel and stupid Privileged Power meditating its campaign, for all the world like the established peoples of the earth, so sure that they cannot lose, even after they have lost. It was comforting to reflect that, in a realm where the victory seems ever to the strong, though not always to the righteous, wrong is not forever on the throne.

And not until later did I realize that I, the spectator-philosopher, had not so much as lifted a finger that right might triumph!



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A LADY from out of town, who came to New York for a change of thought and scene, and conversed with the inhabitants, and looked at the shops, and navigated the streets, and went to the theaters, said a remarkable thing. She confided to an inhabitant that she was not happy herself and that she did not know anyone who was happy. That impressed her auditor a good deal. People in New York do not think whether they are happy or not. They think whether they may cross the street and still live. If she had merely said that she was not happy herself it would not have been so remarkable, because that might have been due to personal causes—her husband, her mother-in-law, her cook, the fear of fat, the fashion in clothes, or even to her liver. But when she said she did not know anyone that was happy, that was striking, especially because she knew many people, and people as good as people generally come. So, inasmuch as she had food, clothes, family relations believed to be satisfactory, adequate maintenance, due opportunities for work and distraction, and, as said, an edifying acquaintance, her observation was impressive.

She was a woman of character and ability, who had spent several years in war work in Europe. The war had taken hard hold of her and had doubtless left its impression on her moods and feelings. So it has, of course, on all the world, and in different degrees on all the people in it. This lady did not complain of unhappiness, she merely said she was not happy and saw no one who was happy. What that meant may have been unrealized expectations. Ap-

parently the life she had come back to after the war and its extraordinary efforts and hopes did not satisfy her. Maybe there was not enough to it. Maybe the service she found did not seem important enough. Possibly the hopes were not progressing fast enough toward realization to keep her spirits up. The war had been an immense incentive to activity and a spur to the imagination, and it had passed away and seemingly she felt let down. Her soul had been fed and now it was going hungry.

There must be lots of people in that same case, and not only people, but nations. Is anybody happy? Oh yes, many children are, and some grown-ups. Children have no war shock to get over and no war stimulation to sober up from, and many grown-up people who are like children are happy in the same way. The daily life and its old employments and aspirations and relations suffice for them.

But how about the nations? Is England happy? Is France happy? Is any nation in Europe happy? I doubt it. Some are more cheerful than others. Belgium and Holland are cheerful, perhaps, but not France or England or Italy, who were victors in the war, and, probably, not the vanquished, in spite of their immense relief at having it over. The reason individual people are not happy would seem to be that the world and human life are so unsettled. It has not come through yet to anything approaching a condition of repose. Even in this country we know as yet very imperfectly what is ahead of us. We live by the day, resume our old habits, and go through the old motions as far as we can, but we do not yet feel anything

firm under our feet. Our old estimates of right and wrong have been very much upset. What used to seem solid is shaky to us. What we used to think of as respectable has lost a good deal of its authority. We want something to tie up to that we dare to trust, and have hard work to find it. Such satisfactions as we get come from living by the day and accomplishing what we can from hour to hour, and from the temporary ease of mind that follows such efforts. If unhappiness is the main theme of the plays in the theaters, and of the books that are offered to us, it is doubtless the faithful reflection of current life.

There has been a good deal of dissatisfaction with France, complaint of her conduct at the Armament Conference, of her disaffection with her late friends, and unwillingness to co-operate with them in their efforts to reorganize life. What is the trouble with France? It is easy to see what her trouble is—that she is not happy, that the war has left her with disturbance in her thoughts and pains in her joints, and a hole in her pocket; that she has no confidence in this world she is in, or in any of her neighbors, and does not know what is ahead, or how to secure her future. She has had a great fright, has been threatened with what seemed destruction, has suffered great loss and bereavement, but made a gallant resistance admired by all the world, and has been saved from the worst by the help of the neighbors. Emerging from her struggles with all the world applauding her and doing what it could to turn her head, she has had serious disappointments, has not been able to collect what she considered to be her just dues from the vanquished, has seen the provision made for Great Britain and the United States to be guarantors of her safety fall through, and the League of Nations, which she joined, somewhat incredulous of its powers to help her, weakened by the failure of the United States to go into it. She lives in fear and more or

less in disappointment, and of course she is not happy. It is true that the thoughts of France have been very much self-centered—that she has nationalism in an intense form and seems to feel that she has done her whole duty when she has taken thought for France. People who live for themselves alone cannot expect to have sound opinions even about themselves, much less about other folks. You cannot have sound opinions unless you earn them, and you earn them considerably by taking thought for others. People's opinions and wishes take color from their lives, and so do the opinions and desires of nations. France, living for herself alone, and concerned, as she seems to be, for nothing but her own safety and prosperity, cannot possibly have sound opinions about world politics. The office of the other nations, and of ours most of all, is to help her to an easier mind about herself, and so a mind more open to concern about the rest of the world. If she thinks, and indeed has to think, all the time about herself, it is not to be expected that she will think very much about other nations, but the fault is not all hers; it is partly that she has been driven in on herself by the failure of hopes that were held out to her.

But meanwhile she is not happy, and seems not even to be fortunate in her doctors—her politicians; and it is doubtful if they are happy. Certainly they ought not to be. There are people in France, and Marshal Foch is one of them, who are entitled to be as happy as existing embarrassments allow, but most of the French politicians, as seen from here, are not entitled even to that, for there does not seem to be enough good will in them, or enough large-mindedness, to bring them even a moderate repose of spirit.

But, after all, it is not a bad sign that France is not happy, nor yet that the lady from out of town is not happy. Neither of them ought to be. It is not time yet to be happy in this world. Things are not in a good enough posture, nor going well enough. If people were

happy now we should have still more occasion to be anxious for the future than we have. The lady from out of town has been thrown back on herself, just as France has been. After being engrossed for years in working anywhere and anyhow for other people, she had come home to ordinary things and to efforts considerably concentrated on her own concerns. She has had to stop saving the world before it was saved, and she could not get back to an old-fashioned workaday life without some loss of satisfaction. If the world were saved maybe she could do it, but, as it is, there was not peace in her heart any more than there is peace in the heart of the world.

But as said, there is nothing really to repine at in the case of that lady, for so long as it is not a very bad case, and she is able to go about her business and take her meals, her want of happiness is reassuring. It suggests that nobody who was really consecrated in the war to the improvement of human life is going to be happy to amount to anything until the improvement begins to come. All those people will go on struggling—something inside of them will compel it. When they rest for long they will be sad, and they will have to get going again to raise their spirits. That is one of the proofs that this is a new era. When a new era is starting, new demands are made on men. People have seen something and they have to go after it. Old things have passed away and they know it, and they never again find the same joy in them that they did. It looks as though the happiness of the future would have to be a product of new materials; that it will not consist so much in having, but more in doing and learning, and believing, and attaining. The generation of men that saw a vision of peace and international co-operation, and who did what was in them to make it good, will never come back to commonplaces and arithmetic. They are doomed to work for a new order in the world, and they will only be happy in so far as they are living and work-

ing to bring it about. If we can once get through our heads that we are committed to the reordering of the world—that the only choice we have is whether to be promoters of it or obstacles to its accomplishment, we may accept the situation better and get forward with our job.

But, once the machinery of regeneration has stopped and got cold, it is hard to crank it up again and get it started. That is the main thing that was accomplished by the Armament Conference. It did start going again the machinery of international co-operation. The delegates met, conferred, discussed, and accomplished a good deal—just how much it is too soon at this writing to say, because governments and legislatures have not yet passed on the Conference work. But however much good the naval disarmament accomplished, and however far the settlement of the problems of the Pacific has been advanced, that is not the full measure of what the Conference did. It brought the representatives of the most powerful nations together. They spoke for their countries and all the world read what they had to say. The countries that were willing to go ahead were recognized; the countries that held back had to face publicity and give their reasons. The court was the court of readers, and for the representatives of each country the most important court was the readers of their own nation.

For, now that we have got out of war, we have got back into politics and are up against rivalries of various leaders who aspire to furnish government. We private people do not very much care who does our governing so long as it is done, nor what politicians think of one another. We want the world to be better and more comfortable and happier. Whether this one or that is the conspicuous figure in accomplishing it matters very little to us, but to the politicians it matters a great deal. So we saw Briand speaking in Washington, but speaking to France, and the Jap-

anese statesman speaking in Washington, but speaking to Japan. Briand seemed to be speaking not so much to persuade the Conference as to hold his job at home. We sympathized with his position and wished him good luck in his purpose, because of a belief that he was a better guide to France than some others who might succeed him. But, oh, how remarkable a detail it is of the destiny of this world that the management of the nations should be so complicated by the rivalries of politicians! We know what happened here in our own country two years ago, and at least it has made us sympathetic with other nations who have to go through like troubles. How is the world to be made over and happiness brought back to the souls of men if the processes must all be planned and conducted by politicians whose first aim must be to keep in office, and, who must fight incessantly the rivals who are practicing to get them out?

But that is what democracy means, and as men go, it is as safe a way of letting the nations muddle on as another. What saves us is that, though the politicians are and must be the instruments of government, they cannot really govern. They can do well or ill, help matters on or make trouble, but a Nemesis is always sharp after them, and if they do too well or too ill, pursue justice with untimely zeal or flout it too grossly, out they go and their rivals get the job. Progressive politics makes a great many people uncomfortable and cannot keep going for long at a time. People have to rest between spasms of progress. They soon get surfeited with righteousness and want to wallow for a while again. After they have wallowed sufficiently, righteousness begins to look handsome to them again and they begin once more to take notice of leaders who seem to have it. So the march of political improvement seems best to be served, first by a driving intelligence that will grasp an idea and get it going, and then by a more indulgent one that will let it work.

Perhaps the shifting of the steering wheel in Ireland from De Valera to Arthur Griffith is a case in point. Disappointments and delays in the re-ordering of the world have made us philosophical, but not so much so but that we welcome good news. The acceptance by the Irish of the agreement with England was good news of the very best quality. Coming along at the close of the Washington Conference, with the Supreme Council at work at Cannes on international matters, and the economic conference at Genoa in near prospect, it made one feel that things were really moving toward the reorganization of Europe and the re-ordering of human life.

Of course, Ireland will not be happy all at once. So far as material conditions are concerned, she was pretty well off when six years ago she started after political independence. What she has got will not relieve her from starvation or material hardships because she did not need such relief; it can only relieve her mind, but if it does that, of course that meets her greatest need. It looks somewhat as though by accepting the agreement Ireland had got out of war into a free fight, but even so that would be a great improvement, for a free fight is soon over, whereas war may hang on.

Ireland has not complete independence under this agreement, but she has freedom and self-government and should get whatever else is coming to her in due course and without violence. The possibility of the development of an Irish civilization is regarded with great curiosity. We all want to see what the Irish can make of life if they have a fair chance, and the new agreement does seem to give them a fair chance. The Gaelic revival should make for privacy, for what is said and done in Gaelic cannot be known to the world until it is revealed. The current world needs imagination, and the Irish have it beyond most other peoples. They make their new start at an auspicious time and with the good wishes of everybody.



FIVE SPIES AND THE EEFOD

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

THE bell had ceased its singsong clangor and now was tolling out an insistent dong, dong, dong. The straggling procession of churchgoers noticeably quickened its pace upon the gravel walk that crossed the church lawn. Greetings as they were exchanged became more hasty as well as more absent-minded, for mothers of families were engaged in final glances of inspection, and the stream of people was disintegrating as a procession and forming into highly condensed family groups. Men who hailed each other on week days in hearty camaraderie now seemed instinctively to revert to a patriarchal attitude of mind, each attached to his own little flock, regarding with a certain primitive constraint the head of the neighboring tribe. Various minor activities accompanied the business of attaining the church entrance on time. Small boys, acting under hurried final orders, were searching their pockets for handkerchiefs. Little girls were having the bows of their hair ribbons becomingly extended. Husbands were removing bits of lint from conspicuous places upon their Sunday broadcloths.

William Bertrand's mother drew him to one side of the wide doorway, out of the path of this struggling throng. Then she summoned his father closer to them by a motion of her head.

"You remember, Will, what we agreed at breakfast," she whispered, hurriedly. "This is Bertie's twelfth birthday, and he is William now. He has grown up. This is his first service as a grown boy. You won't want to draw pictures this morning, William. Your father can keep your pencil—and give me that Sunday-school book. It isn't really a Sunday book, anyway." She glanced reprovingly at the skull-and-bones flag and the flaring title, *The Boy Buccaneer in the Phil-*

ippines, on the cover. "You can listen to-day with the rest of us, William." She patted his shoulder in confident motherly fashion.

William Bertrand the elder nodded gravely and pocketed the pencil, but not without a glance toward his son that had in it a shade of sympathetic apology. Then, with a lifting of his chin, Mr Alcott adjusted his Adam's apple above a tight collar, assumed a certain strained and stately expression reserved for church aisles, and followed his wife and son to their pew.

William Bertrand Alcott, 3d, settled himself stiffly. The environment was familiar enough, but to-day it seemed to take on a new formality. Hastily he took his bearings, boxing a sort of sanctuarial compass. This consisted of an inventory of certain landmarks. Yes, the lady with the wen was there. The elderly man who wiggled so strangely and continually was in his place. The abnormally large lady who allowed so little room for her pew companion had not yet arrived, but her place was waiting. It would be interesting to watch her get in and puff. The two boys a little older than himself who looked so oddly alike were there. One was looking around at him. The other would undoubtedly do so in a moment. With a sigh indicating adjustment after a task accomplished, William Bertrand took in these and other familiar aspects of the landscape, then turned to the more formal business of the morning. He shared a hymn book with his mother, and found the page. Conscientiously he tried to sing, but the music in this instance was too much up and down. He really listened to the Scripture reading which followed. It suggested a story with several points distinctly in its favor, but it wandered from the plot now and then with confusingly unusual words.

He tried to follow the long prayer, but his mind wandered. Peering up over his hands, which rested on the pew in front of him, he watched the preacher. A stranger was occupying the pulpit that Sunday, and his bushy eyebrows went up and down and his grizzled beard wagged as he spoke. Behind and a little above him, the quartet choir sat, with strangely fixed, expressionless faces, having nothing whereon to bow their heads. On a certain other Sunday the regular preacher, who was prone to whirl his arms about dramatically, had shouted, "Firstly," and pointed full in the face of the nearest singer. Since then they had not lacked for names in William Bertrand's mind. Firstly always seemed especially solemn when not actually singing, as though on the point of bursting into tears. Fourthly, who was the other man, looked very, very old—forty, perhaps, or eighty. The two women interested him less, although Secondly had an odd habit of shaking herself when singing the full-volumed notes. There was a hymn which said "Breast the wave, Christian." This by some curious inversion in his mind had become "Wave the breast, Christian," and he associated it with

her as some form of religious ecstasy. He found himself wondering now whether they were like ordinary human beings when they came down out of the loft, and how they spent the time between Sundays.

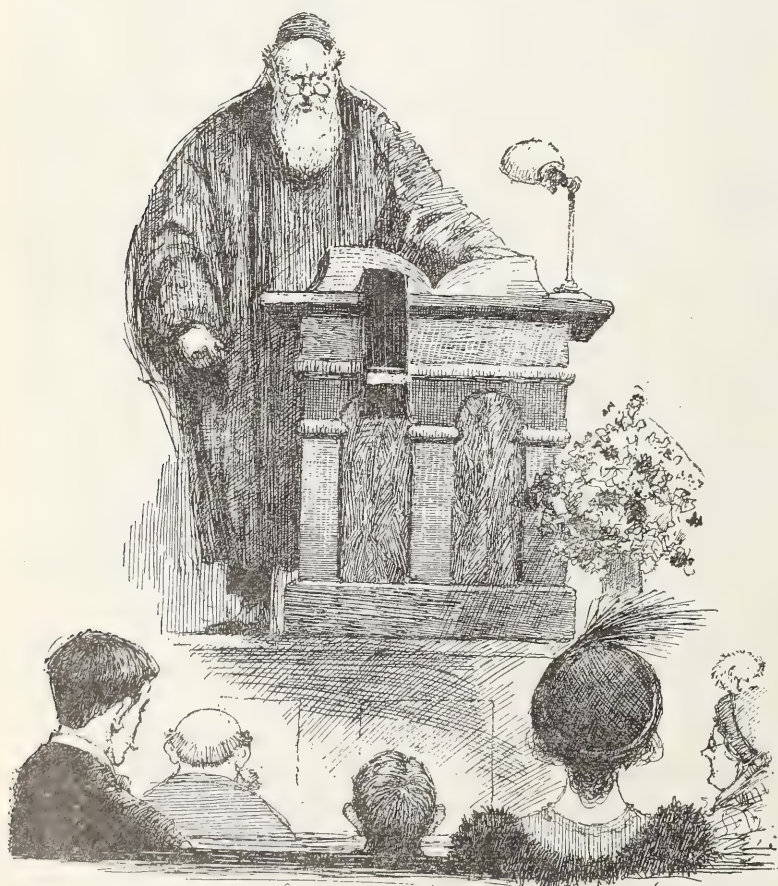
During the second hymn he had his own book and started to read the "Index of first lines," but, looking up, he met his mother's reproving eyebrows and then her confident smile, and he thereupon resolved to behave like a twelve-year-old grown-up. There was a warm smell in the air, a mixture of musty church cushions and the furs of the lady in front of him.

"The words of my text," said the preacher—and he looked with a curious intentness straight at William Bertrand, 3d—"are found in the eighteenth chapter of Judges and the seventeenth verse: *And the five men that went to spy out the land went up, and came in thither, and took the graven image, and the ephod, and the teraphim, and the molten image: and the priest stood in the entering of the gate with the six hundred men that were appointed with weapons of war.*"

Such a text had its possibilities. William settled back as comfortably as possible, the humps in his spinal column seeking easier adjustment against the uncushioned pew back. At first the continuing flow of the preacher's words seemed blurred and indistinct. He had never noticed it before, but the high pillars at either side of the church were very like trees whose branches met over his head. In fact, the roof above him, except for those intertwining branches, had actually disappeared, as had also the church walls, making it possible for him to look over the heads of the congregation into far vistas of open country. At the same time he had a pleasant sense of detachment from the weight of his body. Suddenly the bushy-browed eyes again met his with meaningful directness as the speaker leaned far over his great book, one finger wagging emphatically to command attention.

"It was a dark and stormy night, my brethren," he said, slowly and impressively.

William's eyes were undoubt-



HE LOOKED WITH A CURIOUS INTENTNESS STRAIGHT
AT WILLIAM

edly open, but the preacher's voice came to him as from some one a very long way off. Yet surely he heard a rustling in the pews as settling occupants straightened themselves to attention.

"One of our stanch American gunboats was steaming on a secret mission," continued the preacher. "It was making no more than half speed through a small typhoon somewhere off the shores of Capricorn, and a conference had just been called in the cabin. The captain's words were brief. 'This is a terribly secret and important mission,' he spake and said, 'but, following my text, I am permitted to say that we are bound for an unknown island in the Philippines. The lieutenant here speaks the language like a native. He is to command a small landing party to go up thither, composed of four volunteers besides himself.' Just then the captain was interrupted. An able seaman stood in the doorway at salute, waiting respectfully for permission to speak.

"'What is it, my man?' said the captain, sharply.

"'Stowaway on board,' was the laconic reply.

"'Bring him here,' spake the captain. 'He is probably a spy.'

"All waited. A moment later the seaman came back with his prisoner, who, to the astonishment of all, proved to be a mere lad. 'Leave him here,' said the captain, sternly. 'Are you aware,' he said to the lad, 'that you may be shot at sunrise? What have you to say?'

"All eyes were pinned on the lad. 'I wanted to serve,' he spake unto them, simply, 'but I am too young. So I smuggled aboard the first ship I could find, and I thought that when you discovered me at sea you could either use me or throw me overboard—and I am ready for either fate,' he added, with a calm look on his noble young face.

"There was a murmur of applause. Thereupon the lieutenant spake and said, 'I think he tells the truth.'

"'Then he can work,' said the captain, peremptorily, 'and Heaven have mercy on him if he doesn't. Amen.'



"HA-HA!" HE SPAKE AND SAID UNTO THEM
THROUGH THE BARS

"For the rest of the voyage the lad toiled unceasingly; many a time he went to his hammock with hands torn and bleeding from hauling in the great anchor rope and other such tasks. This went on through forty days and forty nights until at last they sighted a low tropical coast. About midnight the crew were piped to quarters. 'Make ready the longboat,' the captain shouted. 'Lieutenant, call your volunteers and prepare to land.'

"It was a critical moment for the ship's boy. But he was a lad of instant action. With him, to think was to do. It was a pitch-black night. The boy stole along the deck to the longboat, which hung ready at the rail. It was the work of but a moment for him to wrap himself in the stern sheets. Presently the lieutenant and his party drew near. They were disguised in native costume and had stained their skins with the juice of some kind of nut. The chief officer joined them. 'Here are your instructions,' he said, placing a sealed packet in the hands of the lieutenant. 'Its commands are known only to the War Department and myself. Open it as soon

as you make land and the boat has unloaded your supplies and left you. Only thus can you be safe against treachery. Go now, and may Heaven be with you.'

" 'Thank you, sir,' said the lieutenant in a few words.

" 'They made a landing on the narrow strip of beach. Thick underbrush hid the rest of the island. Quickly the lieutenant and his band leaped out with the supplies.

" 'Good-by, sir. God be with you till we meet again,' called the leader of the crew, respectfully.

" 'Meanwhile, in the darkness the lad wriggled from his place of concealment and slipped stealthily over the end of the boat into the black water. Heedless of sharks and leviathans, he swam along the beach a safe distance and made a landing. Then he crept as near as he dared to the little group standing alone on the sand.

" 'Bring your dark lantern here, Jones,' he heard the lieutenant say in a low tone. 'Let there be light. I must read our instructions.' There was a long silence. 'A dangerous task,' he heard the lieutenant mutter. 'Yes, a risky job,' muttered one of the others. 'But what do you make of that line in the text about the eefod?'

" 'I don't understand it,' muttered the lieutenant.

" 'The lad drew back into the darkness. If they burned a flare he would be discovered, and he needed time to think.

" 'Suddenly the lieutenant scratched a match and a low green light blazed out on the beach. Then all was silence. An hour passed. Suddenly out of the bushes crept two dark figures. Behind them came a third leading a dromedary loaded with two water casks.

" 'We are here,' said one of the strangers. 'We are your guides. Follow us.' The entire party picked up the supplies and put them on the dromedary and followed him single file along a secret path through the jungle. The brave lad followed at a safe distance. After a long march they came to a clearing. 'Here you can safely sleep,' said the leader of the native guides.

" 'Righto,' said the lieutenant. 'We will need all our strength.' So they all lay down and were soon sleeping exhaustedly. But the lad who was in the bushes at the edge of the clearing neither slumbered nor slept. He knew that he must have time to think. Just before daylight he heard noises, and a startling sight met his eyes in the dim light.

One of the guides had removed the casks from the dromedary and was silently emptying the water out of them.

" 'This is some dirty work,' muttered the lad. 'I must watch and pray.' Presently another guide stole up. 'I have stolen their bags of powder,' he whispered. 'Bring it here,' said the leader. 'We must take it to the turrafim. These stupid Americans will not think to look for it in this empty water cask.'

" 'They'll get it again when they are athirst,' said the other, with a harsh laugh. Then they stole back to their places by the camp fire.

" 'With the lad, to think was to act. It was the work of but a moment to lift the top off the cask. Sure enough, instead of water there were now many small bags of powder in it. These he hastily hid in a special place in the thick underbrush. At that moment there was the sound of men awaking. He must act quickly. Leaping into the cask, he drew the cover over him and fastened it on the inside. The guides came and replaced the two casks on the dromedary and fastened the other supplies on his back.

" 'Is everything ready?' called the lieutenant. 'Aye, aye, sir,' answered the guide, respectfully.

" 'The heat in the cask was terrible, and the moving of the dromedary made the lad seasick, but he was indomitable. For hours, perhaps days, they traveled through the jungle. At length they came at night near to the chief village of the island tribe. Here they held a council.

" 'You must conduct us to the head turrafim,' the lieutenant said to the leader of the guides. 'We are disguised in native costume. Tell him we come to him as a mission from the nearest island. Then we can decide what to do next. But tell us first about the eefod.'

" 'The guide started and turned pale. 'Where did you hear of the eefod?' he said. 'It is a wild beast held sacred by this tribe. It is written that they offer it human sacrifices. It is now nearly extinct, but the extincter it gets the savager it grows.'

" 'We will capture it,' said the lieutenant, in a calm voice.

" 'The guides looked at one another. 'Very well, sir,' said their leader, with a harsh laugh.

" 'The time had now come to conduct the party to the turrafim. They found him in a

great room up on a high seat. He had a wagging beard and bushy eyebrows. A priest stood near him, holding a collection plate. Behind his throne were four graven images, two male and two female, named Firstly, Secondly, Thirdly, and Fourthly. Six hundred armed warriors filled the rest of the room.

"The turrafim received them graciously and ordered his servants to prepare the middle room in the sacred cave for their entertainment. 'Your supplies have already been carried there,' he said to them, graciously. Soon they found themselves in a big, comfortable room in the cave, but no sooner had they entered it than the turrafim shut a great iron gate behind them. 'Ha-ha!' he spake and said unto them through the bars. 'Our four gods know everything. They tell me you are Americans in disguise. Here is your powder that we are going to use for your destruction. That narrow passageway at the other side of your prison room leads into the second cave, where the sacred eefod awaits you. He is fearfully savage, because he is nearly extinct. He has never eaten an American marine, and our gods have said that he ought to. You must go through that doorway one at a time. If you stay here you will be blown to pieces.' Then he lighted a fuse and put one end in a hole in the barrel, and with a harsh laugh he went away.

"Through the narrow doorway came the sound of terrible growling and roaring and

teeth-grinding. The Americans looked at one another with pale faces under their disguises.

"'We cannot stay here,' muttered the lieutenant. 'I will go first. Our weapons are unloaded, but perhaps I can wound him with my knife. It is my duty,' he said, laconically.

"They all looked at the fuse. It was burning rapidly. Suddenly the top of the barrel flew off and out stepped the lad. He was terribly thin, but his face was indomitable.

"'There is no time for explaining,' he said, as he unlocked their iron gate, which was fastened on his side. 'Follow me. I have had time to think.'

"He led them quickly to the throne room. 'Look who is here,' cried the turrafim, terribly frightened, turning to his priest, who stood near by, counting the things in the collection plate. 'The prisoners have been saved by a miracle, and there is a young stranger with them.'

"The priest looked at the four images. 'What do the gods say?' he cried. Everyone waited in terror except the lad, who was a ventriloquist.

"'Firstly,' cried the priest, and a voice from the first one said, '*Free the Americans.*' 'Secondly,' and the second one answered and said, '*Everybody here must go with them peacefully.*' 'Thirdly,' '*Slay the eefod,*' said a voice from the next one. 'Fourthly and lastly,' cried the priest. '*Send his body to an*



HE LED THEM QUICKLY TO THE THRONE ROOM

American museum as a gift from the young stranger.'

"'Selah,' said the turrafim.

"The lieutenant grasped the lad's hand. 'You have saved us,' he said, in a deep voice. 'What can we do for you?'

"'I have had no food for nearly a week, and I am hungry,' the lad answered and said, and then he fainted.

"'Give him all the dinner we have left,' ordered the lieutenant. 'And all the dessert. The President shall hear of this.'

"Here endeth the story," said the preacher, looking out from under his bushy brows straight at William Bertrand, 3d. "The lad's name," he added, clearly and impressively, is. . ."

"William Bertrand!" William felt his father's elbow at his ribs and seemed to hear his respectful whisper at his ear.

"Let us pray," said the preacher, and William rested his head upon the pew in front. The hymn and benediction were a blurred unreality. Presently he found himself moving slowly down the aisle between his parents. He felt that many pairs of eyes were glancing at him interestedly. The cool air was a relief, with its pleasant springtime smell of outdoors.

"I'm very proud of William," his mother was saying in a satisfied tone as she adjusted her gloves. William still moved between them along the gravel walk. "Did you notice how quietly he sat, and how closely he paid attention?"

William looked up and met his father's direct downward glance.

"Hm! yes," said his father, noisily clearing his throat.

"What was the text, William?" said his mother, fondly.

William did not even hesitate. "And the five men that went to spy out the land went up, and came in thither, and took the gravest image, and the eefod, and the turrafim, and the moldly image: and the priest stood in the gate with the six hundred men with weapons of war."

"Splendid! And what was the sermon about?"

William evinced a quite natural embarrassment. "In the Philippines," he began.

"What?" said his mother, bringing up short in her astonishment.

Mr. Alcott interrupted, hastily. "He's thinking of that reference to the—ah—Philippians. It was mighty clever of William, remembering it, and then hanging on to the text like that. It's a hard thing, my dear," continued Mr. Alcott, hurriedly, "to synopsize a sermon. One gets the gist of it, you know, without being able to put it into words exactly. I don't believe I could do it myself. I sometimes listen in much the same way Bertie—William—does. Hm! yes, in much the same way."

"Perhaps you're right," said Mrs. Alcott, comfortably, beaming once more her satisfaction.

HO FOR NOA NOA!

BY BERTON BRALEY

OH, I think I'd like to go a
-Way to tropic Noa Noa,
Where the pleasant breezes blow a
-Bout the isle;
In a decorated proa,
On the streams that sweetly flow, a
Fellow might go out and row a
-Round awhile.

Dusky maidens, even though a
Trifle shy, might yet bestow a
Smiling glance or maybe throw a
Kiss to me;
While, in measures soft and low, a
Ukelele tinkled. Oh, a
Life in lovely Noa Noa
Would be glee.

I could hunt the mighty boa
(Are there snakes in Noa Noa?)
I could build a hut and grow a
Coco palm;
In a hammock, swinging slow, a
Man might lie, and, lying so, a
-Chieve from lazy head to toe a
Perfect calm.

In that land my heart would glow a
Tender glow devoid of woe, a
Warmth to make me want to crow a
-Bout my lot;
Neither coal bills, ice, nor snow a
-Fflict the soul; I wouldn't show a
Care, were I in Noa Noa,
But I'm not!



Graft

BRIDE'S KID BROTHER: "No more quarters out of him now, I suppose—but I guess I can still work sis for hush money. He's awfully jealous of her old beaux."

"Swing Low, Sweet Chariot"

WHEN the first airplane was expected in a little Red River town many persons gathered to see it land on the sand bar.

Near the edge of the crowd stood a black mammy and Uncle George, a little old darky with a fringe of white whiskers around his gentle, wrinkled face.

As the plane appeared in the distant sky Aunt Amelia rocked her huge body back and forth in true camp-meeting style and, beating her hands in time to her swaying, cried: "Thank de Lord! Thank de Lord!"

Uncle George gazed up in silence until the wonder came very near, then, raising his trembling hands devoutly, he exclaimed, "I's ninety years old and dat's de onliest piece of God's furniture I ebber see."

How She Helps Mamma

THE teacher at a certain private school strives to impress upon the plastic minds of her pupils a proper appreciation of filial solicitude. Recently she asked members of a class to tell in what ways they had been helping their mothers. The answers, given in rotation as the pupils were seated, related a wide range of little services, and the teacher was much pleased with the result of her gentle admonition. But she noticed that a little

girl who was last in the row cast rather contemptuous glances upon her classmates as they related their commonplace services, and when her turn came to answer, the eyes of the others were fixed on her, as she lives in an opulent home where a number of servants attend to the household routine.

"Well, Gracie," the teacher asked, "what have you been doing to help mamma?"

"Oh, lots of things!" was the reply. "But mostly I go to the Country Club and get cigarettes for her."

Distinctly Suspicious

A CAROLINA darky was lately accused by a farmer of stealing a chicken.

"See here, my man," said the employer of the accused, "are you quite certain that he shot your chicken? Will you swear to it?"

"I won't swear to it," said the farmer, "but I will say he's the man I suspect of doing it."

"That's not enough to convict a man," said the other. "What aroused your suspicions?"

"Well," said the farmer, "I saw him on my property with a gun; then I heard the gun go off; then I saw him putting the chicken into a bag; and it didn't seem sensible, somehow, to think that the bird committed suicide."



"How did you manage to keep as fat as a pig?"

"Oh, I borrowed the ground hog's food card before he went to sleep for the winter."

A Holy Tryst

AS many people are aware, most of the older streets in Montreal are named after saints, male and female. A progressive Yankee has a typical American drug store at the corner of two of these streets, and last summer he put the following sign in his window:

"Meet your girl here for an ice-cream soda.
This is where St. Thomas meets St. Genevieve."

A Different Tariff

A MEMBER of Congress took a taxi one rainy day at the Capitol to proceed to his home in the suburbs.

When he arrived and asked the chauffeur the charge the latter replied that it was four dollars.

"But," protested the Congressman, "you are charging me for four miles."

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I understand that the distance is only two miles and a half."

"It is as a general thing, sir," assented the driver, "but you see we skidded a lot."

A New Source of Supply

ONE day Louise's mother became aware of a long period of silence, which, she knew from experience, boded trouble. She was about to hunt for the child when Louise came in, her face rosy with happiness and her mouth covered with crumbs.

"Where have you been, Louise?" asked her mother. "And what are you eating?"

"Cheese," said the young lady, calmly.

"Cheese? Where did you get it, dear?"

"In the mousetrap."

"In the mousetrap!" exclaimed her mother, horrified. "But what will the mice do? They won't have any cheese."

"Oh, they don't care. There were two of them in the trap and they didn't mind a bit!"

Portrait

FORLORN and lank her ravaged tresses
hang,

Her skirt is bobbed to match her curtailed
hair;

Across her brow a trimly scissored bang
Lies plasterwise; her eyebrows, plucked
with care,

Are arched like segments of a chocolate heart;
Upon her cheeks red disks, from rouge-
daubed rag,

Proclaim the matchless candor of her art,
Which found its model in the Nippon flag.
In fearsome contrast are the lips and nose

Of this much-tended face of eighteen years:
Below, a flame; above, dense arctic snows—
And yet no sign of natural thaw appears.

Now that I've done this honest portrait of her,
I wonder more than ever why I love her.

BEN RAY REDMAN

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College and has also studied at the Sorbonne and Collège de France. She has engaged in social work and investigation in Boston and New York. She is the author of a volume, *French Perspectives*, which appeared during the war. **David Seabury** is an American painter who has lived much abroad. **James Boyd**—a name new to HARPER'S MAGAZINE—is a young and promising writer of fiction. **Margaret Widdemer** has been frequently mentioned among the poet friends of the Magazine.

Stephen Leacock will be recalled as the author of "New Nonsense Novels" and other fiction which have established him as one of the most popular latter-day humorists. He has recently visited England, and the present contribution to the Magazine is to be followed by a humorous account of his trip, entitled, "The Discovery of England." Mr. Leacock feels that America, from Columbus down to H. G. Wells, has been too frequently "discovered" by visiting lecturers in quest of impressions, and that it is about time the current should set in the opposite direction. Accordingly, as a lecturer and gatherer of impressions himself, he has set out to "discover" England for the benefit of his fellow Americans.

Charles Hanson Towne, poet, essayist, and editor, is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines. **V. H. Friedlaender** is an English writer whose delightful stories of English life are coming to the fore in American magazines. **Louise Driscoll** is a writer of short stories, novelettes, and notable verse, as well as a lecturer on American poetry. **Barbara Hollis**, resident in Meriden, Connecticut, is a new contributor to the Magazine.

Herbert Adams Gibbons has been frequently mentioned in these pages in connection with the present series of articles on

French ports and watering places, which have been strikingly supplemented by Mr. Aylward's beautiful drawings. **Violet Alleyn Storey** makes her first contribution to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. **J. D. Beresford**, the well-known English novelist, has made some notable contributions to the popular literature on psychic phenomena, of which he has become a serious investigator. **Carol Haynes** is also the author of "On the Train" which appeared in the January Magazine.

Sheila Kaye-Smith is one of the most brilliant of the younger English storywriters and the author of several novels, among which *Sussex Gorse* is probably the best known. Another story ("The Mockbeggar") by Miss Kaye-Smith appeared in the February Magazine. **W. H. Davies** is introduced to our readers in the biographical note accompanying the group of poems which appear in this issue. **Grace Irwin**, who resides in Arlington, New Jersey, has already recorded some of her experiences with Italian school-children in an article entitled, "Michaelangelo in Newark," which appeared in the September issue.

Laura Spencer Portor needs no introduction to HARPER readers, but the Editors take this opportunity to announce that Mrs. Portor has written for the Magazine two delightful articles descriptive of a sojourn which she made among the primitive people who live in the Kentucky hills. **Viola I. Paradise** has gone abroad to make a study of immigration in the countries from which it derives. An interesting article by Miss Paradise, which we can promise our readers, will have to do with those immigrants who have abandoned America in order to return to their native lands.



In this issue of the Magazine appears the opening installment of "The Journal of a Mud House"—a diary record of a unique

summer spent in a unique way. Miss Sergeant's letter to the Editors, sent in advance of the "Journal" itself, is so interesting that we are reproducing it here. While it touches upon various matters which are dealt with in the "Journal," we believe our readers will welcome it as a sort of foreword to the articles themselves, casting intimate sidelights on the whole adventure.

TESUQUE, N. M.

Lest you imagine that I have lost myself on the high New Mexican mesas or found there no personages and events worth recording for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, I want to say that only excess of local color and material has prevented my sending you the four articles agreed upon before now. They are well under way.

The adventure has proved more adventurous and far more absorbing than I expected. G. E. and I plunged into adobe building the day after reaching Santa Fé. Against the odds of six miles' distance from all sources of supply, terrific thunder showers which melted mud walls as fast as they were erected and washed out the irrigation ditch that furnished the water for the mud, with inefficient, sweet-tempered, and Spanish-speaking native labor which we hired and fired by the light of our own colossal ignorance, we constructed (out of a tumbledown mud shack) a real house which we think has real charm and a character of its own. Miss E. left on July 20, and I have since struggled alone with the problem of setting fences, building bridges, gates, corral, shelter for horses, as well as with interior decoration and domestic science, which includes in these parts the science of disposing of the ants that drop down from your beautiful old beamed ceiling into your bed when least expected—not to mention disposing of the black snake that suddenly appears in your dining room. I don't mind sleeping alone on my hilltop—my little Mexican maid goes home before dark—but I did object to extracting that snake from my larder. . . . The end of that story must be reserved for my articles, however.

The real charm of the house is the country about it—the extraordinary pink hills that rise just behind us at the foot of the high mountains, the little Mexican village just below, which is like Egypt or Palestine—the pueblo three miles beyond on the river and the vast view of the Rio Grande valley from the knoll above the house and the orchard. I have an interesting variety of American neighbors in the ranches round about, but I am more interested in the Mexicans who are almost as untouched by modern America as the Indians themselves—an island of primitive Latin culture. In Santa Fé they are somewhat "evolved"—less so in our village and valley. And in the next valley they remind me only of Sicilian peasants on the flanks of Etna, especially when I ride through the wheat fields and see them threshing with goats.

In my own village I have attended a christening, followed by a dance when the host, a villainous-looking character with one eye (the other was torn out by the hand of his brother), read a proclamation, asking the men to put away their knives and pistols and drink no whisky. I saw no knives—but there was a fight over a girl at 2. A.M. when both knives and rocks were freely used. Even the children speak practically no English, and school is taught in Spanish in the country.

Perhaps you wonder more than ever why a lady who might live in France has chosen New Mexico—but I know very well and shall try to make it clear as the tale goes on. I have managed to keep a journal in the midst of my eight-hour work days, but there has been no time till the last two weeks to get it into shape. I am going off to-morrow on a six-day pack-trip into the high wild mountains with Miss Anna Mitchell (who made the retreat from Monastir and is therefore a very good sport) and a grand old Indian thief named Santiago, who is at this moment reclining on a sheep skin in my funny little stone house, smoking a cigarette and meditating on eternity. He has brought with him two of the most thin and miserable ponies I ever laid eyes on, and how we can put our stack of food and blankets on their backs is a problem reserved for *mañana*. When I get back from this trip I go for two or three days to visit the excavation near Zuni and stay at the archæologists' camp.

One has to take these excursions when they offer—but after that I shall stick to my desk and try to send you some good copy. If it isn't good it won't be the fault of New Mexico, where (as one of my artist friends said) one sees more color and forms in five minutes than in a lifetime in the East. The country has all come to me pictorially and humanly—through my eyes and through talk with my neighbors.

I am sorry to send you this letter in long hand, but the typewriter I should be using has never yet arrived from Chicago. My mail still goes to Santa Fé (coming out to me on a milk truck) and I now expect to be here till November at least.

Very sincerely yours,
ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.



We are gratified to note the widespread recognition evoked by "The Marriage in Kairwan," which confirms the Editors' belief that in this story Wilbur Daniel Steele has achieved what is perhaps his finest effort in fiction. That he has absorbed much of the real spirit of the East and the psychology of its alien people is evidenced by the following comment from Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. The latter will be recalled as the author of a singularly penetrating paper on the contrasting cultures of the Orient and Occident, entitled, "Wise Men from the East and Wise Men from the West." He writes:

"The Marriage in Kairwan is a fine dash of literary genius. It also reveals Steele's insight into the life and language of that distant country. His transliteration of Arabic words is perfect. . . . To me the story portrays the struggle of a divided soul and shows how the thin veneer of alien culture peels off by the strong influence of the home environment. I imagine that the ordinary reader will find it difficult to grasp the writer's real meaning. The brilliant high literary lights of the article and its swift movements—perhaps a little too swift for Kairwan—tend to (very pleasantly) bewilder the ordinary story reader. However, the literary world will add this production to its treasures.



The reference to "embroiderers" in the following letter from a Nebraska school teacher will be readily understood by that initiated and understanding class whose case was set forth with sprightly humor in a recent contribution to the *Lion's Mouth*, entitled "Embroiderers," by Frances Kelley del Plaine.

DEAR HARPER'S,—How eagerly I look forward to a new copy of you, and how thoroughly I enjoy it entirely. I like, I love, I positively *adore* the *Lion's Mouth*, and after such elaborate and extravagant praise it is scarcely necessary to say that I "belong" to the "clan of embroiderers." At a recent discussion of a popular novel this trite and bromidic remark was made—"Folks either do understand or they don't, and you can't help it either way." Yea, verily, but what untold vision of what untold beauties is given to those who see with the all-understanding eye. How I love them—those who work boldly in gay yarns and weave whole mantles for our delight—and then those others who use fine and delicate silks in dainty patterns, and those very clever and happy folks who make for our admiration elaborate and complex bouquets in baskets and vases—and still those others who embroider by the "cut out" or the appliqué design. A wonderful clan,—the password *isn't*, it just *is*.

Seriously, I feel that I must, to be quite fair, tell you how HARPER'S is enjoyed by all of us. I use it quite constantly in my business—the teaching of English in the High School of this western town—and my second aim and ambition is to so love it myself that I shall make my love of it contagious and help these growing youngsters to an appreciation of The Things that Are.



We are glad to give place to the following letter which Doctor Steinmetz's article on "Science and Religion" has evoked, since it opens up a train of speculative thought which many of our readers may be interested to pursue further.

DEAR HARPER'S,—The very able article by Dr. C. P. Steinmetz upon "Science and Religion," appearing in your February number, is extremely suggestive, and I believe will be greatly appreciated by religious thinkers inasmuch as it indicates a genuine interest of empirical science in religion—which is rare indeed. In this respect it is perhaps epoch making. That modern empiricism should deign to concern itself with religious problems at all is in itself a most striking fact.

I think, however, that some observations might be *à propos*, if you have a little space to spare. Does not the writer place too much emphasis upon the problem of immortality, as though religion were almost exclusively a matter of the persistence of consciousness after death? Or as though spirituality were a kind of experience transcending conditions of time and space? Now, in fact, religion is primarily and largely equivalent to the spiritual experiences of this life here and now, its peculiar potencies or instrumentalities functioning actually within space-time limitations. Consequently the existential limitations of scientific inquiry will not prohibit legitimate matter-of-fact investigation within the religious sphere so far as spiritual factors function now. It follows that apart from problems of immortality and life under forms of space and time relations different from those that obtain in human life on this earth, there is a large part of the spiritual domain whose elements may become valid objectives of scientific research. From findings made within this domain valuable inferences might be drawn in support of the mysteries of faith, provided science sets itself seriously to this task.

For instance, there is the dynamic quality of ideas which constrain the mind to think in terms of the God concept. Granting that this intellectual urge differs from physical or chemical energy and may not be properly formulated in terms of the brain mechanism, still it clearly remains an empirical fact that such ideas may be logically correlated with human experiences and actions so important for the welfare of human life as to warrant some concept of causation. Psychology is beset with this problem and, although it has not wholly succeeded in elucidating psycho-physical parallelism, still modern dynamic psychology has good practical grounds for becoming a genuine science. Human nature is quickened, inspired, pained, tormented, healed, consoled, and gladdened through ideas, the most influential of which is the conception of a personal goodness. Whence the origination of our notion of benevolent will which is the prime factor of spiritual experience? This is a problem of causation which science might well consider, in support of religious faith, without being asked to hunt back upon any trail other than that of phenomenal experiences of a spiritual kind.

If science is at present baffled with the nature of transcendent mind creative of its own kinds of time and space relations, let it study the manifestations of such mind under purely human con-

ditions and make what inferences it can to justify our trust in its eternal benevolence.

I mention this aspect of the subject since the article in question leaves the reader at best with but negative or agnostic conceptions.

Very sincerely yours,
H. C. ACKERMAN.

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Praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed. Alice Brown not only writes for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, but reads it as well. Here is her enthusiastic comment on Fleta Campbell Springer's latest story, "Realities":

I'm terribly jealous and covetous and envious over "Realities." Isn't it a beauty? I don't like 'em so long, but it's no matter, when the jewel of the last few pages begins to shine on you.

❖ ❖ ❖

Letters stray in to the Editors' desk from all corners of the world. We have enjoyed making the acquaintance of a subscriber who has known us for thirty years and who now writes from Leeston, Canterbury, New Zealand.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have taken your Magazine for thirty years, and I should like to tell you that you have regular readers so far away. Two of the war years I was not able to get the English edition which I had had so long, but now I get the American edition with its bright advertisements. I always anticipated that when the veteran editor [Mr. Alden] should stop work that no other could choose so well the wonderful short stories, but the Magazine has been wonderfully lucky that two such men have existed for it.

As for the women who write for you they are wonderful. I used to revel in your Mary E. Wilkins' stories before Freeman was added to her name. "The Virginian" and the cowboys and the Du Maurier pictures are all happy memories.

And Margaret Deland—I should like to meet her and tell her that Doctor Lavender and Willie King are quite old friends of mine. The "Old Chester Tales" of many years will take some beating. Just at present I am waiting for part three of one of her stories, "When Old Chester Wondered."

And I think your articles are getting more interesting every time. In short, that HARPER'S is the most human production I have encountered in long years of reading. I am sorry I have given away so many back years of the Magazine, as I could now re-read them; but others besides myself find pleasure in the copy I get monthly. I live in a country as wonderful as yours near the mouth of a large snow-fed river thirty miles from Christ Church, New Zealand. I hope you and the Magazine will last as long as I do.

Yours Sincerely,
G. M. G.

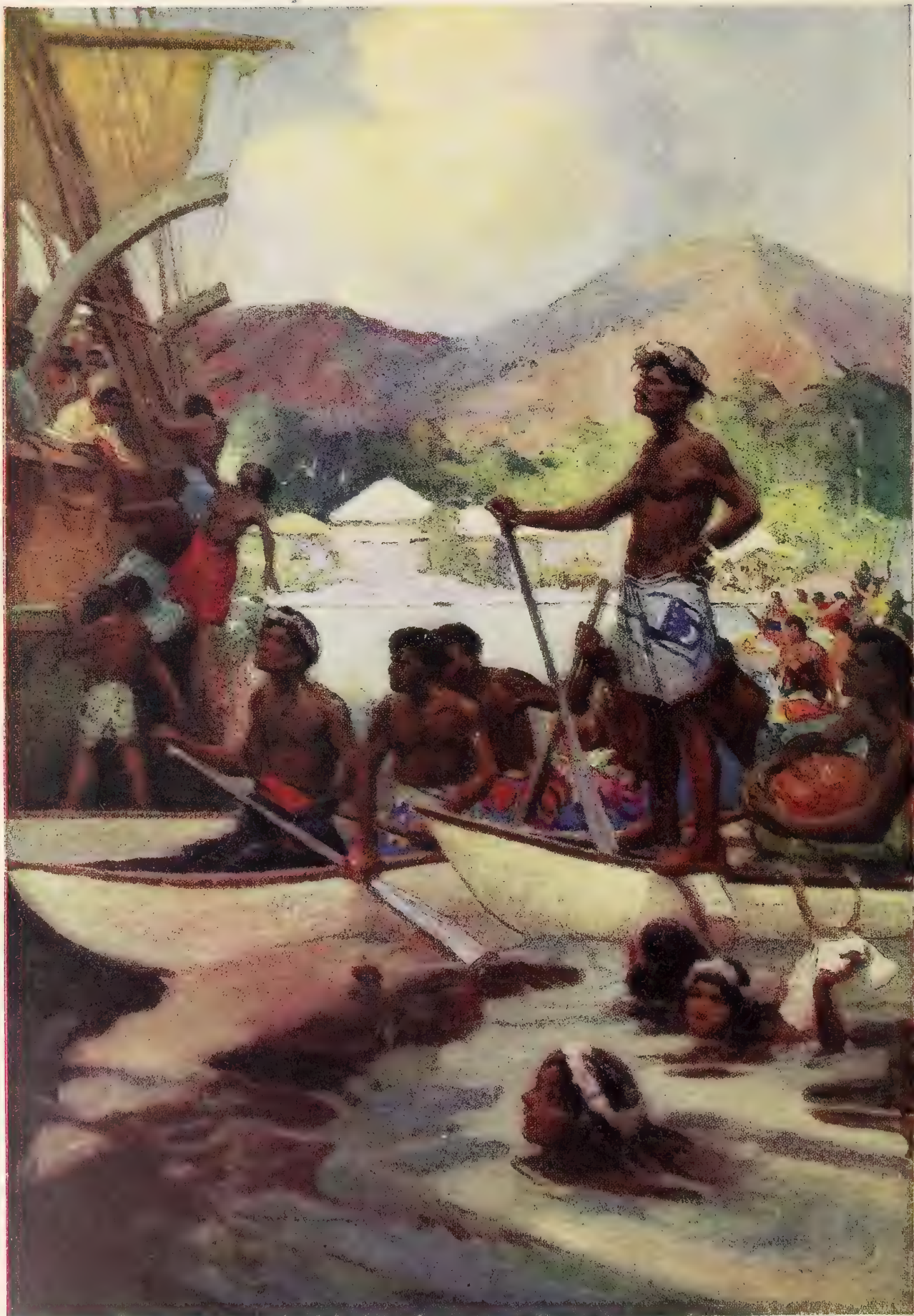
When the gentlemen from Providence, Rhode Island—a teacher of boys—took issue with Meredith Nicholson's statement regarding the accessibility of liquor under prohibition, and cited his own city in evidence to the contrary, we anticipated some such counterblast as the following letter. It comes from a student at Brown University, and, while it is penned with the unabashed irreverence of youth, it has the frank outspokenness of one who speaks whereof he knows. "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings. . ."

DEAR HARPER'S,—I must hasten to do a service to the "teacher of boys" from Providence who complains in the February issue that Meredith Nicholson's statement that liquor can be got easily anywhere is wrong as far as Providence is concerned, by telling him he doesn't know what he is talking about. I am doing him a service in telling him this, because, by disillusioning him now, I shall surely spare him embarrassment, which he would suffer if he ever made a statement like that in conversation, in which some one might tell him quite scurrilously what a fool he is.

If he is not a fool, he is at least blind,—not so blind perhaps as the police (they, however, may intentionally look the other way) within a stone's throw of whose central station I know of four places which are busy marts for moonshine, but certainly not "dumb."

This also holds true of him in regard to his belief that he knows something about boys outside of school hours, because he teaches them during school hours. The teacher may reign supreme in his forty-two-seater school room, but as for his knowing what the occupants of those forty-two seats do outside of school! . . . And, besides, he showed such excellent good sense in asking eight men who do *not* drink whether they knew where liquor could be got! I could almost pity that person, if I weren't so provoked at him. Dear editor, isn't there *any* way you can wake him up?

I should like to say how pleased I was with Mrs. Parker's series—"Working With the Working Woman"—the last article pleased me particularly, because I, too, have worked in a hotel restaurant, and, having worked longer than she, I can answer "No" to her question, "Does the 'affection' of the waiters for a girl last only a few weeks?" I put "affection" in quotation marks because I believe it hits far too wide of the mark. That was the one fault with her articles—she used words that were too mild, with the result, I fear, that those people who have not worked at jobs so low in the industrial scale may have been given an idealized, rather than an exact, impression of the worker's life.



Painting by Frank E. Schoonover

Illustration for "Savagery"

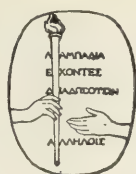
A SWARM OF CANOES PUT OUT FROM THE BEACH

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SAVAGERY

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF

I HAD dined with old Jackson that night, and we were idling on his veranda, smoking in the moonlight. He lay stretched in a steamer chair, thin hands clasped behind his head. His face was in shadow, but the glow of a pipe threw into momentary relief the heavy eyebrows, the bones above his wasted cheeks, the bulge of a drooping white mustache. Two individuals dwelt side by side in his frail body—the manager of the Atoll Trading Company, a driver of hard bargains in copra and shell, and the Jackson of leisure hours, a philosophic observer of mankind. As to his life, I knew no more than the outlines—an English boyhood, four years of Cambridge, and forty in the South Seas.

The night was calm. The sea, breaking on the coral a mile offshore, made a faint murmuring sound; now and then a vagrant air stole down from the hills, causing the fronds of the old palms about the house to rustle languidly. The pale lights of fishermen twinkled along the reef, and beyond the farther shore of the bay the mountains rose vague and lofty in the moonlight, a labyrinth of peaks, ridges, and deep shadowy valleys—the unknown heart of the island.

"They make one reflect, those mountains," remarked the old trader, seeming to divine my thought. "For centuries beyond reckoning men have traveled

back and forth upon the sea, fished in the lagoon, and cultivated the narrow fringe of flat land behind the beach; but the interior yonder is scarcely better known than when the galleons of De Quiros anchored off Vaionifa. Think of those peaks, where no man has set foot within historic times; those upper valleys, not far off, but savage and lonely as on the day of creation—unexplored as the secrets of our hearts. Yes . . . one can see in this island a symbol of every human life—in its isolation; in its pleasant borderland open to the world; in the primitive mysteries which lie a step beyond, so unapproachable and yet so close at hand."

A little noise behind us made me turn my head. A tall native was standing on the garden path, waiting, in the manner of his race, for the trader to notice him.

"Excuse me a moment," said Jackson, as he rose; "here is Kapi, one of our supercargoes."

He lit a lamp, and when they were seated at the table, bending over their papers, I glanced at the newcomer—a man past middle age, with thick gray hair and the frame and muscles of a giant. One leg, thrust into the circle of lamplight, was hideously swollen with elephantiasis. His face was tattooed in faint banded patterns, but when he turned in profile I saw that, saving his

stature and brown skin, there was nothing Polynesian about the man. He had the high cheekbones, the thin lips and rugged chin of the American pioneer—the type which once gave Englishmen reason for believing that the colonial Anglo-Saxon was being recast in an aboriginal mold. Once or twice the trader asked him a question and they spoke together in a strange musical tongue, unfamiliar to my ears. Presently they rose and the native left us with a deep-voiced word of parting. Jackson sank into the chair beside me and struck a match to light his short, curved pipe.

“You had a look at Kapi, eh?” he said. “Fine head to put on a coin. The man’s a throwback—his grandfather was a New Bedford owner of whaling vessels. Kapi is the Marquesan version of Cobb.

“This white ancestor must have been an exceptional man—his life, at least, was remarkable enough. Some years ago his grandson presented me with the ancestral sea chest, an heirloom of little value in his eyes, but a bit of a curiosity in mine—one of those fine old boxes equipped with ornate Chinese locks and made in Hongkong, of Formosan camphorwood. But the best part of the gift was inside—a dingy bundle of papers, yellow with age: Cobb’s journal, kept at odd times through many years, and still legible enough to enable one to piece together the curious history of his life. It was not written to be read, this record of a lonely man’s thoughts; I felt a touch of shame at the intrusion, but the reading proved worth my loss of self-respect. I’ve put in many an evening deciphering Cobb’s moldy pages—and, though he died so long ago, I fancy I know him better than one knows the run of living men. It is not late; I’ve a mind to tell you the story. Don’t complain if I throw in a dash of imagination—here and there, of course, there are blanks I shall have to fill in as best I can, though in the main the author of this obscure document has done his work singularly well.

“For a beginning, one must turn back a hundred years or more, to the days

when your country was a power on the sea. The American whalers of that time were unlike the debauched crews of a later day; hard-bitten Yankees, God-fearing and adventurous, they followed the cachalot into unknown seas, charted new islands, and landed on heathen beaches, to deal out hymn books or musket balls as the occasion required. New Bedford was at once the headquarters of the whaling industry, sending its ships to all the corners of the world, and a stronghold of the puritanism which lingers to this day. Those captains who had sailed strange seas, those merchants and ship-owners in their countinghouse, were exponents of a grim and militant Christianity—and in their faith they possessed a driving force which has waned with the advent of more tolerant generations.

“New Bedford was proud of such firms as the house of Sanford & Cobb, owners of whaling vessels which often paid for themselves in a single cruise. Sanford had been a Salem merchant and speculator in the China trade. After a venture or two in whaling, as his capital increased, he had met the younger man and come to New Bedford to throw his energy into the building up of a successful fleet. He stands out in rather hard silhouette—a small, stout man with a bald head, active, voluble, careful of his dress—a little weak perhaps, and a bit of a tyrant as a family man. Cobb was of a different type—black haired, silent, and reflective; as tall and powerfully built, I should say, as the grandson you have seen. His rugged face of a pioneer was weathered by the years that he had spent on ships, and lightened by dark, brilliant eyes which seemed to search horizons beyond the buildings and docks of old New Bedford, with the look of a voyager seeking landfall across leagues of sea. His walk was unhurried, his gestures slow, and he spent much of his leisure time alone—reading till midnight in the old house he had inherited from his father, or beating about the bay, sprawled at the tiller of a small sailboat.

He loved to watch the sunset on the marshes, to lie among the dunes when the wind-driven sand whispered about him and the shadow of night fell upon the sea. Beauty found in his nature a sensitive response; calm, storm, warm summer moonlight, wintry dusk—he saw in each of these things a manifestation of the God in whom his father had taught him to believe. On Sundays, when the service was over, the old ladies to whom he bowed pleasantly and a little absent-mindedly did not suspect how far his thoughts wandered from the orthodox path. Infant damnation, for one thing, struck him as a cruel absurdity. But in spite of his absent and easy-going ways, it was observed that the rigger or shipwright to whom he gave a quiet order sprang to obey him with alacrity. In boyhood Cobb had taken naturally to the salt water; master of a merchantman at twenty-five, he had left the sea ten years later when Sanford had suggested the partnership. A few months ashore had given him his fill of indoor life, and only the persuasions of Sanford—fully appreciative of his partner's knowledge of ships and men—kept him from going to sea again.

“Half dreamer, half man of action, Cobb was born to adventure and to a faith of unimpeachable sincerity. It is not easy, nowadays, to understand a nature of this kind. Though his outlook was broader, Cobb had much in common with the missionaries of the old school—men who explored savage lands, imposed their code of biblical morality on cruel and turbulent races, lived in an atmosphere of perpetual danger, and died—in more cases than one—to fill the long oven of the cannibal. The monkish adventurers who preached to the wild Picts in Scotland, fifteen hundred years ago, were men of the same stamp.

“Fifteen hundred years . . . There is your background for the story of James Cobb. If one could know the truth, I fancy that a good many of our own genealogies would reveal a woad-painted ancestor in the days when the

Polynesians were sailing out eastward from Java to discover new lands. But while the native, living too easy a life in his remote island groups, was losing the qualities which enable a people to survive, our race was making itself master of the world, and when the distant cousins met, the brown man found himself without weapons to withstand the collective onslaught of civilization. Yet sometimes, when the moment comes, the individual white man gives ear to the old call of savagery. . . .

“Cobb heard that call, a clear and alluring note, penetrating the barriers of his puritanism. He heard it first, though too faintly for recognition, on the day when one of the firm's vessels returned, deep-laden with oil and spermaceti, from a two years' voyage in the South Seas.

“There was a crowd on the waterfront when the *Prudence Sanford* docked, and after a word of congratulation the partners carried off her master to dine at Sanford's house. It was an afternoon in early summer; as they walked the quiet lanes, Sanford's questions and ejaculations kept him breathless, and he raised his hat now and then to mop his bald head with a white-silk handkerchief. At the gate he hastened ahead of the others, almost skipping in his excitement, and they heard him shouting the news to his wife, a silent, colorless woman, with a forced air of interest in her husband's concerns.

“Picture to yourself the little group gathered in Sanford's house of a well-to-do shipowner—the teakwood cabinet, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the models of ships, the weapons and ornaments from far-off seas; Mrs. Sanford, ashen hair combed back tightly on her head, listening in the background with her eldest son on her knee; the powerful figure of Cobb, sprawled in a chair which seemed about to break under his weight; Capt. Thankful Weeks, a lean bachelor of fifty with a bony, weather-beaten face, recounting in a Yankee drawl the story of the cruise; and Isaac Sanford, church-goer and alert man of business, leaning

forward from his seat on the edge of a chair—questioning, nodding, casting quick glances at his partner and his wife.

“Except for full barrels and a fast passage home, the feature of the voyage was a brown islander, recruited as boat-puller when Weeks had put in at a little-known group, in search of wood and water. The name of this man was Manu; he had proved a tractable and intelligent fellow, for a savage—it was remarkable how he had picked up English, and how he was responding to the mate’s instructions in the Gospel. The captain believed, in fact, that here was a soul well on the road to redemption—despite a brown skin and a tattooed face. A fine island, Manu’s; the natives called it Fatuhiva in their heathen language. Whalers who had visited other islands of the group accused the people of cannibalism, but Captain Weeks was unconvinced, though he admitted an appalling moral darkness.

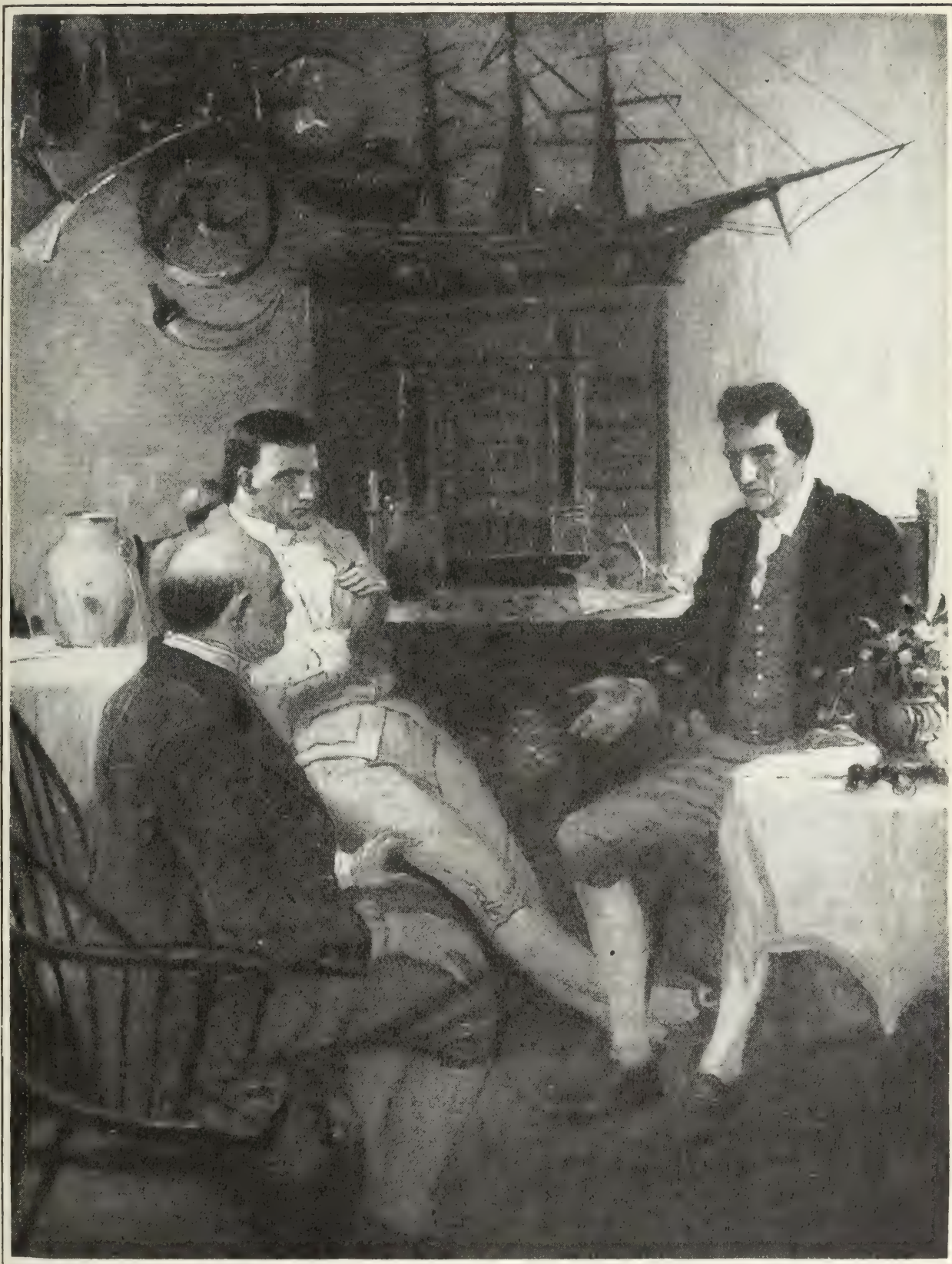
“The *Prudence Sanford* had dropped anchor in a deep cove at the mouth of a valley. Weeks described the place with some vividness; tall cliffs, to which a tangle of vegetation clung, ran into the sea on two sides, and at the head of the cove there was a beach of black pebbles, where canoes were hauled up beside a rapid stream. Here and there in the valley beyond, smoke eddied lazily above the bush; the booming sunrise call of the gray pigeon came from the mountainside. The captain wanted to fill his water casks, but he was too old a hand to risk an immediate landing. It was not long before a canoe came off. The old native, who was the first to climb over the rail, was obviously a person of consequence. His face and naked torso were covered with intricate patterns of tattooing; his hair was gathered in two knots like horns and decorated with scarlet feathers of the tropic bird; ornaments of tufted human hair were fastened about his ankles. He singled out the captain at a glance, and while the paddlers stood by deferentially he deliv-

ered an oration with an air of remarkable dignity and ease. One of the harpooners had picked up a little of the Sandwich Island dialect, and by means of this man Weeks was able to exchange ideas with the visitor.

“The name of this valley—the old man informed them—was Taputai. It was fortunate that the vessel had not put in at the neighboring cove of Vaipuna, for the people of that place were exceedingly fierce. The men of Taputai, on the other hand, were to be relied on; they were honest and friendly, eager to trade with the white men, of whom they had heard, though this was the first ship to visit their bay. Motoro, the ruler of the valley, would come aboard presently. Yes, the white men might take what they wished of wood and water; if they wanted coconuts, the young men would bring as many as they could use. The speaker was Motoro’s brother, and high priest of the clan.

“Weeks sent the old fellow ashore with a knife for himself and a present of cloth and axes for the chief, who appeared on the beach as though at a pre-arranged signal, and came out rather ceremoniously in a double canoe. The Yankees exclaimed at the discipline of the paddlers; they made a pretty sight with the morning sunlight gleaming on a score of wet blades flashing in perfect time. Pushed and hoisted by the hands of his retainers, Motoro came aboard, ‘blowing like a grampus,’ as Weeks remarked. The captain had never seen a more enormous man, but in spite of his fat there was an air of authority about the old chief—in his affable manner, in his humorous glance, in the deep modulations of the voice which pronounced unintelligible words of greeting. Weeks took to him from the first, and would have ended, I fancy, with an effort to save his soul if the difficulties of language had not been too great.

“With the harpooner interpreting, the captain informed his visitor that the ship was in need of island produce, and that a certain number of people might



Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover

DEEP DOWN IN HIM OLD INSTINCTS WERE AWAKENING

come out to trade, provided they brought no arms aboard. A swarm of canoes, paddled by men of the clan, put out from the beach as soon as the news reached shore. The women, to whom canoes were forbidden under pain of death, came swimming out in droves, holding above water light garments of the native cloth. They clambered over the rail naked and unashamed, shook out their long black hair to dry, and arrayed themselves in their inadequate frocks, donned rather with an eye to seduction—the captain thought—than from any motive of propriety. Some of the young girls were very handsome; their advances to the crew were not repulsed with the coolness one would expect of good New Bedford churchmen. In the end Weeks was obliged to protest to the chief, who seemed astonished, but readily gave his men orders to send these wantons ashore. There followed a scene of regrettable levity in which some of the sailors joined, but since Motoro quivered with laughter at the spectacle, the captain thought best to restrain his irritation. The native girls behaved like children; some of them took refuge in the shrouds, climbing with the agility of monkeys and encouraging their pursuers with laughter and shouts. One young baggage ran out on the bowsprit, and when Jeremiah Cabot, the son of a respectable family, seized her by the ankle, she dived overboard, carrying the lad with her into the sea.

“Motoro had heard of firearms, but he had never seen a musket until the captain presented him with one. He showed him how to load it with powder and ball and was going to fire it in the air when the chief stopped him with a gesture. Two natives came forward, holding by the arms a harmless-looking elderly man—a slave, the harpooner discovered afterward, captured in a raid on a neighboring tribe. Motoro pointed to the musket and to this man—he wanted the captain to try the effects of the new weapon. This was too much for Weeks; they compromised on a pig, which he

killed at fifteen paces with a ball behind the ear.

“But there is no need of wearying you with the details of an old-time visit to the Marquesas. Sanford began to fidget halfway through the captain’s yarn, and even Mrs. Sanford permitted herself a subdued sniff at mention of the daughters of Taputai. Cobb alone proved a good listener; he scarcely moved in his chair, and the gaze of his dark eyes, never leaving the captain’s face, was alive with interest. He was thinking what a fine task it would be to lead those distant heathen into the light. That was the thought on the surface of his mind; deep down in him, perhaps, old instincts were awakening—a longing to return to the sea, the craving for adventure in strange lands, for a life of hardship and risk. He listened without comment while Weeks finished his story with an account of Manu, the boat-puller—how, at the chief’s request, he had permitted the fellow to join the crew of the *Prudence Sanford*, promising to return him to his island on some future voyage.

“When they had dined and taken leave of the Sanfords, Cobb and the captain walked together toward the waterfront. As they parted for the night Cobb spoke. ‘Bring your Manu to my house to-morrow,’ he said; ‘I would like to speak with him—to learn more of his island and of the customs of his people.’

“It was the beginning of a curious friendship—the junior partner of Sanford & Cobb, churchman and former captain in the merchant service, and the burly Marquesan savage, tightly buttoned in a shore-going suit of black, with his perpetual smile disclosing the stumps of teeth knocked out in battle, and talking slowly in his broken sailor’s English. Manu declared that he was ready to adopt the God of the white man; he felt, no doubt, that a race capable of building great ships and houses such as he saw in New Bedford must possess a deity more powerful than those residing in the carved images of wood he had known on Fatuhiva. His profession of

faith was an event of genuine piquancy to the congregation, and gave Cobb a pleasure you and I can scarcely understand. The tenets of our religion covered his tattooing like the suit of black clothes—garments to be taken off and resumed at will. Evening after evening he spent at Cobb's bachelor house. At first they spoke of spiritual things—of mankind's redemption, of the gospels, and of heaven and hell, the white man explaining with patience, Manu assenting smilingly like a child, not understanding in the least. Then, as the other's increasing interest became clear, Manu began to tell stories of his old life: of hunting the wild boar; of fighting the tiger shark in blue caverns ten fathoms deep; of battles with the fierce clansmen of Vaipuna, when the beaked war clubs dripped blood, and women trembled in their fortified places; of midnight feasts and dancing while drums throbbed in the torchlight on high platforms of rock."

Old Jackson was silent for a moment, while he filled his pipe and lit it hastily. Without its worn black stem between his teeth, as I had noticed at dinner, he spoke only in monosyllables; but once it was in place—whether alight or cold—he seemed to regain his natural voice and flow of thought.

"Cobb," he went on, "was not a narrow man, but in the case of Manu he permitted himself to see a change which in reality had never taken place. Every missionary in this part of the world has labored to the same end—a useless expenditure of courage, determination, and self-sacrifice. The very effort to proselytize in heathen lands strikes me as an effrontery, as a tacit libel on creation itself. We need a faith of some kind, all of us—but man was not made yesterday, and each race has had time to develop the belief best suited to its needs. Here in the islands it would have been kinder not to tamper with the people at all, or to have removed them at once, in the quickest and least painful way, from the path of civilization. Races, like individuals, lose nothing by being true to

themselves; as things are, the natives I like best are those who have the least traffic with the white man's church. . . . But I want to tell you about Cobb.

"When the *Prudence Sanford* set out on another voyage, Manu did not sail on her, for by this time he was a member of Cobb's household—half servant, half companion. The Maori is quick in adapting himself to new surroundings, and Manu had made himself as much at home as a whaler's mate between cruises.

"Cobb was aware of an increasing restlessness. He had always done the more active work of the firm—the fitting and repair of ships, and dealings with ship's officers; business transactions had never interested him, and now his face was scarcely seen at the dingy office where the senior partner toiled all day long with his clerks. Isaac Sanford seemed overtaken by business cares; he was nervous and distraught; there were new wrinkles in his face and his small figure was losing its jaunty air. The explanation came on a Sunday when Cobb was dining at his house. Always a little tyrannical at home, there was a new harshness in the abrupt words with which Sanford ordered his wife and children to leave the room when the meal was over. He had eaten little, though ordinarily he had a weakness for the table; as he turned to Cobb, he pulled a handkerchief from his pocket and passed it nervously over his bald head.

"'James,' he said, in a solemn voice, 'I am in trouble—dreadful trouble; in fact I don't know what is going to become of me.'

"The thoughts of the junior partner were wandering; except in financial matters, he had never taken the other very seriously, and now it was a moment or two before he realized—with a twinge of self-reproach—the meaning of what Sanford had said. 'What is it, Isaac?' he asked, wincing a little, in advance, at the flood of words his question would set loose. The sympathy in his partner's voice nearly destroyed the last of Sanford's self-control.

"‘A terrible situation,’ Cobb heard him mumble incoherently. ‘Dear me! I suppose I must tell you. Such ill fortune—you will understand, though, if it comes to court, a jury might give it an ugly name—I couldn’t bear that. You take no interest in our business—never look at the books—a word from you might have warned me in time. The Foster estate—those children—you remember we were made trustees three years ago—never a word from you since. We needed money—borrowed in our name on those securities—a venture in the China trade. The ship was lost off Padaran—reward of my wicked recklessness. Our credit is strained—all our resources will not stave off disgrace—the day of accounting is close at hand, and there is only one way out—I must go off to live in foreign parts—a signed confession—knowing your innocence they will deal leniently with you—give you time to save the firm. I will pay—every penny, if I have to slave the remainder of my days—my poor wife—my children—I have striven to bring them up in righteous paths.’ Sanford almost sobbed with shame and self-pity; he was an honest little man, in his way.

"Cobb was silent for a long time after his partner ceased to speak. He sat sprawling in a tilted chair, arms folded and eyes studying the pattern of a rag carpet by the door. Finally he glanced up at the older man. ‘There is another way,’ he said.

"You may judge the motives for yourself. On the face of it, it was a piece of quixotic self-sacrifice. Cobb proposed to assume the blame, write the confession (a white lie, with Sanford’s family in view), and sail away aboard one of the firm’s vessels, to become a missionary in the South Seas. He had had enough of business—Sanford need feel no hesitation about accepting the offer—and felt that he had an unmistakable call to preach the Gospel to the people of Manus island. The Kanaka’s arrival, Cobb’s interest in the man, the evenings spent in talking of the island life, even a

fancy, idle enough at the time, to study the native tongue—these things now seemed interpositions of a divine providence. Sanford’s remonstrances were only half-hearted—it was not difficult for him to fall in with the other’s point of view. The business was settled before Cobb went home.

"Within a fortnight the whaler *Priscilla* left New Bedford bound around the Horn, with Cobb and Manus aboard. Cobb’s departure made little stir in the town; the storm would not break for another month and it seemed natural enough that a shipowner should make a voyage in one of his vessels. Sanford was regaining the old cheery manner; though the idea had not occurred to him before, he realized now that Cobb was a man born to do the Lord’s work in heathen lands . . . perhaps his own defalcation was part of the omniscient plan.

"Six months later a whaling vessel dropped anchor off Taputai, and there was hubbub in the valley, for Manus, the chief’s nephew, had come home, bringing a white man—the priest of a new and powerful god. Kapi was the name of this man; he would live with the tribe, and he was very wise and rich. A great leader in battle, the old men thought, admiring his stature, his wide shoulders and stalwart arms. And a princely giver, *aué!* They exclaimed with gleaming eyes as they gathered about his heaped-up gifts to Mоторо—among other things, a great string of drilled cachalot’s teeth, saved by the whalers for their scrimshaw work and prized above rum or muskets by the islanders of those days. The old chief made him a grant of royal land—a tranquil spot high up in the valley, where a brook ran out of a ravine, shaded by giant breadfruit trees—and set men to work building a house of the finest, with walls of cane, rafters of polished coconut wood, and a cool thatch of pandanus for a roof. Cobb had not followed the sea for nothing; he knew men, and he set aside the work of saving souls until he had lived with the people long

enough to learn something of their customs and their tongue. His journal gives a minute account of those early months on the island.

"More than any other part of the world, the Marquesan valleys seem created as an abiding place for mankind. The climate is wholesome, without uncomfortable extremes of heat or cold; coconuts, breadfruit, taro, yams, and a dozen other fruits and vegetables grow almost without cultivation; the bush is alive with wild pig; prawns and small fish abound in the streams; and the sea, with its rich store of food, is close at hand. Clothes are an affectation in such a place, and the curse of labor, under which man has groaned and sweated through the ages, seems annulled at last.

"The tribe was at peace when he arrived, and in the beginning Cobb saw about him a life which gave rise to curious reflections. It was as though a single good-humored family, governing itself under a mild and patriarchal communism, inhabited the valley of Taputai, a clan of a thousand, living together with scarcely a frown or a dispute. He did not realize, at this time, that the people of the next valley, beyond their barrier of breakneck ridges, were looked upon with hatred and fear—as beings of human shape but of a doubtful humanity, fit only for the oven or the sacrifice. He saw men untainted by envy, by covetousness, by the pride of possession. He saw a society unhampered by respect for property and the pursuit of wealth, whose members rendered honor to high lineage, to the priests of its gods, and to courage and skill in war. If he could lead them from their idols, from adultery and the thirst for blood, Cobb thought that his task would be accomplished—there would be little more that he could teach. You can see that he was never cut out to be a missionary.

"Motoro came nearly every day to superintend the building of the white man's house. Cobb often heard the old chief puffing and wheezing before his enormous body came in sight, with his

wife, for whom he displayed an absurdly loverlike affection, walking a few paces behind. His favorite seat was at the foot of a breadfruit tree, where he could rest his back comfortably against the roots. The old woman lay on her side, chin propped on one hand, shrewd black eyes missing no detail of the work. Cobb was making some furniture with the tools he had brought, but he used to stop his sawing when the chief appeared, and stretch himself on the grass close by. In those days the native language was his great concern. Motoro was fond of talking; in spite of Cobb's effort to speak of simple things, he used to branch off into long, unintelligible stories, told with uncommon relish and chuckles that shook the royal folds of fat. At times, in the midst of one of these tales, his wife would touch his arm; some detail of the work was not going to her liking, and the chief would interrupt his story to give an order regarding the pitch of a rafter or the tying on of thatch. Afterward, when the narrative was under way again, Cobb often saw him stretch out an enormous hand to stroke caressingly the old woman's head. Sometimes Motoro brought his youngest daughter, Hina, a tall, meditative girl, with beautiful hair and an unusual reserve, explained by her betrothal from childhood to the fierce chief of Vaipuna. Thus betrothed, according to the old custom of her race, Hina was closely watched and guarded; her shy dignity, when she corrected Cobb's pronunciation or explained to him the twists of native idiom, made her the pleasantest of his instructors. Her father, anxious that his friend should live content, was concerned over the question of a wife. Excepting Hina, the white man might choose for himself any young girl of the clan—this one was full of laughter; that one came of a breed to bear strong sons. The matter was the cause of some embarrassment at first, till Manu explained that, while this man was without doubt a great warrior and the priest of a formidable god, women played small part in his life.

"Manu was becoming a little shy of Cobb—he went about half naked, like the other men, and had taken up his old occupation of bonito fishing. There were days when he brought gifts of food—yams or baked fish, done up in young leaves of the plantain—and lingered to speak half-heartedly of the tribe's conversion; but Cobb suspected, with more sorrow than resentment, that Manu's Christianity had been laid aside with his suit of Christian clothes. On certain nights the white man's clearing was deserted, and, though this was a subject never mentioned in conversation with Motoro, he knew that the men of the clan had gone far up to the head of the valley for purposes of their own. On those evenings, while he lay half dozing on his mat, he was aware of the deep and rhythmic sound of drumming, and sometimes a glare of torchlight illuminated the distant mountainside. Once at dusk, in the midst of a band of men repairing to their temple hidden in the bush, he saw a figure amazingly like Manu's passing with averted face.

"Early next day he went to Manu's house on the beach, and found him with two other men launching a canoe. Cobb laid aside his clothes, dressed himself in a waistcloth of native make, and dismissed the stern paddler with a gesture. When they were riding the off shore swell, on the lookout for birds, the white man spoke to his disciple, warning him of the dangers of backsliding. Manu denied that he had forgotten the teachings of New Bedford days; his toothless smile was disarming, and at that moment the bow paddler shouted—he had sighted a school of fish, feeding a mile away. When they returned at noon, with a heap of burnished fish amidships, Cobb was disturbingly happy. The feel of the sun on his bare shoulders, the long, eager pursuit, driving the canoe at top speed through the whitecaps, the exhilaration of the fishing when the bonito tumbled and flashed aboard as fast as weary arms could pull them from the water—these things went to Cobb's head like wine.

The offshore fishing was a game to his liking, and it was not long before the people began to gather on the beach when the white man's canoe was sighted, for no man of the tribe brought home more fish or was more generous with his catch. Quite unconsciously, by excelling in a pursuit which demanded the primitive qualities of daring and physical strength, he had chosen the surest path to the hearts of savage men.

"The season of the breadfruit harvest came, and when the pits of *popoi* were sealed and the wild merrymaking was at an end, Cobb told Motoro that he was ready to preach his first sermon in the native tongue. He chose to speak of the sins of violence, and his journal shows the thought and care bestowed upon his first discourse. He wrote it over and over again, spelling the words phonetically as best he could, and correcting the language as Hina pointed out mistakes. Motoro's daughter was proud of her pupil; with the old woman, she came daily to Cobb's house to smooth the mats, to sweep the stone floor with a broom of palm frond, to bring small gifts of food.

"The valley lay dreaming in a Sabbath calm when the people assembled in the long house the chief had built as a temple for the white man's God. The Maori makes an excellent listener, for he loves a gathering, oratory, a show of any kind. When he stood up to speak, Cobb saw that the house was full and that many men and women were seated on mats spread out of doors. Motoro was there with Hina and his old wife; Manu sat smiling beside the chief, and Tetu, the high priest who had been the first to welcome Captain Weeks to the island, had come without professional jealousy to listen to a colleague's words. Cobb spoke simply of the Christian faith—of God, the Creator of our world, and of His Son, mankind's Redeemer. Men were all brothers—brown and white; the men of the Vaipuna clan were as much Cobb's brothers as the people of this valley. Quarrels and

bloodshed were evil in the eyes of God, whose command was, 'Thou shalt not kill.' If a man of Vaipuna spoke hot words, it was best to answer mildly and avoid dispute, for God had said that if one cheek stung under a blow, it was better to offer the other cheek than to shed blood in revenge. It was an admirable little sermon—the draft of it is still among Cobb's old papers—lucid, well phrased, and picturesque enough to hold a savage audience. The people heard him with friendly and attentive ears—less interested, perhaps, in the meaning of his words than in the fact that he had learned their tongue. As for religion, the Marquesans did not take their own gods over seriously.

"The chief came to Cobb's house that evening, bringing with him Tetu, the old priest. Motoro had been pondering over the white man's words.

"'Tell me, Kapi,' he said, settling his enormous body on a mat, 'is it better to kill, or to be killed? You say that in the eyes of your god it is an evil thing to kill, but I think it still more evil to be struck dead by another. I have spoken of this matter with Tetu, and of what you said of turning the other cheek for a second blow'—the old savage chuckled rumblingly—'we are old men, and wise; we do not believe that you would do this if a warrior struck you in anger, for you are strong, and we know that fear would not grip your bowels. But I came to speak of other things.

"'Know, first of all, that from times beyond memory the people of this island have been divided in two. Like my father and his father before him, I can walk alone through all the valleys to the south—the people acknowledge me as their lord. It is different to the north; one step that way, and my bones would be fishhooks, my body cut up for the oven. Tatoi, the lord of Vaipuna, is ruler of all those northern valleys. Many years ago, when we met alone among the mountains, my club laid the father of Tatoi at my feet, and because I spared his life that day, he asked that his son and my daughter be betrothed. I gave

my consent—it seemed to me that when Tatoi took Hina for his wife the island might be at peace. Now I am old, and fat, and weary of constant wars. It would be well, I think, if all men stood together—the warriors of Nukuhiva raid far in their great canoes. But Tatoi loves war, and his tribe is strong because of the muskets he gets from the fierce white man who lives in Vaipuna Valley. And now I have word that Hina must be sent at once; the old pledge cannot be broken, though she weeps and my heart will be heavy at the parting. To-morrow Tetu goes to Vaipuna to ask for a little delay—I can do no more.'

"Next day, when Tetu left on his mission to the hostile tribe, Cobb went with him in the canoe, despite Motoro's warnings of danger. The person of the priest was sacred, but the *tapu* would not apply to a companion, and Tatoi, like the white trader who dwelt in his valley, was reputed treacherous and cruel. The trader Adams was a bull-necked brute of a ticket-of-leave man, from the British penal settlements in the south—now lording it among savages infinitely less savage than himself.

"It was early when Cobb and Tetu landed in Vaipuna Cove; the shore was deserted, for the people of the clan were still asleep or engaged in the preparation of their morning meal. The trader's house stood close to the beach, and as they passed the door Cobb heard the sound of women's voices and a short peal of laughter. Next moment the door was flung open and Adams stood facing them in the doorway—inflamed eyes blinking in the morning sunlight. He wore nothing but a native waistcloth; his head was thrust forward above hunched massive shoulders; his naked chest was matted with coarse gray hair.

"'A white man, by God!' he exclaimed in a harsh, bullying voice. 'Come in. I want a yarn with you when I've finished a little job I have on hand. You, too, old buck. I see you're a Tapu man.'

"Adams's house was disordered and

filthy as the man himself; fishbones rotted in the crevices of the floor; muskets, axes, and bolts of cloth were piled beside the heap of mats on which he slept. A brace of young native women with innocent dark eyes stood giggling beside a third—a girl of fifteen, hanging naked and half fainting from the corner post to which her hands were bound. Her face was bruised, her body delicately formed, her bright hair hung over shoulders streaming blood. She moaned softly, like some small wounded animal.

"‘I’ve heard of you,’ Adams went on; ‘you’re the Yankee parson from Taputai—trying to make cannibals sing psalms.’ He laughed, sneeringly. ‘I make ’em sing, too. See that girl? She was Tatoi’s wife yesterday, too proud to look at old Mike Adams. I had my eye on her; got her for two muskets last night—the chief wanted to clear the way for a new wife. She’s a vixen, Tahia—when I made up to her for a bit of a kiss, she came at me with a knife!’

"While Tetu watched with a savage’s indifference to suffering, the trader picked up a lash of braided shark skin, walked slowly to the corner of the house and raised his arm. The bound girl turned her head to regard him with dull eyes; the other two stood back, laughing musically. The lash whistled in the air. There was a sharp cry of agony, and Adams raised his arm again. At that moment Cobb leaped across the room to seize his wrist. The Yankee’s dark eyes were blazing; he dropped Adams’s hand, and when he spoke his voice trembled a little.

"‘Stop!’ he ordered, quietly. ‘This is your house, but I cannot stand by while you cut that child to pieces. Good Heavens! man, have you no heart at all?’

"The old priest watched the white men with keen black eyes; the *tapu* tied his hands—he could do nothing to help his friend, whose action, to his mind, was unaccountable. The two girls ceased their giggling and shrank back, silent and terrified. For a moment, while the blood rushed to his blotched face, Adams did not move. Then, dropping the

braided lash, he sprang at Cobb with a swinging open-handed blow that would have felled a smaller man.

"‘Blast you for a damned meddling missionary!’ he bellowed. ‘Now get out of this, before I truss you up like that brown angel yonder, and give you a taste of the shark hide!’

"Cobb stood motionless, though the knuckles of his clenched hands were white. There was a roaring in his ears, and the brutish face of Adams seemed to swim in a pink mist. His mind was singularly clear—he thought of his message to the people of Taputai, of the words of Motoro, of Tetu’s observant eye, appraising the sincerity of the white man. ‘The other cheek—the other cheek’ . . . the words throbbed with a dull reiteration in his brain. The trader stood facing him, knees a little bent, eyebrows twitching in the manner of an angry ape, small gray eyes gleaming with ferocity. Almost imperceptibly, Cobb turned his head.

"‘Not enough, eh?’ snarled Adams—and at the words he drove his fist into the Yankee’s face.

"With a trickle of blood marking his cheek, Cobb turned away slowly and began to take off his clothes, as if disdaining to sully the sober cloth with a scene of violence. He gave no sign, but the burden of a long procession of centuries—inherited instincts, the love of peace, of order, of good will—was slipping from his shoulders with the black coat. When he stood out before them, clad only in a light kilt of *tapa*, the women exclaimed softly at sight of his tremendous muscles, under a skin bronzed by weeks of the sun.

"‘Now,’ he commanded, in a voice used to making itself heard during gales at sea, ‘put up your hands, you filthy beast!’

"A Roman audience might have enjoyed that fight without rules, without fairness, without science—though even Tetu watched with a kind of horror. At last Cobb stood up dizzily; there was blood on his hands, and Adams lay dead

upon the floor. The two women ran screaming from the house. Cobb took his clothes, motioned Tetu to unbind the senseless girl, and led the way to the canoe. As they pushed out through the surf he cast the garments of civilization into the sea.

"They paddled swiftly for the first mile, but when they had rounded the point and there was no longer danger of pursuit, old Tetu relaxed his efforts and began to chant to himself. In his eyes history had been made that day, and it was fitting that a song should be composed, to be sung by generations unborn. Cobb heard him trying over lines and substituting others when the rhythm did not please him, pitching his voice to the extraordinary native intonations.

"‘A high black cloud darkens the horizon,’ he chanted; ‘the cloud of war rises like a pillar sustaining the sky. Because of the deed of Kapi, clubs were oiled and the war drum sounded in the temple. Wall up the narrow gorge! Make ready the fastness for the women and the old men! For Kapi, the mighty *haoe*, has slain Atamu, the white man strong as the ironwood tree—fierce as the tiger shark! They fought in the fashion of white men—weaponless and grunting like old boars. And Kapi broke the bones of Atamu’s arm, and tore the flesh from his throat. For desire of the woman Tahia he slew the fierce *haoe*. A tall black cloud darkens the heavens! The warriors of Tatoi are gathering! Beat the great drum and sound the conch shell!’

"Cobb spent the day alone with his thoughts, though he was conscious that the valley hummed with excitement. At sunset Mоторо came to the door.

"‘Where is the woman of Vaipuna?’ asked the old chief. ‘Is she comely? Call her out, that I may look at her.’

"‘She is gone,’ said Cobb; ‘I thought her too sorely hurt to walk, but she has stolen an ax and gone across the mountains to her people. I felt only pity for her.’

"‘And she has stolen thy ax—that is the way of the Vaipuna people. But

come with me to the temple. There will be war and thy hand has shed the first blood. I have no son. Who else but Kapi should lead the warriors of Taputai!’

"It was the first time that Cobb had been to the upper end of the valley. The trail was a tunnel of gloom through thick forest—winding over the fallen trunks of trees, across the stream, along the base of cliffs where cascades gleamed like hanging threads of silver. They passed through thickets of the mountain plantain, and at times the air was sweet with perfume of the wild gardenia. At length they came where the light of torches was reflected on the foliage of enormous banyan trees. There, on a terrace of smooth basalt, cyclopean and immemorially old, the fighting men of the clan were gathered, while the high priest harangued them with the passion and eloquence of a savage orator. A hog had been sacrificed and the omens boded ill for Tatoi’s clan; the gods—Tane and Imaoa, the Long Armed—would fight on the side of Taputai, would lend weight to the war clubs, and direct the spears to deliver mortal thrusts. The warriors of Mоторо would be victorious, led by the gods and by Kapi, slayer of the terrible Atamu.

"The fiery eloquence of Tetu ceased as the chief took his place on the *marae*, and the drums burst into a rhythm of deep and maddening sound. One after another, the famous warriors of the tribe sprang into the torchlight, leaping and posturing in the pantomime of battle—setting forth in resounding words the legendary deeds of their ancestors, their own feats of valor in the past, the dreadful fate of their adversaries on the morrow. Cobb’s blood was running hot when Mоторо turned to him. The chief’s great body was quivering—he had his own notions of humor.

"‘It will be well,’ he remarked in Cobb’s ear, ‘if they fight fiercely as they leap and dance, for if we give back before the clubs of Vaipuna, our bones will be fishhooks, and Tatoi will feast on thy

flesh and mine. This is a strange time to speak of women, but the troth is broken, and I feared that thou hadst slain Atamu for love of a Vaipuna girl. Is my daughter displeasing to thee, or is there, perhaps, a mat for her in thy house?"

"And there you have the first linking of a chain which ends with a supercargo of the Atoll Trading Company. On one side, a rather fine cut of a Puritan, come to the islands to save his partner from disgrace, and turned savage because it was born in him, I fancy; on the other, the daughter of a distinguished line of cannibals—one of those Marquesan women for whom more than one white man has been content to forget the world. I wish I had time to finish the story in detail; if you can stop a bit longer, I'd like to read you an extract or two from Cobb's journal."

Jackson rose from his chair with the sigh of an old man whose joints are stiff. I heard him moving about the house, and presently he returned, a bundle of musty papers, done up with a bit of cinnet, under his arm. When he had lit his pipe he turned up the lamp and dragged a chair into the circle of yellow light. I glanced seaward while he adjusted a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles. The moon hung low in the west—it was very late.

"Here is the entry," said the old trader without looking up, "written a few days after the battle on the plateau. Cobb had a quaint manner of setting down his thoughts. Listen:

"I am glad that I killed Adams. I feel no love for the civilization which produced, or the savage ruler who harbored, such a man. Now we are at peace, and I shall not take up arms again except in defense of the valley, which I shall do my utmost to hold unviolated by savage conquerors or by the encroachments of civilized man. It gives me pain to contemplate the destruction of these people who have been my friends, and among whom I have found a happiness and a tranquillity unknown to me in the past, as well as to think of

alien eyes gazing upon, or alien feet profaning, the beauties of a place where Nature displays herself in a mood of stainless loveliness. As for the people, they are Nature's children—clean, artless, generous, and cruel.

"I believe that my influence will be enough to prevent human sacrifice and the eating of men. The savages are deeply superstitious, and our success in battle, when I had forbidden the customary human sacrifice, has had a profound effect upon their minds. Their fashion of waging war is fraught with singular observances. It was agreed that one-half of Mоторo's men should remain under his command, hidden a short distance to the rear, and ready to join in the combat when their appearance would spread confusion among the warriors of Vaipuna. The vanguard followed me, and Tetu accompanied us, exhorting the men with untiring ardor. I was struck by the wild imagery of his words: "Forward, sons of Taputai!" he shouted. "Remember the deeds of your ancestors! Let your clubs flicker as the forked lightning plays above the mountaintop! Speed onward, resistless as a great sea bursting on the reef! Let the fury of your assault overwhelm them till their ranks stagger—till they fall back like the receding tide!"

"I was led to expect a headlong charge, but when we had climbed to the plateau above the head of the valley, and perceived the first of Tatoi's outposts awaiting us, the men of both forces halted, and remained squatting on their haunches until Tatoi himself appeared. He came forward alone, carrying no weapon save a carved club of ironwood. I could not deny to myself that he was a magnificent savage, for all his tattooing and outlandish dress. Speaking boastfully of his own success in war, and of the prowess of his fathers, he declared that I had slain Adams by trickery, and that, if I dared meet him in combat with the native weapon, he would add me to the list of his victims already enumerated. I accepted his challenge with a sen-

sation of pleasure of which I am not proud, and we met in an open grassy space while the two armies looked on. The club loaned me by Manu proved an excellent weapon—heavy, well balanced, and nicely fitted to my hand. My opponent had greater skill, but in aiming a blow at me he overstepped himself, and before he could recover his balance my club had split his head. A chosen band of his followers rushed forward at once to recover the body, and when my men hastened up to protect me, the fighting became general. The death of their chief seemed to dishearten the enemy, and, though we were hard pressed for a time, the appearance of Mоторо's reserve force, when the signal was given, caused our opponents to turn and flee. The dozen muskets they possessed were so poorly aimed as to be useless.'

"He made a good fight, old Cobb," remarked Jackson, ceasing to read, but still turning the closely written sheets of the journal; "fought like a man, both with that club—'nicely fitted to his hand'—and in striving to realize his impossible hope of keeping out the world. When the French warship came he had the sense to gather his people—whom he had forbidden under pain of death to communicate with the white men—and take refuge far up in the mountains where the landing party would not penetrate. Instead of burning the houses, the French left gifts. On the rare occasions when a whaler or trading vessel anchored

in the cove, he repelled them with a show of force; I fancy his valley was the last in the Marquesas to have intercourse with the whites. But in the long run—like all men not content with life as it is—he failed. Before you go let me read you his last entry:

"'I am stronger now, and my head is clear for the first time in many days. I am ready to die, for I am an old man—more than ninety, I believe, though it is long since I lost track of time. I cannot leave my mat because of the paralysis in my legs, and perhaps it is better so. Sometimes I wish that I had been clubbed or shot in the old days, or that I had gone home when Isaac's son came here to carry out his father's bequest. Young Isaac knows; but I would not be the cause of shame to those who remember their father with respect and love. I have lived long enough; it is hard to lie listening to the drunken uproar from the vessel in the cove. This morning when my son came to me he had been drinking rum, and he laughed as he told me that my granddaughter, the pretty child I brought up in my house, had gone away with a foul-mouthed whaler's mate.'"

Jackson laid the bundle of manuscript on the floor and stood up to bid me good night. "That is all," he said, as he held out his hand. "I often think of the old chap lying there, musing over the present and the past. Knowing the outcome, I wonder what his verdict was."

MY DISCOVERY OF ENGLAND

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

FOR some years past a rising tide of lecturers and literary men from England has washed upon the shores of this continent. They come over to us traveling in great simplicity, and they return in the ducal suite of the *Aquitania*. They carry away with them their impressions of America, and when they reach England they sell them. This export of impressions has now been going on so long that the balance of trade in impressions is all disturbed. There is no doubt that the Americans and the Canadians have been altogether too generous in this matter of giving away impressions. We emit them with the careless ease of a glowworm, and, like the glowworm, ask nothing in return.

But this irregular and one-sided traffic has now assumed such great proportions that we are compelled to ask whether it is right to allow these people to carry away from us impressions of the very highest commercial value without giving us any pecuniary compensation whatever. English lecturers have been known to land in New York, pass the customs, drive uptown in a closed taxi, and then forward to England *from the closed taxi itself* ten dollars' worth of impressions of American national character. I have myself seen an English literary man—the biggest, I believe; he had at least the appearance of it—sitting in the corridor of a fashionable New York hotel and looking gloomily into his hat, and then *from his very hat* produce an estimate of the genius of America at twenty cents a word. The nice question as to whose twenty cents that was never seems to have occurred to him.

I am not writing in the faintest spirit of jealousy. I quite admit the extraordinary ability that is involved in this

peculiar susceptibility to impressions. I have estimated that some of these English visitors have been able to receive impressions at the rate of four to the second; in fact, they seem to get them every time they see twenty cents. But without jealousy or complaint, I do feel that somehow these impressions are inadequate and fail to depict us as we really are.

Let me illustrate what I mean. Here are some of the impressions of New York, gathered from various visitors' discoveries of America, and reproduced, not, perhaps, word for word, but as closely as I can remember them. "New York," writes one, "nestling at the foot of the Hudson, gave me an impression of coziness, of tiny graciousness; in short, of weeness." But compare this: "New York," according to another discoverer of America, "gave me an impression of size, of vastness; there seemed to me a bigness about it not found in smaller places." A third visitor writes, "New York struck me as hard, cruel, almost inhuman." This, I think, was because his taxi driver had charged him three dollars. "The first thing that struck me in New York," writes another, "was the Statue of Liberty." But, after all, that was only natural; it was the first thing that could reach him.

Nor is it only the impressions of the metropolis that seem to fall short of reality. Let me quote a few others taken at random here and there over the continent.

"I took from Pittsburgh," says an English visitor, "an impression of something that I could hardly define—an atmosphere rather than an idea."

All very well. But, after all, had he the right to take it? Granted that

Pittsburgh has an atmosphere rather than an idea, the attempt to carry away this atmosphere surely borders on rapacity.

"New Orleans," writes another visitor, "opened her arms to me and bestowed upon me the soft and languorous kiss of the Caribbean." This statement may or may not be true; but in any case it hardly seems the fair thing to mention it.

"Chicago," according to another book of discovery, "struck me as a large city. Situated as it is and where it is, it seems destined to be a place of great importance."

Or here, again, is a form of "impression" that recurs again and again, "At Cleveland I felt a distinct note of optimism in the air."

This same note of optimism is found also at Toledo, at Toronto—in short, I believe it indicates nothing more than that somebody gave the visitor a cigar. Indeed, it generally occurs during the familiar scene in which the visitor describes his cordial reception in an unsuspecting American town thus:

I was met at the station (called in America the depot) by a member of the Municipal Council driving his own motor car. After giving me an excellent cigar, he proceeded to drive me about the town, to various points of interest, including the municipal abattoir (where he gave me another excellent cigar), the Carnegie public library, the First National Bank (the courteous manager of which gave me an excellent cigar), and the Second Congregational Church, where I had the pleasure of meeting the pastor. The pastor, who appeared a man of breadth and culture, gave me another cigar. In the evening a dinner, admirably cooked and excellently served, was tendered to me at a leading hotel.

And of course he took it. After which his statement that he carried away from the town a feeling of optimism explains itself: he had four cigars, the dinner, and half a page of impressions at twenty cents a word.

Nor is it only by the theft of impressions that we suffer at the hands of these

English discoverers of America. It is a part of the system also that we have to submit to be lectured to by our talented visitors. It is now quite understood that as soon as an English literary man finishes a book he is rushed across to America to tell the people of the United States and Canada all about it and how he came to write it. At home, in his own country, they don't care how he came to write it. He's written it and that's enough. But in America it is different. One month after the distinguished author's book on *The Boyhood of Botticelli* has appeared in London, he is seen to land in New York very quietly out of one of the back port-holes of the *Olympic*. That same afternoon you will find him in an armchair in one of the big hotels, giving off impressions of America to a group of reporters. After which notices appear in all the papers to the effect that he will lecture in Carnegie Hall on "Botticelli the Boy." The audience is assured beforehand. It consists of all the people who feel that they have to go because they know all about Botticelli, and the people who feel that they have to go because they don't know anything about Botticelli. By this means the lecturer is able to rake the whole country from Montreal to San Francisco with "Botticelli the Boy." Then he turns round, labels his lecture "Botticelli the Man," and rakes it all back again. All the way across the continent and back he emits impressions, estimates of national character, and surveys of American genius. He sails from New York in a blaze of publicity, with his cordon of reporters round him, and a month later publishes his book, *America as I Saw It*. It is widely read—in America.

In the course of time a considerable public feeling was aroused in the United States and Canada over this state of affairs. The lack of reciprocity in it seemed unfair. It was felt (or at least I felt) that the time had come when some one ought to go over and take some impressions off England. The choice of such a person (my choice) fell upon my-

self. By an arrangement with the Geographical Society of America, acting in conjunction with the Royal Geographic Society of England (to both of which I communicated my project), I went at my own expense.

It is scarcely feasible to give here full details in regard to my outfit and equipment, though I hope to do so in a later and more extended account of my expedition. Suffice it to say that my outfit, which was modeled on the equipment of English lecturers in America, included a complete suit of clothes, a dress shirt for lecturing in, a fountain pen, and a silk hat. The dress shirt, I may say for the benefit of other travelers, proved invaluable. The silk hat, however, is no longer used in England, except perhaps for scrambling eggs in.

I pass over the details of my pleasant voyage from New York to Liverpool. During the last fifty years so many travelers have made the voyage across the Atlantic that it is now impossible to obtain from the ocean any impressions of the slightest commercial value. My readers will recall the fact that Washington Irving, as far back as a century ago, chronicled the pleasure that one felt during an Atlantic voyage in idle day-dreams while lying prone upon the bowsprit and watching the dolphins leaping in the crystalline foam. Since his time so many gifted writers have attempted to do the same thing that on the large Atlantic liners the bowsprit has been removed, or at any rate a notice put up, "Authors are requested not to lie prone on the bowsprit." But even without this advantage, three or four generations of writers have chronicled with great minuteness their sensations during the transit. I need only say that my sensations were just as good as theirs. I will content myself with chronicling the fact that during the voyage we passed two dolphins, one whale, and one iceberg (none of them moving very fast at the time), and that on the fourth day out the sea was so rough that the captain said that in forty years he had never seen

such weather. One of the steerage passengers, we were told, was actually washed overboard. I think it was overboard that he was washed, but it may have been on board the ship itself.

I pass over also the incidents of my landing at Liverpool, except, perhaps, to comment upon the extraordinary behavior of the English customs officials. Without wishing in any way to disturb international relations, one cannot help commenting on the brutal and inquisitorial methods of the English customs men as compared with the gentle and affectionate ways of the American officials at New York. The two trunks which I brought with me were dragged brutally into an open shed; the strap of one of them was rudely unbuckled, while the lid of the other was actually lifted at least four inches. The trunks were then roughly scrawled with chalk, the lids slammed to, and that was all. Not one of the officials seemed to care to look at my things or to have the politeness to pretend to want to. I had arranged my dress suit and my pajamas so as to make as effective a display as possible; a New York customs officer would have been delighted with it. Here they simply passed it over.

"Do open this trunk," I asked one of the officials, "and see my pajamas."

"I don't think it is necessary, sir," the man answered.

There was a coldness about it that cut me to the quick.

But bad as is the conduct of the English customs men, the immigration officials are even worse. I could not help also being struck by the dreadful carelessness with which people are admitted into England. There is, it is true, a group of officials said to be in charge of immigration, but they know nothing of the discriminating care exercised on the other side of the Atlantic.

"Do you want to know," I asked of one of them, "whether I am a polygamist?"

"No, sir," he said, very quietly.

"Would you like me to tell you

whether I am fundamentally opposed to any and every system of government?"

The man seemed mystified. "No, sir," he said, "I don't know that I would."

"Don't you care?" I asked.

"Well, not particularly, sir," he answered.

I was determined to arouse him from his lethargy.

"Let me tell you, then," I said, "that I am an anarchistic polygamist, that I am opposed to all forms of government, that I object to any kind of revealed religion, that I regard the state and property and marriage as the mere tyranny of the bourgeoisie, and that I want to see class hatred carried to the point where it forces everyone into brotherly love. Now do I get in?"

The official looked puzzled for a minute. "You are not Irish, are you, sir?" he said.

"No."

"Then I think you can come in all right," he answered.

The journey from Liverpool to London is like all other English journeys, in short. This is due to the fact that England is a small country; it contains only 50,000 square miles, whereas the United States, as everyone knows, contains three and a half billion. I mentioned this fact to an English fellow passenger on the train, together with a provisional estimate of the American corn crop for 1922; but he only drew his rug about his knees, took a sip of brandy from his traveling flask, and sank into a state resembling death. I contented myself with jotting down an impression of incivility and lack of generosity as two phases of English character, and paid no further attention to my fellow traveler other than to read the labels on his luggage and to peruse the headings of his newspaper by peeping over his shoulder.

It was my first experience of traveling with a fellow passenger in a compartment of an English train, and I admit now that I was as yet ignorant of the proper method of conduct. Later on I became fully conversant with the rules of travel

as understood in England. I should have known, of course, that I must on no account speak to the man. But I should have let down the window a little bit and in such a way as to make a strong draught on his ear. Had this failed to break down his reserve, I should have placed a heavy valise in the rack over his head, so balanced that it might fall on him at any moment. Failing this again, I could have blown rings of smoke at him or stepped on his feet under a pretense of looking out of the window. Under the English rule, as long as he bears this in silence you are not supposed to know him. In fact, he is not supposed to be there. You and he each presume the other to be a mere piece of empty space. But let him once be driven to say: "Oh, I beg your pardon! I wonder if you would mind my closing the window," and he is lost. After that you are entitled to tell him anything about the corn crop that you care to.

But in the present case I knew nothing of this, and after three hours of charming silence I found myself in London.

London, the name of which is already known to millions of readers of this magazine, is beautifully situated on the river Thames, which here sweeps in a wide curve and has much the same breadth and majesty as the St. Jo River at South Bend, Indiana. London, like South Bend itself, is a city of clean streets and admirable sidewalks, and has an excellent water supply. One is at once struck by the number of excellent and well-appointed motor cars that one sees on every hand, the neatness of the shops, and the cleanliness and cheerfulness of the faces of the people. In short, as an English visitor said of Peterborough, Ontario, there is a distinct note of optimism in the air. I forget who it was who said this, but at any rate I have been in Peterborough myself and I have seen it.

Contrary to my expectations and contrary to all our transatlantic precedent, I was *not* met at the depot by one of the leading citizens, himself a member of the

Municipal Council, driving his own motor car. He did *not* tuck a fur rug about my knees, present me with a really excellent cigar, and proceed to drive me about the town so as to show me the leading points of interest, the municipal reservoir, the gas works, and the municipal abattoir. In fact, he was not there. But I attribute his absence not to any lack of hospitality, but merely to a certain reserve in the English character. They are as yet unused to the arrival of lecturers. When they get to be more accustomed to their coming they will learn to take them straight to the municipal abattoir just as we do.

For lack of better guidance, therefore, I had to form my impressions of London by myself. In the mere physical sense there is much to attract the eye. The city is able to boast of many handsome public buildings and offices which compare favorably with anything on the other side of the Atlantic. On the bank of the Thames itself rises the power house of the Westminster Electric Supply Corporation, a handsome modern edifice in the later Japanese style. Close by are the commodious premises of the Imperial Tobacco Company, while at no great distance the Chelsea Gas Works add a striking feature of rotundity. Passing northward, one observes Westminster Bridge, notable as a principal station of the underground railway. This station and the one next above it, the Charing Cross one, are connected by a wide thoroughfare called Whitehall. One of the best American drug stores is here situated. The upper end of Whitehall opens into the majestic and spacious Trafalgar Square. Here are grouped in imposing proximity the offices of the Canadian Pacific and other railways, the International Sleeping Car Company, the Montreal *Star*, and the Anglo-Dutch Bank. Two of the best American barber shops are conveniently grouped near the Square, while the existence of a tall stone monument in the middle of the Square itself enables the American visitor to find them without difficulty.

Passing eastward toward the heart of the city, one notes on the left hand the imposing pile of St. Paul's, an enormous church with a round dome on the top, suggesting strongly the First Church of Christ (Scientist) on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. But the English churches not being labeled, the visitor is often at a loss to distinguish them.

A little farther on one finds oneself in the heart of financial London. Here all the great financial institutions of America—the First National Bank of Milwaukee, the Planters National Bank of St. Louis, the Montana Farmers Trust Company, and many others have either their offices or their agents. The Bank of England—which acts as the London agent of the Montana Farmers Trust Company, and the London County Bank, which represents the People's Deposit Company, of Yonkers, New York, are said to be in the neighborhood.

This particular part of London is connected with the existence of that strange and mysterious thing called "the City." I am still unable to decide whether the City is a person, or a place, or a thing. But as a form of being I give it credit for being the most emotional, the most volatile, the most peculiar creature in the world. You read in the morning paper that the City is "deeply depressed." At noon it is reported that the City is "buoyant," and by four o'clock that the City is "wildly excited."

I have tried in vain to find the causes of these peculiar changes of feeling. The ostensible reasons, as given in the newspaper, are so trivial as to be hardly worthy of belief. For example, here is the kind of news that comes out from the City.

The news that a *modus vivendi* has been signed between the Sultan of Kowfat and the Shriek-ul-Islam has caused a sudden buoyancy in the City. Steel rails, which had been depressed all morning, reacted immediately while American mules rose up sharply to par. . . .

Monsieur Poincaré, speaking at Bordeaux, said that henceforth France must seek to re-

tain by all possible means the pingpong championship of the world: values in the City collapsed at once. . . .

Dispatches from Bombay say that the Shah of Persia yesterday handed a golden slipper to the Grand Vizier Feebli Pasha as a sign that he might go and chase himself: the news was at once followed by a drop in oil, and a rapid attempt to liquidate everything that is fluid. . . .

But these mysteries of the City I do not pretend to explain. I have passed through the place dozens of times and never noticed anything particular in the way of depression or buoyancy, or falling oil, or rising rails. But no doubt it is there.

A little beyond the City and farther down the river the visitor finds this district of London terminating in the gloomy and forbidding Tower, the principal penitentiary of the metropolis. Here Queen Victoria was imprisoned for many years.

Excellent gasoline can be had at the American garage immediately north of the Tower, where motor repairs of all kinds are also carried on.

These, however, are but superficial pictures of London, gathered by the eye of the tourist. A far deeper meaning is found in the examination of the great historic monuments of the city. The principal ones of these are the Tower of London (just mentioned), the British Museum, and Westminster Abbey. No visitor to London should fail to see these. Indeed, he ought to feel that his visit to England is wasted unless he has seen them. I speak strongly on the point because I feel strongly on it. To my mind there is something about the grim fascination of the historic Tower, the cloistered quiet of the Museum, and the majesty of the ancient Abbey, which will make it the regret of my life that I didn't see any one of the three. I fully meant to, but I failed; and I can only hope that the circumstances of my failure may be helpful to other visitors.

The Tower of London I most certainly

intended to inspect. Each day, after the fashion of every tourist, I wrote for myself a little list of things to do, and I always put the Tower of London on it. No doubt the reader knows the kind of little list that I mean. It runs:

1. Go to bank.
2. Buy a shirt.
3. National Picture Gallery.
4. Razor blades.
5. Tower of London.
6. Soap.

The itinerary, I regret to say, was never carried out in full. I was able at times both to go to the bank and to buy a shirt in a single morning; at other times I was able to buy razor blades and almost to find the National Picture Gallery. Meantime I was urged on all sides by my London acquaintances not to fail to see the Tower. "There's a grim fascination about the place," they said; "you mustn't miss it." I am quite certain that in due course of time I should have made my way to the Tower but for the fact that I made a fatal discovery. I found out that the London people who urged me to go and see the Tower had never seen it themselves. It appears they never go near it. One night at a dinner a man next to me said:

"Have you seen the Tower? You really ought to. There's a grim fascination about it."

I looked him in the face. "Have you seen it yourself?" I asked.

"Oh yes," he answered, "I've seen it."

"When?" I asked.

The man hesitated. "When I was just a boy," he said. "My father took me there."

"How long ago is that?" I inquired.

"About forty years ago," he answered. "I always mean to go again, but I don't somehow seem to get the time."

After this I got to understand that when a Londoner says, "Have you seen the Tower of London?" the answer is, "No, and neither have you."

Take the parallel case of the British Museum. Here is a place that is a veritable treasure house, a repository of some of the most priceless historical relics to be found upon the earth. It contains, for instance, the famous Papyrus Manuscript of Thotmes II of the first Egyptian dynasty—a thing known to scholars all over the world as the oldest extant specimen of what can be called writing; indeed, one can here see the actual evolution (I am quoting from a work of reference) from the ideographic cuneiform to the phonetic syllabic script. Every time I have read about that manuscript and have happened to be in Orillia (Ontario) or Schenectady (New York), or any such place, I have felt that I would be willing to take a whole trip to England to have five minutes at the British Museum, just five, to look at that papyrus. Yet as soon as I got to London this changed. The railway stations of London have been so arranged that to get to any train for the north or west the traveler must pass the British Museum. The first time I went by it in a taxi I felt quite a thrill. "Inside those walls," I thought to myself, "is the Manuscript of Thotmes II." The next time I actually stopped the taxi.

"Is that the British Museum?" I asked the driver.

"I think it is something of the sort, sir," he said.

I hesitated. "Drive me," I said, "to where I can buy safety-razor blades."

After that I was able to drive past the Museum with the quiet assurance of a Londoner, and to take part in dinner-table discussions as to whether the British Museum or the Louvre contains the greater treasures. It is quite easy, anyway. All you have to do is to remember that the "Winged Victory" of Samothrace is in the Louvre and the Papyrus of Thotmes II (or some such document) is in the Museum.

The Abbey, I admit, is indeed majestic. I did not intend to miss going into it. But I felt, as so many tourists

have, that I wanted to enter it in the proper frame of mind. I never got into the frame of mind; at least not when near the Abbey itself. I have been in exactly that frame of mind when on State Street, Chicago, or on King Street, Toronto, or anywhere three thousand miles away from the Abbey. But by bad luck I never struck both the frame of mind and the Abbey at the same time.

But the Londoners, after all, in not seeing their own wonders, are only like the rest of the world. The people who live in Buffalo never go to see Niagara Falls; people in Cleveland don't know which is Mr. Rockefeller's house, and people live and even die in New York without going up to the top of the Woolworth Building. And, anyway, the past is remote and the present is near. I know a cab driver in the city of Quebec whose business in life it is to drive people up to see the Plains of Abraham, but unless they bother him to do it he doesn't show them the spot where Wolfe fell; what he does point out with real zest is the place where the mayor and the city council sat on the wooden platform that they put up for the municipal celebration last summer.

But for the ordinary visitor to London the greatest interest of all attaches to the spacious and magnificent Parliament Buildings. The House of Commons is commodiously situated beside the river Thames. The principal features of the House are the large lunch room on the western side and the tea room on the terrace on the eastern. A series of smaller luncheon rooms extends (apparently) all round about the premises, while a commodious bar offers a ready access to the members at all hours of the day. While any members are in the bar a light is kept burning in the tall Clock Tower at one corner of the building, but when the bar is closed the light is turned off by whichever of the Scotch members leaves last. There is a handsome legislative chamber attached to the

premises from which—so the antiquarians tell us—the House of Commons took its name. But it is not usual now for the members to sit in the legislative chamber, as the legislation is now all done outside, either at the home of Mr. Lloyd George or at the National Liberal Club, or at one or the other of the newspaper offices. The House, however, is called together at very frequent intervals to give it an opportunity of hearing the latest legislation and allowing the members to indulge in cheers, groans, sighs, votes, and other expressions of vitality. After having cheered as much as is good for them they go back again to the lunch rooms and go on eating till they are needed again.

The Parliament Buildings are so vast that it is not possible to state with certainty what they do, or do not, contain. But it is generally said that somewhere in the building is the House of Lords. When they meet they are said to come together very quietly shortly before the dinner hour, take a glass of dry sherry and a biscuit (they are all abstemious men), reject whatever bills may be before them at the moment, take another dry sherry, and then adjourn for two years.

The public are no longer allowed unrestricted access to the Houses of Parliament; its approaches are now strictly guarded by policemen. In order to obtain admission it is necessary now either to (A) communicate in writing with the Speaker of the House, inclosing certificates of naturalization and proof of identity, or, (B) give the policemen five shillings. Method B is the one usually adopted. On great nights, however, when the House of Commons is sitting and is about to do something important, such as ratifying a Home Rule bill, or cheering, or welcoming a new lady member, it is not possible to enter by merely bribing a policeman with five shillings; it takes a pound. The English people complain bitterly of the rich Americans who have in this

way corrupted the London public. Before they were corrupted they would do anything for sixpence.

No description of London would be complete without a reference, however brief, to the singular salubrity and charm of the London climate. This is seen at its best during the autumn and winter months. The climate of London, and indeed of England generally, is due to the influence of the Gulf Stream. The way it works is this: The Gulf Stream, as it nears the shores of the British Isles and feels the propinquity of Ireland, rises into the air, turns into soup, and comes down on London. At times this soup is thin and is in fact little more than a mist; at other times it has the consistency of a thick *potage St.-Germain*. London people flatter their atmosphere by calling it a fog; but it is not; it is soup.

But the notion that no sunlight ever gets through and that in the London winter people never see the sun, is a ridiculous error, circulated, no doubt, by the jealousy of foreign nations. I have myself seen the sun plainly visible in London, without the aid of glasses, on a November day in broad daylight; and again one night about four o'clock in the afternoon, I saw the sun distinctly appear through the clouds. The whole subject of daylight in the London winter is, however, one which belongs rather to the technic of astronomy than to a paper of description. In practice daylight is but little used. Electric lights are burned all the time in all private houses, buildings, railway stations, and clubs. This practice, which is now universally observed, is called daylight saving.

But the distinction between day and night during the London winter is still quite obvious to anyone of an observant mind. It is indicated by various signs such as the striking of clocks, the tolling of bells, the closing of the saloons, and the raising of the taxi rates. Expert Londoners are able to tell the difference between day and night almost as easily

as we do, and speak of "this evening" and "to-morrow morning" with the greatest accuracy.

It is, however, much less easy to distinguish the technical approach of night in the other cities of England that lie outside the confines, physical and in-

tellectual, of London and live in a continuous gloom. In such places as the great manufacturing cities of Bugginham-under-Smoke or Gloomsburg-on-Ooze night may be said to be perpetual. But of these places I propose to speak in a later paper.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT BY NIGHT

BY CARL SANDBURG

THE stone goes straight.
A lean swimmer dives into night sky,
Into half-moon mist.

Two trees are coal black.
This is a great white ghost between.
It is cool to look at.
Strong men, strong women, come here.

Eight years is a long time
To be fighting all the time.

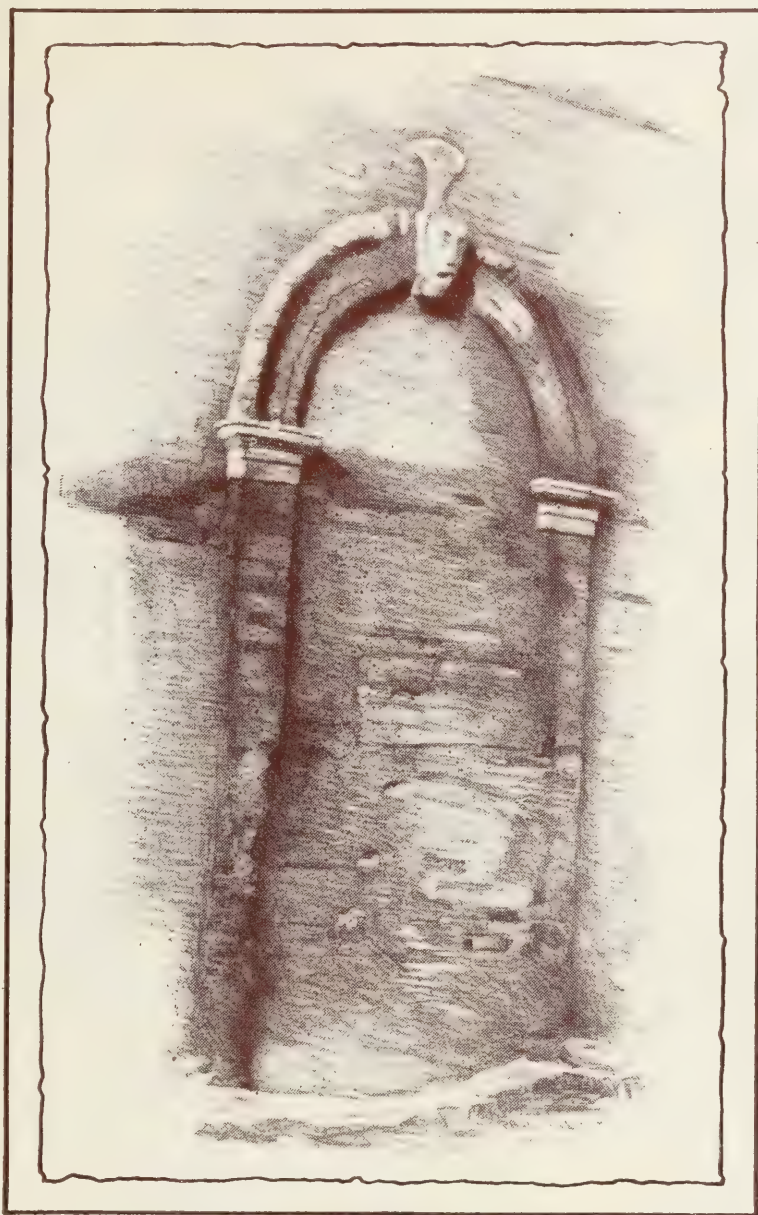
The republic is a dream.
Nothing happens unless first a dream.

The wind bit hard at Valley Forge one Christmas.
Soldiers tied rags on their feet.
Red footprints wrote on the snow—
And stone shoots into stars here,
Into half-moon mist to-night.

Tongues wrangled dark at a man.
He buttoned his overcoat and stood alone.
In a snowstorm, red holly berries, thoughts,
He stood alone.

Women said: He is lonely,
Fighting, fighting, eight years.

The name of an iron man goes over the world.
It takes a long time to forget an iron man.



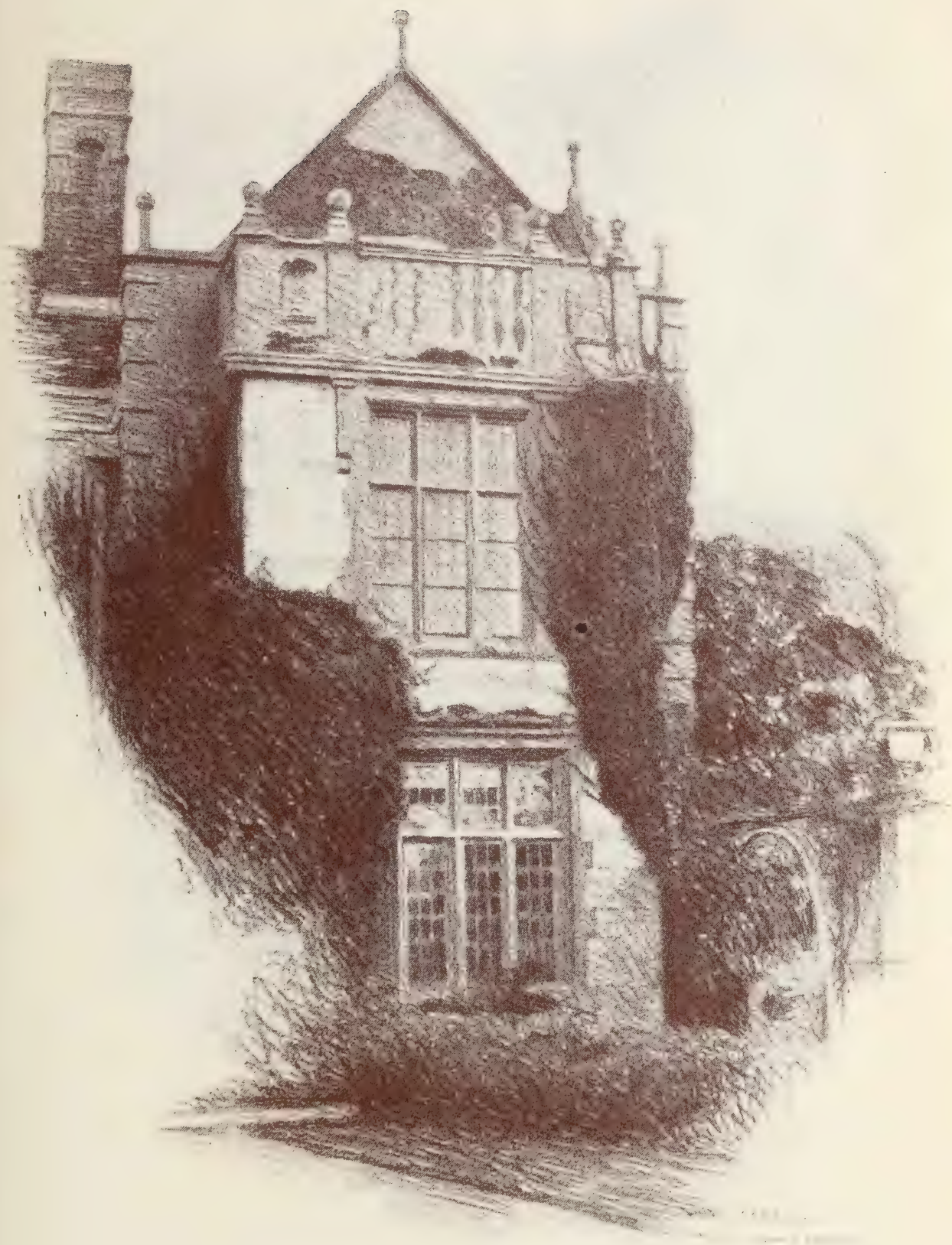
DOOR MASK AT COLLINTON HOUSE, DORCHESTER
High Place Hall—*The Mayor of Casterbridge*

In the Country of Thomas Hardy
Drawings by - Paul Meylan



GREY'S BRIDGE, DORCHESTER

The old stone bridge at the lower end of town—*The Mayor of Casterbridge*



WATERSTONE HOUSE, PUDDLETOWN, DORSET
The home of Bathsheba Everdene—*Far from the Madding Crowd*

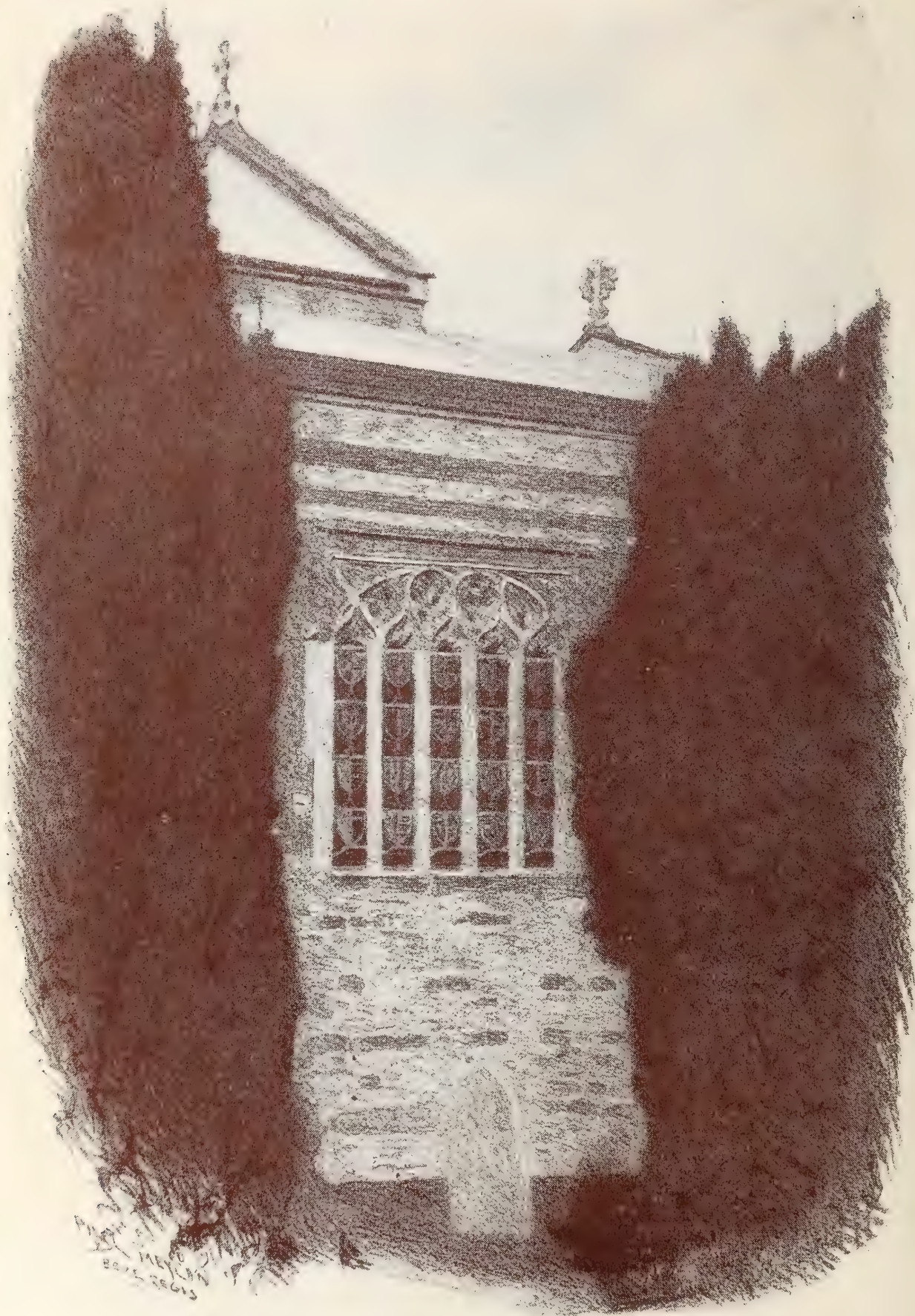


THE "WEATHERBURY" COTTAGE, NEAR PUDDLETOWN
The cottage of Gabriel Oak—*Far from the Madding Crowd*



WOOLBRIDGE HOUSE AT WOOL, DORSET

Scene of the honeymoon of Tess and Angel Clare—*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*



NORMAN CHURCH, BERE REGIS, DORSET

The D'Urberville window of the church at "Kingsbere"—*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*



BINDON ABBEY, DORSET

The empty stone coffin at the ruined Cistercian Abbey at Wool—*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*



CORFE CASTLE, DORSET
The "Corvsgate"—The Hand of Ethelberta

INNOCENCE

BY ROSE WILDER LANE

WHEN Mary Alice came quite awake her mother was rubbing her face with a cold, wet cloth. They were in the little room at the end of the car; the floor was shaking like the skin of a horse that tries to get rid of a fly, and underneath the floor the wheels were talking. Clickety-clack! they said, Clickety-clack!

"Wake up, baby," mother said. "We'll be there in a few minutes." She turned Mary Alice around and began buttoning up. A little light ran along the edge of the shining washbasin; when Mary Alice turned her head the little light ran away very quickly, when she turned her head the other way it stopped suddenly and ran back.

"Stand still dear!" mother said. The best, beautiful pink dress came jerkily down over Mary Alice's head and was buttoned. Then mother turned her around again and pushed into place the thin curved, red comb that held her hair tight. Mother's eyes were clear, like water, and full of happiness. Her two hands gave Mary Alice's face an excited little squeeze.

"We're going to see father and Uncle Charley again. Aren't you glad?" she said.

"Will there be pickaninnies?" Mary Alice asked, anxiously. Pickaninnies were children as black as coal; mother had promised that she would see them in Florida. Mother said yes, there would be pickaninnies.

Mary Alice sat on the chair while mother dressed. When she sat on the edge of the chair her legs disappeared; when she pulled herself back two feet popped up in front of her. That was because her legs bent; her legs had hinges in them, like doors. Mother's

hair was very long, and no one could see at once all the lights that scampered through it. Mother's hands were going so fast that they were out of breath, and fluttered. When they came to a snarl they jerked at it, but mother never cried. Her face in the glass smiled at Mary Alice.

"You remember Uncle Charley, don't you?" she said.

Mary Alice remembered Uncle Charley. When they lived at grandfather's he used to put her high on the big backs of the horses at the watering trough. She remembered his legs, going into the pile of hay in the car that had taken father and him down south to Florida. First his arms and head went in, and then one leg and then the other, and that was the last of Uncle Charley. Then there was nothing but hay. She must not tell anyone that Uncle Charley was in the hay, because they were poor, and if people knew that Uncle Charley was going to Florida with father and the horses and the cow they would not let him go. For a long time Mary Alice had not spoken of Uncle Charley, but she remembered him. He was big and strong and always laughing.

When the train stopped they got down the high car steps and were alone in a gray light. Mother looked anxiously this way and that, and her hand hurt Mary Alice's. Then she dropped it, and father was there. "Hello! Here you are!" he said. He and mother looked at each other, and it was as though they were together in a warm little space. Mary Alice was outside, chilly and uncomfortable. She tugged at mother's sleeve and said, "Where are the pickaninnies?" Then they laughed and took her into the warmth.

"Didn't Charley come?" said mother, and father swung Mary Alice into the air and kissed her. His face was suddenly close and big, a brown, prickly face with deep creases in the cheeks.

The horses and wagon waited by the platform. Mary Alice was swung high over the wheel into the seat, father and mother climbed up beside her, and father clucked to the horses. The horses walked quickly, jerking their heads, and little plops of white dust rose from their feet. They passed a store and some low, unpainted houses with wide porches. Strange trees grew in the yards. Their branches grew as though they meant something strange and frightening; their leaves were like flat green hands with wide fingers, and their fruit was black. In one of these trees was a black boy. He sat on a branch and dangled black legs, and with one hand he picked a black fruit. His large mouth was very full of white teeth, and he bit the black fruit with them; he bit it through, and laughed. Mary Alice could not look away from him; her head turned slowly and her eyes stayed fixed on him for a long time.

"Here we are, in the piney woods!" said father. The white road went curving between straight, tall gray trees that had no branches. Far overhead their green-black tops whispered breathlessly, without stopping, telling something terrifying. The gray trunks stood still in a gray light; they knew, but they were silent, and the pale ground looked up at them. A smell of dampness and of wet paintbrushes was in the air.

Father's cheerful voice sounded loud and false. Mother's voice was low and unrelenting, as though she were talking about telling lies. Uncle Charley was her little brother.

"You must tell me what it is," she said.

Mary Alice watched the horses' ears. They turned this way and that, and reminded Mary Alice of birds sitting on a fence.

Suddenly mother cried out, as though some one had struck her. Mary Alice

looked up quickly. Mother's face was broken. Mother was crying, and nothing was safe. Terror and strangeness reached out of the gray woods and seized Mary Alice, and she shrieked, and there was nothing anywhere but sobbing and screams. Father was talking to her, but she could not hear him; and he was holding her, but she could not feel that he was near. Then he was putting something into her hand and telling her to taste it. It was sweet and salty. Sugar cane, he said; she was to suck it. It was smooth and green and round, like a large stick of candy. The wagon was still jolting on, and she sat tasting the sugar cane through her sobs until she fell asleep. She fell asleep feeling a blackness of something that had got Uncle Charley and made mother cry.

But when she woke there he was. His big hands were holding her in the air, and he was laughing up at her. His face was red-brown and his eyes were very blue, and beneath the edge of his blue shirt was the strip of pinky-white skin; he had just come in from the fields and was putting her up on the big horse. No, there was the wagon and a strange, zig-zag fence and many large, fresh chips scattered around a new house in the piney woods. She was in Florida, and Uncle Charley was here, too, and safe.

"Oh!" she cried, hugging his neck tight. "Mother cried about you, and I was afraid!"

The last sob came unexpectedly out of her throat, and then she felt a queer stillness. She slid to the ground. There was a strange woman, a black-haired, black-eyed, red-cheeked woman in a beautiful, bright-red dress. She was fascinating, like grandfather's big brown horse that lived behind bars and had once killed a man.

"This is your new Aunt Molly, Mary Alice," said mother. Mother's face was smiling, but mother was not smiling. Mary Alice took tight hold of mother's brown skirt and held out a hand.

"How do you do, Aunt Molly?" she said, carefully.

"The other hand, dear," said mother.

Mary Alice saw Aunt Molly's bare feet, bare and brown and dusty with white dust. She looked up the beautiful red skirt to Aunt Molly's hands that were on Aunt Molly's hips, and on up to the bright-colored face. The face tipped back, a thick, white throat came up out of the red collar, and suddenly Aunt Molly laughed a short, queer laugh.

"Well, nyow," she said, "I'm right proud to meet you," and she shook Mary Alice's hand as though she were making fun. But it was the right hand. Aunt Molly's red lips curled and showed her white teeth; she was like the big brown horse laying back his ears, and Mary Alice backed quickly against mother. Everything was wrong and she did not know why; she only wanted to get away, and, turning, she hid her face against mother and shut her eyes.

Then they were all going into the house. The house was made of new yellow boards and smelled good. There was a room with a cook stove and table, and a room with the big bed and Mary Alice's cot. It was a nice house, only Uncle Charley did not live with them any more. He lived in another house with Aunt Molly. Aunt Molly took him away, and at the gate he stopped to look back at mother. Mother and Mary Alice stood in the doorway and waved good-by to Uncle Charley, but Aunt Molly did not look back. She walked fast down the road, and her red skirt switched behind her like a tail.

Mother was very busy and did not say a word. She unpacked the trunk and put on her blue apron and let down the long braid of her hair that stayed in a knot only when she was playing grown-up. For mother was not really grown-up, like father; she liked to sing and dress dolls and play games with toes. Only to-day she did not feel like playing. She bathed Mary Alice sternly in the tin washbasin, and swept, and got supper. Her forehead was pulled into little lumps, and her mouth was queer and tight. When father came in from doing

the chores she dished up the potatoes and cut the johnnycake and set Mary Alice on the Bible in the chair without saying anything until father put his arms around her, and then she cuddled her head beside his chin and cried again.

"Oh, how could he? How could he?" she said.

"He didn't do it," said father, bitterly. "He's a Northerner, and she wanted him. She got around him somehow. They say she drugged him."

Mary Alice sat amazed, holding her knife straight up in her fist. "Drugged," she said to herself. "Dragged. I drug; I dragged. She dragged herself around him. She drugged herself around him." It made a song in her mind and she began to sing it, pounding on the table with the handle of the knife, until mother startled her with a sharp, "Stop it, Mary Alice!"

Mary Alice went to sleep every night hearing the piney woods whispering together, and when she woke in her cot they were still whispering. The piney woods had no leaves, only long things like red and brown darning needles. She must not go far from the house—there were snakes in the piney woods. She might go with mother to bring water from the spring. The water came out in the ground and made a little pool that twisted in the middle, then it ran stealthily away into shadows. The air was thick and moldy with smells, and by the water grew a fascinating horrible plant that ate flies.

Uncle Charley came every day to help father dig a well outside the kitchen door. He was busy and did not feel like playing. He dug himself down to the waist and then down to the shoulders, and then he went down into the ground in a bucket on a rope. He sent up the bucket full of red mud, and father dumped it. Mary Alice played with the mud and made things; she set them in a row in the sun and they turned to rock. Mother said she was making mud pies, but they were not pies, they were just shapes she thought of. At noon Uncle

Charley came out of the ground and washed and ate dinner. He said it was like old times to eat honest-to-gosh cooking again, and mother looked sad. Uncle Charley should not say honest-to-gosh; it was a bad word.

"Will you stay to supper, Charley?" mother said.

Uncle Charley made marks with his toe in the red mud. "Hang it all! yes," he said.

After supper he sat with father on the doorstep and mother sat near them in the rocking-chair and sang songs to them; they forgot it was bedtime. Aunt Molly came up the road in the moonlight, her face and her arms and her feet were white in the moonlight, and she stood at the edge of the piney woods and called:

"Charley!"

Mother asked her to come in, but she said, "No thanks; I reckon we-all 'll be gitting along home."

Uncle Charley did not come any more to dig, and father and mother talked about it. Mother said they must be nice to Aunt Molly. She did not want to, but she pinned up her hair and put on her sunbonnet and she and Mary Alice went up the white road. Sunshine slanted through the piney woods and struck the white road. Lizards lay on the zigzag fence wagging their sleek throats, and ants went across the road in crawling lines, little red lines and big black lines. White dust was on the toes of Mary Alice's little shoes and mother's big shoes.

They came to Uncle Charley's house. It was made of logs, and skins were spread out on the walls. The ground around it was bare and hard and hens were walking about. Large bony dogs with flapping ears stood up and growled, but Aunt Molly came to the door and said:

"Hesh up, you ornery dawgs! I'm right proud to see you-all," she said, looking at mother's calico dress. "We-all ain't fine like Northerners, but sech as we got is good enough for we-uns. Light 'n' come in."

Mother laughed as though she had been running; she said polite things while they went into the house. It was logs on the inside, too, and bits of daylight came through between them. Women and many children were sitting around the fireplace. They were all barefooted and wore queer gray dresses, and they all looked at mother's dress and at Mary Alice's shoes. A woman put out a long skinny arm and pulled Mary Alice close to her. The woman's face was all deep-brown wrinkles and her chewing mouth was somehow like a frog jumping.

"Nyow here's a right peart little girl," she said. "I'd give a pretty for a little girl like you."

Mary Alice shyly said nothing, leaning against the woman's friendly knee.

Aunt Molly sat on her heels by the fireplace, mixing cornmeal and water with her fingers. She took handfuls of it and patted them flat between her hands; she made a print of her hands on each side. Mary Alice admired it very much. Then Aunt Molly laid the yellow cake in the ashes and covered it with ashes and made another.

Each woman had only one or two long yellow teeth, but they never stopped brushing them. They dipped little sticks into boxes of brown dust, and chewed, and spit into the fireplace. Mary Alice had never seen anyone spit so far and so well. There was a box on the knee beside her, and she looked into it, politely. The woman understood; she dipped her stick into the box and twirled it until it was brown, and offered it to Mary Alice. Mary Alice took it eagerly, but mother's eyes opened wide, and then she shook her head.

"She's too little yet, I'm afraid," mother said, and her blue eyes were very blue in her pink face. "Thank the lady nicely, and put it back, Mary Alice," and mother looked around at the faces timidly.

"My childern's dipped snuff sence they was weanlings," said the woman.

Mary Alice wanted to cry, but she let the woman take back the stick. Aunt

Molly stood up, and made again that frightening sound like a laugh. Mary Alice felt queer, as though she were big and mother little and something wanted to hurt mother; she went and stood with her back against mother.

The men came tramping in. They were Aunt Molly's brothers—tall, loud men, even bigger than Uncle Charley. They hung their guns on the wall and were noisy; they slapped their big hands on Aunt Molly's shoulders, and she laughed. Aunt Molly's black eyes seemed hot, her black hair was alive. It did not hang limp like the other women's, but each lock of it curled and twisted into the air. She did not look at Uncle Charley, and he did not speak to mother. All the women sat by the fire while the men ate, and Aunt Molly went back and forth with dishes. When her feet touched the floor they seemed to bound. The corn cakes smelled good and Mary Alice was hungry, but she was afraid of the big men, and even mother seemed strange.

Uncle Charley was the last of the men to go. He stood in the doorway turning his hat in his fingers and not looking at anybody. Then he went away and all the women got up and began putting the children on the benches by the table and finding places themselves. Some one filled Mary Alice's tin dish with grease and meat and corn cake; there was a confusing noise of voices and tin cups rattling, a woman slapped a boy and he howled, and suddenly Mary Alice cried:

"I don't want nasty black things to eat with! Why aren't they white, mother, like ours?"

Everybody looked at her, and mother reached down and took her under one arm and carried her out of the house; Mary Alice did not know why. Mother did not listen to anything she said; mother set her down hard and held her head under one arm and lifted up her skirts and struck her from behind. Mary Alice yelled with amazement and terror. Mother struck her more than once, and then said:

"Now come in this house, and eat, and don't let me hear another word out of you!"

Mary Alice sat bowed on the bench and swallowed as much as she could. She was most miserable. Afterward they went home, and all down the white road Mary Alice did not say anything, only she looked up at mother now and then and felt confused. When they got home she hurried into the house and sat alone in a corner, holding her rag doll.

The days were forlorn. Uncle Charley did not come, father did not laugh, and mother never tickled toes any more when she pulled the covers off the cot in the mornings. Father had finished the well; there was no more red clay, and in the yard there were only lizards and ants to watch.

One night Mary Alice had a dream. She dreamed that some one came tapping at the door in the night. Father said, "Who's there?" and Uncle Charley's voice answered, very low. Father got up and lighted the lamp in the kitchen, and mother got up. Mary Alice thought she sat up in bed and looked through the door into the kitchen.

Mother's long braid hung down her wrapper, and mother said to father: "No! I won't do it, Howard. Everything we own in the world is in this farm. You won't be driven off it while I have anything to say about it."

Father's wrinkles were deep black marks on his face above the lamp. He said, "Well, but Mary—"

"I don't believe it, anyway!" mother said. "She couldn't hate us like that. What have we ever done to her?"

Uncle Charley's voice was there, but Mary Alice could not see Uncle Charley. Mother turned quickly and spoke toward the voice.

"Well, why don't you?" she said. "You don't belong with such people. You used to be the finest boy in Webster County, and what's she doing to you? You know it isn't true; you know I've never said a word to turn you against her, but I say it now. Yes, leave her!"

Married or not married, there's some things wrong in the sight of God. If you'll come with us, Charley, we'll go. We'll go back home."

Then Mary Alice heard the piney woods whispering, and she was frightened and cold and wanted to call to mother, but did not dare.

Uncle Charley said, "It's too late, Mary."

Mother said: "It isn't too late. Yes, I say it. I don't care if you'd married her twenty times—"

Then Uncle Charley said a strange thing. He said: "Mary, you don't know—you don't know what she'd do. The moon's shining." Mother's face went all still and hard in the lamplight. Then she was out of sight, and Mary Alice heard her crying voice, "Oh, Charley, don't! don't!" and a terrible, hoarse, gasping sound. Father coughed, and then he grew very large and very small and the terrible sounds went on and on, until Mary Alice opened her eyes. The sounds were only the whispering of the piney woods and mother was combing her hair in the morning.

"Where is Uncle Charley?" said Mary Alice. "Mother, is the moon shining?"

"What do you mean?" mother exclaimed. "You've been dreaming, Mary Alice. Nobody's been here. Moonshining is a bad word. You must never say it again." Mary Alice's bewilderment opened her mouth, but mother was so stern that she closed it again.

After breakfast mother took Mary Alice between her knees and spoke to her seriously. "I want you to listen to me, Mary Alice," she said. "You must never eat anything that anyone gives you. Never eat anything until I give it to you, or father. Do you understand?"

"Oh, mother," said Mary Alice, "aren't you ever going to tickle my toes again, ever, ever, any more?"

Mother scrunched her up tight in her warm, clean-smelling calico lap and arms, laughing and catching her breath. But in a minute she was stern again. "Listen, dear. You must never, never eat

anything until I say you may. Do you understand? Tell me, Mary Alice."

"I must never eat anything until you say I may," said Mary Alice, remembering hard. And next morning mother tickled her toes, but it was not as it used to be, and Mary Alice did not want mother to do it because she was asked.

One could play in the garden, putting the peanut blossoms to bed. Mary Alice had carefully picked up the peanut blossoms and dusted them, until father found her doing it. He laughed then, and called mother to laugh, too. Peanut blossoms must dig down into the ground to make peanuts. So now she put them in little holes and buried them—the peanut blossoms were glad because she was helping them.

"Well, I guess we'll have to live on the peanuts," father said. The cow was dead. He had found her in the piney woods with her legs cut, so he had had to kill her, and there would not be any little calf. Mother looked sick. She said: "How can human beings do such things! But I won't back down for them," she said; "it's like going away and leaving Charley."

There were no more peanut blossoms. Under the ground there were peanuts, and father was digging them up; some day mother would roast them. The banana plant in the yard had grown taller than Mary Alice; its broad leaves hung limp and warm in the sun. Beneath it on the ground a moth fluttered; it was alive, but it was covered with ants. The ants were eating it. Mary Alice got a grass stem and fought them. She poked them off as fast as she could, but they kept coming, and the poor moth fluttered. She must not touch moths, a touch brushed the weeny little feathers off their wings, and hurt them. Mary Alice fought the ants as fast as she could, but in a moment the moth jerked, twisted up its legs, and died. Mary Alice stood up. Aunt Molly was leaning on the fence, watching her from the shadows of a sunbonnet. She did not speak, but beckoned with her hand.

"See what I've fetched you honey," she said, like a secret. She uncurled her fingers, and on her palm was a little red ball. "It's spruce gum," she said. "It grows in the piney woods. Your aunt Molly's fetched it and chawed it all soft for you."

She felt warm and grateful toward Aunt Molly. But Aunt Molly's eyes were strange; their look came out of them and pushed Mary Alice's gaze down. She could not look at Aunt Molly. She turned the red ball over in her hand.

"Chaw it," said Aunt Molly. "Chaw it."

It was only to chaw; it was not something to eat. Mary Alice lifted it to her mouth, and then took it down and looked at it again. But it was not to eat. The screen door slammed, and she looked up guiltily.

"Mother, see!" she said. "See what Aunt Molly gave me! Mother, can I eat it? It's gum."

Mother looked at Aunt Molly. Aunt Molly stood up straight, and the sun-bonnet fell back; her face came out hard and bright, and she smiled at mother.

"Yes, Mary Alice," you may have it," said mother, and just as joy leaped in Mary Alice, mother's hand came down quickly and took the red ball. "After supper," she said.

Mary Alice looked up, protesting, and was struck silent. Something vast and terrible was there, in the air, invisible, coming out of the eyes of Aunt Molly and mother. Mary Alice's legs stumbled as mother led her by the hand into the house.

Mother sat down and took Mary Alice into her lap. She rocked her for a while and then said:

"Mary Alice, I promised you the gum, and mother always keeps her promises. The gum is yours. Will you give it to me for a pan of peanuts?"

Mary Alice thought. She thought of the red ball, how good it looked, and she thought of hot, crackling peanuts.

"A large pan?" she asked.

"The black baking pan," said mother.

"All right," said Mary Alice. Mother got the black baking pan and filled it with peanuts. She put the pan in the oven and shut the oven door. Then she went out. Mary Alice sat on a stool and waited. She looked at the sunshine on the floor and at the ironing board laid on the backs of the two chairs; she heard the piney woods whispering, and the safe sound of the teakettle. Now and then she sniffed. She smelled the peanuts. She smelled them very loud. She began to smell them anxiously; they smelled burning. She was trying to open the oven door when suddenly some one seized her. Mother had her tight; mother was shaking and sobbing and laughing, her face was wet and twisted against Mary Alice's. Mary Alice shrieked aloud and struggled, screaming.

Father came in, running, the hoe in his hand. Mother cried: "She died! She's dead!" and laughed horribly.

Father shook them both. "O my God! O my God! What is it?" he said. "Answer me!"

Mother stumbled across the floor, carrying Mary Alice to the doorway. Outside, on the stain of red mud, the Plymouth Rock hen lay dead with her head on.

"I threw it to her, and she swallowed it, and died," said mother.

And Mary Alice sincerely wept, because she had liked the hen, too. Father and mother comforted her, and talked over her head.

There was no supper that night. Mary Alice was given a piece of bread and butter, and she was not to be put to bed. Father had hitched up the horses, and they were going back to grandfather's. Trunks and boxes were packed and piled in the wagon, with the stove and table and chairs and the sacks of peanuts. As soon as it was dark they started.

The piney woods were shadowy in the moonlight and things without shapes moved through them; the horses' feet made dull thudding sounds and the wagon creaked, the harness jingled.

They had gone a long way, but Mary Alice was still awake when the horses shied and some one was holding on to the wheel and looking upward.

"Good-by!" Uncle Charley panted. "I just made it in time across the hill way. I thought I'd get there and fight 'em with you. But it's better for you this way. Don't stop. Keep going. They'll be at the house in half an hour. Good-by."

Mother leaned down to him. "Get in and come with us," she said. "Oh, Charley, how'll I ever stand it? We'll get you off, somehow, Charley. I can't go away and leave you here."

The piney woods were still, listening.

"God! Mary, I can't," Uncle Charley said. "You don't know her. She's got

me. She'd have the revenuers after me to-morrow. I—I 'ain't got the nerve, any more. You better hurry on. Good-by. I— Good-by, Mary!"

Then he was gone, and father put his arm around mother and clucked to the horses. Mary Alice thought at first that mother was crying, but she was not; she was quite still.

"Aren't we going to see Uncle Charley again?" Mary Alice asked.

"Hush, Mary Alice!" said father.

The piney woods were filled with strangeness; the gray, straight trunks moved stealthily, and the road was a glimmer that went out in darkness ahead. But Mary Alice slipped away from all vague wonderings into the cozi-ness of sleep.

IN APRIL

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WHAT is that sound I hear
At the green turn o' the year?—
That sound, as of clustering hosts
Of angels, or pale ghosts!

*It is the marching, in each meadow and pass,
Of the great congregation of the grass!*

What is that voice which sings
And a wild new message brings?—
That voice with its silver word:
None sweeter has mortal heard.

*It is the singing of a million songs
To shatter all the world's confusion and wrongs!*

What is that ache in my heart,
And why do the swift tears start
When beauty like this comes back
Down Time's immeasurable track?

*It is sharp joy, that ever is tinged with pain:
Like sun of gold, and then—the whispering rain!*



MRS. O'BRYAN'S PORCH OVERLOOKS A TANGLE OF FLOWERS

THE JOURNAL OF A MUD HOUSE

PART II

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

TESUQUE, June 29th.

SOME of the Southwestern native spirit has got into my blood. I should love to linger in the Santa Fe Plaza on a fine summer morning. Instead, I tie my horse at the corner of the Governor's Palace and hurry through the long brown colonnade. Not one look at the prehistoric pottery. José needs nails, locks for the doors, hinges. What a job it is to rebuild an adobe *casa*!

"*Buenos días, patrona!*"

No mistaking that voice. There in the middle of the blazing street, his thin legs astride a diminutive gray burro, sits Salomé, our neighbor of Tesuque, two pack animals laden with wood before him. He lifts his hat, his little brown face spread over with a grin at his hum-

ble mode of address. "*Patrona!*" I smell a rat. Salomé has thought better of his sulking. . . . Yes, he is asking me to allow him to cut our wood. And his son, Pedro, would be useful if we needed an extra workman.

"We'll think about it."

"*Esta bueno, patrona. Muy bien.*" So, grinning back at me, he ambles on to barter his wood for groceries, I suppose, on the other side of the Plaza.

This shady quadrangle—green space in a burnt land, spot to gossip and trade and watch the *muchachas* walk by—is a straight Spanish inheritance, and seems still to belong to Salomé and his kind. A vaguely cowboyish artist comes out of the New Museum as I pass. I suppose he thinks *he* owns the Plaza. A long row of Ford trucks parked in

front of the new movie theater (adobe towers can be overdone); of course, the confident American farmers think *they* are its lords and masters. But so far as I can see, every single Plaza bench is occupied by tawny furrowed persons who smell of a long, dusty road from a tawny furrowed cañon. Our Mexican neighbors of Tesuque never say, "I am going to town"; they always go "to the Plaza." I am just beginning to understand the symbolism, the lure it has kept from the pioneer days for the scattered ranches and villages of the Santa Fe region.

As I approach the Capital City Bank a wagon with a round canvas top like a plump white sausage drives up to the curb. On its seat two dark men in sombreros; behind, on a pile of alfalfa, a dark woman wearing over her head a black shawl with heavy knotted fringe. The woman climbs down, shakes out her purple-satin skirt, adjusts her shawl in the manner of Seville, and starts for the cathedral. One of the men descends also, lights a cigarette, looks easily about, spies a crony, and lounges with him to the Plaza bench, violently gestur-

ing. I'll walk by. . . . Yes, I guessed right! The word that resounds is "Bursum."

My politicians are the same type as the men Gertrude and I employ for the repairs to our mud house. Fifty years ago their grandfathers were peons, to all intents and purposes slaves of the big Spanish landowners of the old Territory. Yet now these humble descendants wield the controlling vote in New Mexico. It is fashionable to call them "a race in decay." If so, decadence does not imply subservience to the American or Spanish-American ranchers who have gradually replaced the Spanish overlords. That I have already discovered. I met a descendant of the Conquistadores last year who winced visibly at the word "Mexican" and called too often on the memory of his ancestors. The "dominant American" had trodden rather brutally on his toes. But I wonder whether the native culture of the peasant Spaniard has not been fortified rather than transformed by "American influences." Neither sagebrush nor piñon seems more tenacious. We note, to be sure, a few signs of mod-



MRS. O'BRYAN DRIVING HER HAY RAKE

ernism: Matias knows that New York is on the Atlantic Ocean; Josephine Alarid, our serving maid at our lodgings in town, would rather die than wear her mother's black shawl to mass, though it is wondrously becoming to her clear brown skin. But Salomé? I doubt if he is especially different from his great-grandfather. For instance, he builds a new well, but continues to dip water from the irrigation ditch for drinking.

And he calls no woman *patrona* in his heart. Isn't his adobe *casa* as good as or better than ours? And he has what we have not—a burro or two, several cows and pigs, some fields of alfalfa and chili, and a long, long hour, after he trades his wood, to discuss the disposition of his valuable vote in the Plaza of the state capital.

Reflections on the country and people string themselves along the six miles to Tesuque (Gertrude is carpenter hunting and I ride on ahead to see that José does not do irreparable harm to the living-room floor). An hour's solitary ride is a rather pleasant oasis in a day that begins and ends with the sociabilities of the Camino del Monte Sol, and continues through the midday heat with the acute conflicts of Tesuque building. It is impossible to describe the vortex of activity in which we are whirled from cockcrow to sunset. But here at least I can gather my thoughts—if the process

that goes on inside one's head to the jog trot of a horse, with the sun burning down on hard white road and piñon-dotted distance, can be called thought. About as intellectual as the purr of a cat behind the stove, this sense of physical well-being that fills me. Yet there is nothing really lulling and comatose about the New Mexico sun and heat. That's where the Southwest is different

from the South. One's senses are always keen, one's mind is always awake, thanks to the fillip of altitude in the air and the extraordinary stimulus that comes from mere vision.

Vision is never twice alike. To-day, as I reach the top of the rise that commands the vast view of the Rio Grande Valley, I seem to be looking down into a giant contour map—or perhaps from some high-poised planet into the mountains of the moon. These loose, sandy wastes were lifted, æons ago, into queer ridgy whorls by a titanic blast of wind, and then abandoned to silence



ALVINA AND LUCIANA READY
TO PLASTER

and immobility. . . . Yesterday the coloring was pure joyous color—yellow, red, purple, blue—no line, no detail. The day before it was all geometrical pattern—long horizontal sweeps of mesa, sharp slants of aspiring mountain, with nothing but cerulean space swimming between. To-morrow, every rock stratum, every flat roof, will stand out with microscopic clarity. No, the land is never twice alike

save in that magnitude and that majesty which give a stretch to the soul—or make it feel like a needle point in eternity. I can't be sure yet what the country does to my soul, but I know it keeps my eyes in such a state of bedazzlement that I have difficulty, once arrived at our devastated hilltop, in focusing them on a floor.

Here is a specimen of the conversation that ensues:

I: "José, that board is five inches short of the wall."

J. (*with a hen-pecked sigh*): "Pardner" (*he means my friend Gertrude*) "he not like knot holes."

I: "But you should save the boards with knot holes for the roof."

J. (*shrugging his shoulders*): "Matias he choose bad lumber."

I (*firmly*): "José, take up that board and use another."

J. (*bending his little black head crossly over the board and ripping it away so roughly that it splits in two*): "That fél-low" (*now he is trying to shift the blame to Steffanson, our late Swedish carpenter*) "he no sabe how lay two by four."

What is one to do with such a workman? All Latin peoples are not, alas! gifted for craftsmanship. Anything less like French technic than Mexican technic can hardly be imagined. Another window frame gauged during the time we spent at dinner at the Harshes' just now.

An excellent farmhouse dinner it was. Our sketchy and increasingly dusty lunches by the acequia are over and it

is a comfort to get away from repairs and Mexicans for an hour to the cool adobe in the apple orchard below. An adobe under a desert hill is capable, we discover, of having within an air of Middle Western comfort, even to polished oak and brass bedsteads.

The telephone rings while we are at table. Mrs. Harsh, a young woman still, dark, and burnt darker by the sun, jumps up to answer:

"Yes, it sure is. . . . No, I didn't get to go to town to-day. . . . Why, I use Swansdown for my cake. . . . Sure I'll give it to you—three cups of flour, four eggs . . ."

It seemed to me at first that farm life in the Southwest does not differ greatly from farm life in New England. Yet it differs in one essential at least. It is founded on hope, not on despair; on action, not on inhibition. No setting

your teeth to meet the hard and grim in Tesuque; the world looks sunny. The children's faces show it. Edith's—a lovely, fresh young face below a crown of brown-gold hair—somehow reveals that at nineteen she can fully and freely choose her woman's destiny in this underfeminized land. And fourteen-year-old Frank, without a complex to impede, wants, with an open-hearted smile, "to go East to college and be an engineer." His father and mother smile more soberly. They have neither of them seen the Atlantic or the Pacific.

Conversation is chiefly agricultural. Few apples this year. But the first cut-



THE WALL THAT BUCKLED

ting of alfalfa is just fine, and two more to come before summer ends.

"I have the water to-morrow," says the rancher, with satisfaction.

"But can't anyone draw on the irrigation ditch when he pleases?" asks Gertrude.

Far from it. "The water" so essential to all Southwestern farming is apportioned in turns by a potentate called the "*Mayordomo*"—a Mexican potentate whose decisions are not always popular with the "Americans."

"You'll meet him soon enough. A one-eyed fellow." Mr. Harsh finds Mexicans to be "folks you can get on with if you treat 'em right. No reason why they'd be your slaves." His wife joins in, "The people around here are all good people." I needn't be afraid to live alone when Gertrude goes. . . . This pair has a rare poise and kindness and a humorous tolerance of our tenderfootedness. They never offer a suggestion, but are ready with a generous and helpful one when we ask for it. Whatever our Mexican neighbors may prove, we are extraordinarily lucky in our American neighbors.

TESUQUE, July 2d.

We are cooking supper to-night on the ridge, over a fire built of odds and ends of lumber. It is a chore to get to the other side of Santa Fe in time for an evening meal after a day of Tesuque labors. We have tried every form of

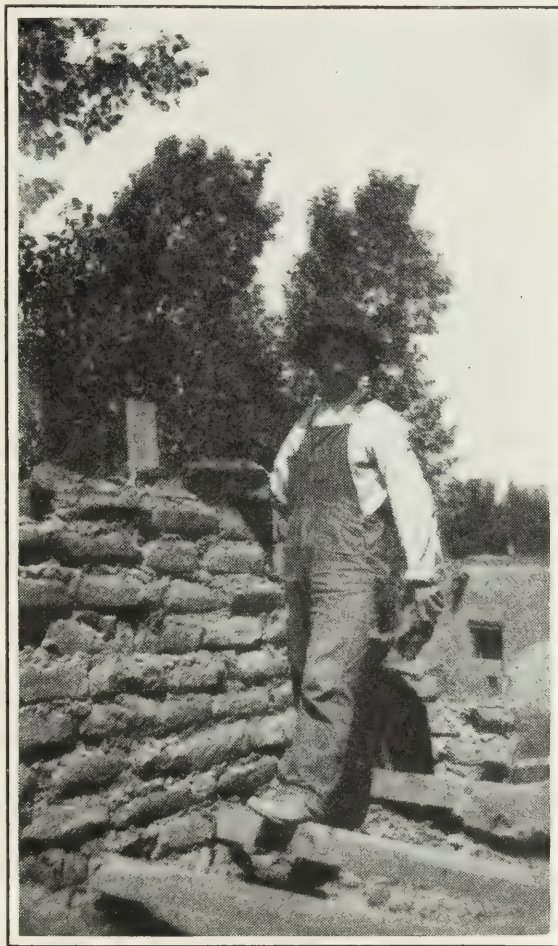
locomotion but walking, from Mr. Harsh's milk truck to José's old buggy. So we are delighted when the two friends who share our town *popotte* decide to ride out to join us instead, at the incomparable sunset hour.

Nan Mitchell gravitates naturally toward the view and the frying pan. She loves great spaces and, after her experience in Serbia and devastated France, has a tendency to do more than her

share of hard work. Katharine, the artist, is fascinated by the details of building and decoration; she moves instinctively toward our paint pots—not to mention our acequia, into which she plunges almost before she gets off "Old Blue." She chooses a secluded mint-bordered curve where nobody but one of the little Salomés, herding calves and cows down from the hills for the night, could be a witness. Katharine fits, as no other Easterner does, into the New Mexican scene. Her thin, sinewy figure, her fascinating little dark face, her mop of black bobbed hair,

her bright-colored clothes, might have a Spanish derivation. All the Mexicans adore her—even our neighbor readily lends a coffee pot at her behest. Even his snooping poodle licks her hand. She insists we misunderstand them both.

To-night we look with new feelings on the triangular field with the group of cottonwoods at its apex which stretches from the acequia back to Salomé's corral. It belongs by rights to this estate



DEMOLISHING THE KITCHEN WALL

and, in spite of excellent resolutions to get in no deeper, we have ended by buying it from Williams—"about an acre." We shall put in alfalfa, and maybe a corral at the far end for our horses.

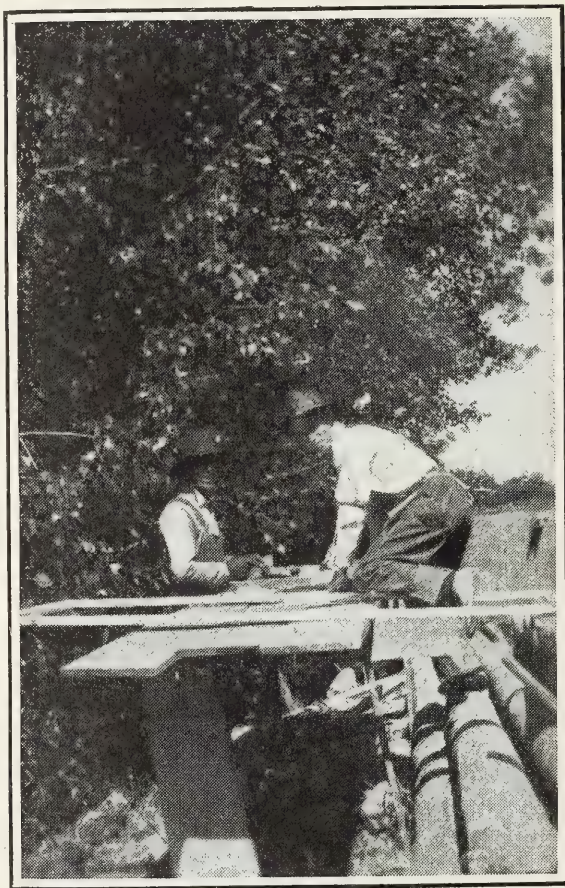
Of course, José's promises to finish up this week have come to naught. Floors done, window frames in, but still no sign of a kitchen. We have accepted as part of the Mexican genius that crookedness which Robert Edmond Jones put, from New Mexican inspiration, into the background of his *Macbeth*. Every one of the four doors in our living room is a different size and set at a different uneven angle. (The door into the dining room is so low that Gertrude gives her tall head a crack every time she goes through.) But we do somehow want the doors to *open* and the windows to *shut*! One of the troubles with José and Ramon is that they each have a secondary occupation—playing the fiddle and banjo at Mexican *bailes*. They can scarcely wait to start home an hour earlier on Saturday nights.

Just here, as I sat scribbling, there rode up beside me a black-visaged personage who proved to be the famous *Mayordomo*, Señor Francisco Jemenez. He had come to oversee, in relation to the ditch, certain constructions we are making, and he also wished, oh, fervently, to sell me his ragged sorrel pony. I agreed to try it, but that did not persuade him to leave. He just sat there, his large black orb wildly roving from

one to the other of these four ladies in riding breeches engaged in unknown rites. One thin one with a bright-red handkerchief tied over her hair, mixing blue calcimine. Two other tall and thin ones kneeling over a fire. And another, neither tall nor thin, writing in a book. Not till I gave him some oranges for his children did he leave, murmuring under his breath. Tesuque is used enough to American farmers' wives, but finds us a remarkable species.

RANCHO ESCONDIDO,
July 3d.

This is the first really peaceful day since we came to New Mexico. It was not intended to be such. After inconceivable efforts we made arrangements with one Jones, a carpenter, to break the Sabbath and the Fourth. Then Mrs. O'Bryan, the kindest of neighbors, who takes all our troubles on her shoulders (shoulders that look very slight and slender, yet lift a hundred-pound sack of grain like a strong man's), in-



A CARPENTER AT LAST

vited us to come out again to be near enough to oversee. But of course Jones did not turn up. So we had the luxury of wandering in the fields and orchards so beautifully tended by our friend herself. Here at last, and inside the house as well, is French technic! What a lunch she cooked, too! And then, in the hour of digestion, we sat in the cool porch that overlooks a tangle of flowers, listening to tales of the old days. Mrs. O'Bryan's is the sparkle of a spirit that laughs at itself, and her speech

is as piquant as the chili she puts in her rice.

Her son, a young engineer, here for the holiday, only half approves his mother's reversion to Southwestern type after many years in Paris. "She used to be the fussiest little dresser you ever saw," he lamented.

Her blue eyes danced. "Yes, I wouldn't go out till my veil was just so, if it took an hour, like any Parisian. And how many hats and sets of furs did I have when I came home? Well, I tell you, I sometimes wonder why I'm here. This week, now, when I was driving the hay rake and tramping down alfalfa on top of the wagon. Tramp, tramp and a shower of green. Tramp, tramp till I ached all over—and suddenly I asked myself what I was doing it *for*? Just to feed two little Mexican ponies I bought for twenty-five dollars apiece!"

All the same, the son is proud of his mother's masculine capacity, her fearlessness.

"You ought to see her shoot. The natives just stand around and gape when she takes her shotgun and brings down a chipmunk. That's the only reason I feel safe about her in this lonely place. They know she has a six-shooter under her pillow and won't hesitate to use it if anybody fails to state his business."

His mother said that she was brought up just like a boy with her brothers.

"Did I ever tell you how I shot a man when I was only twelve or thirteen? We

were living in Las Vegas at the time. There had been some trouble and all the young men were called out to patrol. My two brothers elected to go on duty the same night, leaving my mother and me alone in the house. My mother was a Southerner of the old school, you know. My father (he was pure Spanish) met her at St. Louis when he was sent there to the university. She couldn't for her life have handled a gun. So the boys

said, half in joke, 'If you hear anything, Mame, don't take any chances.' Well, I did hear something mighty suspicious"—and she went on to describe how, going into a dark room, she saw a man trying to force the window, and how she sat quietly in a chair, holding her gun until the right moment. . . . "We never knew how badly he was hurt. We found a trail of blood as far as the gate the next morning."

So the tales went on. It is not difficult for an Otero to go back to the days when life was really lightly held, when

great landowners had not only Spanish dependents, but "bought Indians," in their ranch houses. (So that, I reflected, is where the peasant Mexican got his reputed Indian strain.) As if to point the contrast, our hostess's "Cousin Manuel" just then appeared in his big car for a Sunday call. This large and genial gentleman is a combination of astute Republican leader and successful sheep rancher and looks no more Spanish than Mrs. O'Bryan herself. A child could discern that he is a typical West-



LOOKING ACROSS THE ACEQUIA AT
SALOMÉ'S WIFE AND ELDEST SON

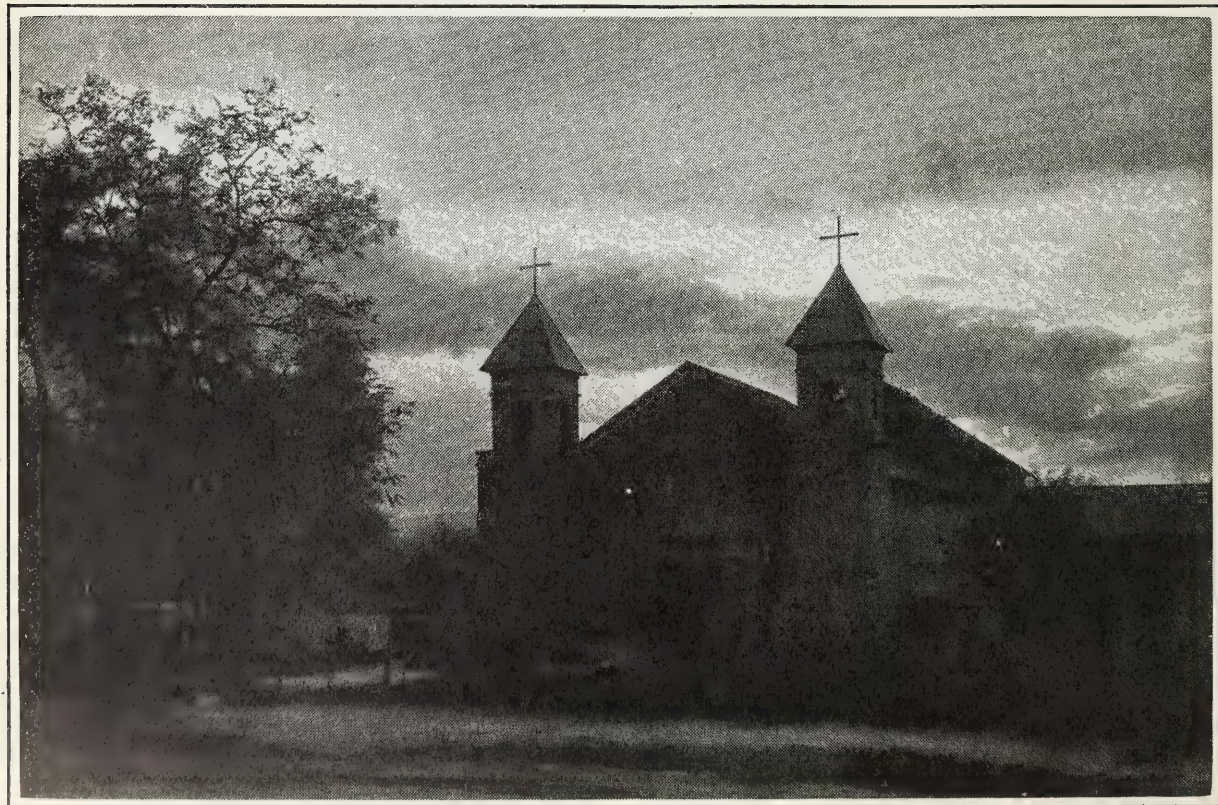
ern American, and it would be interesting to know by what process he has evolved from the Spanish grandee who drove in a coach and six and governed men and land with a high hand. It was during Mrs. O'Bryan's father's lifetime that the Santa Fe railroad came into the Territory—indeed, he had been instrumental in bringing it. Power seems to be something that hands itself down hereabouts; and one feels, both in our friend and her cousin, in their talk, manners, and looks, precisely that quality—hereditary power over the soil and the men of the soil, and a sense of personal stake in the larger governmental organism which, in this now very much modified "frontier," is still more closely involved with the soil than it is in the Eastern states.

TESUQUE, July 4th.

A new way to spend the Fourth—knocking adobe plaster off walls. José and Ramon had worked all day yesterday on the walls and we supposed them ready for the ministrations of

Señora Alvina Trujillo, who came bright and early from the house of the round tower to begin calcimining. But after dubious inspection she informed me in Spanish (she has no English) that the whole thing must be done over. The city *muchachos* had made a mess of it. I decided that she was probably right. So we armed ourselves with hatchets and knives and set to work pulling off old layers. Blue ones, pink ones, yellow ones, white ones! The natives calcimine at least once a year and plaster almost as often.

This afternoon, Alvina's sister, Luciana Sais, summoned from the village, has been here, and they are beginning to replaster. First they studied our various soils with expert attention, and chose the pink earth by the storehouse. They then mixed earth with water and attacked the job, throwing the liquid mud with a clever, strong flip of the wrist against the wall, smoothing it with a trowel, then spattering it with water and smoothing it again with the flat of the hand or a piece of sheepskin. They



Photograph by the School of American Research

are infinitely swifter and more skillful than the men, and it is pretty to watch the two—Alvina, stout and comfortable; Luciana, thin and gaunt, both very bright-eyed and Moorish-looking under the white towels that envelop their heads, chattering and spattering away from the tops of two ladders.

Gertrude arrived after lunch, full of her usual verve. Ducking out of the dining room, she inquired, pertinently: "What is José good for? Not for carpentry. Not even for the plastering that is supposed to be his trade! Can he build that kitchen wall?"

This job, the most considerable one of our undertaking, looms immediately ahead. And unfortunately we have had a heavy thundershower to suggest that the rainy season—accursed for adobe building—has begun.

July 6th.

Our hill is again alive with antlike activity. Inside the house Alvina and Luciana are calcimining at last. The kitchen wall is slowly rising—José and Ramon, full of charm and inefficiency, have demanded a second "helper," so Salomé's tall son Pedro is bringing up the hill the bricks that Hipolito is again gracious enough to haul and dump. Matias, assisted and encouraged by me—he needs the spur of constant admiration—is building a terrace back of the house with the stone left over from the kitchen foundation. Anastacio, the oven specialist, "helped" by Alvino, one of Hipolito's sons, is making bricks for the beehive *orno* with a funny little mold—they are quite a different shape from ordinary adobes. I seem to have met Anastacio's closed, square, subtle face before in some Spanish painting. Maybe it is the dark beard showing through that gives it distinction—distinction and more than a hint of guilt—whereas Alvino's plump red cheeks radiate all the Christian virtues. I am not surprised to hear that he used to be sacristan at the cathedral. But the climax of this long list is a *carpenter*, a shy little fellow

named Ortiz whom my energetic "partner," seeing her departure for the East rapidly approaching, plucked bodily off a Santa Fe roof and brought out in triumph in a taxi. He still has a dazed air.

Ortiz is to stay in Tesuque, so—as relations had recently been very good—I crossed the acequia to give our neighbor the first chance of a boarder. Salomé told me, with his irritating grin, that the price would be three dollars per day. So I recrossed the acequia and handed Ortiz over to Anastacio at seventy-five cents.

TESUQUE, July 8th.

At last I can date my journal Tesuque and mean it. For we are here, bag and baggage; ever so much more of both than we wanted, it seemed, when we came to pack it into Tom's truck amid the flattering lamentations of the Alarids. The señora, the señor, our Josephine and the other six children, Fido, Queenie, dear old grandfather Lobato, and the large family of flies that had established itself in our kitchen, buzzed about us as we labored. But for these last I should be a bit homesick to-night; the charming little orchard of the Camino del Monte Sol, the insalubrious well, the sociable *popotte*, have a halolike radiance as they recede. What in the world shall we do without Gormly's store around the corner? What shall we do without the *Fanciulla del Ouest*?

Tesuque goes to bed early. From our knoll at nine o'clock I see no lighted window, smell no cedar incense. Under the brilliance of the stars Salomé's house makes a dark, unfriendly bulk. The black dog, no cousin of Queenie's, growls from some distant lair.

It is no more cheering indoors—less so. In the sputter of two candles (no kerosene yet) this precious *casa* of ours looks exactly like a stage hovel. The bedroom is a beautiful Mexican blue, the living room is a peerless white, but both are piled high with furniture,

trunks, barrels, boxes of groceries, pots, and pans. The kitchen is still unfinished and the dining room full of tools, putty, paint, lumber. . . .

"What's that?" asks Gertrude (we are both on our cots now, she reading, I writing) as a forlorn wail echoes from the mountains.

"Coyotes."

"Did the kitchen wall look out of plumb to you?" I ask, with some anxiety, after a long silence.

"No," answers my "pardner," firmly—she always suspects me of looking on the dark side—"just irregularity in the bricks."

"What's that?"

This time I am the inquirer. Certainly there is a very queer scratching very close to the house.

"You're nervous," exults Gertrude, sleepily. "You'll never stay here alone." But later, after the candle is out, from the other cot, "What's that?"

A queer, sharp little patter like hail falling into the room. Feeling it on my face, I scratch a match in haste. It is gravel, dropping from the *vigas*. So that is why the Alarids envelop their beams in cheesecloth!

July 9th.

Tragedy. The kitchen wall has buckled.

I got up early and went up on the knoll and my heart sank several thousand feet. The walls of the new room were unmistakably bulging. Gertrude, dragged from her bed, would scarcely agree. The human eye, she remarked, is deceitful. Then the Tesuque workmen arrived, stood about staring and whispering—half pleased, I fear, at our betrayal by the Santa Fe *muchacho*. At last Anastacio approached with his dark, overt air. He had known all along; this, that, the other had been wrong. The whole must come down. . . .

Mr. Harsh having confirmed this judgment, even Gertrude is convinced. The kitchen and its builders must be scrapped.

José and Ramon are so humiliated in the eyes of their peers that, in spite of the loss they have caused us, I can't help feeling sorry for them. Ramon bluffs it out with a foolish smile, but José stalks about blacker than night, muttering. For ourselves, we have again discovered something that cuts deeper than José's ignorance—our own. Adobe houses may look as if built out of a child's blocks, but it takes the hand of experience to pile them.

Evening.

We have been down to the village, and the mere sight of the long, low houses, the feathery tamarisk trees, the female figures with white cloths on their heads standing out against the sunset, has soothed our sore feelings. In Tesuque, few flowers, no bright paint; dark-gray adobe, white trimmings, an irregular village outline straggling over a series of bleak ridges under a pinnacle hill with a cross. It has a sort of ascetic pathos and simplicity that suggests Palestine—even to the rough little corrals where cows and burros stand ruminative in the twilight, as if translated from pictures of the Nativity.

Our object was to find one Timoteo Griego, Anastacio's brother, who is reported to be an excellent adobe man. A slender fellow whom we accosted at the bridge proved to be Tim himself. He must have been a great buck at twenty. He is perhaps thirty-five now and has a mouthful of gold teeth that sparkle as he talks and seem somehow to impede his English. But he inspires confidence. He is very busy with his own roof. . . . Solicited to work in all directions, too. . . . He is an expert well doctor and digger. Still . . . he would like to help two ladies. . . .

"I hear you're a Democrat, Tim," says Gertrude, with her most beguiling warmth. "So am I."

Tim beams now with every tooth in his head. The Republicans may be all right in other places, he explains, but here . . . Anyhow, to-morrow being

Sunday, he'll look at that kitchen and put Gertrude on the trail to Cowles. My friend is casting off her burdens and riding into the mountains with Nan Mitchell. If Timoteo doesn't come back won to our cause, her record in the A. E. F. will be disproved.

Alone in the *casa* to-night. But all the strangeness is gone. I think of Gertrude up there under the pine forest without envy. It is utterly satisfying to be here on this terrace, learning the chirping note of Tesuque crickets; recognizing the rustle of Salomé's hungry poodle in the bushes; taking my fill of the Southwestern night sky, till I seem to be actually swimming in deep bright blue—blue pools sparkling with phosphorescence; still blue pools reflecting the stars of some yet more distant crystal heaven. I wonder whether my maternal uncle, who went to old Mexico as a young man and stayed seven years, used to look on such a sky and say, "This is why I left New England." Queer that people so devoted to family furniture and stone walls should have our tendency to migrate. My grandfather paid dear for his migration. On the California ranch where he established himself after the Civil War he was—as my aunt solemnly warned me on the eve of my departure—"murdered by a Mexican."

Two oblong yellow windows in the village to-night. And concealed in the warm dark air is a voice about the age of Matias's or Ramon's, singing a Mexican love song. Each verse begins gentle, imploring, but ends with a change of key that stabs like a knife. Something of this sort:

Sweet, my sweet, Lalia, my sad,
A kiss, give a kiss to your Mexican lad.
Your kiss would crumble the mud of a wall.
Curse my girl, she's a cactus, her lips are
like gall.

Curse my girl—as I listen to the queer threat in the melody, I think of the story Frank told to-day at dinner. When

quite a little boy at the district school in another part of the state he saw one of the older Mexican boys go up to a pretty *muchacha* walking to school with two girl friends.

"Maria, will you marry me?"

"No," she answered, laughing. Whereupon the suitor pulled out a pistol, shot her in the heart, and then killed himself in the road in the midst of the shrieking children.

July 15th.

Each week brings a new vicissitude. The Acequia Madre went dry just as Timoteo had agreed to make our kitchen safe for democracy. Adobe bricks cannot be laid in the wall without mud mortar mixed with water—so the kitchen had to wait. It seems a little odd to the tenderfoot that when the heavens are streaming (so much so that we nearly lost those same bricks by disintegration) the ditch should be empty. The floods that come down from the mountains are precisely the reason—they wash out the channel that leads the water from the mountain stream into the acequia. So Tim had to wait until all the male population of Tesuque had been called out by the *Mayordomo* to repair damages.

Now we have a good, strong Democratic wall (built in two days, whereas José spent five on his failure). The roof and floor must wait until next week, for to-morrow is Gertrude's last chance to collect data in regard to the Indians. There is supposed to be a dance at San Ildefonso and we have long planned a week-end ride to the pueblo with our two friends.

MISS TRUE'S RANCH, July 16th.

The shade of this apple orchard seems like the green gloom of the bottom of the ocean, after the glare of the desert roads. Extraordinarily delicious! Our blankets and packs are scattered under the trees among the hollyhocks. Mrs. Thompson, the wife of Miss True's "rancher," whom we found occupying one end of the long adobe farmhouse, would have unlocked the main house for our benefit

in Miss True's lamented absence, but we insist we are going to sleep outdoors. The racy Mrs. Thompson and her sister, a little, brown wrinkled person (they both suggest "Westerners" in a Bernard Shaw play), are all in a twitter at our unexpected arrival, combined with the odd determination of my three friends to have a swim in the Rio Grande. I could not for my soul have "made" that quarter of a mile down to the river. Thirty-five miles with no training but a few jog trots in and out of Santa Fe.

My bones may be weary, but I feel recreated by the beauty my eyes have seen—and amazed that I have actually crossed the wide space between the two great mountain ranges which make the boundaries of my daily panorama. Miss True's ranch lies as close to the one as our little adobe to the other. So the Jemez, which usually tower as the blue ethereal back-drop to our view, are now reduced to a series of strange, gray-white cliffs with flat tops; whereas the red foothills of the Sangre de Cristo have leaped heavenward into a lofty, jagged line of peaks. I am amazed, too, that I have actually done the thing I have so long dreamed of doing—forded the Rio Grande just beyond that most romantic of landmarks, the Black Mesa.

The square, velvety mass looks from our knoll almost due north. But, of course, we could make no bee line for our objective, the Indian village which lies at its base. We had to follow the meanderings of the Española road—or call it the Taos road—the single, hard, white highway that leads north from Santa Fe and out through the narrow arm of the Tesuque Valley into the wider valley of the Rio Grande. Gertrude and I had been over it before by motor in early spring. But how little one knows New Mexico till one travels it on horseback in summer! Some one gave me, as a child, a "Curtis" photograph of a vast cañon with high rock walls in which are lost a few pygmies on horseback. Well, I have felt all day like

one of those pygmies. In this part of New Mexico one always seems to be traveling in a cañon, great or small. Even the Rio Grande Valley is a larger cañon between two mountain ranges. But what no photograph can render—and will any canvas ever render it, though this is a painters' country?—is the brilliance of the colored spaciousness one moves in, the strength of the land which, as soon as one has reached any sort of vantage point, reveals to the eye its hard, bony structure, its sandy muscles.

To-day, by the time we had got out of the cultivated valley bottom to the place where Tom, the taxi man, points out the "Camel," and Greek and Egyptian temples pile themselves up in golden sand, at least six thundershowers were blackening six quarters of the heavens, and lightning was flashing up in broken perpendiculars, as the guns used to flash on the western front. But these fireworks were ten, twenty, fifty miles away, and the Liliputian riders progressed in a glare of sun, in a blazing silence shattered only by the jolly hoofs of "Buck" and "Billy" and "Blue" and Demecio Griego's Mexican "race horse."

It was borne in on us, as we paused at the Pojoaque corner for some "soft drinks" which the Mexican storekeeper fished out of his well, that there could be no dance going on—nobody on the way. But what did we care? In our vast desert ride we had passed no houses since we left Tesuque, save one village just the color of the sand. But the road into which we now turned had the quality the French call *intime*; it was friendly; it was bordered with gay little Mexican houses with colored inset *portales*, and woodwork painted green and orange and blue, and dooryards full of dahlias and hollyhocks. Great box-elder trees made patches of black shade on the white road. Lush fields of intense green corn stretched toward the legendary slopes of the Black Mesa, the red-gold river, and the purple peaks beyond. We had come down two thousand feet since

we left home, and our horses, taking a deep breath of valley freshness, started on a gallop for the pueblo.

As we rode into the big, oblong plaza, built about with a continuous row of one- and two-story adobes, the village seemed dozing a brown, Egyptian sleep. The cottonwoods made a tattered, wavering pattern on the plaza's yellow floor. No sign of dancers around the *kiva*.

"Let's look for Alfonso, first," said Katharine, dismounting.

Alfonso is an artist, a remarkable artist, though untaught—*because* untaught, the Hendersons would say. His traditional dance pictures were by far the most interesting things at the Independent Show in New York last winter. Alfonso's mother met us at the door and, recognizing our painter as a friend, with smiles and broken Spanish led us into her clean, empty interior. A long adobe bench built into the whitewashed wall, a few pottery jars and bowls of meal and water, a string of gorgeous blankets hanging on a rope stretched under the *vigas*: it was the typical Pueblo house and in it the typical thick-set Pueblo woman with her broad, red-brown face, her bobbed black hair, short, shiftlike dress, high white buckskin boots, red-and-green woven belt, and silver chains.

But Alfonso had gone to the Santa Fe Museum. So Katharine proposed that we go on and see Julian and Marie. Marie is the best pottery maker of the Rio Grande region. And while she was displaying her beautiful black *ollas*, the strong-featured Julian saddled his horse and pulled his gray sombrero with its band of silver buttons over his two long braids of black hair.

"*Mucho* quicksand," he said. "I show you the ford."

Julian is a famous eagle dancer, and as he rode ahead of us between high rows of tasseled corn, and swam his little black pony across the treacherous currents, the supple strength of his muscles showed through the billowing of his gaudy plaid shirt, through the thin blue cotton that covered his lithe, straight

thighs. How he seemed to "belong" to the dramatic cliffs that rose ahead, the region described in archaeological treatises as the Pajarito Plateau! The plateau, we knew, lay at the top of those whity-gray cliffs, and above it rose other cliffs, pinkish yellow, where the ancient people carved their dwellings. Gertrude and I began to recall our visit to the Rito de Los Frijoles a few miles to the south. And the last time we approached this ranch was after a visit to the Puyé, a few miles up the river—with Tom to introduce us.

"You got to know Dame True," Tom had said. "She used to be Indian teacher at Santa Clara, and, my! she knows more about the Pueblo Indians than all the rest of 'em put together!"

Tom was certainly right. But tonight, alas! there are to be no stories. Miss True, like Alfonso, has gone to Santa Fe.

I see my friends coming back from the river, waving their towels.

"We've found a perfect haystack where we are going to sleep in the moonlight," calls Gertrude.

And then the voice of Mrs. Thompson: "Ready for supper, girls?" To her sister in the kitchen: "Go ahead, Marge. I guess I got 'em all bunched now."

ESPAÑOLA, July 17th.

Sunday dinner, followed by a siesta in the Española hotel. Our moonlight night on the alfalfa stack was so inspiring that, instead of returning as we came, we are continuing the much longer road on the western side of the Rio Grande through Santa Clara pueblo to this "Western movie town"—that is Alice Corbin's phrase—and then back to Tesuque through the exquisite Santa Cruz.

We had our Indian stories, after all, because Miss True's mother suddenly appeared like a prophetess from the cottage in the field beyond the ranch house where she chooses to live all alone. She is a very tall, thin, commanding old lady

with parted white hair and eyes that flame in deep sockets when she talks of Indian wrongs. I called her a prophetess—I think she is like a figure in Greek tragedy. If I ever write a symbolic play of New Mexico she will be the leader of the chorus. The Indians of Santa Clara, where her daughter was so long a teacher, flock to consult her ancient wisdom “every Sunday of the world,” as she said. I could myself listen spell-bound for a year.

She suggested to Nan Mitchell and me a plan to ride up Santa Clara Cañon and over the divide into the Zuñi country, with Gertrude's and my ancient friend, Santiago, for guide. We have been consulting the old chief about it this morning. He and his pueblo again wove the same spell of incantation over our spirits that made us captive last year; it is a sort of pastoral spell. For the village spreads out at the edges into wattled corrals huddled full of goats and sheep, and beyond that again into green fields that look down on the Rio Grande. No single big plaza here; the one-story houses are built about a series of tiny barren squares always full of women baking in the beehive ovens, or burning in smoldering fires the black pottery for which Santa Clara is famous. A silent little church faces the whole purple length of the Sangre de Cristo.

As for Santiago, not even the beaver skins twisted about the two braids of white hair that frame his twinkling old face have changed. To be sure, he is no longer Governor. His blue room looks a little sad without the two ebony-and-silver canes that are the badges of the

Governor's office—one presented by the Spanish Crown, one by no other than Abraham Lincoln. But there was still a ring of gubernatorial magnificence in Santiago's parting “*Adios, amigas.*”

TESUQUE, July 18th.

Back on the job more dead than alive after an interminable ride home in the thunderous dark. The moon played us false, and we had lingered overlong to enjoy the flowery lanes behind Santa Cruz's seventeenth-century mission church.

This is one of the real treasures of the Southwest, not to say of the United States. Of course one reason we found it so beautiful and moving is that the fine white spaces under the carved *vigas*, the painted altars and frescoed chapels, the strange, tortured brown *Cristos* and stranger *santos* in pink ballet skirts are no curiosity for tourists as are the California missions—indeed, few tourists know of their existence—but the center of an ardent religious life. The æsthete who wanders in will recognize Spanish influence transposed to a primitive region, Spanish traditional art handed on through the brains of priests to naïve native craftsmen. But Salomé and the politicians from the tawny cañons tie their wagons at the gate and walk in, hat in hand, to kneel and pray.

Gertrude leaves in three days! Unbelievable and desperate thought! If we lived in a vortex before, it is a very cyclone of activity that now hurls us—with a train of brown men following after—from kitchen to corral.

(To be continued)

THE INTIMATE STRANGERS

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS—ACT I

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

SCENE.—The waiting-room of a small railway station at a desolate country junction. Night.

The station master, muddy and carrying a lantern, comes in from the darkness outdoors and winds a clock upon the wall; at this there is the sound of an annoyed yawn from the apparently empty benches. A man has been lying at full length on one of the benches, but now he slowly "sits up."

He is "somewhere in the late thirties or early forties," but not yet "well-preserved." People of sixty would speak of him as "a young man"; people of sixteen would of course think him of an advanced age. He is urban, intelligent-looking—a "man of the world"; very "attractive." His clothes are of an imported texture, pleasant for travel, and he wears a soft hat and a light-weight overcoat. His name is Ames.

The station master, having wound the clock, looks at him.

STATION MASTER (*casually*).—Been asleep, I expect.

AMES (*passing a gloved hand over his eyes*).—I have not. (*He looks at the STATION MASTER drowsily.*) You aren't the same one, are you.

[*He states this as an interesting discovery; it is not a question.*]

STATION MASTER.—I'm not the same one *what*?

AMES.—You aren't the same station master that was here this afternoon.

STATION MASTER.—*He ain't* no station master; he's my brother-in-law.

AMES.—Oh!

STATION MASTER.—He jes' spelled me to-day; I was teamin'.

AMES.—I *thought* he seemed to be an amateur.

STATION MASTER.—How?

[*He means, "What did you say?"*]

AMES.—He seemed bashful. About giving any information, I mean.

STATION MASTER.—Well, right to-night I ain't much better, myself. The wires are all down after them storms; the bridge at Millersville's washed out on one road and they was a big freight smash on the other one. My brother-in-law says he told you that much.

AMES.—Yes. He also told me there was absolutely no food in this neighborhood.

STATION MASTER.—He was right. They ain't.

AMES.—But my Lord! the people in this neighborhood have to live on *something*!

STATION MASTER.—Ain't no people in this neighborhood 'cept me and my brother-in-law's fam'lies. . . . Well, waitin' fer trains does git people kind of pettish with each other. I notice your wife's still a-settin' on that baggage truck out yonder.

AMES.—She isn't my wife!

STATION MASTER.—Oh! Your lady, I mean. She's still settin' out yonder, I see.

AMES.—She isn't my lady.

STATION MASTER.—Well, excuse me. My brother-in-law, he took her and you for married. He told me you and her had kind of a spat, jest before he left here this evenin'. But of course a man's got a right to quarrel with other women's well's his wife.

AMES (*slightly annoyed with himself for being annoyed by this report of the STATION MASTER's brother-in-law*).—The—ah—lady and I were hardly—ah—quar-

reling. I never saw her before I got on the train this morning.

STATION MASTER.—Well, that often happens. I've knowed plenty of perfectly respectable people to do it, too. You might say it's nature.

AMES.—What is?

STATION MASTER.—Why, fer strange couples to git to talkin' to each other—and all so on—on a train.

AMES.—I didn't speak to this lady on the train. In fact, we didn't speak to each other till we'd been moping about this God-forsaken station for an hour. Then, as there wasn't anything else in the world in sight but mud—and your brother-in-law—and she didn't need to guess very hard to guess I was hungry—she offered to share her lunch basket with me, and we naturally got to talking.

STATION MASTER.—Well, sir, a person can git mighty well acquainted with anybody in about ten hours' talkin'.

AMES (*crossly*).—We haven't been talking for the last two hours.

STATION MASTER.—Well, sir, I sh'd think she'd be chilly out there by this time, though. Where's she bound fer?

AMES.—I think she said a station about thirty or forty miles from here—Amity.

STATION MASTER.—Amity? She's worse off 'n what *you* are!

AMES.—No; that's impossible!

STATION MASTER.—Amity's on the branch line. Everything's blowed to hell down that way; creeks over the rails and all.

AMES.—Isn't there *any* way of getting a motor car?

STATION MASTER.—Not with the telephone lines down like they are. I don't reckon no car could git through these roads, neither.

AMES (*gloomily*).—Yes, so your brother-in-law said. (*A clicking is heard in the other room.*) Isn't that your telegraph instrument?

STATION MASTER.—So 'tis. That means they got the wire up again at Logan's station. Well, *now* we'll see what's what, mebbe!

[*He goes into the other room.* AMES goes to the outer door and again speaks to an invisible person upon the station platform.

AMES.—I think you'd better come in now, Miss Stuart. (*In response, a thrillingly lovely voice is heard, though the words are not discernible. However, what MISS STUART says is, "I'm quite comfortable here, thank you."*) I really think you'd better come in. There may be some news of your train—or mine!

[*This seems to mean more to MISS STUART than his previous appeal. Her voice is heard again, "Oh!" She is evidently approaching.*

AMES.—That's better. Do come in and be sensible.

[*Her voice is heard once more before she appears. A faint amusement and protest are audible in it: "Sensible? My dear sir!" He holds the door open for her as she appears and comes down. Then he follows. She is of a lovely and charming presence; one is aware of that instantly, though she is muffled in furs and veil; and one becomes even more aware of it as she pushes up the veil from her face.*

MISS STUART.—My dear sir, I think maybe I could be more sensible if the news turns out to be of my train. Could you stand its being about my train instead of yours, Mr. Ames?

AMES (*a little stiffly*).—If mine came first you'd be relieved of *me*.

MISS STUART.—Yes; so I should. (*She lifts the lid of lunch basket upon a bench.*) Oh, you haven't eaten the sandwich—nor the egg, either!

AMES.—Certainly not.

MISS STUART (*lifting a hard-boiled egg from the basket daintily, in a gloved hand*).—Didn't you even nibble it?

AMES.—I did not.

MISS STUART.—Are you sure?

AMES (*indignantly*).—I'm not in the habit of "nibbling" things.

MISS STUART.—You're *sure*? I knew a bishop once who used to steal little bits of icing off of icing cakes. He'd slip out in the kitchen on baking days when

no one was looking—and then he'd deny it!

AMES.—I'm not a bishop, please.

MISS STUART.—How could I tell? I've only known you (*she glances at the clock*) ten hours and thirty-some minutes, and this is the first time you've mentioned that you're not a bishop. Why didn't you eat this egg?

AMES.—You know perfectly well why I didn't.

MISS STUART.—But I thought you would if I left you alone with it. I've left you alone with it on purpose—two hours. I'm afraid you're stubborn.

AMES.—*More personalities?*

MISS STUART.—Well, isn't a question of what one eats necessarily rather personal?

AMES.—I think you made it personal when you lost your temper.

MISS STUART.—When I lost *my* temper? Oh, oh!

AMES.—But you did! You lost your temper and declined to sit in the same room with me. Rather than do that you went out in the night air and sat two hours on a baggage truck!

MISS STUART.—Please listen, Mr. Ames—Your name *is* Ames, isn't it?

AMES.—You seemed to have no doubt of it before you lost your—

MISS STUART.—Mr. Ames, let's put it this way: I lost—*your* temper. As for me, it seems at least you ought to distinguish between a loss of temper and a sense of injury.

AMES.—Yes, I had the sense of injury.

MISS STUART.—When we found there was only one egg and one sandwich left for dinner, and no other food in reach, I said—

AMES.—You distinctly said it wouldn't be enough for two.

MISS STUART.—Yes. That's what I "distinctly" said. It really isn't enough for one, is it?

AMES.—Need I explain again, I had no intention of asking to share it with you?

MISS STUART.—No. Don't explain again. When I said there wasn't enough for two I meant—

AMES.—It was yours, and you meant you wanted it all, naturally.

MISS STUART (*indignantly*).—Oh!

AMES.—What I minded was your thinking I expected any of it.

MISS STUART.—When I said there wasn't enough for two I meant I expected to eat *all* of it, did I?

AMES.—Why, of course.

MISS STUART.—Now, before I go out for two hours more on the baggage truck, will you please ask that man if there is any news of my train?

AMES.—Certainly.

MISS STUART.—Thank you.

AMES.—Don't mention it.

AMES (*calling into the other room*).—What do they wire you about?

STATION MASTER.—Nothin' yet about no passenger traffic.

MISS STUART.—Oh! (*She sighs with exasperation.*) You said there was news.

AMES.—There will be in a few minutes, now the wire's working.

MISS STUART.—Well, do you still pretend not to understand?

AMES.—Understand what?

MISS STUART.—That of *course* I meant men need more sustenance than women, and of *course* when I said there wasn't enough food for two I meant I didn't want *any*—that is, I did want it, certainly, but I wouldn't touch it because—because you're a man and ought to have it all.

AMES (*in an earnestly interested voice*).—Do you honestly mean that?

MISS STUART.—Why, of course!

AMES.—Are you serious?

MISS STUART.—Why, of *course* I'm serious.

AMES.—You really wanted me to eat it *all*?

MISS STUART.—Certainly.

AMES (*remorsefully*).—I thought you were warning me your hospitality was over when it came to one egg and one sandwich.

MISS STUART (*glancing at the clock*).—Ten hours and thirty-seven minutes. You certainly ought to know me well enough to understand better than that!

AMES.—You honestly mean I ought to eat it all because I'm a man.

MISS STUART.—Of course. It hurts a man a great deal more not to indulge himself than it does a woman. When there's only a little of anything, it ought always to be given to the man.

AMES.—Because he's the more selfish?

MISS STUART.—No. Because he has to have his strength. A woman can live "on her nerves."

AMES.—So you think the woman ought to give up the food to the man?

MISS STUART.—I think she'd better! If she didn't she might be mistreated!

AMES.—So! Her unselfishness is only self-preservation, is it?

MISS STUART (*with a twinkle*).—No. She wants to preserve them both. If the Indians come the man will have to do most of the fighting; if the waters rise he'll have to build a raft. If it gets *very* chilly (*she glances at the stove*) he'll have to build a fire.

AMES.—It is chilly. I wonder— (*He rises and goes to the door of the other room.*) How about a fire in that stove?

STATION MASTER.—It's fixed if you want to light it.

AMES.—All right.

[*He produces a match, which he lights and places within the door of the stove.*]

MISS STUART.—It is a new experience. [*She loosens her furs as the glow grows stronger from the stove.*]

AMES.—My lighting a fire for you?

MISS STUART (*indicating the lunch basket*).—No. To see a man making such a fuss about eating when he's starving.

AMES (*returning to her, he smiles*).—Suppose we divide it.

MISS STUART.—You might have thought of that before!

AMES.—I might? Why, it was you that said—

MISS STUART.—Have you a pocket knife—with a very clean blade? (*He hands his knife to her with a blade open.*) Yes, I thought you looked like a man who would have. I'll do the dividing and you'll do the choosing. (*He sits beside*

her on the bench while she cuts the egg so that the two parts are anything but equal; the smaller part is about a fifth of the egg. She cuts the sandwich in the same way.) There! Choose.

AMES.—Thanks.

[*He takes the small bit of egg and the tiny fragment of the sandwich.*]

MISS STUART.—Well, eat them.

[*Meanwhile she is cutting the egg and the sandwich again.*]

AMES (*as he swallows the two small bits together*).—Thanks. Aren't you—

MISS STUART.—Oh yes, I'm only— (*She offers the newly divided portions.*) Here.

AMES.—Oh no. I've had my share.

MISS STUART.—That was a test, to see how you'd choose. Now it's a fair division.

AMES.—No. I really—

[*He takes off his overcoat and sits on the bench near her.*]

MISS STUART.—Don't let's be ridiculous any more. I imagine neither of us has much right to behave like a child of ten—or nineteen, for that matter. Here!

[*She insists upon his taking what she offers.*]

AMES.—It doesn't seem fair. (*He accepts and eats.*) Murder! but I'm hungry!

MISS STUART.—And there's still some coffee in the thermos. Didn't you know it?

[*She pours it into the cap cup of the bottle as she speaks, turning the bottle upside down to get the last.*]

AMES.—No! Is there some coffee left? My, my! (*She puts the cup in his hand.*) Coffee!

MISS STUART.—Yes, that is lucky! (*She puts the remaining bit of egg upon the remaining bit of sandwich.*) Here, this is yours, too, to go with the coffee. Eat it! (*He does so before he thinks.*) That's it!

AMES.—Oh, lovely! A whole mouthful at once! (*He finishes the coffee in a gulp, then starts.*) That was yours!

MISS STUART.—No, no, it wasn't.

AMES.—Why, it was! Have you given

me all the coffee, too? (*He shakes the thermos bottle and turns it upside down.*) Well, by George! Did you do that to escape mistreatment?

MISS STUART.—No. It was just the way I was brought up.

AMES.—You were brought up to make a man be selfish?

MISS STUART.—About food and when he thinks he's sick, yes. That was the old-fashioned way of bringing girls up, wasn't it?

AMES.—I thought that went out a long time ago.

MISS STUART.—It prevailed in my girlhood, you see.

AMES (*seriously, quickly*).—Well, that couldn't have been very long ago.

MISS STUART.—No? Hasn't the Station Master any news for us yet? [*The STATION MASTER answers for himself. He comes in as she speaks, carrying his lantern and a bucket of coal.*]

STATION MASTER.—You won't git no train fer Amity to-night.

MISS STUART.—Not to-night!

STATION MASTER.—No'm; an' so fur as I know, not before noon, or mebbe three, four, five o'clock in the afternoon to-morrow.

MISS STUART (*weakly*).—Will there be any food in this part of America to-morrow?

STATION MASTER (*pouring some coal into the stove*).—Not as I know of now.

MISS STUART.—Good gracious!

AMES (*huskily*).—How about my train?

STATION MASTER.—Number Twenty-one? If she don't git no later, she'll be due by eight or nine in the morning. (*Buttoning his overcoat and moving to the outer door*).—They's more coal in yonder, if you need it.

MISS STUART (*looking at him incredulously*).—Where are you going?

STATION MASTER.—Me? I'm goin' home to bed.

MISS STUART.—You are?

STATION MASTER.—Yes'm. I got to sleep same as anybody.

AMES.—What? Why, you can't.

STATION MASTER.—Why, I 'ain't got anything more to do around here till Twenty-one's due. I'll be back by seven-thirty in the morning, though.

AMES.—But this lady! Where's she going to sleep?

STATION MASTER.—I couldn't tell you.

AMES.—What about your house? Can't she . . .

STATION MASTER.—In the first place, how would she git through the mud?

[*Shows his boots, dried mud to the knee.*]

AMES.—Why—why, we could take her on the baggage truck.

MISS STUART.—No, thank you.

STATION MASTER.—No room fer her if she got there. No way to make none, either.

AMES.—What about your brother-in-law's house?

STATION MASTER.—'Bout same as me. Him and his wife and two childern's in one room and the other five childern's in the other.

MISS STUART.—No, thank you.

AMES.—Well, but, good heavens!

MISS STUART.—Never mind. It's all right.

AMES (*to the STATION MASTER*).—Well, but look here—

STATION MASTER.—Good night, lady! [*He goes out briskly.*]

AMES.—Well, good heavens—! (*He steps out and calls after the STATION MASTER.*) Listen—you! See here!

STATION MASTER (*outside*).—Good night!

AMES.—But see here—

[*There is no response, and after a few moments AMES closes the door, much disturbed. MISS STUART laughs faintly.*]

MISS STUART.—Don't worry about me; I'm an old traveler. We can be comfortable enough; it is warm now!

AMES.—I'll—I'll go take a nap—later—out there on the baggage truck.

MISS STUART.—How absurd! I nearly froze out there.

AMES.—But what's to be done?

MISS STUART.—Nothing. When rail-

roads break down, passengers can't travel, can they?

AMES.—I ought to be able to think of something to do.

MISS STUART.—Well, for one thing, now that all the officials have gone, I don't think you need to bother about that sign any longer. (*She points to "No Smoking."*) Don't you usually smoke—after dinner?

AMES.—Thanks. But that won't be of much use, will it?

MISS STUART.—Well, what else useful can you think of?

AMES.—I can't think of a thing!

MISS STUART.—Neither can I. So—so where are your matches?

AMES (*with a gesture as if to offer her his cigarette case*).—Ah—do you?

MISS STUART (*shaking her head*).—No; I still stick to the way I was brought up.

AMES.—No! Is there still an old-fashioned woman left in America?

MISS STUART.—Yes. "Left" is the word. Left over!

AMES.—How "left over"?

MISS STUART.—Old maids *are*, aren't they?

AMES.—Old bachelors are! That's what *I* am. An old bachelor, and perhaps an older one than I look, too! A little, that is.

MISS STUART (*wistfully*).—What's it matter how many times you've seen the earth go round the sun? That's all we mean when we say "a year," isn't it? Our ages ought to be reckoned another way; not in these foolish "years."

AMES.—What other way do you suggest?

MISS STUART.—Well, let's call a man as old as he behaves—toward a woman!

AMES.—Then how old will you call a woman?

MISS STUART.—As old as she makes men behave toward her.

AMES.—Well, if I'm as old as I behave nowadays toward women, I'm dead!

MISS STUART.—But what's the matter with the women you know?

AMES.—Well, most of those I did know are so married and raising children

I hardly ever see 'em at all. And I just can't stand the new generation.

MISS STUART.—Yes—there *is* a new American girl. I've got one myself.

AMES.—You have?

MISS STUART.—I'm bringing up an orphan niece—or she's bringing me up; it's hard to say which. In fact, I'm bringing up two orphan nieces. You don't like these new young things?

AMES.—No! They smoke and drink and wear men's clothes and short hair—

MISS STUART.—Well, boys' clothes are better for the outdoor things they do nowadays, aren't they?

AMES.—That may be, but they've given up a great thing to get this new liberty I hear they talk about.

MISS STUART.—What great thing did they give up?

AMES.—Charm!

MISS STUART.—You haven't met a charming one?

AMES.—There aren't any. How can a brazen little hussy in breeches, with a flask of homemade gin in her hip pocket, have any charm?

MISS STUART.—Ah—but she can, because she has youth, and youth is charm. Don't you care for youth?

AMES.—I'll tell you what I care for; I care for the graces I used to see in the girls I grew up with.

MISS STUART.—You're sure it wasn't really their youth that gave them the graces?

AMES.—I can *show* you what I care for! To-morrow we'll be moving miles and miles apart. . . .

MISS STUART.—Shall we? I'm afraid you think more of this railroad system than I do.

AMES.—I'm serious. Probably after to-morrow morning we'll never see each other again.

MISS STUART.—Why, I feel as if you were my most intimate friend! Lifelong! After we finished Italy, wasn't it two hours you talked about religion?

AMES.—What I'm trying to show you—

MISS STUART.—Yes; I forgot.

AMES.—I had a temptation to tell you something that *would* show you.

MISS STUART.—Why, you could tell me anything. I couldn't stop you.

[*Her gesture indicates the surrounding isolation.*]

AMES.—Then I will. I'll tell what I thought about you when I got on that little junk-line train this morning. I hadn't expected to see anybody looking like *you* getting on at one of these way stations—

MISS STUART.—I'm a farmer, you know. I have a farm down near Amity. I've been away to see about a new tenant for part of the land. Oh, I don't mean to stop you! Go on!

AMES.—When you got on the train I thought: "There! There's a lady!" When these new-generation girls get on a train I usually think: "There! There's a rowdy!"

MISS STUART.—You must have met some strange ones!

AMES.—I haven't met any. Just hearing and looking at 'em 's enough for me! But when I looked at you—well, I'm going to talk as sentimentally as I feel, just for once in my life. When I looked at you I caught a—a perfume of sweeter days, yes, better days than this! And I'll go ahead, now I'm started; I'm hungry as a bear, in spite of your giving me all your lunch, and I *did* feel really cross during our quarrel, but I'm glad for this chance to know you.

MISS STUART.—My dear man, you don't know an earthly thing about me!

AMES.—There are some people you know all about in a little while.

MISS STUART.—"All about"? Good gracious!

AMES.—No; not all. You don't know all the lovely things about 'em; but you do know there aren't any things that *aren't* lovely. You're one of those transparently perfect things, Miss Stuart.

MISS STUART.—What?

AMES.—You are. And that's all there is to it!

MISS STUART.—And only to think of it!

AMES.—To think of what?

MISS STUART.—So much praise—bought by one hard-boiled egg and a sandwich!

AMES.—Well, some of it *is* for that, if you want to know it! It seemed a little thing; but it showed that when you were hungry, yourself, you'd force your last bit of food on a stranger.

MISS STUART.—A "stranger"? Why, by this time I know you better than I do my most intimate friend, Mr. Ames!

AMES.—I kept looking at you on the train, though you didn't know it—

MISS STUART.—I was brought up always not to know it.

AMES.—I kept looking at you, and I—

MISS STUART (*quoting him*).—"I said to myself, 'There's a woman I'd hate to be cast away in a desert junction with!'"

AMES.—I said to myself, "There's the first woman I've seen in a long time I'd like to know!"

MISS STUART.—How long a time?

AMES.—Well, since this new type came in.

MISS STUART (*thoughtfully*).—I'm afraid you wouldn't approve of my niece!

AMES.—If *you're* bringing her up, I don't believe she'd be the new type.

MISS STUART.—Oh yes, she is! It doesn't matter who brings 'em up; they get it from one another.

AMES.—Well, let's forget the new type just now.

MISS STUART.—All right.

AMES.—I'd rather keep to what I feel about you.

MISS STUART.—Well, keep to it—it began promisingly.

AMES.—I will; I'll speak out! As a man gets older most of his friends marry off—or they die off—it's the same thing so far as *he's* concerned!

MISS STUART.—Yes; I know it is!

AMES.—Well, a man gets pretty lonely.

MISS STUART.—Men always seem to think that's so singular!

AMES.—All I meant to say is that it's been a great thing for me to have a woman's companionship for a day.

MISS STUART.—Well, it still seems to be going on.

AMES.—I wish—

MISS STUART.—Yes?

[*She conceals a yawn by turning away quickly. She doesn't wish to yawn—she is interested—but she is beginning to be really threatened by drowsiness. He does not perceive this, and the symptoms are, so far, very slight.*]

AMES.—Of course you don't know anything about me—except to-day—

MISS STUART.—I do, a little.

AMES (*surprised*).—How?

MISS STUART.—Why, you said your name was William Ames; I supposed you were the William Berry Ames that the papers say is so remarkable. "Remarkable's" the word they always use.

AMES.—I'm not much in newspapers—and isn't it obvious I'm not remarkable?

MISS STUART.—Oh yes; I've seen it any number of times: "Mr. William Berry Ames, still playing remarkable polo."

AMES (*sharply*).—That's my *uncle*! It's "*still* remarkable that he plays polo at *sixty-six*!" "Remarkable" because he's sixty-six! They always use the word "remarkable" about elderly people. And you thought—

MISS STUART.—I'm so sorry!

AMES.—You thought I was that old man!

MISS STUART.—Oh, I never heard he was quite sixty-six!

AMES.—So! You didn't see how I could be quite sixty-six?

MISS STUART.—But wouldn't it be wonderful if you *were*! To be sixty-six and look only—

AMES.—What age do I look?

MISS STUART.—Ah, let's not go into that; it might become mutual!

AMES.—I can't get over it; you thought I was my uncle!

MISS STUART.—You must tell him about it. And then tell me sometime if it upsets him, too.

AMES.—"Sometime." You think we *might* see each other again after to-morrow?

MISS STUART.—Why not, if you think

it would be pleasant? I should be—(*She is caught by a yawn and conceals it imperfectly.*) I should be—very glad—

AMES.—Oh, you're sleepy.

MISS STUART.—I'm not. I'm interested. I'm interested in everything you've been saying. I was never more interested in my life.

AMES.—Honestly?

MISS STUART.—At least, it's been quite a time since I've had as cheering things said to me as you've been saying. I like it.

AMES.—Could you stand some more?

MISS STUART.—I—think so.

AMES.—Then, *do* let me see you again after to-morrow. Will you?

MISS STUART.—Yes.

AMES.—Could I come to Amity to see you—sometime?

MISS STUART.—Why, I think so.

AMES.—Could I come—before long?

MISS STUART.—If—you like.

AMES.—I think I should like it more than I've ever liked anything in my life.

MISS STUART (*rather startled*).—Why, that's—that's saying quite a great deal—isn't it?

AMES.—I can't help it. It's the way I feel.

MISS STUART.—Yes, but at these pleasant, quieter years you say you have arrived at—haven't you learned more caution?

AMES.—More caution than what?

MISS STUART.—Than to say quite so much as you just did—and to an unknown woman!

AMES (*quickly, with feeling that increases*).—I tell you you're not unknown. You've shown me—yes, just in the way you fed me, if you like—yes, and in the dear, pretty way you took this being "cast away" with me here—you've shown me you *are* the old-fashioned, perfect kind of woman I thought had disappeared. Well, I've found you—I don't want to let you go! My life has been getting so confoundedly lonely—I—well, why not?

MISS STUART (*gently*).—You're a *little* indefinite, perhaps?

AMES.—It's a long time since I felt like this—Do I seem to you the sort of man you could like pretty well?

MISS STUART.—Oh, I think so.

[*She closes her eyes for a moment again.*]

AMES (*so impulsively as to be almost explosive*).—Well, if you'll let me hope something might come of it, I'll be any kind of man you *want* me to be!

MISS STUART (*opening her eyes quickly*).—Aren't you a little susceptible, Mr. Ames?

AMES.—Does it look like it—to be still a bachelor at my age?

MISS STUART.—But *it* struck me you were—almost—proposing to me just then.

AMES (*with great feeling*).—Well, I was. I *am*!

MISS STUART.—Almost.

AMES.—Almost or quite—just as you like, Miss Stuart.

MISS STUART (*smiling a little*).—Perhaps it had better be “almost.”

AMES.—If it's to be that way—almost a proposal—is there any chance of your—almost—thinking of it?

MISS STUART.—Why—I might *almost*—think of it—some—time.

[*Again the symptoms of drowsiness overtake her.*]

AMES (*remorsefully*).—You *are* sleepy!

MISS STUART (*with feeble insistence*).—I'm not!

AMES.—I ought to be ashamed, trying to keep you awake with a proposal of marriage!

[*As he speaks he places a satchel on the end of a bench and puts his overcoat over it for a pillow.*]

MISS STUART.—Was that all you made it for—to keep me awake?

AMES.—You know better. Here, lie down. I'll cover you over.

MISS STUART.—I won't take your overcoat. You'll need it. The satchel's a good-enough pillow.

AMES.—No, it isn't. Lie down.

MISS STUART.—Take your overcoat away or I'll sit up all night. I will. Take it away.

AMES (*submitting*).—All right.

MISS STUART.—When you lie down, yourself, put your overcoat over you. Will you?

AMES.—If I need it.

MISS STUART.—No. Promise me.

AMES.—I will.

MISS STUART (*lying down, with her cheek against the satchel*).—Ah, that's—ah!

[*She sighs with satisfaction.*]

AMES (*gently covers her over with her fur coat and stole. Then he discovers her muff*).—Here. This is a better pillow.

[*He places it under her head.*]

MISS STUART.—Thank you. You're very kind. (*She is silent, then says, sleepily:*) I knew you were.

AMES.—Knew I was what?

MISS STUART (*contentedly*).—Kind.

AMES.—Who wouldn't be?

MISS STUART (*with her eyes shut*).—I had to be up at four o'clock and drive seventeen miles to get my train. I'd rather stay awake and listen to you—you'll forgive me for being—so sleepy—won't you?

AMES.—Yes. I'll forgive you!

[*He takes his overcoat and spreads it on the next bench, with a suitcase for a pillow.*]

MISS STUART (*in a sweet, drowsy voice, her eyes closed*).—It certainly didn't seem—appreciative—going almost to sleep—when you were almost proposing—but I do appreciate it—very much—

AMES.—You dear thing! I wasn't “almost proposing”—I was *all* proposing, and you know it.

MISS STUART.—Well, it's very nice of you. I think I'm glad—you were. But—

AMES.—But what?

MISS STUART.—We don't need the light, do we? If you leave the stove door open—

AMES (*snaps off the light*).—There!

[*A rosy glow from the stove door crosses the benches, falling upon the recumbent lady.*]

MISS STUART (*cozily*).—There. That's better. You'll put your overcoat over you?

AMES.—Yes.

MISS STUART.—What have you got for a pillow?

AMES.—It's all right.

MISS STUART.—A suit case?

AMES.—It's plenty.

[MISS STUART, *without opening her eyes or lifting her head, pulls the muff from beneath her head and lets her cheek rest upon the satchel. Then, not otherwise moving, she extends the muff behind her to him.*

AMES.—What's that for?

MISS STUART.—Your pillow. Take it.

AMES.—I won't.

MISS STUART.—You will.

AMES.—Of course I won't.

MISS STUART (*gently and confidently*).—You will.

AMES.—You do make me selfish!

[*He takes the muff.*

MISS STUART (*in a very sleepy murmur*).—I'm sorry I thought you were your uncle. I only thought so because the papers said he was so remarkable.

AMES.—I don't mind that now.

[*He now lies recumbent upon the bench next to hers.*

MISS STUART.—It would be too bad if you met some pretty, very young thing after—after it was too late. Most men care more for early youth than they do for—

[*A little yawn interrupts her.*

AMES.—Than they do for what?

MISS STUART.—For anything. Is the muff all right for a pillow?

AMES.—I never had such a pillow before.

MISS STUART.—Aren't you sleepy too?

AMES.—Yes, the truth is I am. It seems strange, when I feel so much that's *new* to me—to be sleepy—

MISS STUART.—Oh no. We aren't a young couple at a college dance—getting engaged.

AMES.—No—of course not—but aren't we—almost—

MISS STUART.—I think—you must go to sleep now.

AMES.—Yes, I will.

MISS STUART.—Are you at all—sure?

AMES.—Yes, I am.

MISS STUART.—I know what I say

sounds very sleepy, and I *am* almost asleep, but my mind, you know—

AMES.—Yes?

MISS STUART (*more sleepily than ever*).—My mind's working just as clearly as ever, and I keep thinking you've said all this—so suddenly—perhaps you are a little susceptible—perhaps when you see some pretty young thing—you'll—you'll—

AMES.—No, I won't!

MISS STUART (*dreamily*).—Perhaps not.

AMES.—May I say just one last thing to you? It seems foolish—but it would be pretty lovely to me if you'd let me say it.

MISS STUART.—Say what?

AMES.—May I say to you, "Good night, dear"?

MISS STUART.—I believe you might. Say it.

AMES.—Good night, dear.

MISS STUART.—Good night, dear.

[*Then there is quiet. The curtain descends for a few seconds, and rises. Everything is as it was, except that the rosy glow from the stove has paled and a gray light shows outside the window; distant trees just coming into new leaf on muddy hills are revealed there—an April landscape. The light continually grows stronger. A girl's voice is heard, shouting in the distance: "Hello, there! Hell-ooo, there!" Then, after a pause, a stamping is heard on the platform outside, as though some one stamped mud from his shoes. A quick, sharp tread is heard—then the door is opened and a girl of nineteen enters. She is distractingly pretty, in spite of—or it may be partly because of—her general style and costume. She wears a soft "sport" hat, beneath which her thick "bobbed" hair is additionally coquettish. She has on a short overcoat, knickerbockers, thick stockings and high, laced shoes, the latter covered with mud, which has also splashed her stockings. She comes in briskly, then halts short with a breathed exclamation as she sees the*

two sleepers, "Well, for the love o' Mike!" A light snoring comes from the second bench. She looks long at the first bench, and controls a tendency to laughter. Then she moves back to the second bench and looks at AMES. After this contemplation she speaks again in a husky whisper, "Pretty good-lookin' ole bird, if you do snore!" The snoring stops with a little snort. AMES coughs, waking himself. Suddenly he sits up, dazed, and stares at the girl. She chokes down an increasing tendency to mirth.

AMES.—Oh—ah—how d'ya do!

THE GIRL.—Sh! Don't wake Aunt Isabel.

[After this they both speak in husky whispers.

AMES.—Who?

THE GIRL.—My aunt. (She gestures to MISS STUART.) My Aunt Isabel! Don't you know her?

AMES.—Yes, indeed!

THE GIRL.—Well, I should think so! I'm her niece, Florence.

AMES.—I'm glad to—uh—

[He rises and shakes hands with her.

FLORENCE.—A man and I've been all night tryin' to get here in a car. He's back in the woods with it now, tryin' to get it out of a mud hole. We've had a hell of a night!

AMES.—I beg your pardon!

FLORENCE.—It really was. Are you an old friend of hers?

AMES.—I—hope to be.

FLORENCE.—We'll take you with us when he gets the car out the mud. No use to wake her up till it comes. Cigarette?

AMES.—What?

FLORENCE.—Got a cigarette?

AMES.—Oh!

[He hands her his cigarette case.

FLORENCE.—Light? (He lights a match and holds it for her. She smiles at him with brazen coquetry, her hand on his as she lights the cigarette from the match.) She makes a fuss about my smoking. Don't tell her, will you?

[She smiles again, her face not far from his; he looks thoughtful.

AMES.—No.

FLORENCE.—How long you known her?

AMES.—What?

FLORENCE (*emphasizing her whisper*).—How long have you known my aunt Isabel?

AMES.—Yesterday!

FLORENCE (*suddenly overcome with mirth, lifts both hands in a gesture of, "Oh, go 'way!" and, choking with laughter, slaps him with her two palms upon his shoulders. She is unable to control herself; she convulses, leaning against him, then, clapping both hands over her mouth, runs, spluttering, to the door; here she checks herself and calls back to him, huskily*).—I'll see if he's got the car out the mud!

[Laughter breaks from her as she runs out of the door. ISABEL murmurs; she opens her eyes and they fall upon AMES. Then she smiles slowly and speaks.

ISABEL.—I'm awake.

AMES.—Good morning!

ISABEL.—Good morning. What time is it?

AMES.—It's daylight. Did you —ah—sleep well?

ISABEL.—Yes. Did you?

AMES.—Yes, I did.

ISABEL.—I was trying to stay asleep, but I thought— Was the Station Master here just now?

AMES.—No, it was your niece.

ISABEL.—What? (*She stretches a hand to him; he comes quickly and takes it. She rises.*) You don't mean it!

AMES.—Somehow she found you were here. She's been all night trying to get a car here, she said.

ISABEL.—Why, the dear thing! Where'd she go?

AMES.—She went to see if—

[The door is flung open by FLORENCE, returning.

FLORENCE.—It's coming!

ISABEL.—Florence, how'd you find me? [They embrace.

FLORENCE.—We telephoned all over the world, where the wires weren't down, and this was the only place you could be!

ISABEL.—Florence, this is Mr. Ames.

FLORENCE.—Right-o! We've had quite a chat! We'd better take him home with us, hadn't we?

ISABEL (*to AMES with a little tremulous self-consciousness*).—Will you?

AMES.—Ah—you're very kind. I—

FLORENCE.—Why, of course we're not going to leave you *here*! You'll never see breakfast in this hole!

AMES.—Well, as you're so kind—
We'll make him. Won't we, Aunt Isabel?

FLORENCE.—Of course you're coming!

ISABEL (*a little coldly*).—I hope so.

AMES.—Well, since you're so hospitable—

FLORENCE (*she slaps him on shoulder*).
—Hospitable nothing. We don't see a new man-person twice a year in our neck o' the woods, except Johnnie White, and we're used to him! I made the poor kid drive me, Aunt Isabel.

[*She runs to the door and calls out,*
"Yay, Johnnie!"

ISABEL.—"Brazen hussies in boys' breeches"—wasn't that what you called them?

AMES (*nervously*).—Oh, but she's different—she's your niece.

ISABEL.—Yes, my greatniece.

AMES.—What? I beg your pardon—

ISABEL.—I forgot to tell you; she isn't my niece precisely—she's my greatniece. Florence's father wasn't—

AMES (*rather dazed*).—Your— She's your greatniece? Oh yes—

[*A boy of twenty appears in the doorway with FLORENCE.*

ISABEL.—Come in, Johnnie! It was lovely of you to drive all night through the mud to find me.

JOHNNIE (*grinning vaguely*).—Well, Florence wanted me to—

ISABEL.—And we all do what Florence wants—yes. This is Mr. Ames, Mr. White. If you'll help us get our bags in the car, Johnnie—

JOHNNIE.—Yes, indeed.

[*FLORENCE, with a sweet smile, gives a fur coat to AMES to hold for her.*

ISABEL.—We ought to be home by

seven; and there'll be food, Mr. Ames! Won't that be— (*She checks herself as she sees the care with which he is putting FLORENCE into her coat, and goes to JOHNNIE. She hands him her own coat, still smiling.*) Johnnie dear, if you'll—

JOHNNIE (*politely*).—Yes, indeed, Miss Stuart.

FLORENCE (*to AMES*).—I think you're a rogue!

AMES (*laughing consciously*).—What nonsense!

ISABEL.—Now if we can get the things into the car— I think you'll have to let me sit by you, Johnnie, going home. I think you'll drive better.

JOHNNIE (*a little blankly*).—Yes'm. Glad to have you.

ISABEL.—Are we all ready?

JOHNNIE (*going out with the bags*).—Yes'm.

FLORENCE (*to AMES*).—D'you think you can entertain me for forty miles? I do!

[*She runs out.*

AMES.—This is very kind of you to take me in. I— Ah, are you coming?

ISABEL (*looking about her wistfully, yet smiling a little*).—I just wanted to remember what this room looks like—by daylight. Things change so. (*She joins him.*) I'll take your arm just till we get to the car; then you'll have Florence. (*As they go slowly to the door she continues, cheerfully:*) Yes—I forgot to mention it last night; yes, she's my greatniece. It wasn't her father who was my brother, you see—

AMES.—It wasn't?

ISABEL.—No. It was her grandfather.

AMES (*trying not to speak faintly*).—Her grandfather—

FLORENCE (*running back to AMES from outside*).—Aren't you coming? You're to sit with me, you know!

AMES.—Well, I—

[*FLORENCE pulls him out through the open doorway. JOHNNIE returns rather blankly for ISABEL*

ISABEL.—Thank you, Johnnie.

(*Curtain*)

(*To be continued*)

THE RUSSIA OF TO-MORROW

BY NICHOLAS D. AVKSENTIEV

Mr. Avksentiev has been one of the leaders of the Russian Social-Revolutionary party for the past twenty years. He played a leading role in both revolutions of 1905 and 1917. In July, 1917, he was unanimously elected president of the All-Russian Congress of Peasants' Delegates. Shortly after that he entered Kerensky's Cabinet as Minister of the Interior. After the Bolshevik revolt of 1917 he became one of the leaders of the anti-Bolshevik movement and was chosen president of the Directorate of Five created in Ufa. He was arrested by reactionary officers during the Kolchak coup d'état and exiled abroad. At present Mr. Avksentiev is the chairman of the executive committee of the Conference of the All-Russian Constituent Assembly, an organization that unites all the Russian democratic parties opposed to Bolshevism. He visited this country recently with Prof. Paul N. Miliukov, as delegate of the executive committee.—THE EDITORS.

AT no time during more than three centuries has Russia been in such a critical situation as at the present moment. Four years of Bolshevik rule have brought about their inevitable results. To-day these results can, of course, no longer be concealed. The dead wall that has until now separated Russia from the rest of the world has collapsed; the mists of visionary idealization are dispelled; and the truth stands revealed in all its nakedness.

Russia's economic life is strangled. The manufacturing industries have been reduced almost to zero. The cities are depopulated and crumbling into ruins. Agriculture is passing through a terrible crisis. And hovering above all is the specter of famine and death.

It has often been said, "True, but all this is the result of the war, not the fault of the Bolsheviks." No doubt the war has caused in Russia, as in other countries, serious economic detriment. But we cannot blame the war for all, nor even the greater part, of existing evils. The lion's share of responsibility must go to the Bolsheviks. As the main subject of the present article is not Russia of to-day, but Russia of to-morrow, I shall confine myself to a few brief facts.

In 1913 the monthly coal production in the Donetz Basin averaged 128 million poods (1 pood equals 36 pounds avoirdupois).

In 1916—i.e., the third year of the war—it had risen to 148 million poods. But in July, 1921—i.e., more than three years after the peace of Brest-Litovsk—the Bolsheviks had brought it down to 9.6 million poods.

In 1913 the output of yarn in the linen industry was 3,133,000 poods. In 1916 it had risen to 4,260,000 poods. But in 1920 the Bolsheviks had reduced it to 806,000 poods. In this branch of industry the Bolshevik economic system had set Russia back *more than fifty years*, for as early as 1865—i.e., at the very dawn of our industrial development, almost immediately after the emancipation of the peasantry from serfdom—there had already been produced about 840,000 poods of linen yarn.

More striking are the figures for the metallurgical industry, where paralysis has progressed almost to the point of death. So, for example, the output of pig iron fell from 1913 to 1920 by 97.6 per cent. In other words, only 2.4 per cent of the 1913 production is now obtained. The mining of copper has decreased during the same period by 99.4 per cent, only 0.6 per cent of the 1913 output being mined at present.

Examples like these could be multiplied indefinitely, but these ought to suffice. The work of destruction proceeds without let or hindrance, year in and

year out. The absolute failure of the Bolshevik economic policy becomes more and more evident.

The Bolsheviks decided to inaugurate a new economic system; they nationalized industry. The result was that the nationalized industry ceased to contribute to the wealth of the country. On the contrary, it became a pensioner of the state; that is to say, deficits incurred in running the industries have been met by government subventions. And the expense of maintenance keeps growing from year to year. In 1919 the nationalized industries yielded a loss of 69.8 per cent to the state treasury, and in 1920 85.7 per cent.

I shall say nothing about agriculture. The facts that are coming out of Russia do not speak, but cry aloud, about the ruin in this domain of economic life! Owing to the criminal policy of the Bolsheviks with regard to the farming population—a policy of forcible grain requisitions, shooting of the peasantry, and other such measures—a crop failure has developed into a terrible famine affecting more than thirty million people. Russia has been turned into a beggar where she was once the granary of the world.

There is but one industry which flourishes to-day in Russia. No other country on earth, not even among the most highly industrialized, can boast of such a thriving industry as this. I refer to the manufacture of paper money. It represents the beginning and the end of Bolshevik economic and financial wisdom. It is the foundation of their financial system. I do not propose to weary the reader with columns of astronomical figures showing the output of paper money. Let me cite but three examples: Increasing steadily, the emission of paper money had reached, in the spring of 1921, the figure of *1,100,000,000 rubles a day*. Correspondingly, the state budget, too, ran into astronomical figures. I regret to have no copy of the 1921 budget at hand. But in 1920 the expenditures were calculated at *1,215,200,000,000 rubles (one trillion two hundred and fifteen billions)!* Receipts were estimated at only 159,-

600,000,000 rubles. In round figures, there was a deficit of a paltry *trillion rubles!* This gap was to be filled with paper from the presses of the Government Printing Office.

The present value of the Russian ruble, thanks to this policy, is only too well known. Not in vain do they jest in Russia about having to hire at least two cabs when driving anywhere—one for the passenger, the other for the bales of paper rubles with which to pay the driver his fare. . . . And yet, notwithstanding all this, prices keep soaring faster than the printing presses manage to turn out paper money. And still there is not enough money to go around.

Reference has already been made here to the ruin and depopulation of the cities. It is this depopulation which serves better than anything else to demonstrate the kind of system established—not in words, but in fact—by the Bolsheviks. "Dictatorship of the proletariat" was their slogan. Dictatorship *over* the proletariat (the industrial working class) has been the actual result. It would seem that the "ruling" class, the proletariat, ought to have grown strong, progressed, improved, and prospered, had it really come into its own. In reality, however, the reverse has happened—the proletariat is steadily disappearing and losing its numerical importance in Russia. In 1921 there were about half as many industrial workers in Russia as there were twenty-five years ago! In 1897 there were 9,200,000 workers engaged in industry; now only about 4,775,000 are left. This in spite of the fact that industry was growing by leaps and bounds up to the war. And even the war did not stop the growth of the working class. For if the industries of peace time were held back through the war, this was compensated by the gigantic strides of the war-time industries.

What, then, has become of the others? They have partly died out—chiefly from hunger—and partly fled from their "ruling" position to the farms, to escape starvation in the cities. Those who re-

mained have been turned into slaves in the nationalized industrial plants, and their protest has been silenced by the fear of death through starvation to which a ruthless government can at any time condemn its pensioners.

There is thus a dictatorship *over* the proletariat. And not alone over the proletariat, but over the whole population of Russia. It is a dictatorship of violence, arbitrariness, and oppression by one political party, resting upon the brute force of the bayonet.

Political despotism in Russia runs fully abreast with economic destruction. Freedom of speech has been strangled; no free press is tolerated. Freedom of association is denied. The soviet constitution remains but a scrap of paper. And the freedom of elections—with open voting and officially nominated candidates—amounts, for all practical purposes, to nothing but an appointment of officials sponsored by the authorities. In place of the law we have arbitrary decisions of the all-powerful Extraordinary Commission, or, as it is popularly called, *Cheka*. Its weapon is terror. A bureaucracy that has increased to proportions undreamed of even in the days of tsarism now rules supreme. And its highest law is bribery.

A great deal has been said concerning the work done by the Bolsheviks for the advancement of education. Particularly fond of praising it are the Bolsheviks themselves. But if we look not at the paper rubles spent by them for this purpose, but at the gold value of these expenditures, we should discover that *even the Tsar's government spent more for education*. And no one will say that the latter was very generous in promoting popular instruction. While the Tsar's government spent, in 1914, 120,000,000 gold rubles on public education, not speaking of what was spent by the municipalities and zemstvos, the Bolsheviks spent on public education only 47,300,000 gold rubles in 1918, 43,500,000 gold rubles in 1919, and 24,300,000 gold rubles in 1920.

As a matter of fact, elementary public and intermediary schools, as well as colleges and universities, have been either destroyed or badly crippled and distorted by the Bolsheviks. How, indeed, can real education flourish in a state where its Minister of Education, Lunacharsky, can utter statements like this: "We have completely broken with the idea of the independence of science"? In the Middle Ages it was contended that philosophy ought to be the handmaid of theology. In the same way the Bolsheviks are now trying to turn science into a handmaid for their communist church. One hundred years ago a Russian poet derided the Russian government for trying to give to Russia "a corporal for a Voltaire." To-day Russia has been furnished with a Voltaire in the guise of an untutored communist who knows nothing but the catechism composed by the communist pontiff, Lenin, and his cardinals.

Present conditions in Russia are frightful indeed. And yet, in spite of this, or maybe just because of this, freedom is not far off. Russia's liberation will come sooner than many believe it will. The fall of the Bolsheviks is inevitable for purely objective reasons alone, if for no other, for they have "spent" all of Russia and all their resources.

Their whole economic system was based upon the gradual consumption of previously accumulated wealth, of stored-up material values. They did not create any new values. To-day this process has reached its last stage. The latest statistical reports show that the Bolsheviks have not only completely ruined the population at large, but that they find themselves even without the means of maintaining their bureaucracy and army. Their last base of support thus becomes untenable. This is clearly realized by themselves, and, contrary to all the precepts of their own theory, they are beginning to grant in a haphazard fashion, without plan and prospects of success, one economic concession after another.

To these objective causes must be added another factor—irresistible and powerful—the psychology of the population. Hatred of the present system of arbitrariness and ruination has been smoldering among the overwhelming mass of the population for a long time. The so-called “Workers and Peasants” government maintains itself in power among the workers and peasants through violence and bayonet rule. This hatred has already found its expression in a series of popular uprisings. On the whole, however, the mass of the population has been overawed and demoralized by terror and kept disorganized by the government’s policy. Now, however, a change is coming over the people. Listlessness and despair are on the wane. All observers are unanimous on this score. Public and civic organizations are beginning to spring up and multiply rapidly. Fear has vanished. A premonition of approaching liberation is pervading the people more and more. “Political spring” is coming, as they say in Russia.

This sentiment, once it has sprung up, will not disappear. On the contrary, as has happened before this in Russian history, it is bound to grow like an avalanche. For the most difficult part of the movement, the first impulse, has already been given, and the result of this process can be but one—the overthrow of the present régime, the abolition of Bolshevism.

The new, third, final revolution will be the revolution of genuine democracy. As to its details, that is, of course, impossible for me to foretell. I am no prophet. I can only point out general tendencies, but not forecast the concrete, actual course of events. It is possible that this revolution will break out in the cities, among the proletariat, gradually expanding and attracting the peasantry and Red army. And it is, on the other hand, just as likely that it will start among the Red army or peasants. One thing, at any rate, is certain: this event—the end of the Bolshevik rule—is near at hand and inevitable.

Very often in pointing out this fact one hears both in this country and Europe expressions of disapproval. The question is asked, “Why again revolution?” Is there not enough bloodshed and death in Russia? Has that country not been sufficiently ruined by revolutions? Why not evolution, especially since a basis has already been afforded by the Bolsheviks themselves for evolution, through their economic concessions, through their granting of the right of private trading, denationalization of some establishments, repeal of food levies, etc.?

I should not like to give the impression of being a man who wants revolution for revolution’s sake, a revolutionist *quand même* and under any circumstances. Neither I nor those who share my views look as if we had grown so accustomed to climb in through windows that we prefer this route even when the door stands open. As a Russian, I probably feel much more keenly all this horror of ruin and death in my country. A thousand times would I prefer a peaceful solution. But I see, I feel convinced, that this evolution of which so much is now being said and written is impossible.

It is impossible for two reasons.

In the first place, it comes too late. The process of destruction has gone too far. The country stands actually upon the brink of utter ruin. The only thing that might save it would be a complete, positive, sweeping reversal of economic policy. Salvation lies only in a concentrated effort of *all* productive forces of the country, in the creative enthusiasm of the *whole* population. None of this, however, is conceivable under those half-hearted measures, concessions that are revoked no sooner than granted, then again granted—in short, in the absence of a definite plan, so characteristic of Bolshevik policy. With them it is a case of the left hand trying to undo or palliate whatever is done by the right. The “evolution” of Bolshevism was announced nearly a year ago. What has it

given us? It has not only failed to raise the productivity, but even to stem the progressive dissolution, of Russia's economic life. During this past year Bolshevik policy has served only to weaken still further Russia's economic life.

In the second place—and this is the main obstacle—it is now no longer possible to avert a far-reaching, organic reconstruction of economic policy, and this involves inevitably a complete change of the legal order existing in Russia at present. The Bolsheviks, however, are incapable of the one as well as the other, and cannot agree to that unless they wish to abdicate. For it must not be forgotten that the *fundamental idea* with the Bolsheviks remains, as heretofore, *world revolution*. In order to smooth its path the Communist party in Russia must at all costs retain the reins of power in its hands. The world revolution is rather tardy and the communists in Russia are in a sad plight. Hence it follows that tactics have to be changed to suit the occasion. "Strategic retreats" are necessary. *But retreats only so far as is absolutely demanded by circumstances*. Along the main front no retreat is to be made. The main front must be defended. In a word, they retreat only the better to leap forward. Lenin outlined these ideas before his followers as recently as a few months ago. It will thus be seen that there can be no talk of any radical, organic change of economic policy. The only thing to be thought of is the kind of concessions which will attract foreign investors, so as to bolster up the Bolsheviks. For they are now suffocating within Russia.

Moreover, while some trifling economic concessions are being granted here and there, not a trace of *political* concessions is to be seen thus far. But how shall a free and really sound development of Russia's productive forces be assured, and how is any vigorous individual and social economic activity conceivable, as long as the most elementary conditions of civilized existence are denied—personal liberty, freedom of or-

ganization and of labor, etc.? It is really impossible to think of any free, sound, and strong growth of the economic life of the country when it remains politically in a state comparable to that of the rule of Genghis Khan.

In the domain of political concessions the Bolsheviks have not moved forward a single step, nor could they do so even if they desired it. The retention of authority in their own undivided possession, be it even at the price of terror, constitutes their principal dogma and the very soul of all their activities. They are prepared to throw any sop whatsoever to foreign capital, provided the political power is, at least for some little time yet, left in their hands. With this end in view they are attempting to unite two ingredients that refuse to combine—development of production on a modern basis and preservation of despotism such as existed in the darkest times of reaction.

It should be borne in mind that the Russian people and their democratic representatives by no means confine themselves to a denunciation and repudiation of Bolshevism. They have formulated a constructive program which they believe will impart the initial impulse toward the regeneration of Russia. And this program is not in the least extreme in its political demands. It merely embodies those demands which it considers really indispensable if the spontaneous activities of the population and the normal progress of the country are to be secured.

We non-Bolsheviks continue to believe that real democracy can be established in Russia only through the means of a new Constituent Assembly, freely chosen by the entire population of Russia. At the same time, considering the practical conditions created in Russia by the four years of the existence of the Bolshevik rule, we are ready to limit our program minimum to the following three points:

1. We demand that new elections be held immediately on the basis of universal, equal, and secret suffrage, both

for the central parliament and for the organs of local self-government, no matter how this parliament and the local bodies will be called. They may be called soviets—there is no harm in this name. The elections must be free and open for all political parties. To these conditions must be added two supplementary ones:

2. Let all citizens enjoy those civil liberties which are the inalienable right of any individual in all civilized countries.

3. Let the disgraceful institution of the Extraordinary Commission, which is nothing but a torture chamber, an instrument of terror and political espionage, and which metes out its vengeance at the pleasure of its irresponsible chiefs instead of the law, be abolished.

These are the minimum—and quite modest—demands which, if fulfilled, could at least to some degree assure a normal economic and cultural development of the country.

But the Bolsheviks will agree to anything on earth sooner than grant even a single one of these concessions. Free elections, freedom of the press, renunciation of terror—these are things which spell death to their absolute sway, to the dictatorship of a handful of party bosses over a discontented people. But it is precisely this dictatorship, its preservation at all costs and any price, that constitutes their principal object.

Grant, however, the impossible, and assume that the Bolsheviks consent to these demands. What you have, then, is, for all practical purposes, a revolution. Only it would be a unique revolution indeed, without precedent in history; it would mean simply that the government had committed suicide. For on the day following the new election and the abolition of the Red terror of the *Cheka* there would be no Bolsheviks left in power.

An American once compared the Bolshevik government to a person riding astride a tiger. As long as he is on the tiger's back all is well. But he dare not get off, nor can he give the tiger his

freedom, for then the tiger would at once tear him to pieces. Therein lies the tragedy of every authority which is hated by the people. This is, likewise, the predicament of the Bolsheviks. It constitutes also the tragedy of Russia, which is still bound to go through her last emancipating revolution.

Russia is thus confronted with the inevitable disappearance of the Bolshevik system, with an anti-Bolshevik revolution. But what is to come after that? What will take the place of Bolshevism? To this I can make the categorical reply: A democratic Russia. A Russia of liberty and peace. The Russian Federated Democratic Republic.

Both in this country and Europe when people hear this positive assertion made by us they shake their heads dubiously. They have generally two answers for us: Some tell us that after the overthrow of Bolshevism we shall have anarchy; others, that we are bound to see reaction, with the monarchy restored. The first argument was set afloat in his free and easy way by H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells stayed in Russia just two weeks, and, although not even familiar with the Russian language, he returned with a categorical diagnosis, as well as prognosis, of Russia's troubles in his traveling bag. He, as well as all those who merely repeat his words, reason thus: "Admit the Bolsheviks are bad, but they still represent the only organized force. There exists no other force or organization in Russia. Therefore, should the Bolsheviks fall, Russia will be engulfed in a turbulent sea of anarchy."

Such reasoning is utterly false. And there can be but one explanation for it—total ignorance of the real Russia and her people. Europeans—and probably Americans also, if to a less degree—gauge the social forces of Russia by standards which are entirely inapplicable to that country. Europe and America have been enjoying for many decades a free and unhindered political life. Everything in these countries is done in full view, according to the legal status, and

is easily comprehended. It is possible to tell which party is stronger, which is weaker; the number of their members, committees, deputies — everything is definitely known and counted to a nicety.

In Russia it is different. Up to the revolution of 1917 the Russian democratic forces were compelled to keep under cover, being outlawed and persecuted. Their actual strength could not be gauged in definite figures. Nevertheless, it is a fact that these forces did exist, kept growing, and were working actively. But in order to realize this it was necessary to *observe their evolution*. It was necessary to go into the very thick of life, to take a personal part in it, for one to be able to follow this molecular activity of the democratic forces. Organizations, or, more properly speaking, nuclei of organizations, were in existence, and new ones springing up, while all around these nuclei, emanating from them, was a force which kept all Russia potentially organized.

Had Mr. H. G. Wells taken the trouble to go to Russia, not last year, but in 1915 or 1916, he would probably have told the world a similar tale. He would probably have reported that in Russia there was no possibility of any revolution, or else there would be a frightful reign of anarchy, for no other organization existed in Russia which could be compared with the powerful organization of the Tsar's government and its vast mechanism. This would have been just as correct as his recent observations. For, although there were in Russia at that time isolated oases of organization, they were wholly negligible in comparison with organized tsarism.

In spite of all this, however, the revolution broke out in 1917 and was accomplished without a hitch. Within three or four days all the new authorities had been installed in their posts, Russia rallied and organized herself at once, in a common effort. The lid which had kept everything down was blown off, and under it was found already sprouting

vigorously a new public leadership. Should any foreigner at that time have expounded ideas like those of Mr. Wells he would have been laughed at by Russian public leaders. For they saw the revolution upon the threshold and *knew* that Russia would be able to organize herself. They were part and parcel of the life about them and followed closely its various processes. Facts convinced them of the strength of Russia's potential organizations. Chemistry is familiar with saturated solutions. Here is a liquid; not a single crystal is to be seen. But it requires only a slight stirring up to have all of its potential crystallization become manifest at once. What had been an amorphous liquid is transformed into a mass of crystals.

Similarly, Russia, in her present state of total disfranchisement, is only waiting for the first impetus, the first jolt, to free herself from her bonds. And then all that latent organizing power which has until now remained unnoticed by the superficial observer is bound to emerge into broad daylight and become manifest to all.

An example on a smaller scale, showing how quickly the hitherto concealed forces emerge into the open at the first opportunity, may be cited from the most recent past. I have in mind the so-called "Nonpartisan Famine Relief Committee" which was organized in Moscow last summer and was composed of citizens prominent in public affairs. This was done because in the beginning the Bolsheviks became alarmed over the famine situation. Besides, they were anxious to obtain help from abroad, and they feared that it would not be granted to them on their own merits. They therefore permitted the formation of a nonpartisan committee, and the actual leadership there was at once taken over by non-Bolshevist, generally respected public leaders.

No sooner had this little valve been opened than the public-spirited elements began to rush toward it. On the instant local branch committees sprang up spon-

taneously in the most widely scattered parts of Russia. Connections were immediately established with the central organization. And, as if at the waving of a magic wand, the country was dotted with organizations of the relief committee.

At some points these organizations assumed at once such a prestige in the eyes of the population that the local Bolshevik authorities turned over their functions to them, even though the committees did not ask for it. Such was the case at Riazan, where the local Bolsheviks—*notwithstanding the committee's refusal*—insisted that it assume their authority. They said they were powerless to cope with the situation. This spirit was spreading to such an extent that the Bolsheviks became terror-stricken and arrested quickly all the members of the committee at Moscow. They dispersed all local branches and accused them of conspiracies that had never existed. Numerous such examples could be cited, but this will suffice.

It has already been shown above how quickly the hitherto secret organization came out into the open during the revolution of 1917. Now, however, it is bound to manifest itself with still greater force. For, while it is true that the five years which have elapsed since 1917 have brought the Russian people severe trials and profound sufferings, it is also true that these years have brought in their wake a wealth of experience, teaching the people stern but valuable lessons, and arousing in them a desire for an enlightened, free, and well-ordered existence. Not only have the Russian people suffered, but they have also grown. This process of growth is highly significant. I shall dwell upon this phase in considering the next question—to wit, whether reaction is possible in Russia after the fall of the Bolsheviks.

Fear of reaction following the overthrow of the Bolsheviks is just as unreasonable as the fear of anarchy. In this case, too, people who talk about reaction betray either their ignorance of

the meaning and significance of the revolution, or their lack of real knowledge of the Russian people. In the first instance, they simplify the problem unduly by saying: "The people are yearning for order and a firm government. They want nothing more. This a tsar can give them. Hence it follows that they will stand for a tsar." Secondly, they visualize the Russian people, after the manner of some French writers, as nothing but big children who adore their tsar and call him fondly their "little father."

Lest I be misunderstood, let me qualify this statement. Reactionary attempts are possible and likely after the fall of the Bolsheviks. These attempts are liable to cause for a time new devastations and bloodshed, again retarding Russia's normal progress. The Russian reactionary elements abroad are now organizing themselves very energetically, recruiting their forces among the reactionary officers of the former White Guard armies in exile. They have at their disposal also considerable material resources, derived partly from foreign reactionary and imperialistic organizations, as, for instance, those of Germany. They are keeping their powder dry. At the moment when Bolshevism collapses they will attempt to jump into the gap to seize the reins of power. Such an attempt, I repeat, may cost Russia more bloodshed, chaos, and disaster, and it may delay the process of recuperation. But its result will prove the same as that which attended the movement of Wrangel and others like him—with this one difference: it will be still more ephemeral and end still more ingloriously. It will not bring any enduring reaction, and no reactionary régime will follow.

If we are to understand fully why no reaction is possible in Russia, we have to elucidate the deep significance of the Russian revolution, its social *raison d'être*.

The bulk of Russia's population is the peasantry. It constitutes about 85 per cent of the total population. This is the force which will determine the final issue,

as well as the course, of all social movements in Russia. The peasantry supported the revolution, accepted it, and carried it forward with a single purpose—*abolition of land feudalism in Russia*. It demanded the abolition of large landholdings, the elimination of the class of land barons, and the transfer of all the land to the peasants. All the other demands of the revolution were closely bound up with this fundamental one, either arising from or merging into it. This remained the basic, principal, and determining factor. Many of the achievements gained through the revolution may even be curtailed or nullified altogether, but the land has been gained forever. Therefore, any attempt to rob the peasantry of the fruits of this victory will be the signal for a new revolution. But there is no power strong enough to do that.

It is this specific character of the Russian revolution that precludes the possibility of reaction and makes the restoration of the monarchy impossible. Monarchy in Russia has always been based upon the system of landholdings in the hands of the land barons, and cannot be of any other type. The social class interested in the restoration of the monarchy is the same. It stands for the restoration of the old, prerevolutionary feudal land system with all its privileges. The peasantry is perfectly well aware that in the wake of a monarch the former land barons are bound to follow, as well as the old forms of administration and police rule which go hand in hand with them. They will never permit that. And not only do they know this by instinct, but also by repeated experience which they have had with the so-called White Guard generals. They saw these White movements rapidly assuming a reactionary drift. And inevitably there followed in the wake of political reaction and monarchistic aspirations the land baron with his old, feudal administration. The two were linked inseparably.

It was precisely this fact that caused

all the White movements to fail. Not to the Bolshevik armies is due the credit of delivering the heaviest and most fatal blows against the reactionaries. Not without good reason did Denikin say that his struggle with the Bolsheviks resolved itself merely into the question which side would disintegrate the sooner. The real victor in this conflict was the Russian peasantry which fought the White armies both passively and actively. Of the two evils with which they found themselves confronted—Bolshevism or the reaction of monarchism—the peasants chose the lesser, Bolshevism. For the Bolsheviks left the land to them and did not restore the feudal barons. Once the peasantry had thus decided, the White generals were doomed. Four times their experiment was repeated, and four times the result was—defeat.

It is important for the prognosis of Russia's future to find out whether the experiences of the years of revolution have been turned to good account by the Russian people. What changes have occurred during this period in the popular psychology? It is of particular importance to gain a clear conception of this change as regards the bulk of the Russian population, the peasants.

In Russia, which is pre-eminently an agricultural country, the peasantry has always played a prominent part in the economic life of the state. And now this role has come to be the dominating and paramount feature in the whole situation. In present-day Russia the peasantry is the only productive element. It is the only class that has retained, and even strengthened, its social position in the state. It stands to-day unchallenged. The feudal system of large estates has been overthrown forever. Industry and the classes dependent upon it—labor and the bourgeoisie—are, at least for the time being, crushed, weakened, and unproductive. In the future they will, of course, play an important part. For the moment, however, they are helpless.

This condition is reflected in psychological changes also. The peasants now clearly see that all the strands of life are gathered in their hands. If the peasant will furnish bread, the city, the army, and the government officials will live; if he refuses they will perish. The former psychology of semiserfdom is now making room for a new consciousness in the peasant—that of being the real master and ruler of the country, the real “boss” of his own Russia. The peasant is now undergoing a process of self-discovery as a *citizen*. To dispose freely of this destiny, of his heritage, of his own self, and to build the edifice of his existence as a free and sovereign citizen—these are the practical lessons derived by the Russian peasant from the school of revolution.

The revolution has brought about still other favorable changes in the psychology of the peasantry. Driven by hunger, the more cultured city population was forced to seek bread in the villages, creating there new interests and demands. Having no money to give for its bread, the city has had to barter, bringing to the village new articles unknown there before. This has inevitably created entirely new wants among the peasantry.

Century-old relationships, traditional forms and molds, have been destroyed by the revolution. That which had previously seemed to be simple and pre-established, to be accepted without question, is now subjected to analysis and explanation; hence a tremendous increase in the demand for knowledge on subjects political, scientific, and technical. “The thirst for learning is overwhelming!” says a report of the Commissariat of Education. “In southern Russia peasant children have now made their appearance in the intermediary schools, making up in some cases as much as 40 to 60 per cent of all pupils. Formerly there were none. . . . In a large number of provinces private schools have been opened which are being maintained by the peasants at their own expense, all contributing to the upkeep.” People who have the opportunity to observe

this process on the spot say that “the face of new, dawning Russia may be perceived in this movement of the peasantry toward light and knowledge.”

Another great gain has been made as a result of four years of sore trial. These difficult years have not only awakened a keen and vital sense of citizenship, but they have also forced the people to live through and feel intensely, and to realize clearly, the need for *statehood*, for the *unity of the state*.

The Russian people—builders of one of the greatest empires of the world—have often been accused of failure to appreciate sufficiently the importance of the state, of lack of patriotism. But the Bolshevik anarchy has forced the people to realize and understand that the violation of the functions of the state spells the ruin of all social life in all its forms and manifestations. The thirst for social and political order has been aroused by life itself and will not rest until it is satisfied.

The civil war, which split Russia into isolated sections and domestic battle fronts, was equally responsible for awakening an active desire for unity. People began to realize clearly what had not been felt before—that Russia is not a mere mechanical conglomeration of individual parts, but a single political and economic organism, held together by a network of railways, ports, and other common bonds. The same stern lessons of life have intensified also the meaning of “country,” have made that term a tangible reality. The disintegration of the state, its losses and calamities, the national dishonor which had to be endured more than once—all this could not fail to cause a keen realization of the vital importance and significance of a native country, of a motherland.

Finally, the destruction of economic and cultural values, the senseless experimentation of the Bolsheviks, the impossibility of creative work—all this has tended to arouse an irresistible desire for creative, productive work, for the healing of the wounds dealt to the country

and its economic life by the mad and destructive policy of the Bolsheviki. The thirst for vital and fruitful activity is on the increase.

I have spoken of the peasantry, for it is this class that is ultimately bound to shape Russia's destiny. A sound, mature peasantry is the economic and social foundation of the whole edifice of the Russian state. Upon this solid foundation, after the passing of the present evil days, will be reared a sound and free industrial system, with sound and prosperous classes of labor and bourgeoisie. The spiritual and intellectual formulation of this fact will be supplied by the "brains" of the nation, the *intelligentsia*. And no matter how much these classes of the population have been crushed down, they are already in many respects undergoing the same evolution as the peasantry—a process of spiritual and political growth.

To-day Russia is prepared for democratic, creative effort more than ever before. In her sufferings Russia is developing a new fortitude. And of her—this truly national Russia—it may be said in the words of Russia's greatest poet, Pushkin:

A heavy sledge
May shatter glass,
But also forge the sword.

Under the sledge-hammer blows of seemingly unendurable affliction Russia has not been shattered like fragile glass. Russia has merely learned to forge a new, indomitable will, her liberty and her glorious future.

Notwithstanding all her vicissitudes, Russia will recover economically faster than may appear possible at first sight. In this respect we may apply to Russia that old Russian proverb, "There would have been no good luck if ill luck had not helped."

Russia's misfortune prior to the revolution consisted in the poor development of her productive resources, of her industry. But it is due to this very fact that

Russia's chief resources are not on the surface, but still in the bowels of the earth. Destruction, therefore, has failed to reach the most important economic resources of the country—her mineral wealth, boundless forests, and most fertile sections of land. The exploitation of all this wealth is left to the future. And therein—combined with the energy of the people and a rational system of work—lies the possibility of the rapid recovery of that richest of countries. Under conditions of free labor and individual initiative, and with the vigorous co-operation of the whole nation, Russia will be able to march forward on the road of economic evolution in seven-league boots.

Of course, an indispensable condition of such quick progress and rapid healing of wounds must be close co-operation with foreign capital. Foreign capital should prove beneficial to Russian labor as well as to a proper utilization of natural resources. Given these conditions, it is possible that Russia may see a development comparable to that of the United States after the Civil War. Foreign capital played a most important part in American reconstruction.

Such co-operation on the part of American capital would be particularly welcomed by democratic Russia. In the first place, American capital is at the present moment the most powerful. In the second place, America has been throughout Russia's period of revolutionary trials exceptionally well-meaning and unselfish. The United States has always been, just as she is to-day, the champion of Russian democracy and of the integrity of Russia's territorial and sovereign rights. It is America that has come to the relief of Russia's dying, famine-stricken population. This will never be forgotten by future Russia. It establishes a solid basis for peaceful co-operation of both countries in the domain of world politics as well as economics.

LATE FOR DINNER

BY MARIE MANNING

THE crowd had been waiting round the doors of the big red house for more than an hour. Well dressed, eager, discreetly jocular, even, over its democratic curiosity that kept it waiting in the chill drizzle of an autumn evening to catch sight of a prince.

Except in the matter of lingering on the red carpet—impressive as the roll of a trumpet—the police were conspicuously human. From time to time a serving man whose natural habitat should have been the stage came from the house and brushed up the scarlet strip with the melancholy resignation of the well trained.

Guests were beginning to arrive; important-looking men in penguinlike evening clothes; officers with captive rainbows on their sober khaki chests; women magnificently glittering as the cast skin of snakes, ermine and sables trailing, nothing left but to melt a pearl, like Cleopatra. At last came the prince—simplest of the lot—fair, boyish, appealingly conscious as his hand shot up in acknowledgment of the cheer of welcome. The oaken doors swung in. Presumably the peepshow was over.

Down the street, murderous in its onrush, sped a taxi; out fell a girl, pale as if she had been dragged from a sick bed. For a moment the crowd drank its fill of the lovely creature who broke all the polite commandments by arriving after royalty. Traces of tears were plainly visible to those favored with a "close-up." Here was real drama. Again the crowd took root.

With nervous fingers the girl pressed the bell; the oaken doors did not yield. Again she rang; no response from within. She reached for the big brass knocker and hammered; breathless, the crowd

looked on at the parable of the foolish virgin. In despair she motioned to the taxi—breathing easier now and preparing to depart—not to go. Then the doors opened a grudging inch or two. Was she, perchance, a prying newspaper person?

"I'm expected to dinner," she gasped, and gave the name. Forlorn on the peninsula of red carpet—separating the favored within from the spectators without—she stood while the footman arrived at the most momentous decision of his life. Would a guest have the temerity to arrive after the prince? Beauty won. The footman opened the door wide enough for her to slip through. The crowd began to melt, buzzing bits of her family history which had been lived a good deal in headlines.

The girl did not know how she managed to drag herself up the flight of stairs that led to the drawing-room. Her own identity slipped, she was watching the plight of some one named Phyllis Brandon.

Her hostess, on the way to the dining room with the guest of honor, saw her and "registered" the feelings of one confronted by a "situation." The equerry's coaching had not touched on such a contingency; it was unthinkable anyone could be late.

The blond young man about whom the spectacle turned appeared to be a person of infinite resource. He acknowledged the belated one's curtsy—one felt that the tremendous contretemps rather amused him. The hostess, despite an impulse to murder, said the right word. A sixth sense, working automatically, sent the queue of celebrities to the dining room with an exhilarating sense of adventure.

Several times during dinner the prince's eyes wandered to the girl and rested there. She was luminously beautiful—a quiet inner glow that flared now and then, like a sanctuary lamp burning in alabaster. Details were gray eyes and chestnut hair, a great deal of it. And the wistful loveliness of Romney at his best was hers.

After dinner there were special presentations—dowagers, dowagers, and yet more dowagers; officers, diplomats, girls, girls, girls—but never Phyllis, who seemed to hang on the outer fringes, utterly neglected but for the casual greeting of some detached man.

Everyone in the room, it seemed, had been brought up but the girl. The prince was becoming genuinely curious. He might have appealed to one of his own suite, but to transform every one of them into recording angels, plus watchfully waiting collies, just let him show interest in any girl.

And then occurred the complication of the dark young man. He had been presented; dramatic fervor marked his acknowledgment of the prince's gracious word. His manner was delightfully Latin; it went with the camellia-like pallor of his skin, the watch-spring agility with which he moved. Then the dark young man—still with cataclysmic effect—rushed off to Phyllis Brandon like an impetuous pilgrim to a shrine.

"Adored!" he murmured, loud enough for everyone within a generous circumference to hear, and he was more fervid even than when he had been presented to the prince.

"Lysander"—she spoke as if behind a mask—"if anything else happens to make me conspicuous to-night, I think I shall die."

"Is it that you wish me to go?" His despair was perfect, like a tenor's in grand opera.

"Yes, please."

"I go, but I come back to-morrow, next day, forever—me, I am like time."

He wandered off, but not far, for Lysander had that which makes a man

always interesting. He was reputed the richest young man in the diplomatic service in Washington. Nitrate beds in Chile had sent the family fortunes up, up, like a winning roulette wheel. Incredible tales of millions were told. Lysander Salazar was an *Arabian Nights* sort of a person.

An English officer with hair a bit gray and a profile that looked accustomed to having its own way observed this little tragi-comedy with interest. The thing that amazed him was his vehement partisanship of the girl. Why the devil had they asked her at all, if she was to be neglected in a corner, and made a spectacle of by that little nitrate Johnny?

He was Col. Archer Erskine, and he had done the usual things in the way of soldiering and big game, and nothing had specially mattered but his regiment and his hunting. With a pang of retrospective concern, he asked himself if he were about to experience that phenomenon known as falling in love at first sight? He left the question open and immediately set about playing knight-errant to the girl.

Wires were pulled, forces set in motion; in less than five minutes he had the satisfaction of turning Miss Brandon over to the old Ad.—genial diminutive for a tremendously important naval personage and member of the prince's suite. As she went off on the old Ad.'s arm to meet the prince at last, she gave Erskine her loveliest smile. Yes, he decided, it must be love at first sight, or maybe he had been killed in the hunting field—and had gone to heaven. He and Phyllis had not exchanged a dozen words.

The tremendously important blond young man told Phyllis, after she had achieved a very creditable curtsy, that he had been afraid he was not going to meet her at all. Now one of the nicest things about him was his smile, not his public-appearance smile, not his cornerstone-laying smile, but that rather winning lift of the corner of the lip that he kept for a few.

"My punishment for being late, sir."

"What's that jolly thing you say over here—please don't recall it? No, that's not it."

"Perhaps you mean 'forget it,'" she suggested.

"That's it.—Worse if you hadn't come at all."

"It was a Cinderella plight—"

"And the fairy godmother didn't appear?"

"Everything happened but the fairy godmother." She melted into a smile.

After the Cinderella reference, perhaps it was inevitable that he should glance at what she happened to be wearing. Transparent mistlike draperies of dull blue with the five-toed dragon of imperial China writhing, sprawling, turning with every move. It sung out above the uniformed glitter of every woman in the room. Was it one more thing in the plot against her?

H. R. H. regarded her attentively. "I say, do you mind looking jolly well bored—as if a mayor were reading you an address of welcome?"

"Of course—but why?"

"The old Ad. has a system. If I look as if I were having a good time, three minutes is my limit."

She considered this. "No palling about with girls, no college frats, no dreaming about what you're going to be. Always flags flying and the mayor making an address—"

"Don't invoke *that* picture, please. The old Ad. is really coming; it's past looking bored—" But they were to have a reprieve, it seemed; the admiral was waylaid by an important military personage.

"I'm going to claim heaps of fox trots at the little club dance to-morrow night." He liked her for no reason at all—as men mostly did.

"To-morrow night, sir, I shall be home poking the ashes. Everything ends to-night at midnight."

"You must come to the dance to-morrow. I'm going to put your name down."

"Please don't. I'm a rank outsider,

eyes frighten me. I'm happier home, poking ashes."

"I'm coming to see you poke the ashes to-morrow."

"I shall brag about it to my great-grandchildren." Mimicking the cracked whisper of an old woman: "When I was eighteen I talked to the prince after a dinner party. I was late and most of the time forgot to say 'sir.' Next day he came to see me poke the ashes."

"You did that unpleasantly well; I seem to feel the chill of eighty."

"Life is so wonderful," she dreamed aloud. "I don't believe in eighty. Do you?"

"Not to-night, at least," he answered. Ah, here's our deluge." The old Ad. had come.

There were flowers next morning, heaps of lovely roses, and in the afternoon the prince came to see her poke the ashes. Two equerries, or dignitaries equally formidable, came along, and the ancient cinder tending of tradition became afternoon tea.

But the glamour of the night before did not return. How could it, with the two gentlemen-in-waiting sitting up watchful as plain-clothes men? The prince was bored, irritated. Suddenly he proposed that all of them should take a walk. It seemed the tour had held every human experience—compatible with such a jealously guarded progress—but a walk.

The gentlemen-in-waiting received the suggestion as if an expedition to Mars had been suggested. But the blond young man held to it doggedly, and they started. Also they walked—sixty yards, perhaps—and the streets became choked—camera men, reporters, pedestrians, loungers. To escape to the sanctuary of a friendly doorway was to avert a near riot.

And that was all there was to Phyllis's affair with the prince, but her name rang from Maine to California. "She walked with the prince," the headlines read for a day or two; then—imagination and journalistic enterprise did the rest.



SHE REACHED FOR THE BIG BRASS KNOCKER AND HAMMERED

Women who had snubbed her openly now fought for the honor of being snubbed by her. There was not enough time in the calendar for her to make the rounds of country houses to which she was invited.

The sudden onrush of publicity was bewildering. Columns were written, columns of inanities, columns of untruths, columns of the most childish absurd speculations, which a kindergarten knowledge of English tradition would have knocked to pieces.

The prince continued on his journey, and perhaps he forgot all about the beauty who had been late for dinner. The girl could not understand why the newspapers kept up the talk, nor where they got her photographs that were endlessly reproduced. Her stepmother suggested employing detectives, then decided not to, for fear of inciting further publicity.

Hardcastle was her stepmother's im-

mediate name, but she had petitioned Congress to have it changed back to Brandon. "*Petite maman*" was what she insisted on Phyllis calling her. She was rather addicted to matrimony in the settlement of her affairs. It wasn't really safe for any man to talk to her about a mortgage, a motor car, or even the weather; the discussion was so apt to take on a permanent character. A genuine blond, her hair was minted from the scalp an indubitable gold, but it was too good to be true; it would have ruined any woman's reputation. The Brandons, inherent conservatives, could not receive hair like that at their Friday afternoons. It was easier to drop Phyllis, who, as "poor dear James's daughter," didn't count particularly.

By the terms of her father's will, the girl couldn't claim her share of the scant inheritance till she was twenty-five, and miracles of frugality went toward keep-

ing up appearances—as her stepmother conceived them to be.

Meantime, Lysander Salazar was in the habit of proposing Sunday afternoons, and when Monday dawned, blue, disheartening, with bills and tradesmen to be placated, Phyllis always wondered why she hadn't taken him. He was still fervid, camellia-like, and, in a miniature way, handsome. But the more enamored he became the more Phyllis thought of a tenor pouring out his soul under a calcium moon. Then suddenly he was transferred to London; perhaps his chief thought his devotion to Miss Brandon was making him a bit absurd. She tried honestly to give him some encouragement before he sailed—living on nothing a year was getting to be intolerable—but the image of the moon and the tenor persisted.

Curiously enough, though months had passed since the prince's visit, "the only girl" legend, and the havoc it might possibly play with Church and State, continued.

Phyllis went to her stepmother's sitting room one morning—and the cat of mystery was out of the bag. Sprawled upward on the desk were two childhood photographs of herself, and at the bottom of each, in Mrs. Brandon's angular handwriting, a caption concerning the prince and "the only girl." A newspaper was returning them with the comment that, "Such a long time has elapsed since His Highness's visit to these shores, we feel the public is entitled to fresher topics."

Rage and shame consumed Phyllis; something violent would break loose if she encountered *Petite maman* just then. She rushed out, walked the streets for hours, rested in a public park, and walked again; fifty cents exactly represented her entire capital; there was nothing to do but go home and again take up life with *Petite maman*.

Drooping, overblown, not unlike an American Beauty rose fallen from its high caste in the florist's window to the humbler environment of a street vender's basket, Mrs. Brandon opened the

encounter. "I'm not going to deny a thing, Phil darling. It broke my heart to see nobodies always getting their daughters' names in the paper—and Jim Brandon's girl nowhere!"

Phyllis's silence was more accusing than words.

"I did it, dearie, because we hadn't the money to draw attention to you in the usual way. Girls fail, the same as business these days, if they're not advertised."

Still no answer. *Petite maman* took a fresh turn.

"If you could have only taken a fancy to Lysander; but you're so hard to please! Anyone might have thought he was a government clerk trying not to become an anarchist on twelve hundred a year, instead of having more than he can spend. And playing the piano, too, with such a lovely touch. Millionaires are not often so accomplished—"

Still no answer.

"You must admit, dearie, my making the most of those three or four steps you took with the prince has saved you from being snowed under the way your father's family would like to have you. It's made you the most talked-of girl in the United States."

Utter hopelessness spread over her stepdaughter's face. "Can't you realize what I feel, going there because Great-aunt Anne insisted—unwelcome, late, tricked out in a couple of scarfs, like a snake charmer? Then to have the prince's kindness betrayed by misrepresentation—"

"You're exactly like your father—too sensitive to get anywhere."

"My only ambition is to get out of the papers—and get a job."

"A job with your face! You'd wreck it in a week."

Which would be wrecked, the face or the occupation, was not made clear.

For the next few weeks Phyllis, like countless victims of the finishing-school system, wondered if she had a single money-getting asset among her slim assortment of parlor tricks. She could



“I’M GOING TO CLAIM HEAPS OF FOX TROTS AT THE DANCE”

she speak French, if people did not talk too fast; she remembered vaguely that all Gaul had been divided into three parts, and that Chaucer was reputed to be the father of English literature.

She dreamed of opening a tea shop, a hat shop, a book shop, but—such things require capital. *Petite maman* then developed a new plan.

Further retrenchment was necessary. Stocks had dropped, servants’ wages were ruinous. In Washington, when one was hard up, the usual procedure was to rent one’s house furnished to a new Congressman. This was comparatively easy,

if you did over with English chintz and picked up a few bits of mahogany at Sloan’s. New Congressmen’s wives “fell hard” for such things; they were so tired of mission furniture and Bagdad portières when they got to Washington, finally.

The twins who were neither Hardcastles nor Brandons, but Smiths—fruits of *Petite maman*’s first matrimonial venture—could then be sent to a cheap boarding school in Quebec, where the French was very decent. And Phyllis and her mother would be free to retrench in Palermo. Why Palermo, Phyllis didn’t know.

They intended to sail the latter part of October, if the divinations of the soothsayers were favorable. Mrs. Brandon never made a decision without having recourse to a crystal gazer or an astrologer. "A marvel," newly discovered, now urged her client to change the color of her hair, which was out of harmony with her horoscope—"and didn't look natural, anyway."

The astrologer advised a "warm henna," as to hair, and said *Petite maman's* vibrations would be concordant if she confined her colors to black and white. With misgivings Phyllis found herself beside an unfamiliar figure on the deck of an outgoing steamer—a challenging Bakst study in henna, ivory, and black.

It developed almost immediately that Mrs. Brandon had changed her plans. "Palermo has nothing but a cathedral and climate. Foolish to waste our clothes on it, Phil darling; they represent capital; we mortgaged the home to get them." She had the manner of one fighting with her back to the wall.

"What do you propose?" Her stepdaughter had the weariness of despair.

"I mean to stop over in London and let Salazar take us about. I'm sick to death of filling food, cheap theater seats, having to consider every taxi before I dare take it. Perhaps you may run across the prince. I'm going to try like mad to have us presented at court."

Presented at court! That fantasy had inspired mortgaging the house. They would be lucky if they were not requested to take the next steamer home. Discussion with Mrs. Brandon was impossible; it degenerated into wrangling. Phyllis spun on her heel and began to pace the deck. She walked till she was ready to drop with fatigue, then snuggled luxuriously in her steamer rugs. The everlasting surge of the waves lulled her, the wet salt breeze filled her hair with delicious moisture; on her lips the taste was bitter and cleansing. She sank at last into a deep lethargic gulf in which all the cravings of youth had vanished.

She was even indifferent to that succession of fat angels occupying, in turn, a high chair in a sunny room in her own particular castle in Spain.

From time to time a haunting realization of her plight would snatch her back from the threshold of slumber, but the prospect was reassuringly the same—a pale crescent moon looked down on a mother-of-pearl sea over which a fog trailed ghostly vestures. Through a porthole a light gleamed, another, another; the great ship became a constellation.

Sleep with troubled dreams came. A brute, yelling she must walk the plank, caught her by the arm; she sprang aside to escape him; the deck chair collapsed, the tucked-up bundle of rugs rolled toward the rail.

The man who did not dine till eight regarded with interest the depraved conduct of apparently inanimate things. To pitch the rugs back where they belonged was the automatic prompting of an orderly mind.

He stooped—he laid hold of—he let fall! His mental phonograph recorded: "More to this than bally bundle of rugs. Woman inside. Regular Cleopatra 'stunt'!" Inquiries followed the steady-ing of Phyllis on her feet. No, she wasn't hurt. Again his mental phonograph asked, "Why in thunder does she hold me as if she were going down for the third time?" A searchlight flashed from the bridge, a puff of wind whipped aside an enveloping veil, nebulous, suggestive of trailing fog, crescent moon, mother-of-pearl sea. She stood revealed. Why had she dropped his arm so soon?

Aloud he said: "Nasty cropper that. Boat lurched?"

Still a bit dazed, she answered: "No. I dreamed I had to walk the plank."

People were coming out from dinner in violent extremes of costume—in sweaters, with jerked-down tams to conceal disordered hair, or preening along in elaborate evening clothes topped by furred wraps.

An austere silhouette was all the un-

certain light yielded of the stranger; he appeared a bit formidable.

"Shall I talk to him?" she deliberated. "Would he make me forget my troubles for a while?" Something about him seemed oddly familiar. "Aren't you going to dinner?" she asked.

"Are you?"

"I had some bouillon out here. Nothing more, thanks."

"Dinners are fairly regular with me," he deliberated. "I don't pick up a rug every day—and find it—not a rug."

Her identity hung tantalizingly beyond the rim of his consciousness. Where had he seen this girl? In the States they called that way of speaking "Southern." Again a searchlight flashed from the bridge. Recognition was mutual, instantaneous, even a bit tense.

"She ought to be made to walk the plank—the little cheat!" his mental phonograph recorded. And hers, "The English officer who pulled wires at the prince's dinner!" He reflected: "She's

not going to make a fool of me with that rug business. Old stuff. Cleopatra tripped Julius with that." Aloud he asked, "Did an airship drop you from Mars, or have you been avoiding the herd?"

Her quick perceptions sensed the change, the inimical something that had come with recognition.

"Guess," she parried. "Riddles are one of the few things the war hasn't disturbed."

With the instinct of a hunting man he decided to try her at "a stone fence,"



meaning the only-girl legend. "My guess"—his drawl carried an immutable sense of privilege—"not a moment on common clay; always a prince for yours."

She wavered, hurt, indignant, then countered, smoothly, "Is this just masculine modesty or do you happen to be royalty incog?"

Her little shot amused him. "You'll cut me dead to-morrow; in the meantime, as usual, a looker-on, at your service—"

"Doesn't looking on strike you as an economical waste when you're so admirably fitted for censor?"

"You haven't felt the need of such an official in the States, have you?"

She tapped her foot. "What you Englishmen need in the States is an Anglo-American dictionary. When shell shocked—look up the shocker in both languages. Take the word newspaper. Turn to N. English definition would run something like this: 'Public print written to discourage reading among the masses. Aims to be dull—achieves ideal. Almost as reliable as mutton (cold). Advertisements written—and more especially illustrated—to discourage spending.' American version would read: 'Publication circulated to encourage penny spending among the masses. Often highly imaginative, but never dull—*i. e.*, weather report sometimes illustrated. Advertisements works of art and literature; conducive to baby-bank robbery. N. B.—American climate extra hazardous to Englishmen minus sense of humor.'"

"Would you mind doing a bit more of that?" He almost thawed.

She flung him a sidewise glimmer, half beguiling, half retaliation. "Flattering, but I haven't an amusement contract with the steamer people. Is any dictionary worth a man's dinner? . . . I'm afraid you've missed yours; everyone seems to be coming out."

"I never dine till eight." He had the irritating air of one amusing himself at a curtain raiser till the big event.

"Why had neither of them mentioned their first meeting?" she asked herself, when he had gone; then supplied the answer. "Contempt had replaced that first fine courtesy he had shown to a girl whom everyone else had overlooked. "You loathe *Petite maman's* newspaper enterprise as much as I," she reflected, "but you're giving me all the credit for it." Then she hurried below to avoid another possible meeting.

Just as steel doors open on a fiery furnace, her memory disclosed scorching humiliations of childhood. She had been so happy in school friendships; then some one would find out about *Petite maman*, her divorces, the headlines—and the little girls would play with Phyllis no more. She whistled as she brushed out her long hair. She often whistled when she refused to let herself cry.

Colonel Erskine ordered an eminently English dinner of clear soup, filet of sole, underdone beef, a plain salad, and a deep-dish tart. The line he was traveling with was British, and it was possible to experience the full rigors of English cookery. Meantime, he found his adventure of the last half hour highly preoccupying.

His mental phonograph continued to record: Cooked-up scheme—rugs—tumble. Dashed clever—dangerous little devil—what d' they call 'em?—baby vamps! That business about the prince unspeakable! Not worth considering—whole dashed business.

But the something luminous about her, like a light burning in alabaster, continued to challenge his consciousness. The soup lost its savor. With the fish her image and likeness presented itself subject to reasonable doubt. Had she really a hand in that raw game? The sole was dashed poor, too. What could you expect, cold storage?

The roast beef, underdone, grew cold while his visualizing faculties took a new tack. He thought of her as he had first seen her, lovely, friendless, in that room full of crushingly important people, all unaware of her. For a moment he soft-

ened to that picture. Could a girl who looked like that have capitalized the prince's kindness with roaring newspaper lies? Was she still on deck? Something beyond his will possessed him. He swallowed his black coffee and left the table, walking with that unexaggerated swing and balance which his regiment affected.

Miss Brandon had gone, but *Petite maman* called to him from her deck chair. She had seen him talking to her stepdaughter, which gave him the privilege of talking to her. His relief at hearing "the brindle-colored lady" was not Phyllis's mother was almost comic.

At the end of ten minutes Erskine felt he knew more of the family history than their solicitor, including the hopeless passion of Lysander Salazar for Phyllis. And wasn't it going too far when a foreign representative took a hand in the love affairs of an under secretary and transferred him? The poor young man threatened suicide. The only thing was to let him play Chopin to Phil—and the people next door, dreadful vulgarians who kept boarders, would rap on the wall at half-past eleven.

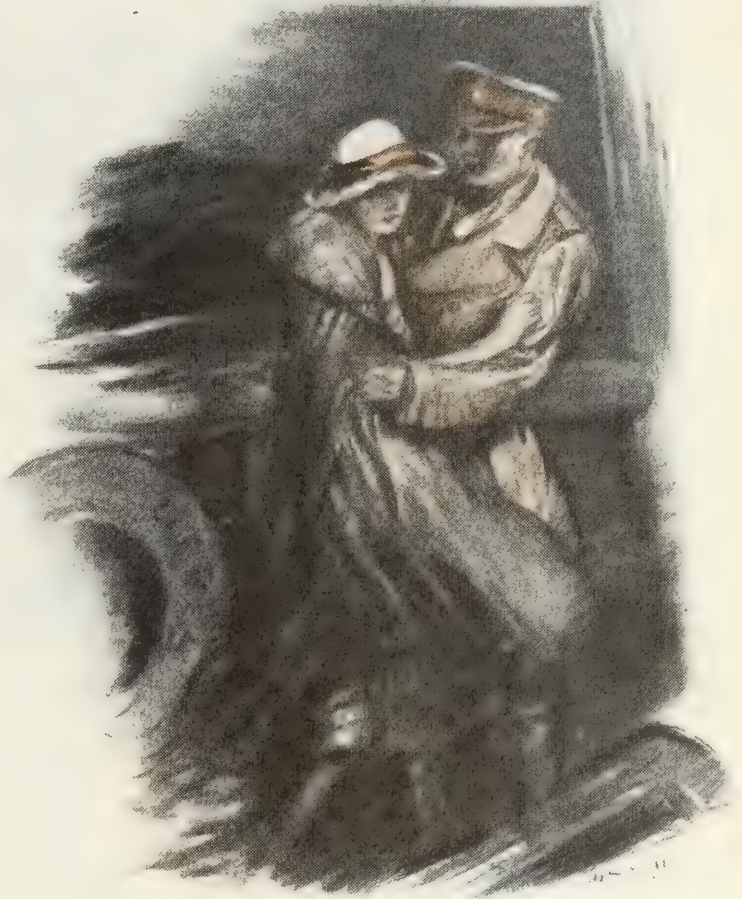
Erskine, who had been meditating a dash at the first full stop, felt his sleeve gripped while the lady inquired if it was very difficult to be presented at court?

Erskine imagined it was.

"Do you know, my stepdaughter actually went walking with the prince, and for nearly a year after his visit the papers were full of it. Perhaps you may remember seeing her picture?"

"It appeared with the frequency of a breakfast-food advertisement," he permitted himself.

She seemed to regard this as a tribute. "We've no letters of introduction at all, but, considering the prince's attentions to Phyllis, do you think presentation would be difficult?"



INQUIRIES FOLLOWED THE STEADYING OF PHYLLIS
ON HER FEET

"Rather!" He answered bluntly, and escaped.

Wisdom of the serpent, known as feminine intuition, conveyed to Phyllis next morning that the gentleman walking the deck and probably thinking the worst of her wouldn't be at all averse to taking the adjoining steamer chair. Unconsciously she caught his eye, and the winner of two very creditable decorations for "bravery under fire" wavered. The trick was done.

"You win," he said, with a little undercurrent of mockery. "Again and again I've rounded Point Danger, only



"YOU WIN," HE SAID, WITH A LITTLE UNDERCURRENT OF MOCKERY

to founder. May I?" He indicated the empty chair.

"You might even be worth salvaging," she coolly appraised. "Memory appears defective—otherwise—umm-m—m!"

"Good tactics; always carry an assault. Speaking of memories, may I inquire your plans for invading the British Isles?"

Her mental phonograph recorded, "So that's what brought you round, my friend—curiosity." Aloud she said, "If I did, you'd regard them as those plans the Germans were always spilling—naïve decoys."

"Naïveté is not a quality one associates with Miss Brandon."

"Is that a tribute or an insult?" she demurred. "As to plans, I propose landing at Liverpool. Do you know if I'm to be held up as a dangerous person?"

"You would be if I had anything to

do with it. Shall you appeal to the Crown?"

Indignation boiled. The crux of his interest at last—would she try to see the prince again? Meantime, he wouldn't mind a bit of flirting while playing private detective. All her sportsmanlike qualities rose.

"Good of you to credit me with an appeal. I rather imagined you thought I'd ring the bell of Buckingham Palace—or does it happen to be Marlborough House?—and say, 'Tell um comp'ny's come.'"

His gravity melted. "You're a little devil, and there's no telling what you'll do besides land on your feet."

"I'm too old," she said, whimsically, "for the little-devil tribute to thrill. At sixteen I ate it alive, and perhaps I'll come back to it when I've grown a double chin and begin to stalk débutante quarry—"

"You admit, then, you're no amateur devil?"

"What are your qualifications for a thirty-third-degree devil?"

"Heaven help anyone who could prompt you. At least, you're an honest devil; you don't flatter."

"Now tell me all about yourself?" she mocked.

"Like the happy countries, I haven't any history."

"Then why is Doubting Thomas your patron saint and Sherlock Holmes your favorite hero?"

"May I answer your question with another? Why were you late that night at the prince's dinner?"

"You think I did it deliberately?"

"I'm beginning to doubt."

"You've hardly hurried," she chaffed. "Even now I dream of dragging my half-dead self up those stairs—and all on account of a wretched dressmaker who didn't send home a frock in time."

"Of course you couldn't have worn anything else?" Again he achieved skepticism without effrontery.

"I wavered between a tennis skirt and a mackintosh. It was one of those ridiculous things that get funnier as the agony crawls up."

"What *did* happen, really?"

"My being invited at all was a fluke. Greataunt Anne—she's the Queen Victoria of our family—just made Cousin Charlotte ask me. A wonderful gown was contributed by G. A. Anne, but the thing didn't get done—and at the last minute I went sorrowfully to decide between two perfectly 'goods.' Now let the stage be darkened and the winds howl. Air, space, two empty wardrobe hooks, confronted me. The twins, younger stepsisters and not yet out, had consoled themselves by bolting to a kid dance in my two second-bests!"

"Good for the twins," he laughed.

"Terrible for them later, but—you see, I'd motored up from a house party in Virginia for the great event and had only a suit case with me. Literally there was nothing but the tennis skirt or the mack-

intosh. My stepmother would telephone to the dressmaker and always get the same answer, 'The gown's on its way, madam; left half an hour ago.' It must have traveled hundreds of miles that night, poor thing. And *Petite maman* 'd just stand there looking like the tableau of a devastated country—and lead another offensive on the telephone.

"She'd remember the serpent's-teeth twins and tear her hair like King Lear. And I'd remember some girl about my size and phone her, but she'd always be out—and every second it would be getting later.

"Then the governess had an inspiration. She remembered two lovely old scarfs my grandfather had brought from China—blue with dragons of dull gold. She bit off a needleful of basting thread, sewed me up in them, and shoved me from the house more dead than alive."

"Regular cinema dilemma!" Erskine said, and spent the next two minutes watching the racing whitecaps. His lack of any further comment made her feel he regarded the episode as one more "impossible" item in the Brandon family history, and she was indignant with herself for having told him.

"Why should I try to put myself straight with him? What is he to me? Nothing!" she reflected, and her silence was equal to his own. Suddenly they became aware of a sweetish scent, musky, challenging. It proved to be the forerunner of *Petite maman*, who waved a wireless message from Salazar. He was in Paris, but would return immediately to London. He was "entranced"—his own word—that they were coming to England. Erskine made a break for the smoking room.

The wireless message settled things so far as *Petite maman* was concerned. It meant that the young diplomat was prepared to quarrel with his chief, his family, and everyone else for Phyllis's sake. In an agreeable flutter she was deciding whether they should have a house in Carlton Terrace or, if the good ones were all taken, Portman Square.

"That girl," with her sensitiveness and utter lack of initiative, had been a frightful asset, but Heaven knew her own mother couldn't have done any better by her!

It was the last night aboard and everyone pleasantly keyed up to the situation. Phyllis had begun to react to her stepmother's taken-for-granted attitude in the Lysander affair. She had been so buffeted about during her short life, had felt so keenly her social disadvantages, her stepmother's kindly but vulgar meddling, that a solution of her problems would come perilously near to happiness. It wouldn't be hard to love anyone who was kind, even if he didn't happen to play Chopin as wonderfully as Lysander. She intended to be quite honest with him; if he'd be patient and wait for her to care she'd marry him.

Under these circumstances it seemed inconsistent for her to defer her dinner hour till eight, then immediately glance at the captain's table to make sure Erskine was there. He joined her as she left the *salon* and helped her into one of his own coats, remarking the wrap she wore seemed to be a spider's web.

Across the extreme bow of the boat a chain had been stretched, bearing a taboo notice to passengers. Erskine, claiming permission, unfastened the barrier. They had a magnificent stretch of sky and sea to themselves. Mist clung to Phyllis's face and hair; its cool refreshment was delicious. Relieved from *Petite maman's* vehement insistence on the inevitability of things, the Lysander solution of her problems seemed more and more hopeless. She recalled the beautiful clothes bought with the mortgage money; she'd pawn them and live on the proceeds till she got a self-respecting job. Why hadn't she been taught stenography, millinery, bookkeeping? Why were schools like the Wyckham "finishing" permitted by law?

She fought back unruly tears by thinking up fantastic advertisements like: "Parlor maid with matchless wardrobe would like situation with kind

family. Object, to escape brilliant match." Or, "Parlor maid who has spoken to royalty would like situation with family where a Paris wardrobe would be no disadvantage." She felt better now; even a smile flitted.

"What are you smiling about?" Erskine, who had been attentively regarding her, asked.

"Oh—just thinking up want ads. for fun."

"In Heaven's name, what do you want—or, like Alexander, are you sighing for new worlds to conquer?"

Her voice was dry and a little weary. "I should like to have a job."

"Wrecking empires—things like that?"

"No, just plain job. Sundays off."

He was silent so long that she imagined the idea of a job was ground for further disapproval. Then he said, in his curiously privileged drawl: "How does this want ad. strike you?—'Reformed gentleman, no longer addicted to suspicion of any sort, would like to see a girl, name of Phyllis, about his old home in Herefordshire. A boxwood garden and an Elizabethan ring go with the reformed gentleman. Regretfully he grants Sundays off'—"

She gasped, wordless. It was unthinkable. Then her wretched pride whispered that propinquity had claimed another victim. Deep down he still thought her and everything she stood for "impossible." She bit her lip to hide its trembling, and said, with something of her old flair, "Do I understand you are asking me to marry you?"

There was no mistaking the suppressed eagerness of his voice, though he clung to his drawling, cryptic speech. "Rather. Shall I go on my knees?"

"Please don't, dear old Cophetua. This beggar maid could never live up to the honor of your throne." And for a fleeting moment or two pride was enough. Her refusal had paid off all the old scores. It rushed over her, with a sense of ignominy, that she minded his going out of her life tremendously. No

one else had ever interested her, no one had ever been so kind as he had been that evening at the prince's dinner. She was trembling a little, and she caught the deck rail that he might not see.

"I was a fool to dream of it, Phyllis. You have youth and beauty and all the world to choose from. Why should you take an old soldier who has only love to offer?"

And to this she had no answer at all, because humility was the last thing she had dreamed him capable of. There was something in the quiet dignity with which he took her answer that made her pride seem absurd—pitiful.

"I've been a poor sort of lover because"—he was tremendously serious—"I haven't learned about women, as Kipling says. It's been all soldiering with me, and hunting before I was invalidated home."

Against her will an imp of perversity seemed to pull a string and make her say, in spite of herself: "No, it wouldn't be good for either of us. We started out wrong." She put out her hand and patted his coat sleeve. "No, I can't, old dear."

"I behaved like a rotter, thinking at first you stood for those silly yarns. Serves me jolly well right, too, turning me down. Good luck to a better man." And he stood like a soldier who knows how to take his medicine.

A stagy cough sounded; some one in unassuming gold buttons touched his cap. "Wireless for you, miss. There's an answer."

Erskine fell back. He had the look of

a hunting man when a fox takes to cover. The messenger offered her an electric flash. She read and reread the dispatch before grasping its meaning:

Will you marry me in London by special license? Am meeting steamer at Liverpool.
L. SALAZAR.

To be met by Salazar in Liverpool with a special license now seemed to Phyllis a fate alongside of which everything else had been bearable. In a flood there swept over her the memory of Lysander's ardors, despair, posings, mad, glad uprisings, and the iron-clad reserve of the man beside her made them intolerable. Erskine had detached himself and stood looking out over the gray sea. Salazar, she reflected, under the same circumstances would have torn the night to tatters. •

Her pride had put the cards on the table and called her bluff. Well—why go on with the farce? She slipped over to Erskine, laid her hand on his arm, and said, "May I change my mind—Cophetua?"

"If you do, Phyllis, a drowning man will come back to life."

She borrowed a pencil and wrote: "Please don't meet steamer at Liverpool. Am writing." They listened to the retreating footsteps of the uniformed Cupid; then he took her in his arms and kissed her.

The burdens and anxieties that had pursued her ever since she could remember seemed to fall and roll away into the sea.

IN THE MZAB

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WE saw Ghardaïa first in the sunset. . . .

And there confusion covers me and the self-conscious pen refuses to go on. It occurs to me with that sentence that to those who have chanced to follow me through these North-African sketches I may seem to have borne down a bit persistently on the two main pedals of descriptive romance—the sunset, and the glamour of the moon.

But I declare my innocence. I say that I am no worse than the victim of circumstance. If I have had my first glimpse of many places in the red, the heliotrope, or the green of sundown, it is quite simply because I *have*—because the roads of Barbary run always the length of light, and the end of day is everywhere the hour of arrival.

As for the other seeming transgression, having chanced to make my initial foray at the season of the full moon, like an incorruptible servitor it has turned up again to light me on each succeeding adventure. . . . And I am glad. For this singular conspiracy of things has given me North Africa to remember as an impossible succession of nights ablaze—Kairwan the Sacred lifting its towers all blue and milky white—the nightmare whimsey of Medenine, the palms of Djerba sitting on the sea, all wrapped about and struck through with this wraith light—and the mountains of the Aures lifting their white peaks and their peaked white towns against a thin, chill, eternal flame. In my memory the days of the hot continent will always be a little cold and gray; the nights of the dark continent will never be dark.

And now, as soon as I was astir to go down into the desert, the moon rolled

in the sky, presenting itself well found in the second quarter, like a courier equipped for a long voyage.

It hung half way to the zenith when we got down at the end of the unfinished railway line two hundred odd miles to the south of Algiers, and its suave ray, colored with the afterglow of a mountain dusk, gave us our first sight of the starvation that walks in the South. . . . There was something about it unexpected, eerie, terrible. A rustling, flitting onslaught of skeletons, dried things blown on a queer, twilight wind and whimpering as they blew, and hands, curved claws, unearthly shadow hands, big ones and little ones, clawing in the mixed light! . . .

There was no rain south of the Tell last year, and this year's crop is death, death of starvation and death of hanging for pillage and murder on the open road.

No, I shall not soon forget the claws in the dust at that desolate mountain station where the road failed, nor that awful, dry, crowding whimper, nor, when the whimper died, the *thump, thump, thump!* of the station master's bull whip blowing the dried things back again to their black tents and blacker caves in the clay of the new railway cut. We were glad enough when the gray camion for Laghouat took us up and the roar of the engine filled the space between the hills.

All night long we rode in that camion down through the mountains that range the southern face of the High Plateau, ten interminable hours over a road none too good, and it was our moon, more than the poor rays of the headlights, that showed us the way.

I shall remember three things out of that confused, bumping, ghost-lit night.

One is the halt, near midnight, in Djelfa, the French walled "capital" of the tribe of the Ouled Naïl, whose daughters are the dancing-girls of all Algeria. I shall remember it for the cold—a thin, penetrating breath of ice, not to be escaped, a complete frosty quietude in a squalid town asleep.

Another time I recollect was after a lapse into drowsing, far south of Djelfa, somewhere over the six-thousand-foot backbone of the range. It was an instant mazed, blinking, unimportant, unreal, and yet vivid beyond the words I have to describe it. I slept, my head bumping against the side of the forward housing, my ears gone deaf to the thunder of the engine and the droning travel song of the Mozabites and Ouled Naïls packed to suffocation in the truck's internals behind my back. . . . I awakened with a jerk. The engine had stopped. We were coasting, falling forward into nothing at a silent, wind-whipping speed. The night was a blue mist patterned with the huge, arid, angular shapes of mountains and level lands strewn with stones. In the center of this cold illumination stood the hot, round spot thrown from the headlights. And in the center of this spot, along the on-streaming ribbon of the road, like creatures seen stationary and flitterwise on a film, three jackals coursed away, clinging to the highroad in their panic before the soundless onrush of the intruder. For a moment I watched the flutter of their frightened pats, the gray brushes tucked between their legs, the eyes flaring over their shoulders at every dozen leaps. I held my breath and I felt hollow—for a moment. Then I slept again.

The third thing was after the moon was gone, the endless black hour we had to wait and twiddle our thumbs in the cave of an Arab café outside the gate of Laghouat, a cave full of the fumes of acetylene and sleepers, till the Israelite proprietor of the hotel could be routed out of bed to show us at last to the most vilely unclean of chambers within the

walls. And by that hour, the third great property of romance, the dawn, was at hand, edging with coral the tallest palms and the whitest domes and minarets that I think I have ever seen.

Laghouat sits on the last fold of the Sahara Atlas; it runs up the last slope and its southern wall stretches along the last crest, so that one hangs out from the city as from the rail of a high-sided steamer, looking out and down across the flat sea of the desert.

On a higher rise of this crest, in a kind of bastion of the wall, there is the tomb of a Moslem saint, all built of blue-green tiles like a sumptuous bathroom turned wrong side out. It is a splendid place to loaf away a drowsy afternoon, sprawled in the sun on the railing of this marabout's porch, with the white desert coast town falling down and away inland on the one hand and all the date palms lashing above their snowy ravines in the strong south wind, and on the other hand, precipitous under the eyes, the vivid green surf of the oasis—tiny mud-walled squares and triangles of gardening, snaky threads of white aqueducts, little, earth-paved open spaces where women wash their clothes in the ditches, and women and donkeys and camels creep slowly here and there under enormous humps of fire-brush—and all veiled and bowered and shadow-splashed with the upper surf of palms—and all fading out after a little way and quite suddenly into the pale waste.

The pale waste of little stones that is the western Sahara, a desolation profounder by many times than any desolation of sand! The naked flesh of the world! The taut, wind-roughened, sun-blistered skin of the globe lying away over the horizon and curving down beyond it with the curving carcass, not for miles and miles, but for weeks and weeks, months and months!

I have compared it easily with the sea, and when I look for another simile I cannot find one. A sea untroubled by drift or tide! An ocean for adventurers, ranged somewhere under the far sky

toward the equator with green beaches, fabulous foreshores and cliffs and headlands of verdure that few white men ever see! A sea for the greater part uncharted, and hardly crept across in half a year by the merchant fleets that steer by sun and star from one known isle to the next known isle of wells and palms! A country of nothingness from which strange men come up and into which they descend again, moving by families and tribes, driven like drifts of birds by the obscure push and need of the changing seasons!

They are in passage now. The nearer desert all to the south and west is specked with their tents, hundreds of them, one would almost say thousands, black tents like things children might rear in the back yard for a morning's game at "Indians." When we came down across the Tell and the plains of the High Plateau the land was as raw and desert as the desert itself; it looked very permanently hopeless indeed for any sheep or camel or goat alive. Yet the tribes are moving north; they already have reached the first of the mountain barriers, to rest for a day or so in their tents. To-morrow the tents will be struck, the beasts loaded, for a little while the dry hill passes will run black with their migration. And when they have come out on the High Plateau, lo! the word of the birds, of the elders, and of all the tribal legends will be made manifest, and a wash of green scarred with bright streaks of flowers will cover the land even to the rims of the mountains.

They are the stock raisers and the merchant freighters of Barbary, yet their scattered camps look bare of beasts, save for a few stray donkeys, a few tethered camels, and the ever-present, shadow-sneaking, white jackal dog. This is but one column of the migration; these are the goods and gods of the tents, the women and children, the travelers direct. The real front of the advance is perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred miles broad. The flocks drift northward by tracks and

defiles anywhere to the east or west where a wisp of grazing can still be found. At the same time, on the same front, far on the flanks, move the tribes' camel trains, coursing the open markets of the south-Algerian towns with their sacked dates and their webs of tent-woven woollens from the winter Sahara.

I like the look of these men. They carry no excess. Their faces are tooled to the point of emaciation, straight-featured, thin-lipped, immobile, enigmatical; narrow slits of darkness in the swathing whiteness of their burnouses. Their legs, rag-skirted, socked with gray dust, lean with endless tramping and endless hunger, carry them forward at an even, unswaying pace. There is a refinement about them—no refinement of thought or of morals, for their thoughts are emptiness and by all instinct and precept they are liars, thieves, adulterers, and stabbers in the back by night—but rather the refinement that comes literally of cutting away, slicing away from a man, little by little, first his luxurious wishes and his soft thoughts, and then the need, one by one, of the oldest necessities of human life, till human clay becomes clay indeed, and nothing is left but an object that endures—cutting away even the need of laughter and of tears, even the need of hope.

What they cannot have they do not need, and they cannot have hope, for their kind is doomed. The mountain Arabs of the north, the Berbers, and the Kabyles of the Plateau and the Tell, who year by year plow more grazing land into fenced fields, have put a number to the days of their summer pasturing, and without that their flocks are done. And the raw end of that railway eating deeper into the south with each passing year and the motor camions that begin already to bump out across the stone-strewn desert have written the end of camel freights.

There will be an autumn then (and men will see it whose fathers saw the Turk) when the children of the black tents will go down across the ranges, not

to return again—the huge, hot, white mystery of the south will take them in for the last time; that long, long refining will run toward its inevitable end, and they will die. For they are queer things, and you cannot transplant them. They dream of a hereafter all green between streams that never fail. And if you take them living to a land like that they perish of nostalgia for the blue and pale-pink nothingness of the Sahara plain.

Literally, the nothingness! Even at the edge of it, the veriest fringe and frontier into which we may penetrate as far as the country of the Mzab, it is vacancy made earth. . . . Leaving Laghouat in the cold, clear wind of dawn, almost immediately it has taken us up. For a moment we traverse the nomad camps; only for a moment, then the squat city of the wanderers is gone and only the town we have left remains with us. Across the enormous flatness, in this crystal atmosphere, the south wall of Laghouat, a low chalk cliff on the foreshore of the hills, wanes and diminishes for hours behind us and is not quite gone. When we do lose it finally it is as though the memory of the world's mainland and of yesterday had gone down with it into the sky; already, like men a day old on a long voyage, our bodies and souls have shaken down into a shipboard routine of patient blankness, and it seems but another wink before we pass a *fondouk*, stark and solitary, that is the night's resting place for camel trains which start from Laghouat at dawn.

Now the hours pass, and whether they be minutes or cycles it is hard to say. The road we follow is like the wake of some one steering the same course hours before—a thin, blurry ribbon leading straight away across the limitless stretches, a track made very simply by brushing aside the larger stones, leaving the smaller and sharper ones to slash the side walls of the tires.

They are hours full of sun glare and rocking monotony, bringing up only at rare intervals objects or events. An apparition comes and goes of trees, de-

ciduous trees like pecans rooted in a lost hollow, naked gray things like skeletons of adventurers come too far. How they have lived there no one can say; how they hope to live is as far beyond telling. It would be the place for a homily on skeletons and hope, except that the skeletons without hope are so many along the way—skeletons, like mile-posts, of camels fallen out of line, cleaned and whitened in a night by desert jackals, and lying still awkward and preposterous in the lace of death.

Now there is another of those recurrent explosions, a slithering, grinding halt, a tumbling out of all hands to shift another new tire flayed in rubber ribbons by the stones, and, when the sun has come halfway down the afternoon sky, there is still another stop, without any forewarning report, and another general tumbling out of Mohammedans, this time for prayer. Ragged and sumptuous, starved and plump alike, they scatter over the near plain. Each man for himself brushes off a little space of ground, washes his feet and hands in the sand (for so the law of the Prophet allows in desert places), and, facing toward Mecca, he bows, kneels, prostrates himself, rises, kneels again, whispering his "La-illah-a-ila-allah" to the strictly counted end.

Streaks of pastel magentas and pink-purples begin to slide across the desert's face; shallow pools of violet rise in the hollows; the whole visible scheme of things, earth and sky, is swept by a flame of color—the enormous flame of the sunset Sahara—and quite abruptly the day is done.

Under a green heaven we come to Tilghemt. Tilghemt is nothing but a *fondouk*, blank-walled, heavy-gated, sitting fortwise on a bald hillock in the center of ten thousand bald, square miles. Outside the gate is the limitless loneliness and a family of night-caught nomads huddling around a handful of fire and throwing their shadows in huge, hungry arabesques of terror over the yellow wall. Inside, with the gates

closed and bolted behind us, there is a little, thronged, beleaguered world of life—beasts braying and gurgling, motors breathing vapor, perturbed, voiceless voyagers in rags and silks milling around and around in search of soft places to sleep the night, and from all one corner of the inclosure the light of acetylene and desert firewood pouring from the windows of the kitchen café.

The white-whiskered Arab resident pounces upon us and we are led to a dining room apart, as stuffy and comfortless as a country parlor in Vermont. We suspect it. We protest that what we want is a *couscous*, like the rest. We are given a *couscous*. Also we are given soup, gazelle, roast chicken, potato miracles, cakes from Paris. We are amazed, astounded, as we are expected to be. The lord of the caravansary stands in the doorway from moment to moment, suave and unctuous as a cigarette advertisement, glutting himself on our amazement. We begin to hate him. The banquet chokes a little in the throat. Outside the gate is the loneliness, and the shadows sprawling over the wall are the shadows of creatures that have not eaten half a stomachful since they were born. And the gates between us are bolted and locked and watched.

We hate him even more deeply when, in the dark of the morning, we receive our bill. At first we have faith that we have not properly understood. We are not paying for the *caravan*. . . . We came to Tilghemt as hardy, night-caught, rather jolly vagabonds. We go away from Tilghemt under the bitter cloud of tourists caught in the act of touring, flinging back the curse of the bankrupt against its dawn-gray walls.

But already, within a dozen minutes, the roll and rumble of the lorry has done its work of anodyne, the empty land streams under us and we forget. The day grows. Noon is coming; noon has gone. The flat ocean of the desert begins to lift in long swells—ground-swells left in the track of some forgotten, prehistoric storm. They rise and crowd ranks;

the stone sea is choppy with hills. We mount and dive and wind. And abruptly, rounding a wave, we come upon the first island of the archipelago of the Mzab.

I have read more than once of a "heart-breaking beauty." I am not sure there is not something in the phrase. The vision of that valley oasis, after two days of no vision at all, does something curious and physical to the muscles under the ribs. . . . The green! green! green! The green laves the bowls of the eyes. Squares of green; great, striped carpets of living green! And the shade of palms!

The palms conspire and do magic; they make swift passes with their fronds, open apart and produce a city, a tiny, heaped, creamy, perfect city, gleaming high on a cone of rock. It is a dream thing, a metropolis of mirage, and no one can come to it.

But behold! the palms make another magic and we are in it; we roar and echo between white house walls and a riot of children embroils our wake. And when we stop before a *fondouk* and I get to the ground and look up across the stair-gulleyed face of the town, it seems to me it would be better to stay and live in Berrian than to do anything else in the world.

Black, brown, monk-white, the crowd is around us. We give them "*Msa el chir!*" They give it back with the cordiality that never fails. We are all friends. There is coffee, if we will have it, in the *fondouk* yard.

"Tell us, messieurs, has it rained in the north?"

"At Boghari, when we passed, it rained during a day and a night."

Boghari lies upward of two hundred miles away across a mountain range and a broad plateau—a fortune distant indeed.

"*Hamd 'l 'llah!* God be praised!"

The word goes out with a kind of wonder through the dry crowd.

"*El naou tsob!* It has rained! At Boghari! *Bisef, bisef!*"

The *fondouk* is full of warm sunlight; Berrian, piling over the wall, is a jewel of old carved ivory; and our sudden friends are kind. And even if all the wise men in the world agree that this kindness is no more than a mask and a gesture, the mask and gesture in passing are pleasant things to have.

We must go. The engine thrums, we climb aboard, we are gone.

The desert closes up. In a wink its pale folds have fallen together and Berrian is no longer there. Berrian never was there. Looking back, we discern to the farthest shimmering sky line the roll and toss of a bare plain. A dream thing, after all!

And now the afternoon goes heavily. Hours pile on hours. If there is nothing behind us, certainly there is nothing before.

"Voilà Ghardaïa!"

The light is all confused. The world swims in a rose flame of trickery and distortion, so that almost anything might be. The earth is hollow. Where the driver points we look down through a notch into a crater charged with a caldron mist. In the caldron mist a snowdrift glimmers, a phantom snow bank painted across the glow.

The notch, the crater, and the snowdrift are gone; we are entangled in ravines. It is another quarter-hour before we come out on the lip of the great hollow and see it all in sudden panorama spread below. The sun has dipped; the blue of evening runs through the rose; a crystalline heliotrope washes the vale of the dead river Mzab. And there before us, on mounds and sheer-cut rocks scattered along the sanded floor lie the banks of impossible snow—the pale drift of Ghardaïa here, the higher drift of Melika over there, the glacial slope of Beni-Isguen beyond.

A hard, dry, brittle land; a purpling amphitheater, cracked and flayed and emptied out by seven years of drought!

All the bed of the place is studded with stone well works, but the wells are dry, save, say, one in ten. These very

few work all the while. The sound of the well wheels turning, dry wood on dry wood, goes abroad in a thin, penetrating cadence, like the desiccated wing-threshing of grasshoppers. It follows and hangs over us as we come into the town, the high, parched crying of the Mzab.

The hotel, the only one, to which we are piloted by the first ragged fellow to reach our bags, is the worst, I believe, in the world. It is come to by devious ways and entered into without pomp. The god in the machine is an Arab boy of ten. One or two grosser shades come and go across the screen, but it is the boy, possessor of some few words of French, who does the shabby honors of the house. It is he who directs the hermetical opening of two chambers on the gallery, and it is he who explains the state of the sheets on the beds. It is not that the sheets are soiled; it is simply that they have been there so long. It is he, later, whom we see, peripatetic and gnomelike in the kitchen cavern, preparing our abominable meal. . . . It would all be too dismal to talk of, were it not for the music of pipes and tambours floating over the house roofs beyond the court and the mosque-spined cone of Ghardaïa itself standing precisely framed in every arch of the gallery arcade.

I will say at the beginning that I have never seen anything to compare for beauty or enchantment with this desert capital of the tribe and sect of the Beni Mzab. We go out and lose ourselves in it under the dusk; the moon rises; we wander in a dream. Music follows us everywhere, pouring with the smoky light from the door of a packed café, whispering at our heels through narrow passages corniced high with the pallor of the moon and shadow-tangled with the trooping of men.

The men come and go without sound of footfalls, for none wears the hard shoes of the Christian here. It is the first time since I came to Africa that I can feel myself unequivocally in a

strange land, where not even the little finger of the conqueror has left its mark. They walk softly in slippers of camel's hide. The new sartorial mode of northern Barbary, the worn, ripped, faded tunic of horizon-blue left over from the war, has not come down this far. They go in the dress of their fathers ten generations dead, the Jews and the town Mozabites soft garbed in creamy *haïks* that show a peep of silken vest and in ground-sweeping burnouses of sheep's wool woven with camel's hair, the small farmers of the oasis, the muleteers and *fondouk* tenders in narrow-rayed *djellabas*, the desert Arabs hooded and sepulchral in the single, rough, all-enveloping, all-sufficing garment of sandy white.

One and all, they halt at view of us, and when we have passed turn on their soundless feet to watch us out of sight in the striped dark.

We have lost the crowded street and come into one still narrower, empty and silent in sleep. It leads on and on. Arches cover it; for moments at a time the moon is lost, or again it is half lost behind heavy upper stories jutting out solidly to face the solid, blank outjut of their neighbors across the way. The alley is a stair; we climb and wind and come to nowhere. If there is a door it is sunk deep in shadow, giving out only a dull gleam of metal bolts; if a window, it is above reach, grotesquely small and latticed with a grill; if there is movement, it is the rustling away around some hidden corner of a phantom unseen.

If there is sound, it is still that tenuous, parched cry of the Mzab. It is in the music winding faintly to us from the cafés where Arabs with idle hands sing day and night to keep out the old enemy from the gates, a never-ending, split-noted, arid thread. It is in the whining recitative of a beggar hugging his lips to some Mozabite's door crack up in the mystery of the hill. It is in the grasshopper note of the well wheels still turning to the tramp of donkeys out on the valley floor.

We prowl on tiptoe. The steps carry us down. There is a chain across the street. Ducking under it, we come into an open space.

It seems to me that if I forget everything else I have seen in Africa I shall not forget the market square of Ghardaïa as we enter it to-night. It is a huge place, nearly square, arcaded on all four sides. We come by the shadowed half; the other half is full of the moon. Around us in the darkness, making a low silhouette against the farther flood, there is a caravan at rest for the night, a broad, black huddle of kneeling camels, bales, skins, bags, and rugs. A little fire of brush grass flickers in the center of the silent thing, casting warmly around the ring of motionless, white-hooded freighters from the south. I shall not forget that picture, with the moonlight spread beyond, and still beyond, as it were immensely far away, the white, white wall and the black arcade.

We see the same square by sunlight next morning and it is like another place. The bit of night-lit desert is gone; it is a quadrangle cut out of a febrile world of life. Our first glimpse of it is from the Great Mosque crowning the hill, where we have got by tortuous steep streets under the pilotage of Mozabite boys. I prowl about the edifice, ducking through black passages, pausing in gloomy chambers where huge kettles hang for unknown, ritualistic stews, or emerging suddenly into the blaze of day on one or another terrace under the tall mud minaret. But no matter, it seems, out of what window-slit I peer or upon what terrace I come, the market is there beneath my eye, far down, at the bottom of the town that slopes and converges upon it like the banks of an old amphitheater which an earthquake has set awry.

The square swarms. It moves in eddies and currents under the gaze, like the vast little turmoil under a lifted stone. To this height it sends up a rustling sound, continuous and faint.

It is no faint rustling, be assured, when we have come down the hill and have

it of a sudden about our ears. The *caïd* has asked us to coffee; in his little office niche under the south arcade we eat and drink in semi-public and more than semi-din. Before the door the market streams in a kaleidoscope of brown and white, shot from instant to instant with some shape of high color, a crimson rug unfurled in the sunshine, a slipper merchant all lemon and orange with his wares, a camel stacked with precious green barley grass from the west oasis, the plum-colored *haïk* of a Moroccan gentleman on tour, the blue-black face of a Sudanese.

It is Friday, the Sabbath of the Muselman, and Ghardaïa's market day. And a great market it is, even in this year of hunger and thirst. It is one of the few open markets—the open ports—that face upon the Sahara sea. I can name but four of these ports—Figuig Ghardaïa, Ouargla, and Ghadames; and Figuig is in Morocco and Ghadames in Tripoli, the better part of a thousand miles to the east. Everything the south has for the north comes to port in these waterless harbors; in these open markets it is disembarked, transshipped, and here it pays its fees. The possessions of France run down and blur away for hundreds of leagues toward the equator, but here in Ghardaïa, almost cheek by jowl with our sad hotel, stands the squat, square customhouse of France. . . .

The market carries on, hawking, gurgling, braying, bickering; an interminable dispute; a *mêlée* of sights, a panorama of merchandizing—mats piled with wheat from Morocco, date-packs from the south, slippers, *haïks*, flayed mutt-tons, tent strips, ripe oranges, gilt-framed mottoes from the Koran, blind beggars, sweetmeat sellers, and (even here) squatted on a carpet, the sharp-nosed fellow with the three cards and "the hand that is quicker than the eye."

Bumbled about by all this racket and color, reclining in the half sanctuary of the *caïd's* place, we exchange the compliments of the day. This lord of the *douar* is a plump, dark, round-whiskered,

affable man, as like as a twin to his secretary squatted behind a foot-high desk beside the door. They are both Mozabites by every sign of the kind. And even if our eyes had failed us, the *caïd* would not have left us long astray.

"Among ten Arabs, messieurs, you will find perhaps one honest man. Among ten Mozabites you will find ten."

All the Mzab is in his gesture as he holds up his fingers and thumbs spread fanwise for emphasis. Ten! All honest, all righteous, all right! Right, because they are Berbers of pure blood; right, because they worship (with the schismatic sects) the true descent of the authority of the Prophet; right, because they have no lusts of the flesh (it is forbidden to smoke in the streets of Beni-Isguen, the Holy of Mozabite residential Holies); right, finally, because they are well-to-do.

I begin to understand why, in every town of upper Algeria, the itinerant Mozabite is hated and cursed in the same curse with the Jew. The Mozabite himself, being thrice as pious as any other Mohammedan on earth, hates the Children of Israel with three times the hate. But one cannot turn the fact that their traits, cultural, commercial, even physical, are those of the Barbary Jew. With the Jews they fall under the bitterest stigma of the nomad, "They make the commerce!" With the Jews and Kabyles they carry on the pack-peddling of North Africa, going up as young men, coming back home only in middle age. And their peculiar faith, too, seems to have something unrelenting and cabalistic about it. Even in exile among the false believers, wherever two or three of them are gathered together in the name of the True Descent, there their mosque is, there they hold their austere confessional, and there, if one among them be found to have smoked tobacco or to have looked upon the wine of abomination, the others take time to deal out obscure, sometimes terrible, punishment, before they fare away again, dog-chased, stone-bruised, alertly

martyr-eyed, on their pilgrimage of petty gain.

"They make the commerce," and what they make they keep. Provident men! The long drought has not been long enough to touch their mortal needs; the seven lean years have not made them lean. The whine of the mendicant that rises day and night from Ghardaïa hill is no Mozabite whine; it is the hunger rattle of Arabs crowding against the doors of Mozabites and Jews. The Mozabites have told me that, and so have the Jews. And so, with the bitterness of wayward and untended children, have the Arabs themselves.

It is the Arabs, then, the wanderers, the homeless drivers of pastureless cattle, the old conquerors of Berber and Jew alike, that are the skeletons we see drifting about the huge, hot, empty bowl of the Mzab. They starve before our eyes, and the *sous* and franc notes out of our pockets are only the dimmest of drops in the empty bucket of hope.

They flap and creak and mumble across the desert stage. Their women—women with sunken cheeks, broom-handle arms, and hard, bright eyes—crouch like dusty crows on every rubbish heap, probing the earth all day long for some forgotten sheep bone or date stone to explore with their solicitous tongues. There is something indescribably shocking about that, something hideous and immoral and obscene. . . . At the corner of the wall of a dried-up garden on our way to Melika, we pass each day three babies sitting rag-huddled and motionless, as if in solemn conclave, on the sand. I say babies; the eldest of them cannot be more than four. They have no parents. Every witness we have been able to summon says the same; no parents, no kin. All day long they sit there beside the path that goes to Melika, fed literally from the sky of passers-by; all night long, in the dark or the moonshine, they sleep there, cuddled, puppywise, in a little dark lump on the same patch of sand. . . . But this is not as bad as the other. It is no

longer awful. It has gone beyond. It is a fairy tale. The birds will look out for them.

The little girls that shriek and giggle and flee our approach in the cloisteral high streets of Melika and Beni-Isguen are round-cheeked and crimson-clad. But their fathers are of the True Faith; they "make the commerce" and save. It is the Arabs that are shiftless and of no account. And, above all, the land wants rain.

'*Ma-kain-che 'l ma!*'—"*Il manque d'eau!*"—in every tongue and at every hour it is the same—"It needs the rain!"

It is singular that it does not rain. True, it has not rained more than a half-hour's drizzle for three hundred weeks like the one of our stay, but what of that? We have been in other places in North Africa where no water had fallen for months and years, and when we came it fell, it tumbled, in drab, cold, fruitful floods.

We explain this to the *caïd* of Beni-Isguen one day on the Ghardaïa road. From the eminence of his crimson saddle he gives us down an uncommitting smile.

"But you are marabouts, then, are you not, messieurs?"

"Never mind, sir. It will rain before we go. You will see."

The smile persists.

"Then you would be marabouts indeed. Then, I assure you, messieurs, we would make for you such a fête as has not been seen for many years in the Mzab, with feasting and dancing and *fantasie* of horses and guns—if it were to rain; if again the river there were to flow on the sand and fill the wells."

We leave him with a certain feeling about ourselves of imminence and awe. What if? Of course it will not rain; all the same there is something strangely fascinating before being found so, of a sudden, separated from sainthood by no more than a barometric state, a mere naught-point-something on a glass. How would it feel to be a marabout? . . . But of course it will not rain.

When we wake next morning it is

raining. It is not much, to be sure; a fine drizzle blown on a cold wind. But it is rain. It is a beginning. And the sky, rearing black ranges of thunder-heads in the north, promises a bigger end.

We dress and go abroad, as self-conscious as *débutantes*. We expect to find people watching us with one eye and with the other the sky. But they do not even raise their heads. The thin rain dusts over them; they have put up the hoods of their burnouses and drawn in their turtle necks; they shiver a little with the cold. Beyond this the outward aspect of life goes on unchanged. As always, they roam the open spaces, empty of head and hand, awaiting the will of God.

I know the feeling. It runs around the earth, in every craven human heart: "Don't look, or it won't happen! Don't breathe! Don't stir! Don't even think about it too hard!"

One wants to shake them, all the same.

"But see, it rains!"

"*Ma-ch' yassir*. Even now there is the sun on Melika over there."

"Yes, but look at the sky! Presently it will rain—*hard*!"

"*In-cha'llah! In-cha'llah!* If God wills!"

Noon arrives. The sun comes out all over the Mzab. But still the storm bank hangs in the north. Again a drift covers the sky. Once in the afternoon there is another spit of rain. We had meant to leave to-morrow, but with saintship for the pair of us in the balance, the thing will bear watching another day.

We couldn't have gone, anyhow. There is no diligence to take us when morning comes. It is drizzling again, and in the rifts we see the black cloud lifting northward even higher than yesterday.

All morning the dry Mzab waits. For it is still as dry as ever; the passing drizzles are like steam drops fallen on a stove, gone as soon as come. And it is the wells that matter, after all. It is

queer to hear the few scattered survivors among them whining and whining on the naked floor under the flood dammed high in the sky, the flood that darkens and bulges and topples—and waits and waits again for the moment when the dam shall break.

A little after midday the moment seems to have come. There is a time when no air stirs. There is no breath in the Mzab.

There is a breath. A little wind. It moves in slowly. But it moves in from the baked south.

By three o'clock the last wisp of vapor has fled, the black promise is gone, and our sainthood with it, pushed back by the Sahara wind to the north, the mountains and the sea. . . .

That night there is music again in Ghardaïa. The Mozabites are shut up and asleep in their thick houses; the starved, idle Arabs beat on drums and sing. They pack together in places of dull delight, or, wanting the sou for coffee, crouch by the yellow streams poured out of the doors and watch the shadows passing and repassing of the dancing-girls from the land of the Ouled Nail.

The drummers beat their drums. A withered, old bright-eyed Soudanese pipes on a quavering pipe. A girl drifts among the benches, rigid-torsed, shuffle-soled, dancing only with an undulation of out-thrust wrists and hands. The monotony of motion marches with the monotony of sound; little by little a hypnotic numbness creeps over the soul. The desert moves back a little into the dark.

All dream. Even the daughters of the Children of Nail are dreaming, I believe. Wandering across the door lights in the court, rustling their soiled "Mother Hubbards" and rattling their jewels about the inner *fondouk* of dismal enchantment—even in these there is some wistful dream.

In these fruitless years, in this sapless land, their exile is long and long. Gold comes slowly, and only gold will give

them husbands and children in the tents of the Ouled Nail. About their necks the dowers of lousis seem to weigh no heavier from month to month. The homeland of the past, the husband of the future, both are very far away. Only the desert Mzab is near.

There is a man in the gateway against the café light. But no, it is only a nomad in a frayed burnous of soiled white. . . .

They dream. They dream of Djelfa. They dream of the tents of the tribe, the fires of the families, the mountains of the Ouled Nail. They dream of the mountains all green.

For it has rained in Djelfa. It has rained everywhere—everywhere but in the Mzab. The winter has spent itself in one last thundering blow. At Berrian, only a finger width on the map to the north, all the barrages are full to breaking and all the fields in the oasis are ponds. Laghouat is an island in a lake.

All the roads are cut there, and in the gorge the sand is strewn (they say) with the corpses of beasts and nomads caught in the mountains by this miracle of rain. . . . Happy lands!

One diligence is mired south of Tilghemt and the engine in a bad way. The other has managed to creep back to the edge of Laghouat. We remain in the Mzab.

How long?

The Jew who has to do with diligences puts away his coffee and holds up his hands.

"Two days. Two weeks. Only God (the God of the Christian, the Moham-medan, and the Jew) can say."

Out of doors the moon, grown lazy in service, is just rising over Beni-Isguen hill. Its light runs up the sky, but even in the light the stars burn on. There is no veil. Heaven is glass.

Another dry year has come to the Mzab. "*In-cha-'llah!* If God wills!"

APRIL AND I

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

WHEN April opens all the doors of earth,
Proudly she calls from woods and fields and streams,
Show me your treasures, too: your blooms of love,
Your buds of hope, your tendrils pale of dreams.

So very small my garden seems, yet I
To April dare make boast—When Autumn's wind
Shall waste your sweetness on unfeeling earth
Verdant my little garden still you'll find!

LIFE-SAVING ANIMAL DISGUISES

BY J. ARTHUR THOMSON, M.A., LL.D.

Regius Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University

ONE of the many ways in which animals have answered back to the difficulties ever besetting them has been to take advantage of some sort of disguise. It has often paid them to look like something else, and so we find many examples of "masking," or "camouflaging," of protective resemblance to something innocent, and even of a faking which, whatever may be its inner aspect, is from the outside uncommonly near impersonation. Just as a sniper may make up like a shattered tree or a dead horse, just as a ship may be "camouflaged" into the likeness of a wreck or a rock, so, many different kinds of animals are advantageously disguised, or have their real nature in some way or other concealed.

It is difficult to draw a strict line between coverings which make for physical protection or for comfort, and coverings that serve for concealment. The young stages of caddis-flies which creep hungrily about among the stones in the bed of the stream have encasements of small pieces of stick or of tiny pebbles, and they look innocent enough. The leaf-eating caterpillars, called "bagworms," carry about a protective "over-all" made of pieces of leaf, stick, bark, and debris. In many cases this bag makes them most elusively inconspicuous. When they pass into the resting chrysalis stage they often hang from the branches like cones or dry fruits. Some allied forms make cases deceptively like the shells of small snails. The cocoons or pupa cases of certain insects are like pods; the large, substantial structure made by the caterpillar of the puss-moth is often extraordinarily like the corner which has been chosen as a retreat; the North American bagworm, another remarkable caterpillar, spins its cocoon on

leaves and twigs, and so adjusts the surrounding parts, *sometimes killing them first*, that, although the cocoon is exposed, it has a high degree of invisibility. To bring about withering artificially, on the shoot of an orange tree, for instance, is certainly a very remarkable *device*. But one does not mean by this word to suggest that the caterpillar is aware of what it has actually achieved.

Just as lichens grow on trees, so there are many water plants and sedentary animals which anchor themselves on creatures like crabs, and cloak their real nature. The striking photograph of Fig. 1 shows a crab with a quite extraordinary agglomeration of animals on its back. To appreciate the subtlety of the disguise, however, one must see the animals in their natural colors and in their own rock pool. One rubs one's eyes, as they say, when what looks like a bunch of seaweed suddenly starts on an exploring excursion. Now, it must be admitted that it is very difficult to draw a firm line between cases where the incrusting animals have simply settled down on their bearers as they might on a stone or on a piece of rock, and cases where the bearers derive real benefit from the association, and are perhaps dimly aware of the fact. This is true all through animate nature, that different kinds of associations between living creatures grade into one another. Let us take an example. Some trees have neutral or indifferent molds about their roots; in certain cases this becomes an important partnership, which may indeed go too far, when *the big partner* begins to depend too much on the activity of the self-effacing partner underground. These things are an allegory. Many plants are attacked by parasitic

bacteria; in peas and clovers and the like this becomes a valuable co-operation, by means of which the leguminous plants are somehow able to utilize the free nitrogen in the atmosphere.

Similarly, while many incrusting growths on marine animals must be regarded as fortuitous and indifferent, every now and then the note of utility is struck. Many hermit-crabs which in the course of time have come to be constantly associated with the shells of periwinkles, whelks, and other mollusks, in which their soft tail is protected, have this borrowed shell covered with a growth of innocent-looking sponge or zoöphyte. As hermit-crabs are voracious and combative, and must have something remotely, but really, comparable to a bad reputation among shore animals, the usefulness of an innocent-looking cloak is obvious. In our shore pools we often see a hermit-crab inside a whelk shell which is almost quite covered by a growth of a beautiful colony of polyps called *Hydractinia*. In some Japanese instances of this association there seems to be no mollusk shell at all, the *Hydractinia* by itself forming a sort of protective basket for the crustacean. In one species the basket is very spiny and is sold as a curiosity under the name "*Igaguri-dai*," or "Chestnut-burr-shell." This association of *Hydractinia* and hermit-crab is probably a very useful masking, but it must be confessed that there are cases where the association is positively disadvantageous to the bearer. Thus, a full-grown crab, which has ceased to molt its shell, has occasionally a burden of rock barnacles and other creatures weighing more than itself (see Fig. 1). This must be a serious handicap to an active animal. We do not know what to make of the rare case of a common lobster literally festooned on body and limbs with over a dozen long fronds of seaweed.

In the Firth of Clyde in Scotland, and elsewhere, the dredge or trawl often brings up numerous specimens of a very interesting association between a hermit-

crab and an orange-colored sponge called *Suberites domuncula*, which is never found anywhere else. The free-swimming sponge larva settles down on the shell which the hermit-crab, *Pagurus*, has borrowed; it grows into a thick incrusting mass and surrounds the whole shell except the aperture through which the hermit protrudes and retracts himself; it grows much bigger than the mollusk shell, and this is very useful to the tenant because he has not to flit, as others of his kind have, when he becomes too big for his house. The sponge has a strong odor, and its body is crammed with flinty needles. It is probable, therefore, that to these qualities of its partner the hermit-crab may owe some protection. Experiments have shown, for instance, that some fishes will have nothing to do with the sponge, even when they are very hungry. Whether *Suberites* is benefited by the association it is difficult to say; perhaps it reaps some advantage from being carried about from place to place by its crustacean bearer. We have taken this case here because it seems to be on the border line between protective disguise and the mutually beneficial partnerships called commensalism, to which we shall refer later.

Stiff classifications should not be pressed when we are dealing with habits, for different devices shade into one another. Take the case of the larvæ of the beautiful lacewing flies (*Chrysopa*) which are of service in destroying large numbers of "green fly." Some kinds cover themselves with the sucked bodies of their victims united by waxy material. If the clothing be stripped off, the lacewing larvæ will stick on tiny fragments of paper or lichen if they can get nothing else. This looks like masking, but the utility of the investment is obscure. And what are we to make of the "cuckoo-spit," the frothlike, soapy material (Fig. 2) so familiar on wayside plants in early summer, which is made by the larvæ of froghoppers? It seems to protect them from almost all enemies; it also keeps them moist in the heat of the day.

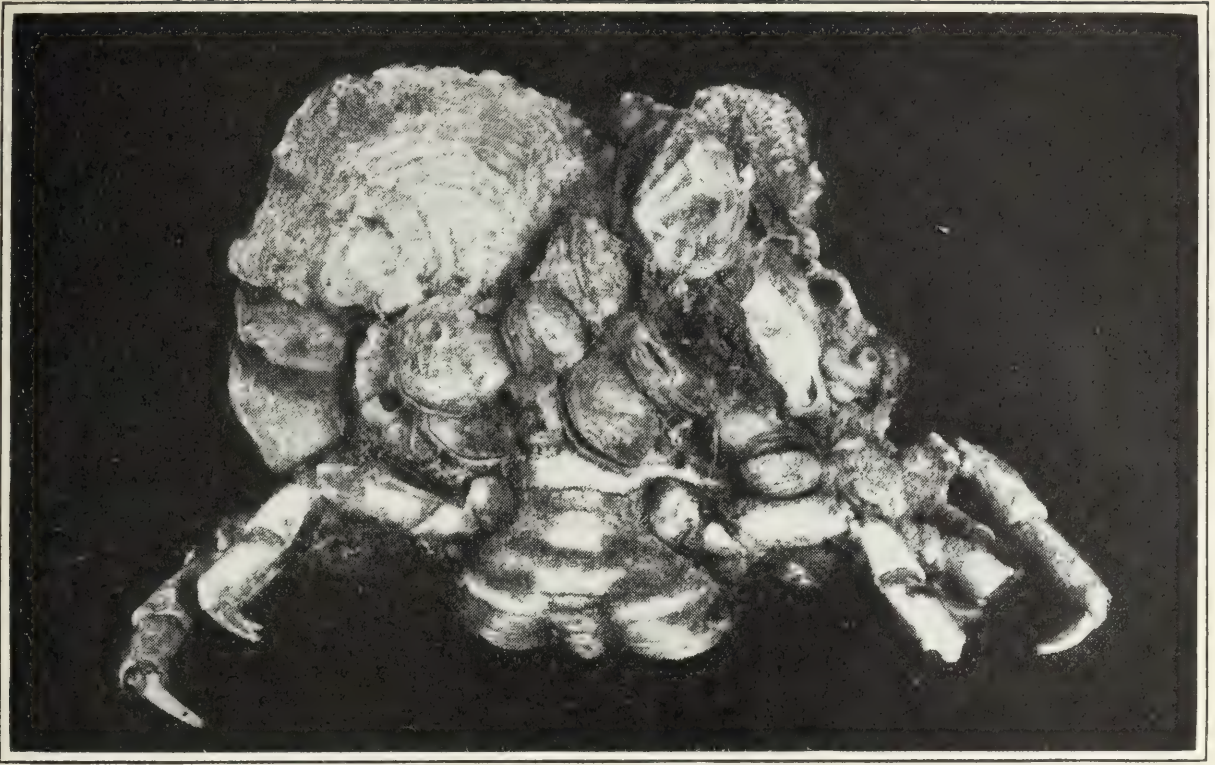


FIG. 1. EXTRAORDINARY CAMOUFLAGE OF A CRAB

Incrusted with living oysters and other bivalve mollusks and worms in calcareous tubes

Deserving a place by itself is the disguise seen in the shaggy tree sloths (Fig. 3) of Brazil and Guiana, which live an exclusively arboreal life, moving about, back downward, among the branches. The hair is rough and shaggy and on its surface there lives, strange to say, a minute green alga, like that which makes tree stems green in damp weather. The net result is to give the sloth a garment of invisibility among the green boughs. Some travelers have pointed out that the long greenish hair is quaintly like certain forms of a plant called *Tillandsia*, belonging to the pineapple order, which grow on South American trees and are popularly known as "vegetable horse-hair." But it has not been shown that the shaggy sloths and the shaggy *Tillandsia* occur on the same trees, and the case of the sloth's masking is striking enough without adding any doubtful embellishment.

A deeper note is struck when an animal takes an active interest in its own disguise. It does not seem to have been proved that a hermit-crab ever picks out a live whelk or "buckie" from a shell

that "strikes its fancy," though it may clean up a shell whose tenant has been half eaten by a codfish. But there is no mistaking its keen anxiety when it has to shift its quarters from a smaller to a larger house. In the case of the robber-crab (*Birgus*), which seems to be descended from the hermit-crab race, there is no borrowed shell, for the creature lives, except at the breeding time, far from the sea, climbing mountains and even trees, and the exposed surface of the tail is hard. Yet there is an interesting hint of a deeply rooted racial instinct in the way this quaint animal will sometimes tuck its tail under logs or into holes about the roots of trees. It has been said to make occasional use of a broken coconut, but those that are abundant on Christmas Island never carry any protective covering. Nearer home, however, there are not a few shore crabs which sometimes, at least, mask themselves. More than one naturalist has seen a crab seize a frond of seaweed, cut off a piece, nibble the end of it, and rub it against its body till it gets fixed on the projecting curved bris-

bles. Then the seaweed grows of itself, and many a crab has a veritable garden on its back. Sponges and zoöphytes of various kinds may also be fastened on, and it is an interesting fact that if the spider-crab (*Stenorhynchus*) is artificially cleaned it immediately sets to work to camouflage itself afresh.

What looks like deliberateness is shown by a little crab (*Cryptodromia*) of the Philippines, which dislodges a piece of incrusting sponge from the rock, trims it to the proper size with his forceps, and hitches it on to his back, where it is kept in place by an upturned pair of appendages. Shore hunters have expressed their surprise at seeing small pieces of sponge on the rock "suddenly become animated and walk away." Mr. R. P. Cowles has given a lively account of the pistol-crab (*Alpheus*) of the Phil-

ippines which actually stitches the threads of seaweed together so as to make a coherent tube, but this seems to be a shelter rather than a mask.

We have already mentioned the association of the hermit-crab and the orange sponge *Suberites*, where the latter settles down on the borrowed shell of the former. In the case of the common Mediterranean *Dromia* crab, which also bears about a large yellow *Suberites*, the careful observations of Signor Polimanti have shown that the crab takes the initiative in getting the sponge on to its back, and that the sponge affords its partner an effective protection against the appetite of cuttlefishes. A very simple but quaint disguise is that of a little Japanese crab which always goes about under the shelter of one valve of a cockle shell, which is kept in position on its back by a peculiar modification of the fourth pair of limbs.

Many facts point to the great need of caution in what we think or say about the inner or mental aspect of the behavior of crabs and other humble creatures when they disguise themselves. We must avoid treating them as if they were automatic machines, without desire or endeavor; we must avoid the other extreme of treating them as if they were little men and women, thinking and scheming. It is certainly very remarkable that a crab should use its mouth to mix up a sort of sandy cement and then plaster this over part of the shell so that it looks like a piece of the floor of the pool. It is certainly remarkable that a crab should cut a cloak for itself from a sea-squirt's tunic, and hitch it on to its back. But the risk of being too generous in our interpretations is seen in the behavior of some crabs called *Dorippe*, which will hold *almost anything* over their backs—whether it be a disguise or not. In an aquarium one has been seen stalking about with a piece of glass as a covering!

It has often been noticed that the crabs which fix seaweeds on their shells take fronds of a color that suits their

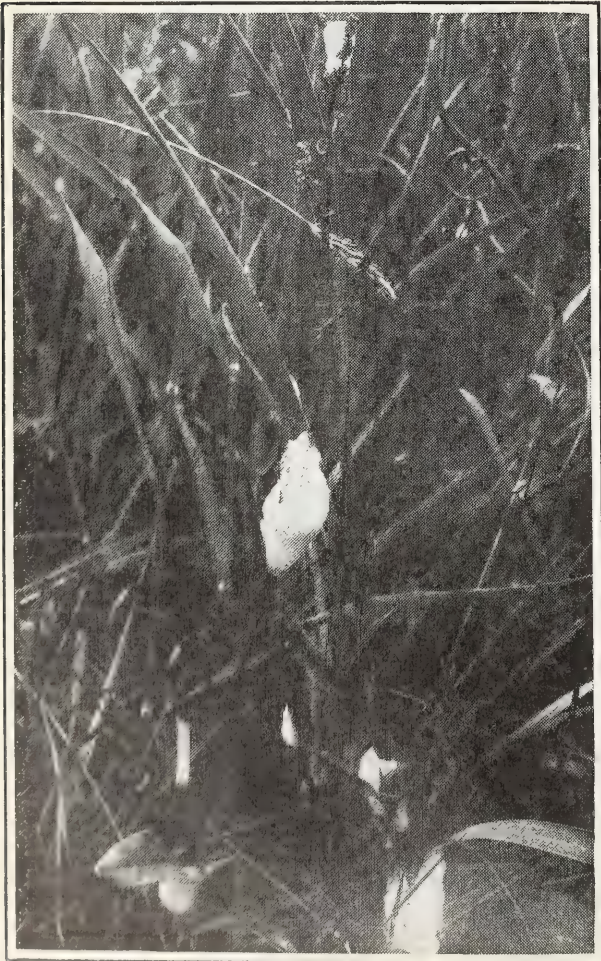


FIG. 2. CUCKOO-SPIT

The frothlike, soapy material made by larvæ of froghoppers

usual background. Could there be better evidence of discrimination, one is tempted to ask; yet further inquiry shows how patient the careful investigator must be. Doctor Minkiewicz has proved that the spider-crab called *Maja* is attracted by some colors more than by others; that when it goes to a green pool, for instance, it becomes after a while more susceptible to green than to other colors; and that if it finds green seaweed (or any other green dress material) handy, it will give it the preference. As a matter of fact, the green color of the pool would probably be due to the predominance of green seaweeds. If the crab goes to a red pool, it will most probably clothe itself with red seaweed. Once it begins to clothe itself, it goes right on with the routine instinctively, and in a dark aquarium Minkiewicz's crabs made themselves conspicuous by putting on pieces of light-colored silk paper, instead of utilizing black material which was also provided, for any color is more attractive to them than black. In fact, they never put on black if any other color was available. The whole story has not yet been told, but the need for caution is plain.

But there is another set of cases of higher interest still, where the association implies mutual benefit. This is technically called commensalism. Thus a common hermit-crab (*Eupagurus pri-deauxii*) is usually associated with a brightly colored sea-anemone (*Adamsia palliata*) which envelops the hermit's borrowed shell and often dissolves it away (Fig. 4). Then the sea-anemone is left like a blanket around the hermit-crab. This masks the hermit-crab's real nature and may enable it to escape being swallowed by certain tender-mouthed enemies which the sea-anemone would sting, or

may help it to slink among its own victims in virtue of its very complete disguise. In some cases there are several sea-anemones in partnership with one hermit-crab. The benefit to the hermit-crab is twofold—it is masked, and its partners can sting. The benefit to the sea-anemone is also twofold—it is ever being borne to fresh fields and pastures, and it is bound to get crumbs from its partner's frequently spread table. There is considerable evidence of a certain amount of deliberateness in this association. When a growing hermit-crab has to flit to another mollusk shell, it must in ordinary circumstances leave its partner behind. At such a juncture it has been seen trying to move its old partner or partners on to its newly

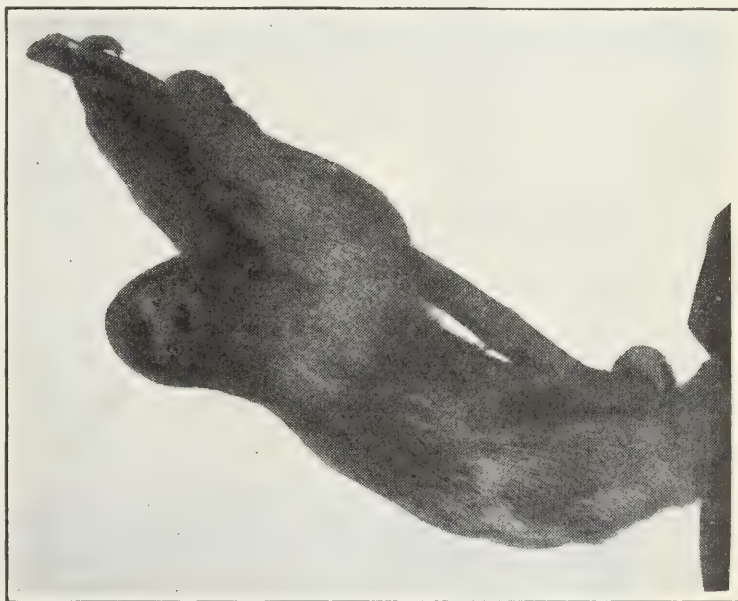


FIG. 3 THE BRAZILIAN THREE-TOED SLOTH

The green alga growing on his hair provides a garment of invisibility

borrowed shell. A well-known naturalist has written somewhat ironically:

It is also said that when a crab grows too big for its shell, and is forced to seek another, it persuades the anemone to loosen its attachment to the deserted shell and to be transplanted to the new one, and that there is something mesmeric in its power, because nobody else can pull an anemone off a shell without either cutting it off at its base or tearing it to pieces.

Be this as it may, many stages in the "masking" have been carefully observed and drawn. The hermit-crab gets a sea-anemone free, he grips it by the middle in his forceps, he turns it upside down, he hoists it on to the back of his borrowed shell, he holds it there till it fixes itself. It may not be purposeful behavior; it is certainly purposive. There is no mistaking the bent bow of endeavor.

One of the prettiest cases of commensalism has been reported by Professor Alcock from the Indian Ocean. A sea-anemone (*Mammillifera*) settles down on the tail of a young hermit-crab (called *Paguristes typica*), and the two animals grow up together in the closest intimacy. The sea-anemone multiplies and "forms a blanket which the hermit-crab can either draw completely over its head or throw back, as it pleases." This must be hard to beat.

It seems useful to keep the word "commensalism," which means "eating at the same table," for the mutually beneficial *external* association of two different kinds of living creatures. The good word "symbiosis," which means "living together," can then be restricted to the mutually beneficial *internal* partnership of two different kinds of living

creatures, as when minute algæ live inside certain cells of various corals in very beneficial co-operation.

Some creatures have only one string to their bow. If that breaks, they are done for. On the other hand, it is well known that some other animals have, so to speak, many inventions. They do not stake everything in one investment. Thus in the very familiar case of the caterpillar of the puss-moth there is, as Professor Poulton tells us, a remarkable combination of advantageous qualities. It is inconspicuous among the leaves of the poplar and willow on which it lives; it can assume a "terrifying attitude"; it can protrude two pink whips from the end of its body; it can exude formic acid. Another good example is the horned lizard, or *Phrynosoma*, of Mexico, California, and Nevada, shown in Fig. 5, along with a thorny Australian lizard, which, in spite of its name, *Moloch horridus*, has no reason to be ashamed of its æsthetic points. The *Phrynosoma* has sharp thorns on its head, which ward off blows and bites; it has sharp scales on its body; it changes its color to suit the ground; it makes a shallow burrow into the earth, using its head as a tool, and flicks dirt and debris over any exposed part; the nostrils are kept at or near the



FIG. 4. A MUTUAL-BENEFIT ASSOCIATION
A hermit-crab with sea-anemone enveloping its shell

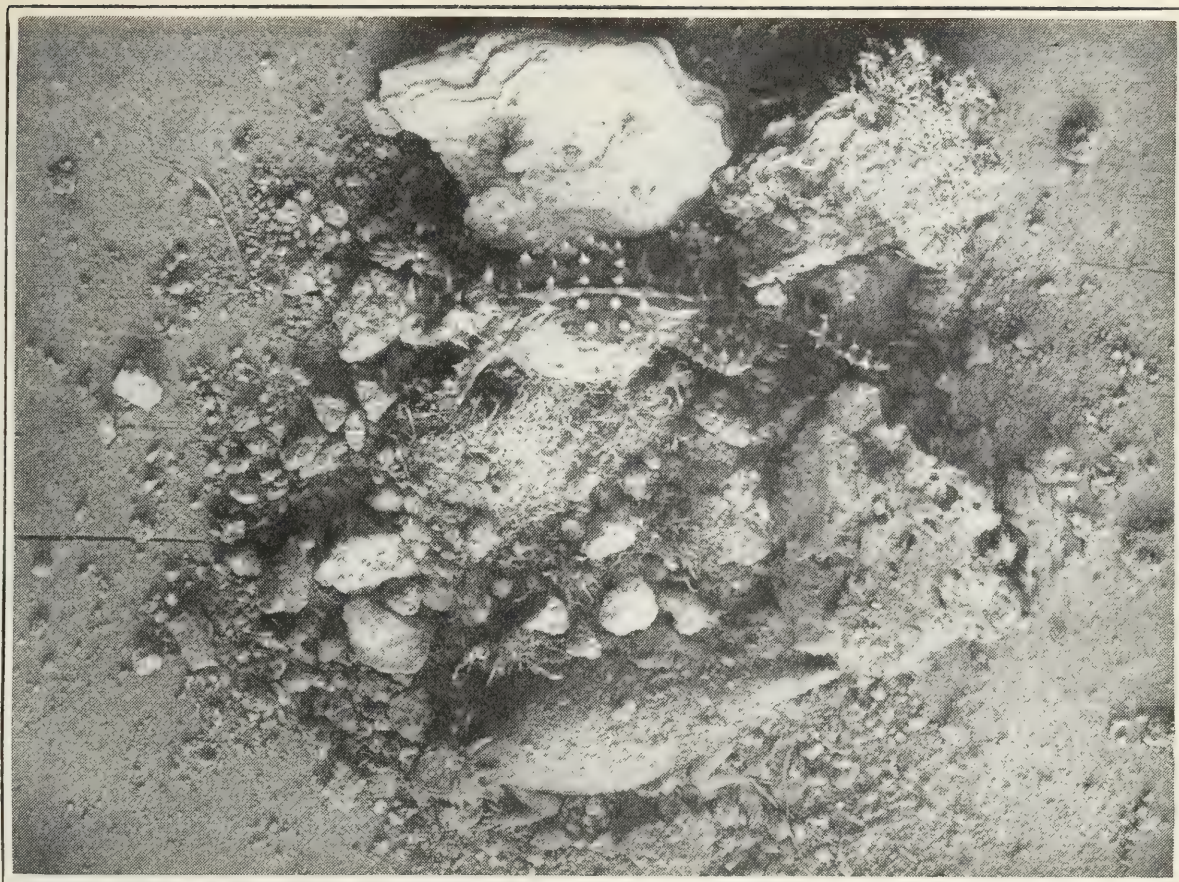


FIG. 5. TWO WELL-CONCEALED SPINY LIZARDS

The one shown at the top of the picture is the thorny lizard of Australia; that below is the horned lizard of Mexico

surface and the head spines may be left protruding like dry thorns. If it is greatly excited a jet of blood shoots out from beneath its upper eyelid. What a multitude of devices! Yet the creature is not combative, but fond of a quiet life. We do not know about the ways of *Moloch*, but it seems not unreasonable to think that the formidable appearance of the *Phrynosoma* may serve as a sort of unconscious "bluff" (if that is not a contradiction in terms) on the part of a rather gentle and inoffensive creature, who aims at nothing more than being left alone to shoot out his viscid tongue on ants and flies and other "small deer." Very shy people sometimes put on a repellent camouflage.

Very different from the "masking" that we have been considering is protective resemblance due to peculiarities of the creature's own body. Thus, as our illustrations suggest, there are butterflies which are like withered leaves when

they fold their wings together like a sail (Fig. 6), even the veins of the leaf and its spots and its withered color being often, as it were, simulated. Everything will depend, of course, on the choice of a fitting background, and it is only fair to record that two naturalists have called attention to the fact that the famous leaf-butterfly, called *Kallima* (Fig. 7), sometimes settles down among green foliage, and is then very conspicuous.

It is useful to notice that some cases of protective resemblance are very much less perfect than others. The very fine ones have probably taken ages to reach their present-day pitch of perfection. The rough-and-ready ones may be only beginning to evolve. Another illuminating consideration is that the creature probably helps sometimes to make its bodily disguise effective by getting into the habit of resting in surroundings where it is inconspicuous. It is said that

some lichenlike spiders seek out suitable lichen-colored spots, perhaps with no more "thought" than is shown by the crab covered with red seaweed when it moves to the red half of an aquarium instead of to the green half. Some of the cases shown in our illustrations are very striking. Thus there is (Fig. 8) a large walking-stick insect extraordinarily like a number of dry twigs, and often heightening the resemblance by the stiff, irregular way in which it sticks out its legs. Another good case is a moth which makes itself invisible by settling down on a background of bark, and there are others which efface themselves against a deep-brown withered leaf. Very difficult to detect are the cocoons of a beetle (*Cionus*) which are attached to the dry capsules of the common wayside plant called figwort. Almost unsurpassable is the protective resemblance of a quaint Venezuelan insect which looks for all the world like a prickly on a twig.

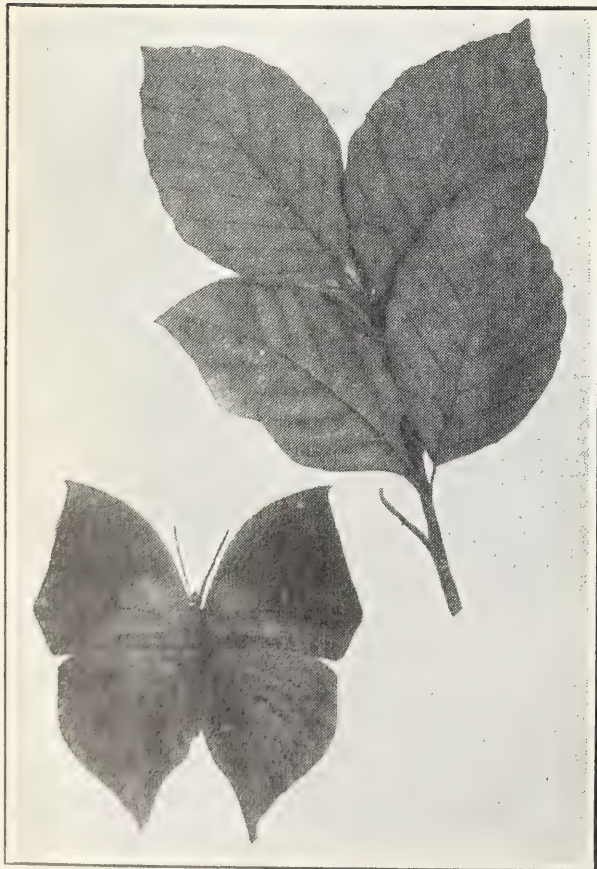


FIG. 6. PROTECTIVE RESEMBLANCE

What appears to be a fourth leaf at the lower left of the cluster is in reality a leaf-butterfly

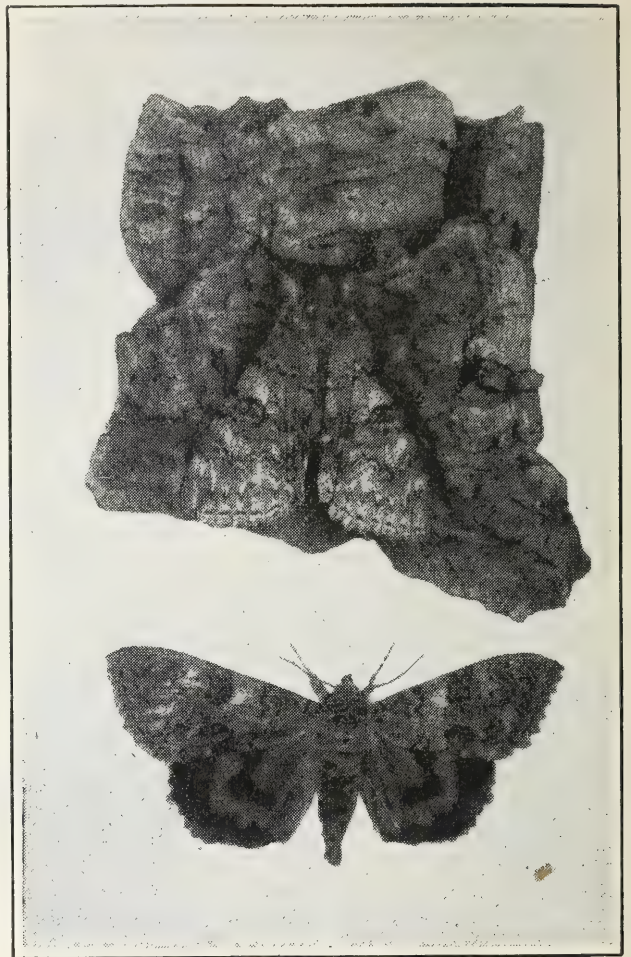


FIG. 7. ANOTHER GARMENT OF INVISIBILITY
A moth effacing itself on the bark of a tree

Another very fine illustration out of an embarrassing multitude is the golden-eight moth (*Plusia moneta*), which appeared in England about 1857 and has now a wide distribution. It has golden-gray wings with beautiful markings, but when it settles down it puts on the garment of invisibility. It looks exactly like a dead and dry leaf still holding on to its stem, and it enhances the resemblance by the way it disposes of its legs. And is there not a touch of perfection in the little detail that when it is touched it falls to the ground?

It is often suggested by very skeptical people that these protective disguises may deceive the naturalist's eye, but not the expert animal whose business it is to see through such devices. But there is abundant evidence that animals themselves are deceived. Cesnola proved that green specimens of the praying-mantis were very safe from birds when on green



FIG. 8. HUGE WALK-
ING-STICK INSECT
Scarcely to be distinguished
from the dry twigs

herbage, and brown varieties on withered herbage. But brown ones on green foliage were soon pecked up, and green ones on withered leaves likewise. In 1885 Dr. H. O. Forbes observed a Malayan spider with a long name, *Ornithoscatoidea decipiens*, which was like a bird-dropping on a leaf. It had actually captured a butterfly which had been mistakenly attracted. A curious little detail about this is that years afterward Doctor Forbes happened to look at a leaf with a bird-dropping on it, and wondered to himself that he had never again come across the squat Malayan

spider. He stretched out his finger idly, and the bird-dropping bit it. For it was the spider again. Quite recently Dr. G. D. H. Carpenter has reported from Uganda the case of a bug which closely resembles a small bird-dropping on a patch of sand. Now this quaint insect actually squatted on a bird-dropping on wet sand, "presumably for the express purpose of catching *Lycænids* (butterflies) which came to feed there." For it seems that *Lycænid* butterflies are often attracted to such patches. Doctor Carpenter was fortunate enough to observe that the bug was not disappointed. Both these stories are usefully suggestive of the subtlety of life.

In all these cases the inconspicuousness which conceals is only effective in suitable places. It is due to the creature's own structure, but it will not be found very easy to draw a hard and fast line between intrinsic and extrinsic disguise. What, for instance, are we to make of the grub of a beetle that lives on the mountain mullein (*Verbascum negra*) and eats the violet hairs of the stamens, with the result that after a circuitous series of changes inside the body the violet pigment comes to shine through the body wall, making the grub inconspicuous? It is literally disguised by its very meals. What are we to say of the numerous flatfish which become invisible against the shingle by quickly and almost automatically altering the pattern and color of their skin? In his delightful *Naturalist in Indian Seas*, Professor Alcock describes a short-legged crab called *Parthenope investigatoris*,



FIG. 9. A TWIG-FAKING CATERPILLAR

whose dorsal surface is sculptured so that it resembles a piece of the corroded coral among which it lives. This is permanent and inborn, but for practical purposes it is not far away from the "masking" which other crabs work out individually and temporarily. We admit, of course, that what is technically called protective resemblance must be kept apart, for clearness' sake, from "masking"; but our point is that the two are solutions of the same problem, and that both express, though in different ways, the bent bow which is characteristic of every living creature. On a higher level than protective resemblance is true mimicry, where an animal gains

some measure of safety by being very like another animal whose safety is more or less secured. But that is very distinctly another story.



FIG. 10. A CATERPILLAR HIDING IN HEATHER

Striking and yet inconspicuous

POOR HARLEQUIN

BY SEABURY LAWRENCE

I WILL take the laughter—
 You may have the tears;
 'Tis gayety I'm after,
 Dancing down the years.

You may have the highroad—
 I will take the lane,
 Stopping in a by-road
 Where birds sing again.

I will roam to far hills—
 You may keep the glade;
 There the day my joy fills—
 There bright dreams are made.

MASTERY OF MEN

BY W. L. GEORGE

AMONG the phrases commonly used to liberate us from the need to think figures one that is applied sometimes to schoolboy, sometimes to emperor: "a born leader." Thus we describe the man who emerges from among his fellows into a leadership that grows famous, sometimes infamous, which, historically, is much the same thing. Yet we seldom ask ourselves exactly what leadership means. We do not consider whether it is man who molds circumstance, or circumstance that molds man. We do not ask ourselves whether the leader leads because such is his temperament, or whether he leads because in single file some one must walk in front. The leader may merely respond to an appetite. All of us, sometime, must eat a piece of roast beef, or, as the case may be, a nut sandwich. We impart to beef or nut no sacred character. Without wanting to cheapen my betters, I might suggest that many a leader is a man who stands in the way of a tide, and is washed up to a place where at first he finds himself uncomfortable, and where by degrees he decides to act a part.

That creates a difficulty as we seek out the leaders of mankind, for some have acted the part wonderfully well. Louis XIV of France was a fine specimen of the sham leader. He was the man who, descending the steps of his palace at Versailles just as his chariot drove up said to the coachman, "I nearly had to wait." He it was remarked to his wife, when she ventured to criticize a decision, "We have taken you, madam, so that you might give us children, and not that you might give us advice." He made an immortal phrase, "The State, that's me." He was splendid: embroidered and jeweled clothes, fine nasal

prominence, vast wig, capacity for unlimited rudeness, self-satisfaction so great that he needed a duke to hand him his shirt, and a marquis to hold the spittoon. Behind that, nothing except his opinion that in war, poetry, painting, riding, he was supreme. Some one rather like him had a fall just before the armistice. Louis XIV spent his life in spreading throughout France famine and glory, those bosom friends; he patronized the arts as an arbiter of fashion; in the last portion of his life he chose generals for their elegance, rather than for their methods. He left behind him nothing but ruins, which before the end of the century were cleared up by the French Revolution.

Many such frauds live in history: Lorenzo the Magnificent, Charles V of Spain, Charles XII of Sweden. They glitter through the pages, but we know that the true man may be imitated as easily as the genuine diamond. Their glow tends to throw pallor over the real people such as Bolivar, Lincoln, Bismarck, Gambetta. They deceive us; they taint our idea of leaders; they prevent us from recognizing among the men in shining armor those who are clad in well-polished cans.

Still, there have been real national leaders, and they endure. Some one must speak the mind of man. This does not need a very large man. As a rule the national leader has all the qualities of the common man, but he has them to a greater degree. There, probably, is the root of the leader. If we consider such persons as Cromwell, Napoleon, Cæsar, Washington, if we carry this into modernity, to Mr. Lloyd George or Lord Northcliffe, in all we find allied traits. The leaders are resourceful, not always

original. They are men of action, not men of dreams. They do not allow "the native hue of resolution" to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Mr. Bernard Shaw said that he who can, does, and he who cannot, teaches. One might parallel this by remarking that he who can think, thinks, and he who can't, acts.

This should not be taken too literally; though it may be true that the great man is merely a great common man, here is a rare quality. Commonness attains greatness only by being common enough. We see something of this in historical careers. Cromwell had audacity in action. On the outbreak of the British civil war he contributed to the Parliamentary war chest, he formed the Eastern Association against the king, and joined the Parliamentary army. The reader will observe the radicalism of his attitude. Any man might think of doing one of the three things; Cromwell did them all. Later, leading the Independents, he seized the person of the king. It was he who observed the enthusiasm of the Cavaliers, and opposed them with a group of "godly men." He cared nothing for public opinion, and demanded the head of Charles I, knowing that public opinion, well bullied, would indorse his action. He believed in force first, and his cruelties in Ireland were due to his belief that he must strike terror. The paradox of his career was that he who had beheaded a king because this king flouted Parliament, himself grew impatient with the muddled chamber, dissolved it, and became a despot. The word "toleration" he did not understand. His was a simple mind; when he proclaimed religious freedom he announced that this must not apply to Roman Catholics and Anglicans. On the other hand, he had a capacity for conciliation, and was capable of saying to members of Parliament, "My brethren, I pray you to consider that you may be wrong." He was a narrow Puritan; offenses against morals and slackness in churchgoing

appeared to him felonious. At the same time, he had a broad mind; his colonial wars with Holland and Spain, the exploits of Blake, embodied for him the idea of Empire. It was Cromwell who made the British navy into a national institution.

Cæsar was a different kind of man, but he had the audacity of Cromwell. In his youth he dared to marry the daughter of Cinna, though at that time in Rome Sulla was master. Sulla determined that there should be no such alliance for the daughter of a man he detested, and demanded that Cæsar should divorce the girl. Young Cæsar defied the tyrant. He had sagacity. He was in a way a modern statesman, for when Pompey's soldiers were demobilized, instead of allowing them to develop a grievance he settled them on the land. At the same time he made terms with the capitalists. Englishmen will think of a minister rather akin to him. On the other hand, there existed profound differences between him and Cromwell. Cæsar was throughout a democrat; he always stood for the small man's interests, whereas Cromwell stood for the small man's soul. Also, there was no Puritanism in him. The early and middle parts of his life were extravagant and licentious, and at the age of fifty-four, when he was commander-in-chief of an army, he spent a year in Egypt toying with Cleopatra, and brought her back to Rome. Yet this voluptuary owned no cruel lusts. After conquering the Gauls he left them their customs; he gave up the good old habits of Marius and Sulla; after establishing himself in Rome he forbade massacres.

When we come to Washington we find some one less complex. Here is a man together strong in resistance and in action. We find him obstinately holding out at Fort Mifflin and during the retreat of Braddock's army. At the same time he is as bold as a pirate of the Spanish Main in his attack on Trenton. We find in him, as in Cromwell, insistence on discipline; he is always building

up his forces and can by magnetism prevent the mutiny of unpaid troops. Yet, though Washington is bold, he is cautious. As President, in spite of the flaming memory of Lafayette, he is wise enough to remain neutral during the wars between revolutionary France and monarchist Europe. He knows how to keep out of trouble. That is because Washington is essentially pacific. It is no fire eater who takes over the command of the American forces, and it is largely thanks to him that his countrymen accept the John Jay Treaty with England. Washington is a sober man, doing his day's work as simply and as efficiently as he can. To him the job matters, and he is not personally ambitious. Washington was a nobler man than most of the great leaders. It needed a fine spirit to resign his command after the Treaty of Paris, to refuse any money reward, and to retire to Mount Vernon. More remarkable still was his refusal of a third term as President, for in those days republics were hardly respectable, and most men must have thought it normal to pass from presidency to kingship.

As for Napoleon, here we find again immense audacity, but we do not discover the noble modesty of Washington. We find an inflated ego, a passion for white mantles sown with golden bees, for Roman laurel leaves, fast women, and slave courtiers. We find also a queer sagacity in Napoleon's attempt to make vassals and friends, instead of following the Romans and placing Europe under a direct yoke. Napoleon appears in history as a brilliant man, and indeed he did interesting things: he gave France its civil code and its national theater; he created conscription and the French tobacco monopoly. All the same, we must not be deceived. These are interesting sides, but they do suggest the All Highest. Napoleon could never let anything alone, and if he had not had the rare faculty of choosing his subordinates well, he would have known ruin much earlier. But Napoleon chose well be-

cause he was a democrat. He might place the imperial crown on his head, but he remained the son of a small man in Corsica. He often tried to be dignified, then broke down and joked with a sergeant. He was essentially a common man, and he knew it, for once he remarked: "To lead men you must understand them, know what they want, know what they dislike, be akin to them, then you need only to have a will. That is the only difference between them and me." One wonders whether Lord Northcliffe would formulate differently his type of power.

In all these people, among the differences we find a common strain—they all dare. In general they have a good opinion of themselves; they have clemency; they can compromise. In general, too, they are not royal. Cæsar and Washington were gentlemen, Cromwell was so-so, and Napoleon nobody. All have that quality of sagacity which tells them how far they may go—that is to say, what the common people feel. If Cromwell were alive to-day he might edit with success an "uplift" magazine. It also matters that big men are seldom the sons of big men. Seldom is leadership hereditary. When we consider, for instance, Lord Gladstone, an estimable and competent man, we wonder that so faint a glow replaces the flame. Possibly the atmosphere of leadership stunts the growth of leadership; there is no room. Queen Victoria complained that Mr. Gladstone addressed her like a public meeting; if the queen suffered so, what can have been the experience of Mr. Gladstone's son? The leader cannot be bred like this; the air echoes to paternal bombardments. He has no contact with the common man, whom he knows only at second-hand. Living in splendor, the son of the leader cannot aspire to splendor. It holds no glamour for him. If he is very highly born, habitual splendor goes with him, but then it is aloof. What is nowadays called a real leader must come out of the people. One thinks of Mr. Lloyd George, this X of the political

equation, which is given to becoming Z whenever the equation approaches solution. Nobody knows Mr. Lloyd George, though his biographers are many. Possibly one can sum him up by saying that he always knows how far he may go. While a common man in a railway carriage wants cinemas open (or shut) on Sundays, and loudly proclaims what should be done, Mr. Lloyd George seems to feel whether more people want the cinemas open than shut. If he is not sure, he leaves the doors ajar and waits to see what happens. One does not suppose that he reads Shelley, but one can presume that he knows his Tennyson. It may be that he plays bridge, but if so he also plays whist. In his speeches lurk matters such as workmen's trains, the garden, the domestic dog, true love under orange blossoms. There lies the leader's magnetism; he is in sympathy; he understands. Especially, the common man feels that he understands his leader; that induces the common man to love him. Mr. Lloyd George is probably a great leader; he leads because he goes the same way as the common man, and not much faster. He keeps in sight. When he is not quite sure he takes upon himself, as does sometimes Lord Northcliffe, the position which is related in an old English story:

A man sitting by the roadside watched go past a large crowd. A little later there came toward him a man distressed, dusty, wiping perspiration from his brow. As he stopped to take a breath he remarked, "I must go on." The spectator asked him, "But why must you follow these men?" "Why?" replied the unhappy man. "I've got to follow them. I'm their leader."

So much for the great, the national, leader; but mankind is molded by those who apply the laws as much as by those who make them. All ministers learn that when they come up against Civil Servants. There are leaders everywhere, as if big leaders had upon their backs little leaders to bite them. Where two

men are gathered together, one is the leader. He is a miniature copy of Napoleon; he not only wants to do what he chooses, but he wants the other man to do the same thing, just because he chooses; he wants the sensation of making the other man do what he chooses; invariably he thinks that he is in the right, because he thinks so. He considers that the other man does not know what is right, because he is the other man. Also, he feels a certain affection for the other man who cannot lead; he is rather sorry for him. Briefly, he has will, and leadership is the spoil of will. Thus, we find the minor leader, one day a priest, another day a nobleman, or a lawyer, or a financier. Most of our modern leaders arise among those types, for the day has gone when leadership fell to complete classes; now it falls to individuals selected in those classes. Whereas in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries leadership was shared between the priest and the nobleman, who occasionally enlisted a bourgeois capable of arithmetic; while in the last century the lawyer came forward to share power with the financier, now we recruit individually. The priest has disappeared; the nobleman practically went with Lord Randolph Churchill, who in his budget speech quoted a proportion as, let us say, 12.4 per cent of something else. On it being pointed out to him that the proportion was not 12.4, but 1.24 per cent, he remarked, "Oh, never mind the damned dots." That sort of thing could not endure in a period such as ours. To-day, apart from the individuals, we find power in the hands of the lawyer, while the financier engages in a desperate struggle to tear it from the law. The transfer of power took place more swiftly in America than it did in England. There seemed to have been no men of title in America. It is as if the gentlemen of England felt it absurd to maintain these distinctions in old, wild Virginia, in a New England that was not yet trim. In America it was the lawyer who seized power, and

it was not long ago that he began to share with the financier. The change from junker control to legal control was natural enough. The first American leader was a military pioneer, a sort of fighting squire, rather akin to the old English barons. The squires finished their job, as did the barons: they organized the country. When the Indians were subdued, when local government began to flourish as far as the Mississippi, the days of battle were done. The time had come for commercial organization, and a new type of man was required. The older type shut itself up in Richmond, or Boston, and was heard of no more.

That change over from military to civil power is the natural response to changed conditions; it is not a thing to deplore, but it has produced a new kind of leader. Whereas the military leader had cut down jungles, the lawyer began to tape them up into neat bundles, while the business man put them up for auction. We therefore needed a leader with a more balanced mind, who preferred fair play to blows and knocks. Naturally, he went to the bad, as leaders do, and soon gave up fair play for self-advantage. But, though the lawyer and the business man jabbed with their pens with as deadly effect as had been done with swords, they began to give a new organization to the world, the commercial organization of to-day, the neat balance of conflicting interests. That type of man we find in power to-day. He knows how far he can go in business; he enters into the feelings of other men; he respects their desire for advantage; he studies psychology a little; he asks himself what people want instead of telling them to do his will. He uses his strength when he can, his craft when he must. He is less magnificent than the soldier of old; he leads by persuasion and compromise. Thus one may say to-day that the leading man, whether he is in charge of a factory or of a political department, must prove more supple than the leader of a few hundred years ago.

That is because in a world where technical knowledge tends to prevail he finds many rivals equally equipped. He can predominate over them only by character, by will, by stratagem, by subtlety. A few hundred years ago a man who possessed knowledge possessed power. To-day all have some knowledge, and so we come to a reversal of history. Whereas, once upon a time, the learned man was under the strong man, while three or four generations ago the learned man led the strong man, now among the learned men it is the strong men who assert themselves. To-day we find confronting each other two types of strong man. The lawyer is waning, for his profession leads him to caution, which is not good for the will; he is a learned man, and his character is not well fitted for contest. He thinks of the regular rather than the dramatic. The struggle is already set between two formidable antagonists, the man of business and the man of science.

The man of science is the latest product of humanity. He has always existed—Geber probably played with mathematics three thousand years ago; very likely Archimedes was killed at Syracuse while he was working out a problem; Galileo did protest that the earth does move. We find the scientific man all through history, from the time of the Egyptian and Chinese engineers. There have always been men curious of life, men interested by an accident, such as the effect of fire on copper ore, from which came smelting. They had the mind which wants to know. They make a type of mankind, the converse of the common type, which would much rather not know, for fear knowledge prove inconvenient. But only a hundred years ago or so our scientific man worked alone; there was no laboratory where he could obtain helpers, apparatus, and textbooks. There were few textbooks, because until then most of them had been burned in the name of religious conformity. Sometimes a scientific man

also was burned. Therefore the scientific man had to display genius. One became a man of science because one couldn't help it, as one became a poet. The result was very original, but it was scanty.

The times have changed. Now pure science, and especially applied science employ all over the world hundreds of thousands of people. There is systematic research; one no longer flukes upon a discovery, such as the law of gravitation. There may be left to discover something quite as extraordinary as the law of gravitation; it may be that Newton was wrong, and that a different law prevents our concussion with the sun. But if this law is to be discovered it will be so by research rather than by inspiration. Recently we have concluded that electrons exist because inductive reasoning seems to show that the atom cannot exist without the electron. The modern method is laborious; it progresses by precedent, contradiction, assumption. Therefore it no longer has much use for the poetic mind. A man may say, "I will prove that the moon is made of cream cheese," and then take the steps in research which may demonstrate that the moon is so made. He may stumble upon lunar composition, but much more likely he will discover the composition because he is looking for it.

That is the scientific mind. It is cool, difficult to deceive, absolutely careless of tradition, morals, accepted views. It cares for the truth only. If the truth must have "bad" effects, that cannot be helped. It doubts whether there are "bad" effects, and considers that there are merely effects. Sometimes this mind is jealous, for it is still human; then it conceals its discoveries, but in the end it publishes them, and it seldom tries to sell them for money. The scientific mind is not mercenary, because it is thinking of things other than money. The scientific man is, like other people, capable of lies, baseness, disloyalty, but he is seldom grasping, because money has little value for him except to buy more

apparatus. He is a man who plays with toys; he is like a supreme child making new palaces with old bricks.

The business man is perhaps his opposite. He is not without the passion for creation; he takes a strange joy in increasing his turnover and his profits; he likes to add floors to his office, to extend his branches. Whether he be commercial or industrial, he belongs to the same type, for the industrial business man is seldom scientific. He employs the scientific man, but he does not join him. He wants something else, money and the power that goes with it. (I am not making an unfavorable comparison, for the scientific man wants knowledge and the power that goes with that.) The business man is not concerned with truth; things are what they seem, and that is good enough. If what he believes profitable is proved untrue he goes over to the new gospel without hesitation. He takes no interest in methods unless they are cheap. His desire is to make money as quickly as possible, as much as possible, and as easily as possible. He is not interested in tradition. If he comes against a good old thing he retains it; against a bad old thing, he scraps it. He is akin to the scientific man in that he respects nothing. Incidentally, he does not respect science. He will use it, buy it as cheaply as he can, just as he buys men, but there is always in his mind the idea that the scientific man is wasting his time, until, of course, he produces aniline dyes, synthetic rubber, or cultured pearls. The business man is essentially secretive, because secrecy is the best way of preventing other people from getting hold of money. He is not stupid; he realizes that his customers must make money if they are to buy from him, but that does not apply to his rivals. Thus, if he sells baby carriages he wants the bankers, linen drapers, grocers, etc., to make as much money as they can so that they may buy baby carriages, but he inevitably desires the ruin of every other baby-carriage maker in the world. Thus, if he comes

upon a device enabling him to make equally good and cheaper baby carriages, he conceals the process or patents it, while the scientific man publishes it.

One might say in general that the scientific man does not care what damage he does to ideas, while the business man does not care what damage he does to people. One might also differentiate them temperamentally by saying that no man goes into scientific research for money, while no man goes into business except for money. In that sense the two are polar to each other, but, in reality, as they grow older they draw nearer. The scientific man may set out to be another Crookes and end up as a wealthy patentee; the business man sets out as a beast of prey and ends up as an introducer of model villages, ideal staff control, as a useful organizer of the cheap production of goods that humanity needs. Thus some plot good that evil may come, and evil from which goodness arises. Man never knows what he does. If he does his work well that seems enough.

Those are the two types which now confront the remains of political society, which must accommodate themselves with it and with each other. The reader will observe that one type has been completely ignored; that is the artist. It is right that he should be ignored, for he has never been of the slightest *direct* importance. He has painted his pictures, written his books, made his music, rather like a popular courtesan. Very often he has produced phrases which have altered the mind of mankind, but as the artist generally dies a hundred years before dim echoes of his voice penetrate human brains, his power is that of the dead hand. In the society of his day he is ridiculous among the few who know his name; to the masses he is as if he were not. He has his joys and his prides; he savors the satisfaction of contempt for those who know not what they do, but he cannot affect their conduct. He is crushed under the weight of ledgers,

and chemical fumes curl about his ambrosial lips.

The world, then, goes to the strong, those who are desirous, and those who are cool, who know that a cube has eight corners, all of them sharp. Only the business man and the scientific man hold that view fully. Now those corners indent the dry old society in which we live. It is still a confused society. If we examine in America or in any western European country the composition of the ruling class, we discover that it seems to have changed but little in fifty years. In the American, the British, the French parliament, the lawyer holds a number of the seats; from his class are recruited governors, ministers, and such. The workman figures to defend his class; the schoolmaster, the doctor, the excise servant figure considerably. These naturally gravitate toward the legal class, for they affect its official habits, its etiquettes. They do not understand the rule-of-thumb attitude of the business man, his tendency to improvise a method rather than look for the ideal solution. The business man is not strong in the parliaments of the world; even though he holds a good many seats, he generally enters political life only when his business life is done, when he hesitates between golf and politics. Having made a fortune, he sometimes fancies that it would be rather fun to remold the world. As a rule he does it badly. The career of the business man during the Great War was almost tragic. He showed great energy, perfect ruthlessness, but he did not know how to work with superiors; he had no sense of general fair play; he was always secretly granting favors, giving rebates. He made public life incoherent by inequality, and gladly retired when the war was done.

One must not conclude that the business man does not care what happens. In America he allows the nut to be handled by the lawyers, but he keeps a close eye on the kernel. In fact, political life is a screen behind which the real struggle is being conducted between the

scientific and the business man. They have little to struggle for, since one wants reputation and the other cash, but struggle they must because they are opposite types. They are akin to a cat and dog which live in the same house, for both of which there is abundant food and attention, but which must fight all the same because the one is a cat and the other a dog. They dislike each other. The scientific man generally looks upon the business man with the contempt that a swallow may feel for a rhinoceros. He thinks him dull, uninterested in obviously interesting things, such as the number of chromosomes in a spermatozoon; he thinks his taste for automobiles vulgar. On the other hand, the business man looks upon his antagonist as a poor fool, whom anybody can take in, who doesn't care for the good things of life, and who is, on the whole, wasting his time. Each revises his estimate in time, for the scientific man cannot help respecting the millions, while the business man grudgingly confesses that "there may be something in these stinks and bangs." The extreme attitude of mutual contempt is going, for the modern men think much more than their fathers of science applied to industry, while industry realizes that science promises to yield further profits.

The question is, How shall the money be shared? In other words, who shall have the leadership? It is well understood that money power is now the only power; that long ago the captains and the kings departed. An ambitious man must desire money; even if he desires fame, he obtains money, for the two go together. As the business man grows more enlightened, as the scientific man grows more mercenary, the struggle is likely to define itself.

Some time ago a correspondent wrote to me as follows:

I believe that the scientific, the engineering, looking-forward type is going to cut a big swath in public affairs in future, and to a large extent take the place now occupied by the legal, looking-back-to-precedent type.

My correspondent is an engineer, and, though his remark may be partly correct, he seems to be forgetting the business man as surely as Napoleon forgot Blücher. He voices the opinion of part of his class, and it is presumable that he is looking forward to a new type of scientific man—namely, the engineer. Let us not here sing the engineer that Mr. Kipling deified, but let us concede that he is an intermediate type. He is scientific and practical. He wants to know and he wants to do. He is a business man, in a sense, and it may be that he will eventually prove the most formidable opponent of the business man. But as regards the scientific man, it seems impossible that he should ever lead the world. Every now and then he creates a sensation by discovering an inoculation against chilblains, or determining a year or two before the wedding the sex of the probable child. He makes a sensation, the newspapers print articles on eugenics or trial marriage, and nobody worries. The only thing that may happen is that some practical political person is taken with the idea, and imposes it upon a population rebellious to any idea. The business man does that now and then; he likes card indexes, cash registers, fatigue charts, movement studies, etc. When the psychometer is invented he will use it to engage only female employees who do not think about dancing while they are canning peaches. That is not strange, for the real scientific man hates action. He may discover the psychometer, but when that is done he will lose interest in it, as a cat in her kittens at six weeks. Unless, of course, he hopes to improve his psychometer until it enables us to know everything of one another.

That is why the future leaders are much more likely to be business men than scientific men. If we consider the world to-day, apart from the big politicians, we find that real power lies in the hands of people like Mr. Stinnes, Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Rathenau, Lord Rothschild, etc. They are not yet as powerful

as their enemies make out, but they are continually telling governments what they must do if they want affairs to go well, and the governments listen. They must listen, for the big business men can withhold loans, paralyze railways, engineer press campaigns. Moreover, they have great power for good; thanks to their international connections, they often take a view wider than that of the average politician become a prime minister. It is rather a special view, for they tend to consider that if abundant goods are being made, carried on ships, and sold in shops, all is well with the world. But that is a semi-correct view. In general, if a country is prosperous, it looks after its education and its intellectual development. The scientific man hardly ever has a world view. He seems to know only his laboratories and those of the people who labor in his own field. His appearances in politics are generally inept; he has no sympathy with whist, the garden, and the dog.

That is why the business man must beat him. The business man is intellectually inferior, but the scientific man is often so caked with knowledge that he cannot move; that, through the thick crust, he cannot perceive the common men and their desires.

The engineer type may introduce a variation; intellectually sound, and practically capable, he may by degrees design a world where there is less grab than in the business man's paradise. He has a tradition of effective action, as against the business man's tradition of profitable action. He raises against himself less merriment than the scientific man, and less hatred than the business man. His only weakness is that he concentrates upon the joy of doing things. He is probably much more excited over building a bridge than is the business man over settling the tolls. His toy is material, not mental, but it is a toy. He grows inflamed, and devotes himself to toys, while the business man watches him, to take him up, to make him work for profit. If he develops general ideas,

the engineer may by degrees outline some scheme for the organization of a pacific and happy world, but I suspect that the business man will get there first.

It is probable that, as time goes on, the scientific man will become more commercial, the business man much more scientific. Since neither can do without the other, since they must use each other, they may go on struggling for power and in the end become merged. But one doubts whether a combined mind can produce the future leaders. I suspect that the leaders of the future will be recruited from among the business men much more than from among the men of science. Their commonness will give them their power, because commonness is not a low quality; it is not unkind—it is animal, earthy, everyday. It is the stuff of life. The business man has been violently attacked under the name of trust magnate, and people have been unjust. The trusts were not constituted as public-utility societies. They were out for money at any price, but the fact remains that they cheapened production, brought into the home of the poor man comforts that King Croesus never knew. They have organized industry, regulated it. It may be that their service is finished, but a service it is. The minds that did these things are no smaller than they were. They are still capable of broad views, of international organization. I do not believe in inspired millionaires, but it may be that the logic of facts, of common sense, the need for peace that big commercial machines must enjoy, may lead us farther toward stability than the advice of all the lawyers and the cold imaginations of science. I have no great faith in the man of science. He is as brilliant as a diamond, and as small. I believe that the next century or so will lay its burden upon the back of the man of business. It is he must organize international harmony. It is he will have to lead, whether he likes it or not, and he will retain his leadership only if he learns to lead well.

BEYOND THE LABORATORY

BY ELLWOOD HENDRICK

THIS has to do with chemistry, if you please, but not with the chemistry that we study and talk about and practice. Our principal faculty for recognizing distinctions in this field is the olfactory sense, but we are ignorant of it, and we do not cultivate it. Therefore this superlaboratory chemistry is not a science; it is hardly a trade. We merely have a few tricks, and chemical practice in relation to it might well be called the rule of thumb, were it not for the fact that convention has established associations of humor and disdain in the joining of thumbs to noses.

There is no balance, no reagent, no indicator, that will reveal the presence or absence of many of the will-o'-the-wisp bodies which our noses discover. And yet, instead of dwelling in the academic halls of pure science, these same bodies are established in industry, and they make or ruin corporations.

Let us cite a few examples. For many years certain perfumers of Cologne have been making so-called Cologne water, and they built up an important business before the war. With German ports closed, other perfumers made *eau de Cologne*, but not one of them made the real thing. One of the German concerns started an American branch factory, but the product resembles the original only in the shape of the container and in the label; otherwise it is no better than any one of a dozen defective imitations of the original. Another concern found a member of a family famous for making it who lived in France and was a French citizen. So the advertisements were resplendent with the announcement that this great manufacturer was not a German at all, but a Frenchman, and that he would continue to make his product,

just the same as before, but in Paris. It is, however, not the same; the only resemblance is in the name. It is no better than the American imitations. It is said that the makers of German *eau de Cologne* had insisted on using a specially made spirit from beet sugar. It may hardly seem economical to make ethyl alcohol, popularly known as grain alcohol, from beet sugar when out of cheaper materials we can make it and rectify it and purify it until it becomes Cologne spirit, as we call it. Of course ethyl alcohol is ethyl alcohol; we know that, whether we produce it from molasses or sugar or sawdust, or whatever we will. It is the same with the exception of one divided by what, so far as our means of detection go, is infinity, which makes it a difference of zero or no difference at all, according to laboratory practice. But there is a difference in the finished product, and we guess that it may be due to the source of the sugar.

Time was, when we lived in iniquity and sin, that there were constant and generous offerings made of rye and bourbon whiskies; and to the depraved taste of many of us these beverages had merit. They were made of barley malt and rye or corn for the spirit, and prune juice or other ingredients, designed to appeal to what we call the palate, but which is in fact the nose. Many so-called blends were made of alcohol distilled from corn and other familiar ingredients which to many persons "tasted right." But those now addicted to the visit of secret places declare that the substituted "hooch" made of molasses alcohol and the same other ingredients is vastly different. To the chemical eye molasses alcohol is the same as that distilled from a mash of corn, but even to the un-

cultured nose the final products made with it are different. In this respect the nose is more discriminating than the eye.

A gentleman interested in agricultural products wanted to make cheese of the type of Camembert, but while he had the same ferment, employed the same methods, and used what seemed to be the same kind of milk, neither he nor anyone else in this country obtained the same results. On visiting France he found that the makers of the cheese in question were very particular about their milk, obtaining it from the dairymen of a certain district only. In the fields of these farmers there grew, he found, a sprinkling of certain grasses that he did not find elsewhere, and it is possible, and even likely, that these make the subtle difference in the milk that shows in the cheese which distinguishes the genuine from the artificial product. And yet, the special grasses were only incidental; they were not the main grasses of the pastures, which were the same as those found elsewhere.

We have been rather insistent that physicians should study chemistry, but the reactions with which they have to do are baffling. Many are within this domain of superlaboratory chemistry, and I doubt if we chemists have helped them as much as we thought we should, say, forty years ago. It would be interesting to know whether the same drugs synthesized from different materials are really the same in their effects. Some physicians doubt and feel nervous over it, and some do not, but nobody can tell them. And the doubters are not all nervous old women, either. We might be nervous ourselves if we were sick. The therapeutic action of some drugs may be due to the presence of unrecognized bodies in association with them. Whether their presence could be determined by an olfactometer or not is still a question. They might be. Or some of them might be.

The physical chemist has engaged so much in high attenuations that the rest of us have sometimes grown restless,

and have asked him to come down to the earth and deal with practical quantities and concentrations. But I think the question fair whether the rest of us should not also reach up toward the sky, and consider more definitely and more thoroughly the high attenuations. According to Irving Langmuir, if we were to change the atoms of a cubic foot of air into grains of sand that would pass through a sieve of one hundred mesh to the inch, the air being at ordinary temperature and pressure, we should have sand enough and to spare to fill a trench three feet deep and a mile wide from New York to San Francisco. This may be more concretely expressed by ten to a given power. It is not difficult to deal with the quantity mathematically. Then would it not be fair to compute how many molecules of musk in the same quantity, or, rather, in a liter of air, a good observer may recognize through his nose in a Zwaardemaker olfactometer? The task is not difficult, and soon we might make tables of the olfactory power of bodies. Nobody knows as well as the chemist how useful such compendia are.

Sometimes a little light is shed as we glance through chemical literature, but the study of odors is usually made secondary to some other purpose. Thus, in the July, 1920, number of the *Journal of the American Chemical Society*, there was a record by Messrs. Power and Chestnutt of the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture, of their studies of the odorous constituents of apples. They looked for amyl valerate, which is known in the perfumery and flavoring-extract trade as "apple oil" because it has a marked apple odor. But they found no traces of it. The odorous constituents they found to consist essentially in amyl esters of formic, acetic, and caproic acids, with a smaller amount of the caprylic ester, and a considerable proportion of acetaldehyde. These occur in mixtures of varying proportions, the variety of proportion giving rise to the variety of

odors. The quantities of the oil, or mixture of the bodies mentioned, were found to be 70 hundred-thousandths of 1 per cent in the Ben Davis, and 130 hundred-thousandths of 1 per cent in the more odorous crab apple.

These data are interesting, and they may lead to the development of more highly flavored apples, if these are wanted. The work shows also that by patient and diligent research we can proceed to the quantitative determination of odorous bodies. But the information is only desultory, and it does not reveal to us the empire of the nose.

Again, Messrs Allison, Katz and Egy of the United States Bureau of Mines, have been studying the uses of stench as warnings in mines, so that the miners may smell danger before it reaches them, provided the authorities are informed in time and are able to pump the odorous body to them in the air with which they operate their drills. They constructed their own olfactometer, which is described in Technical Paper 244 of that bureau (1920), and they found that, by using very pungent, unpleasant odors, they might make very little of the stench do its work. They discovered that butyl mercaptan, which smells something like a ripe old sourkraut made of garlic, only a thousand times more so, to say it in Irish, was enough to induce the men to rush out of the mine at full speed, if pumped in at the rate of five cubic centimeters per one thousand cubic feet of air, and that it was carried to all parts of a large, deep mine in twenty minutes. Of course, as the air is exhausted from the drills the dilution becomes much greater than five half thimblefuls to a thousand cubic feet. Now this is good work; it is splendid, life-saving work, but it does not make us wise in our noses, which is what we are after.

It is evident from the literature of three hundred years ago—I refer now to *belles-lettres*, and not to the literature of science—that our noses must have atrophied in the meantime. Let us cite an

example from Lord Bacon's essay on Gardens, and note the understanding with which he refers to the smell of flowers in comparison with any book on the subject written in our own times. He says:

Because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight than to know what be the flowers and plants that do best perfume the air. Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers of their smell, so that you may walk by a whole row of them and find nothing of their sweetness; yea, though it be in a morning's dew.

Observe, please, his use of the expression, "fast flowers of their smell"! Since his day we have lost the use of the word in this connection, although we have kept it in regard to colors.

Bays [he continues] likewise yield no smell as they grow, rosemary little, nor sweet marjoram; that which yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, especially the double white violet which comes twice a year, about the middle of April and about Bartholomew-tide. [St. Bartholomew's day is August 24th of our calendar.] Next to that is the musk rose, then the strawberry leaves dying, with a most excellent cordial smell; then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust, like the dust of a Bent which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth; then sweetbrier, then wall-flowers which are very delightful to be set under a parlour or lower chamber window; then pinks and gilliflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gilliflower, then the flowers of the lime tree; then the honeysuckles, so that they be somewhat afar off. Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers, but those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon or crushed, are three; that is burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints; therefore you are to set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread.

Shakespeare is so full of references to smells, he uses the sense with such gusto and with such familiarity withal, that nearly a whole column of the concord-

ance is necessary to give room for the single lines in fine print in which the word *smell* occurs. We could spend hours on these references to smell in Shakespeare, but we shall content ourselves with a single very familiar passage from "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Oberon describes to Puck the couch of Titania.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,

Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite overcanopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,

Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight."

Every flower mentioned distills fragrance into the air. They are all distinguished for their odors. When we read or hear it recited, we see a picture. As Puck heard it from Oberon in the days of Queen Bess the impression was more than doubled, because he obtained from the same words, besides the picture, a lush olfactory consciousness. We miss this exaltation because we have degenerated.

Whichever way we look it seems as though the obligation to make this world better were upon the men of science. Here is a world of joy and delight which we have lost, through mere inertia. Who would not give up many of his present days to go back for a single afternoon and bask in Lord Bacon's garden, and with the nose to smell of its loveliness?

Now I hold no brief against fashions and styles; against the ugly cut of men's clothes, nor the cutting away of those of women; against the dances of the day, or even, if we must have them, the so-called musical comedies, or Sunday newspapers, or anything that is ours, if only we were willing to step out of the rut of our crass Philistinism. It makes us complacent and content to slide along an ugly railroad track, ever away from the gardens of delight that are ours but for the asking.

It is the stupidity of the enjoyment of this our own generation that is so offensive, if we would but consider it. Here we live our little short day, and it seems as if the only thing we could do was to make a monstrous noise, like a cricket.

Will my lords and ladies amuse themselves?

Aye, they would dance.

Then ho for some music! Bring a troubadour with his harp, a player with his *viol d'amour*, and a clavichord, for the moon is bright and 'tis the hour for dancing. Let there be played music composed when fairies lived and men communed with them and bethought themselves of melodies so lovely that the tunes themselves were fragrant. Call upon the spirit of Mozart to lead them; good players with rich, mellow instruments!

But, no; my lords and ladies will have none of it. They desire drums and tom-toms and rattling sticks and a piano box, all played by human apes to the sound of cannibal screeches and grunts from the heart of Africa.

I don't mind the ugliness of it; ugliness has its uses; it is the stupidity of it all—and what they miss!

If we would have fragrance in the world again, if we would make it lovely once more in spite of strikes and riots and rights that are wrongs, I'm afraid chemists will have to begin. They must make a convention of smelling, and seek and find and teach the wisdom of the nose. Therefore, I propose as a beginning the organization and study of olfactory analysis, in the hope that it may lead to making the human nose useful. We are such Philistines that we will not even sniff unless there is profit in it. So let's establish the profit of sniffing. Then better days will come.

The problem is difficult in the beginning, because we cannot write out a smell. Letters and words are meant for the eye, and not for the nose. If I say a substance smells to me like cinnamon it may not smell like cinnamon at all to you. I may be thinking of cinnamon

toast which my wife gives me at tea, and you may be thinking of a spice mill when they are grinding cinnamon, while neither of us has in mind the pure cinnamon odor. We haven't any fixed standards. The situation is very much as though none of us could read or write or had any knowledge that such an achievement were feasible. Then, if we were to see a few pages printed, respectively, in Gothic, Roman, and script text, and try to describe the difference between the letters printed, respectively, in German and English and written out in longhand, we should use all sorts of ineffective similes. How much more likely are we to fail if we use language designed for the eye and ear if we try to describe phenomena that are recorded only by the nose? Therefore our first business is to do less talking and more smelling.

How shall we do this?

First, we need a standard smelling bottle which requires no inventive genius whatever to prepare. A 200-c.c. flask with a cork perforated by two glass tubes, one for inlet and the other for outlet, and with one tube blown into a bulb at the end, with two perforated nipples that will fit into the nostrils, will serve as the required instrument. A given quantity of any substance may be put into the bottle, and the nipples and inlet tube stoppered. A definite time should be given for diffusion. If the substance to be smelled is a gas, a third tube may be introduced into the bottle through which the required volume of gas may be introduced for each test. Or, better still, the olfactometers of Zwaardemaker and others may be used. The apparatus is available; the main thing lacking is the habit of work with it.

Now let us see what we might gain by such a practice.

It would be very illuminating to know the approximate proportion of molecules of a given substance in the air which produces an olfactory reaction. Of course we should make the amazing discovery that no two noses are exactly

alike. It was Helmholtz who said that if an optician should send him an instrument as defective as the human eye he would send it back as defective. Our situation in regard to noses would be worse. They are very defective, and we abuse them more by neglect than we abuse our eyes by strain. But an ancient tradition teaches us that we should do the best we can, and within the sphere of human effort neglect is not the key to progress. If in the course of time we should have a considerable record of olfactory data in regard to substances of which the chemical structure of the molecule has been determined with reasonable satisfaction, the physiologists might be led into a more effective study of the phenomena of smelling, and might learn something about it. We shall return to this very shortly.

It is said that very large molecules have no odor. It would be worth while to know how large they must be to lose this quality. If we knew the maximum number of carbon atoms possible in an odoriferous body this might help us amazingly in the study of its molecular structure. It would give us limits, which we often need. Of course it may be that there are smell ions. But if there are, wouldn't it be a help to know it? And would not this opinion, if backed up by proper research, be another excellent incentive to get the physiological chemists at work on the discovery of the nature of olfactory processes?

It is no less than monotonous to think how lacking we are in ingenuity in the face of big problems—until somebody begins. I offer the proposal that we develop the science of olfactory analyses, with a view to leading up to the chemistry of olfactories. But my solution of the problem lacks distinction and invention. All that I can do is to call for that good old dray horse of science, and ask for a millionaire, a willing millionaire. He is a rare bird, and I have not the art to catch him. But, granted that he were caught and brought with all his willingness and wealth before us now,

our next step would be to find the scholarly and enthusiastic director of research. It is open to question whether Professor Zwaardemaker would care to leave Holland and come here for the purpose. He probably knows more of smell than anybody else living—but he may not care for soda-water. Then would follow the selection of the most available laboratory—whether in connection with a university, or one operated by private enterprise, would also have to be determined. After the work had been in progress for a few years we might begin to expect results. In all probability some new instruments would be designed, and the nature of the work would reveal special fields for other research which might be carried on in the original laboratory, or possibly given out to various university laboratories that are ambitious to contribute.

Then a few of us might begin to use our noses with intelligence. We might learn the solution to a number of problems now called psychic, such as the so-called transfer of thought, when A suddenly exclaims that B is in trouble, although B is a considerable distance away. We may learn under such circumstances that A smells the effluvia of fear of B as these bodies diffuse themselves through space. It may broaden the diagnosis of disease by the recognition of various products of degeneration. It may even give those of us who have the developed olfactory sense, a knowledge, or a rudimentary understanding, of the emotions of others, as special and recognized bodies may be exuded under emotion. We may say, offhand, that we do not want to smell anybody's grief, but the temptation to achieve greater knowledge and understanding and the greater power and authority that follow understanding would be very tempting to the ambitious. As for the science of chemistry, we can hardly measure the wealth of its contributions. These evasive bodies that hover about us in dilution which, outside of ordinary trade, we now ignore, would tell us a thousand things

of what is really in the air. It would open up a new source of understanding for the *cognoscenti*, and provide for a new field of scholarship beyond our present ken.

The only unfavorable effect of the development of this increased medium of intelligence that I can think of would be the tobacco business. The man with an active nose would probably be at most but exceedingly moderate in his smoking. But the tobacco dealers need not worry. Only a very few of the great number of human animals desire to be wise; most of them desire to be like others, and the others are so well settled in their habits that we shall probably have to wait a considerable number of generations for a race of smellers to appear. And even then an occasional smoke might be useful to clear the scent.

If we could make an advance of even a small fraction in human intelligence by the introduction of the use of a neglected sense, we should provide for a development in human progress that is intrinsic and subjective, which would loom large against our present efforts to achieve advancement through the mechanic arts. It would provide improvements in the operations of the human mind which are fundamental, which would be real steps ahead instead of mere conveniences, or the shortening of the time factor in work of which we have boasted large and loud—and beyond the deserts of all but very few of us. The man who could smell better and with more understanding than the rest of us could think better and know more than the rest of us. And his increased understanding of others might give him greater sympathy, and thus improve his character. He is sorely needed.

A general diffusion of the knowledge of the power of the nose would cause great changes. It would change the pantomime of life. It would establish a new drama. And the romantic novels of the past three hundred years would have to be rewritten.

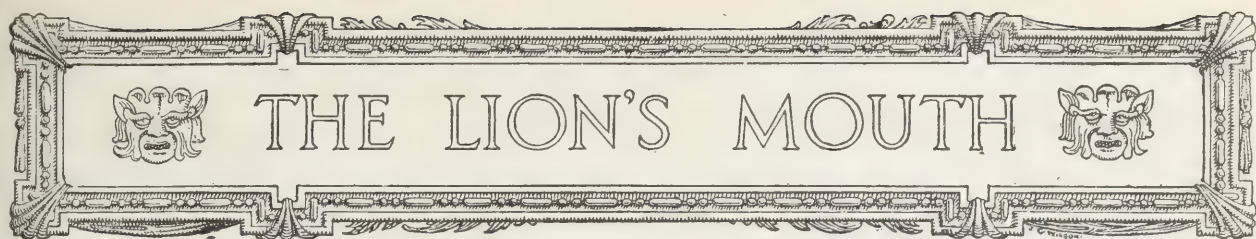
SHOW ME THE GATES OF MORNING

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

WHERE are the large ways of the world?
For I am tired of little paths. Oh, show me
The gateways, the everlasting gateways,
And highways that do not know me.
Guide me away from little things of me and mine,
And ownership and greed; and, scorning
Homekeeping thrift and providence,
Show me the Gates of Morning!

Show me broad paths! other than I have known!
Star-strown!
To which in all these cabined years I have been stranger.
Have not a tender care of my small powers.
Think not anxiously of danger,
And unreturning hours.
What if the night falls! Are there not stars to light me?
Or the moon's pale lantern hung o'er sea or glen?
Or, failing these, if unguessed storms should break me,
What then?
Would not God's kind hand reach down and take me?

A large inquietude has come upon me,
That souls inherit, I think, but oftenest lose;
A longing for the fragrancy
Of dawn upon new fields; a divine vagrancy.
Oh, come away! I would not choose
To stay; to linger!
The moon's pale finger
Beckons. Oh, show me
The gateways, the everlasting gateways,
And highways that do not know me.
Guide me away from little things of me and mine
And ownership and greed; and, scorning
Homekeeping thrift and providence,
Show me the Gates of Morning.



MAINLY HISTORICAL

BY LEE WILSON DODD

THE original Lion's Mouth, if I seize the allusion, was that Venetian orifice into which anonymous informers popped the names of such persons as they hoped thus to deliver over to the Council of Ten for appropriate torture, incarceration, or death. That informers were then permitted to remain anonymous was naturally a kindness much appreciated by the informers. It made the whole practice of being an informer a delightfully detached and not dangerous avocation. One, in those spacious days, in that exquisite city, could fry and sell small devilfish, and other fruits of the sea, of a morning, and then stroll down to the Lion's Mouth in the late afternoon and drop into that affable maw the names of whatever customers had passed one false coinage or had made eyes at one's wife. To be able to rid oneself of spleen in this way, without the slightest immediate risk, must have been enormously hygienic: in short, the Lion's Mouth provided—at the public expense—an effective catharsis for all one's baser and more violent emotions. True, it was always possible that some customer, whom one had advertently cheated, had also repaired to the Lion's Mouth and availed himself of the common privilege! But even so, where a risk is so generally shared it is easily accepted. We must all have "flu" now and then, and die some day; but we spend little time worrying about it. And so, I fancy, with those privileged Venetians! What they appreciated was the opportunity to be sneaks and telltales, and indulge their malicious and revengeful impulses without any instant physical danger. That the Council of Ten, mean-

while, hovered over them and would almost certainly catch them all, one at a time, was worth no more than the passing shrug which mortality—in other, yet similar circumstances—pays to the inevitable.

I cannot but feel that the present Lion's Mouth, while an admirable and amiable forum, falls a little short of the possibilities of the earlier receptacle. This is not to be taken as censure; I am merely indulging a trait possessed so supremely by Mr. Wells—the "historical imagination." The uses of that elder Mouth woo me and seem quite as sweet as those of adversity! It was so tempting and flexible an instrument, and must have prevented the formation of many an ingrowing complex. Only consider the possibilities of the gaping thing! Well, take your own case . . . !

Are there no bores who cling about you? No people with pet diseases or pet panaceas? No organizers of parlor games, or of the Uplift? No priestesses of Progress? Ah, you smile! But are you able to snub these folk into outer darkness? No, you are not. Off with me, back with me, then, to Venice!—jotting down their several names on pink slips, neatly folded, as we retire from this modern world. And so for a pleasant jaunt to the Doges' Palace.

I there before thee, in the country so well
thou knowest,

Already arrived am inhaling the odorous
air:

I watch thee enter unerringly where thou
goest—!

And now, a curve of the sly wrist at the secret moment! The Lion's Mouth yawns—the pink slips flutter down within, to be harvested by Assistant Secretaries of State in black masks and

dominos! At once the machinery of that oligarchic government begins to turn and clank, the mills of the Doges to grind exceeding small!

Case 237,641: Writes unpunctuated stammerings of the Unconscious in free verse, and recites them frequently without provocation.

Nip her rhythmically with white-hot pincers, then simmer in vitriol.

Case 237,642: Cannot hear the name of Wilson pronounced without foaming at the mouth. Sneers at the mere mention of a League of Nations.

Flay him with scorpions!

Case 237,643: Cannot hear the name of Harding pronounced without foaming at the mouth. Sneers at the mere possibility of his being *compos mentis*.

Eviscerate him!

Case 237,644: Ever describes, on sight, the remarkable cards held by him in some bridge game, last week but one.

Feed on cutlets salted with strychnine, peppered with cyanide.

Case 237,645: Indulges in cubism.

Square him off with a meat ax!

Case 237,646: Is a toddle toad.

Shiver her timbers!

But enough has been suggested to indicate the social value and ironic playfulness of the original institution. Its scope was practically unlimited. It might even be well to revive it—with due precautions—for the purgation and amusement of this Land of Freedom. Why not a legislative Lion's Mouth in Washington, by the doors of the Capitol—no names to be dropped into it, however, save those of our Senators and Representatives?

The thought is an inspiration! I bring forward this proposal, without diffidence, as the solitary plank for a new national party. I believe a party founded on such a plank could sweep the country at the next presidential election. I am even willing to lead such a party and accept its nomination for any office—that is, if I have not been earlier approached and acquired by the

magnates of the movies. But that proviso, nowadays, may be said to be understood.

CO-OPERATION

BY C. A. BENNETT

THE president of the association rose from his seat at the speakers' table and spoke as follows:

"It is with the profoundest emotion, gentlemen, that I rise to address you. As I look out upon this great gathering and see before me representatives from every state in the Union, I realize that our message has gone out into every part of this vast country, and that all the members of our profession, from the humble practitioner in the country town to the specialist in the great city, are knit in the bonds of a common brotherhood. I have often dreamed of such an occasion as this when we meet to celebrate the completion of our national organization; but I never thought that I should be privileged to live to see it. Yet truth is often stranger than fiction, and to-night the dream of a lifetime has come true.

"I remember how, when I was still but a lad learning to follow in my father's footsteps, the great idea came to me. In those days my father used sometimes to allow me to accompany him on his evening rounds and many a time it would be after midnight when we returned, footsore and weary, to our house. I knew that the next morning would find him at work again. Somehow it seemed all wrong to me. And then one night, when we had returned very late, I suddenly put the question to him. 'Father,' I said, 'you work too hard. Why don't you get some one to share with you, one of you to do the day work and the other the night work?' I can still see the way he turned round swiftly from the cupboard where he was busy putting away his things and exclaimed, 'What's that you say?'

"Gentlemen, right then and there the great idea of co-operation was born.

We sat up till three in the morning, discussing the future. That night I resolved to dedicate my life to the cause of co-operation. And I think I can honestly say that from that hour I have never swerved from the path I had chosen. There have been ups and downs, there have been failures, there have been dark times, but in the blackest hour I never lost sight of the vision that came to me that night in my father's room. You will understand then why I am deeply stirred when I look out over this great gathering and realize who the men are who compose it and why they have come here to-night. For I see before me the fulfillment of the hopes of a lifetime. The dream, I repeat, has come true. And it is indeed hard for me to believe that this mighty organization has developed from such tiny and insignificant beginnings. For of course we began in a modest way. First, a small and enthusiastic group in my home town. Then as our principles, and still more our results, became known, similar groups sprang up in towns near by. Soon the big men in the cities began first to notice us and then to imitate our methods. And so it went. The main stages in our growth must be still fresh in your minds. At last we found ourselves where we stand to-day.

"Progress, of course, was not always as fast as it might have been. The professional mind is notoriously conservative and we were no exception to the rule. Not so long ago it was no uncommon thing to find members of our profession in cities as close as Syracuse and Rochester carrying out a policy of cutthroat competition among themselves, or to find men in San Francisco operating with antiquated methods, in bland ignorance of the epoch-making developments in technical knowledge and skill on the part of the men in Chicago and New York who ought to have been their colleagues.

"In the last ten years, however, we have been advancing by leaps and bounds, largely because co-operation

has become the policy of wise and far-seeing men in all departments of life. It is, so to speak, in the air, and we are being borne along on the current of a world movement. To-day I think we can say that we, as a profession, have learned the lesson—so obvious once it has been learned, but so difficult, apparently, for men to grasp and apply, that union is strength, that competition means waste and weakness and defeat, while co-operation spells power, efficiency, success. In laying this lesson to heart and making it the very nerve and corner stone of our common professional life, we are simply following the example of the world around us. In government, in industry, in business, in finance, in science, yes, even in religion, wherever men are progressive, you find the one great principle at work, the principle to which all of us here are dedicated. What is the idea behind the League of Nations? Co-operation. Behind the Washington Conference? Co-operation. Behind the Manufacturers' Association? Co-operation. Behind the labor union? Co-operation. Behind the Inter-Church World Movement? Again I answer, co-operation.

"Yes, gentlemen, co-operation must be the slogan of all live men to-day. It is the key which will unlock all doors, the panacea for all our ills, the passport to the frontiers of the future. The future! I have used the word with deliberate intent, for I should not like any of us to leave this room to-night with the feeling that this occasion marks the attainment of our goal and that we can now lie back and contemplate what we have done. The greatest task lies before us. Just as the process by which families combined to form the tribe, and tribes united to form the state, will reach its proper end only in the world state, so we cannot rest content until our organization is not merely nation wide but world wide, until we can look into the eyes of our fellow workers of whatever creed or color or nation they may be and greet them as brothers. Do

not let us recoil from the task as beyond our powers. We know what we have already accomplished; we know that world forces are working with us. Let us go forward with faith, with courage, with earnestness to realize the destiny to which we are called."

Speech delivered at the first annual banquet of the National Association of Burglars.

CRITICISM

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE Poet arose and he caroled a lay
That was blithe as a breeze and as merry
as May.

The Critic demurred in the blackest of ink
That a Poet should write for The People
Who Think!

The Poet intoned a reverberant swell
That was wise as an owl and as deep as a well.

The Critic complained that the song was too
drear;
What a Poet should bring was a Message of
Cheer.

The Poet presented a Monument built
Of ballad and sonnet and lyrical lilt.

The Critic pronounced that it couldn't be
worse!—
A Poet should write in the freest of verse.

The Poet declaimed of the Soul and its Woes
In fetterless lines of irregular prose.

The Critic affirmed that the book was a
crime!
For Verse must have Melody, Rhythm, and
Rhyme.

The Poet implored, "In your critical view,
What, O Critic divine! is the thing I should
do?"

And the Critic replied in his critical wont,
"Why, the thing you should do is whatever
you don't!"

So the Poet dissolved in a river of tears,
And the Critic lay down in the shade of his
ears.

"A BRAVE LITTLE WOMAN"

BY PHILIP CURTISS

AMONG feminine types there is one which, to me, at least, is singularly exhausting. This is the type which is commonly known as "a brave little woman." "A capable little woman" was the term formerly used, for either phrase signifies nothing more than the willingness of the woman concerned to do her own housework, and it is only in recent years that this in itself has been recognized as an act of unusual heroism.

Peggy Marshall is the "brave little woman" of our town and quite appropriately, for "brave little women" are always named Peggy or Betty or something of that kind. The name, in fact, seems to be the real origin of their reputation. There is something startling in the idea that a girl named Peggy or Betty could ever be anything except dainty and useless. A girl named Hannah Scroggs, for example, might be as brave as Leonidas, as capable as Henry Ford, and as little as Col. Tom Thumb, but no one would ever think of calling her "a brave little woman."

Peggy Marshall's claim to this title lies wholly in the fact that she keeps a spotless house and raises a spotless child on an income of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Within our town limits there are, I suppose, at least three or four hundred women who do all their housework and raise from one to nine children on less than three dollars a day. There are, indeed, right in Peggy's own set, a dozen women who do just as much work as she does and do it exactly as well, but none of them ever gets even honorable mention.

Peggy, in short, has two infallible qualities for capturing public attention. First, she is pretty and small—that is to say, she looks quaint and piquant in the part; and, second, she has the priceless dramatic gift of making a given feat appear more difficult than it really is. For bringing roars of applause from the audience, these two qualities are just as

effective in the household as they are on the vaudeville stage.

Peggy Marshall captivates the public imagination as a housekeeper for exactly the reason that Georges Carpentier captivated the public imagination as a prize fighter — both of them look so unexpected in the role. A stiff punch from a man who “looks like a gentleman” is much more dramatic than one from a man who looks like a slugger. One mediocre potato from Peggy’s white hands is much more arresting than two perfect beauties from the red hands of some Hannah Scroggs.

So far as this quality goes, there is much to be said for “a brave little woman.” If all of us could have cooks in our kitchens as dainty as Peggy Marshall, we should, I am sure, be content with quite moderate rations. Peggy, however, like most “brave little women,” has gained her reputation as such largely by use of a more deadly talent—the talent for making her audience share her sufferings while she goes through her performance. Peggy, in her home, is like some great emotional actress on the stage. All the time chatting diffidently, she nevertheless subtly allows her audience to know that, beneath the surface, body and mind have about reached the point of collapse. She is like one of those football players, known to every college field, who always manage to get a little more mussed than anyone else, who can always be seen, after crucial moments, “limping gamely” back into the play. It is not conscious “grand-stand work” on Peggy’s part any more than it usually is on the part of such players. With both it is a native instinct to dramatize the heroism of their grim parts in the battle.

I would not leave the impression that Peggy ever complains or allows *herself* to bear signs of the daily struggle. No, indeed. It is part of the public wonder that her own appearance is always as fresh and immaculate as that of her perfect domestic establishment; but as you sit in that perfect establishment you are

always conscious of the frail little woman whose shoulders are carrying the whole burden. Somehow, at the Marshalls’ the conversation never gets very far from that perfect housekeeping and how wonderful Peggy is to bear up under the strain, until you yourself get to feeling brutish and unjust for sitting there and not doing anything about it. Several times in an evening Peggy’s husband or one of the women present will turn to where Peggy is sitting wistfully in her armchair and ask, “Tired, dear?” The answer, of course, is always a faint, long-drawn, “N-no,” which makes everyone present feel more brutish than ever.

Peggy never *asks* any one of her guests to do anything, but every time that she gets up from her chair every man in the room instinctively knows that she is about to do something beyond her strength and leaps up to do it for her. The result is that, in an evening at the Marshalls’, no friendly discussion ever quite reaches its climax, no story is ever quite told, no cigar is ever quite finished. The entire company spends the whole evening in making things lighter for the brave little woman.

Of course, from one point of view, the means are justified by the end. Peggy really is “a magnificent housekeeper.” Her “dainty little dinners” are all that her fame has announced them to be, but, after watching her going through all the ceremony of preparing one of them (brave and efficient) and after seeing her at the head of her table (now just a little tired, but still smiling) and after hearing her out in the kitchen washing the dishes (after having gamely beaten back the offers of the entire company to help her), I confess that personally I am absolutely exhausted. Without having done a stroke of work myself I have, nevertheless, quite the effect of having sat through one of those frightful vaudeville turns in which the music stops abruptly, the snare drum begins to roll warningly, and the spot light suddenly concentrates on the figure of a

slender, delicate girl in pink tights who then proceeds to lift an enormously heavy weight or slowly writhe over and over on a trapeze until the wrinkles appear on her bare shoulders and both arms become dislocated in their sockets.

Women performing such feats always remind me of Peggy Marshall. They have just that same look of sweet, smiling resignation on their faces, as if they and she were in possession of the same secret, as, to be candid, I believe that they are.

AFTER EINSTEIN

BY FLORENCE GUY WOOLSTON

MRS. HARRIGAN did not attend the Einstein lectures when that upsetter of fixed laws was in America. In fact, it is probable that her only association with the name was that of the corner clothing store. In practice, however, she certainly antedated the discoverer of relativity, applying her idea, not in such removed spheres as chemistry and physics, but in live problems of conduct and morality.

Mrs. Harrigan started life in quite a fixed attitude. The letter of the law appealed to her tremendously, and in that particular her conception was more like Newton's absolute doctrine. But Einstein, no less than Mrs. Harrigan, undoubtedly began from accepted standards. In the end, to be sure, Mrs. Harrigan's advanced relativity and her conservative absolutism, came at odds, for it is a yet unupset principle that two contrary forces cannot continuously occupy the same space or person.

In her capacity as laundress Mrs. Harrigan slops soapsuds over the kitchen floor, and when, as cleaner, she powerfully attacks the rest of the house, she leaves every picture awry and a toll of breakage. Nevertheless, her conversation is so charming that we cannot give up her weekly visits. Although fat, smiling, and easy-going, by nature she is a moralist, almost a puritanical one. The series of taboos in which she is

incased, as it were, makes the life of primitive man seem free and unrestrained by fears. "I daresn't" is constantly on her lips, and she has a way of rolling her eyes which shows complete abhorrence when wrongdoing by neighbors and friends is under discussion. It is her own proud boast that never, since taking her first communion, has she tasted meat on a Friday or during Lent. Moreover, she has, since the age of eighteen, burned candles regularly before patron saints, but, as punctiliously as a modern feminist, she always chooses women.

"If you want to get what you pray for," she explained, "don't ask them men saints. It's the blessed women that look out for other women."

Her great favorite is Saint Anne, who, she says, has never once gone back on her, and small wonder. "Some folks are stingy when they ask for things. I never miss a Sunday that I don't give her ten cents for her own use, the sweet thing."

Mrs. Harrigan had a flat on Third Avenue, which she occupied with a boarder, named Jack. He was a sailor in the open season, but in cold weather he butchered. Jack was a generous donator of choice steaks, the makings of glorified Irish stews, and, on holidays, fresh-killed fowl. Also he had domestic inclinations, and often, when Mrs. Harrigan returned from work, she found a good dinner all prepared. In her eyes Jack had but one failing. During his many years as a seaman he had learned to while away time by making patchwork. And although she admired the quilts he fashioned into marvelous designs of stars and octagons, she was never quite happy when he brought his sewing bag from the chest of sea treasures.

One Sunday evening last winter, after a quiet and comfortable day of carpet slippers and newspaper supplements, Jack took out his patchwork.

"It's Sunday," protested Mrs. Harrigan, remembering her fixed laws.

"What's that to me?" said Jack, who had always been relative in his morals.

"It's wrong to sew on Sunday," declared Mrs. Harrigan, firmly.

"Quit your kidding," Jack replied.

This was the simple and totally unexpected beginning of a tragedy. One word led to another, the argument grew intense. Finally Mrs. Harrigan issued an ultimatum. Jack could choose between sewing on Sunday and leaving her house. He chose to go, and went immediately, taking with him his little bag of odds and ends of bright-colored calico and gingham.

Mrs. Harrigan told me the story next morning, between sobs. She was heartbroken. Jack was the romance of her life, and although—here practicing her relativity—she lived with him without benefit of clergy in what is popularly known as a free union, it was to her a mating. She did not believe in divorce, and by ill luck Jack had a wife, although, geographically speaking, he did not know where she was.

"I don't feel like I could ever go back to the flat," she said, tearfully. "It's that lonesome. He was a lovely man. But I can't take him back. I am a good woman and I won't have no one—not even him—sewing in my house of a Sunday. It's wrong! I daresn't!"

Only a follower of Einstein can fully grasp Mrs. Harrigan's view of virtue. It is based entirely upon the new doctrine, and none but an uncompromising believer in set standards can sense her moral struggle. It has made me realize how difficult it would be to write an authoritative textbook on the new morality. There is the matter of telling the truth, for instance. In Sunday school it is taught that falsehoods are wicked, but everybody knows that there are times and occasions when even the best people feel that a lie is necessary. Mrs. Harrigan summed it up in this way:

"What I say is this—it's all right to lie when it's necessary. But there ain't no use making up lies just for fun. That's wrong."

Consider the problem of honesty. A textbook of current practice would have to be made up of exceptions, footnotes, and appendices. There is Mrs. White, whose husband is a Baptist minister in Connecticut. She frequently visits New York, bringing her little girl, who is old enough for a full railroad fare, but small for her age. Mrs. White always buys a half-fare ticket for Muriel. She knows that it is cheating, but she believes that she has a right to defraud the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad because her husband is underpaid, as are most moral leaders. Besides, she says the little girl doesn't occupy any more space than a younger child. Then, I have a Socialist acquaintance who has a remarkable technic for avoiding fares on the Fifth Avenue stages. She does it as a matter of principle, to get even with the capitalist system. Another person, who came from New England, where consciences are popularly supposed to grow, swears off enough items on her income tax to pay her contribution to a day nursery.

In the matter of high finance, where morals are most obviously pragmatic, the situation has been summarized in a song which has many verses about a certain rich gentleman, with a chorus which runs something like this:

He goes to church on Sunday, and passes round the contribution box,

But catch him in his office on a Monday, he's as cunning and as cruel as a fox.

On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday he's doing everybody that he can,

But he goes to church on Sunday, so they say that he's an honest man.

It is this same question of virtue in relation to relativity which makes it so difficult for our literary and dramatic censors. Perhaps that is why the societies seeking to suppress vice in novels and plays are chiefly cognizant of sin as portrayed in bedrooms. They are concerned with episodes rather than with the whole effect. It may also be

the reason why a play called "Drifting" escaped their vigilance. There are no particularly wicked scenes in "Drifting," but the play as a whole is a pæan to badness. It concerns two Americans in China—Cassie Cook, known as the Queen of Sheba because of her connection with a notorious cabaret in Shanghai, and "Badlands" McKinney, who also has run the gamut of unsavory emotions.

These two sinners meet in the mountains of China, during an uprising of natives. They pass through weird adventures, save a missionary's baby from murder, and, in the process of escaping a carnival of death, fall in love. Cassie, however, believes it her duty to renounce "Badlands," whom she knows only as a gallant soldier. He, for his part, feels unworthy of Cassie, whose scarlet past is unknown to him. The play appears to be moving toward a tragic climax because of the unequal morality of the lovers, when, lo! it is revealed to both Cassie and "Badlands" that the other is not virtuous at all. Thus are all barriers swept away.

Now if Cassie had been good, and only "Badlands" bad, or if Cassie had been bad, and "Badlands" good, there could have been no happiness for either. But both, being equally stained by sin and vagabonds of virtue, the curtain falls upon a blissful ending. But the moral lesson? Of course, everybody goes home feeling glad that both the hero and heroine were bad, for otherwise they could not live happily forever after.

Until some one has the courage to prepare the new manual of morals and

relativity, the only practical system at hand is that worked out by Benjamin Franklin. He tells, in his *Autobiography*, how he resolved to achieve moral perfection, and for the purpose developed a method of bookkeeping. He made a list of the twelve virtues, the first being temperance and the last, chastity. Later, by request of a friend, he added humility. Among the virtues present were silence, order, resolution, frugality, industry, sincerity, justice, moderation, cleanliness, and tranquillity.

Since it was obviously impossible for a mere human being to acquire thirteen virtues all at once, he determined to give a week's attention to each of the virtues successively. He chose each week one virtue on the list, and every night marked his moral rating in that virtue in his little ledger. He was able, he said, to go through the course of virtues "complete in thirteen weeks, and four courses in a year." It was well worth the effort, for he added, "Nothing is so likely to make a man's fortune as virtue." But if history and biography speak truly, Franklin could have carried his scheme a good deal farther without electrifying the Christian Endeavor. Perhaps that is why he found it better to practice one virtue at a time. In that way he could light-heartedly forget the other twelve and thus entirely avoid such a struggle as that of Mrs. Harrigan when relativity came into opposition with established canons. By never allowing conflicting standards at the same time and in the same place, relativity becomes successfully unified with the world of fixed law, and thus is Einstein vindicated.



BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE enforcement of prohibition meets with some obstacles and furnishes food for thought to two large groups in the community—the people who want it enforced and the people who occasionally want something to drink. Just at the moment it seems as if the people who want a drink are somewhat ahead of the other group in the competition; at any rate, the group that wants enforcement seems to think it necessary to make extra effort. To *Harper's Magazine*, as doubtless to hundreds of other periodicals, has come a communication from the Committee for Prohibition Enforcement of a much-respected and powerful organization of women, which announces that the committee has adopted a program, the items of which it communicates. The fifth item is to the effect that all the ministers be urged to preach and teach the necessity for respect for and observance of the law. The sixth item runs, "That every theatrical manager, movie manager, and editor, whether of a daily, weekly, or monthly publication, be requested to see that all jokes ridiculing prohibition and its enforcement are eliminated from any production, film, or article coming under his jurisdiction, and that the matter be treated with the seriousness that the subject merits; and that this resolution be thrown on the screen and printed in the different papers and magazines throughout the country."

The demand for protection from jokes is often made and always implies that there is something that needs to be joked about. There is a sin called "sacrilege." If we joke about things that are sacred to enough people, it gives a kind

of offense which, even if the law does not punish it, it is not safe to excite. There is a sin of blasphemy, which we suppose the law will still punish if it is gross enough. It will be agreed that the considerate people do not jest about sacred things, nor even about things which, though not sacred to themselves, are sacred to the people they are talking to. Well, then, is prohibition one of these sacred things we must not talk about? Are amendments of the Constitution and the Volstead law to rank with the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount as not being safely subject to derisive comment?

Something like that seems to be in the minds of the women whose communication we have received, who include item six in their program, but if so, their attitude is wrong. A constitutional amendment is not sacred, much less a Volstead Act. It is the Volstead law that the jokes on prohibition are aimed at more than the amendment. If we cannot joke about an act of Congress, then indeed things have come to a restricted pass. If a law is bad, one of the ways to beat it is to laugh it out of court. If that is being done about the Volstead law, the ladies who want that law enforced would do well to examine it and see why it is not enforced, rather than try to stop jokers from laughing at it.

A letter writer to a newspaper says, "If it is true that a community gets the kind of government it deserves, it is equally true that a law gets the kind of obedience it deserves." His assertion may be disputed, but still, if the Volstead law is not being respected, is it

certain that it deserves respect? It is a law in the process of being tried out. If it is good we want it enforced. If it is bad we want it amended, but we do not want to be choked off from discussing it or testing it. There is no power in Congress to say what is right or wrong. The most that Congress can do is to say what is lawful or unlawful. The distinction is important. The practical judge of whether a law is right or wrong is the general community to which the law applies. If that community will not back up the enforcement of the law, it will not be enforced. It is yet to be demonstrated how far the Volstead law, as it stands, is enforceable. If its fruits do not please a majority of the people who live under it, it may have to be modified so that it will stand for something that is near enough to the popular judgment of what is right to win popular support. There is a great deal of good in the present prohibition movement. It put the saloons out of business. It checked the brewers and distillers in their over-strenuous efforts to sell their products. It accomplished benefits which probably could not have been accomplished except by the kind of clean sweep that the amendment was. But it was necessarily a rough job—an experiment to be tried out in practice. If its rules need modification, they may get it or they may not, but if not, they may be practically modified in enforcement.

Who is boss in this country? Is it the President, the Senate, the House, the Supreme Court, the state authorities, the newspapers, the lawyers, the ministers, the doctors, or possibly the women?

None of them! Public opinion is the boss. In the long run, what public opinion demands it gets. Laws to be of any worth have to have sanction. That is, there must be something to make people who violate them feel that they are doing wrong. The laws of nature have abundant sanction. If you fool with the law of gravitation, you get bumped. There is no trouble about the enforcement of the

law of gravitation. Nobody goes around begging you not to ridicule it. It takes care of itself, and if you flout it you pay the consequences. The Ten Commandments have a sanction of long experience. Some of them are obsolete, but the others are respected, and, though they are not directly enforced by the courts, laws based on them are so enforced. Public opinion hereabouts rests very considerably on the Ten Commandments. They have shaped the habits of thought and deportment of many millions of people, including most of those now living in this country.

The trouble with the present enforcement of prohibition is that it has not yet got moral sanction enough to make it effective. Public opinion will back up the law in closing the saloons and restricting and regulating the sale of intoxicants, but it does not follow it, for one thing, in defining a beverage with an alcoholic content of one half of one per cent as intoxicating. When it comes to that, public opinion laughs, because that is contrary to its experience. Furthermore, public opinion shows as yet no particular fervor about achieving a total stoppage of alcoholic supplies from those who want them. No serious stigma attaches to violations of the Volstead law by private buyers. Fines and like embarrassments may result, but not disrepute. A good many fairly decent people seem to buy what they want, and do not conceal it. The people who thought before the law was adopted that it was wicked or inexpedient to drink intoxicants, still think so. The people who thought otherwise continue to think otherwise. Many people drink less than before the law began to operate, but a good many other people drink more, and buy much worse beverages at much higher prices. To some extent prohibition seems to have made drinking popular by diminishing the individual discouragement of it and putting the responsibility for the maintenance of temperance on a law and the officers who enforce it. That may be only a tempo-

rary effect, but if it turns out that the Volstead law, as it is, cannot be enforced at the present time, there may possibly be an effort to tinker it—to put it into such shape that public opinion will stand back of it and give it a sanction. The alternative would be to wait and see what effect time will have on men and habits. There is nobody to tell us that we shall be damned if we disobey the Volstead law, and so long as juries refuse to convict persons who violate it, it stands modified in practice. Nevertheless, drinks are very dear, and apt to be poisonous. It has accomplished that.

Since public opinion is so potent in this country, it is worth while to inquire what it is and who makes it. It is the voice of whatever civilization produces it. It is made by schools, by churches, by newspapers, by organizations of all sorts, good and bad, by politicians, by banks and business interests, but the best of it is a product of life and comes out of the minds and reflects the experience and influence of individual people.

The organizations, political, commercial, religious, that seek to shape public opinion all use propaganda. We all know what that means because we have all had such a surfeit of it. During the war we were flooded with it and everyone learned what it was and how to use it. It is put out by speakers, on the movie screens, and in print wherever possible. Organization secured prohibition, but organization is not public opinion and may for a time override it. Organization works on the run with noise and big headlines and meetings and even with threats. Public opinion slowly takes form in the minds of individuals. There comes in Lincoln's saying about the impossibility of fooling all the people all the time. Propaganda may overwhelm private judgment for a time, but private judgment keeps on working after propaganda ceases. It digests what has been offered to it. The common facts of life continue to appeal to it and impress it. It views

what propaganda has accomplished and slowly and deliberately considers whether it is good, and if it concludes that it is not good it ceases to back it and then there has to be something different, something that looks like improvement.

Who are the people who finally make public opinion in the United States? They are the great mass of people who furnish the population and do the work of the country—the farmers, the other working people, from the bankers and lawyers and ministers and doctors to the miners and ironworkers and railroad men and factory hands and plumbers. Out of that great mass of people, spread across the continent and furnishing it with human life, slowly emerges public opinion. It will be sound and liberal and wise, or foolish and intolerant, according as that great company is more intelligent or less. Its intelligence will be tested partly by the ability to think things out and trace effects to right causes, and partly by instinctive acceptance of good leadership instead of bad. Men are very unequal in their abilities to think things out, but in their instinctive actions they are more alike. The recognition of truth is a good deal instinctive, and it is to that that leaders who know the truth and speak it have to appeal. In that great mass of the population there must be people whose heads are far enough above the heads of the group to see farther than the group sees, and whose experience of life is broad enough to make them liberal. People are prone to think that what is strange to them is necessarily sinful, or, if not sinful, at least hostile, but if there are people in sight whose characters they respect, though their habits of life are different from their own, it helps to get them out of that notion. Democracy must have leaders, but it must produce them. It need not go out of itself to find them. They must and will be the fruit of its own body. If the body is good the fruit will be good.

The great service to democracy is to

keep its body sound. If that can be done it will never lack leaders. And how about the body of our democracy? Is its quality, its soundness, improving or decreasing? There are races in the earth that have slowly developed a capacity for democratic government and can make it go. There are other races that have shown only a limited capacity for it. Our democracy was founded by men who came from a country whose people had worked steadily for centuries toward democratic government. They and their descendants have kept a school here in which the principles of democracy have been taught to all comers. It has been a successful school, but how is it keeping up?

It is immensely important that these States should continue to be a sound school of democracy—that they should not undertake the training of more pupils than they can handle, or be swamped by too great a deluge of newcomers. An appreciation of that importance prompts Congress to check immigration, and, though that is an unwelcome expedient, it may be time that it was pressed. Two results should be helped by cutting down immigration—for a while fewer new pupils would come into the country, and the native-born citizenship would get more encouragement to provide, themselves, the population of the country. If there had been no immigration to speak of since 1850, but only the natural increase of the population of the country at that time, there would still have been plenty of people in this country. There are those who regret that such a result did not happen, but that is probably a mistaken regret. The destiny of the United States seems to be to perform a service to all races, a service in the direction of which most races are represented. We now have all Europe represented here in considerable force, and Asia and Africa sufficiently. If the United States had been populated by the families that were here in 1850 that would not have been true.

The family that we have seems to accord better with the service that is required of us. To train and educate that great family in the way it should go, so that the public opinion that comes out of it shall be sound and wise and helpful—that is the task to be done, not only for ourselves, but for all the world.

The biologists are strong for purity of race and, of course, there is something in that. They point out how horses and other animals are bred, how the thoroughbred stock justifies itself, and how the greatest improvement in animals is won by judicious inbreeding. They would produce supermen by the same methods that produce successful race horses, but they know they cannot do that, and are content to emphasize the necessity of keeping the strong and valuable breeds of men as clear as possible from intermixture with weaker stocks, and races not weak but too different to blend with to advantage.

That is good sense, and doubtless accords with the purposes and practice of nature, but it is something very difficult of accomplishment by law or regulation, and it is not enough. Given luxury enough and circumstances favorable to demoralization, and even the best races will eventually drive after material things and go to pot. Animals do not do that. They cannot accumulate property or power and use it to buy ease and luxury. Once they are domesticated they are under direction. But man is much more complex than the animals and is his own master and responsible for his own course. The important influences to keep him moving upward are spiritual. The main factor in improving him is religion. First by instinct and presently by observation and reflection he recognizes the existence of an invisible life to which he is related and out of which seem to come the ideals which he struggles to realize. Biology is important. It is the science of a process, but religion is much more than that, it is the greatest factor in progress.



YOU'RE FULL OF ASTOUNDING VAGARIES

GIRL OF TO-DAY

BY CAROLYN WELLS

OH, maid of impertinent manners,
Oh, Damsel of insolent mien,
You come like an army with banners—
Triumphant, exultant—a queen!
As cool as the wind o'er the prairies,
As fresh as the blossoms of May,
You're full of astounding vagaries,
Oh, Girl of To-day!

Your costume is scanty, O Goddess;
 A slip, with a shoestring begirt,
 That boasts nothing much of a bodice,
 And flaunts rather less of a skirt.
 The imbecile stuff of your hose is
 Sheer silk, of the thinnest of thins,
 Whose gauze half conceals, half discloses
 Your shapely young shins.

Your hair is bobbed off like a Fiji;
 You're swaddled in furs in July!
 Your hat is a bowl, put on skee-gee,
 Entirely eclipsing one eye.
 Your ears are as lost as Atlantis;
 Yet out from that muddle of hair
 Come earrings that shock and enchant us—
 So ears must be there!

Your lips are the crudest vermilion,
 While your cheeks have a cochineal tint
 (More Indianlike than civilian
 The paint you apply without stint).
 Your nose is a powdered marshmallow
 In the midst of the color display;
 Your chin, like a round lump of tallow,
 Oh, Girl of To-day!

Don't think I'm a rabid exhorter—
 Yet I hate to contemplate, my dear,
 If your skirts *should* get very much shorter—
 Or your stockings a trifle more sheer;
 If you paint your face any more thickly,
 Or don a more scanty array—
 I pray that reform may come quickly,
 Oh, Girl of To-day!

Incompatibility

MOSES DIGGS, an old Alabama darky, had been arrested for having more than one wife, the last woman being the complainant. He happened to be well known locally and considered an orderly character.

"How many wives have you had?" demanded the examining judge.

"Six, yo' Honah," was the reply.

"Why couldn't you get on with them?"

"Well, suh, de fust two sp'iled de white folks' clo's when dey washed 'em; de thu'd worn't no cook; de fo'th was jest nacherally lazy; an' de fifth—I'll tell yo', jedge, de fifth, she—"

"Incompatibility?"

"No, yo' Honah," said the negro, slowly,

"it worn't nothin' like dat. Yo' jest couldn't git on with her onless yo' was somewhars else."

A Memorial Token

WHEN his mother returned from a day's absence she found seven-year-old Garrett wearing a very mournful air.

"My white rat died to-day!" he announced.

"Oh, I am sorry, son," she sympathized.

"I held a funeral, and buried it in the back yard." He went on, "I put some flowers on its grave, but I knew they would wither, and I was afraid I'd lose the place, so I just left its tail sticking out for a marker."



PROFESSOR: (at co-educational college) "*Huh!—Illiterates*"

A New Kind of Amusement

A CHICAGO editor once received some verses with the following note of explanation:

"These lines were written sixty years ago by one who has for a long time slept in his grave merely for a pastime."

Their Natural Habitat

TEN-YEAR-OLD Grace, studying her geographical reader, learned that fish are placed in brine before they are dried and prepared for sale.

After explaining that brine is very strong salt water, the teacher asked why the fish were placed in it. Grace's face was illumined with sudden understanding, and she promptly replied:

"Because they are *used* to salt water!"

A Budding Politician

ONE year the youngsters of a certain Connecticut village met for the purpose of electing a captain of their baseball team for the coming season, and, since there were too many candidates for the post, trouble was expected.

Youngster after youngster presented his qualifications for the honor, and the matter was still undecided when the son of the owner

of the ball field stood up. He was a small, snub-nosed lad, with a plentiful supply of freckles, but he glanced about him with a dignified air of controlling the situation.

"I'm going to be captain this year," he announced, convincingly, "or else father's old bull is going to be turned into the field."

He was elected unanimously.

A Zealous Official

AN English steamer was wrecked on the French coast, and the survivors were coming ashore, some in tow of powerful swimmers, others clinging to planks and barrels.

Those nearest land, almost dead with fatigue, were at last heartened by the sight of an approaching small boat. As it bore down on them a figure in uniform rose in the bow.

"Have you anything to declare?" demanded a stern voice.

Logical

A TEACHER of music in a public school was trying to impress upon her pupils the meaning of *f* and *ff* in a song they were about to learn. After explaining the first sign, she said, "Now, children, if *f* means forte, what does *ff* mean?"

"Eighty!" shouted one.



A Suggestion

SHE: "How do you do! And, Gladys, that reminds me. We had the most delicious calves' brains for lunch to-day"

In Simple Language

THE superintendent recently called upon a visitor to "say a few words" to the Sunday school, the members of which are mostly children of tender age.

The speaker, well known for his verbose and circumlocutory manner of speech, began his address as follows:

"This morning, children, I purpose to offer you an epitome of the life of Saint Paul. It may be, perhaps, that there are among you some too young to grasp the meaning of the word 'epitome.' 'Epitome,' children, is in its signification synonymous with synopsis."

Former Experience

THE president of a city railway company was visited by a friend who said that he was interested in a man who had come to town to get work. The friend expressed the wish that the man could be given a position of some sort with the company.

"There are not many vacancies to be filled just at pre-

sent," said the president, doubtfully "What sort of work did the man do before he came here?"

"He was a sardine packer," said the friend.

"Well," said the president, gravely, "I think perhaps he might fill the place satisfactorily. It is that of conductor on one of the park cars."

The Thoughtful Wife

FOR some time the holiday shopper stood before the pretentious display in a tobacconist's window. Finally she entered and, after a great deal of searching in her bag, she brought forth a little tin box. She opened this and took out a small stub of a cigar, while the tobacco

man watched her curiously.

"This," said the lady, holding up the stub, "is a remnant of one of my husband's special cigars. Have you anything to match it?"



"If you have time, mister, I'd just love one o' them close-ups"

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

Charles Nordhoff will be remembered by readers of the Magazine as the co-author with **James Norman Hall** of "Faery Lands of the Sea." In "Savagery" he has for the first time translated into fiction his intimate knowledge of those Pacific islands in which he now makes his home. **Stephen Leacock**, whose "Exporting Humor to England" was published in the March number, begins in this issue his delightful papers on "My Discovery of England."

Carl Sandburg, recognized as one of the most original of present-day American poets, makes his first appearance in HARPER'S. **Paul Meylan**, who was commissioned by HARPER'S MAGAZINE to draw the pictures of the Hardy country which appear in this issue, has always been, as he says, "a Hardy nut." When in England he met Hardy and talked over with him at length the choice of the spots he has here reproduced.

Rose Wilder Lane, the author of several books of great charm, is now traveling in the wilds of Albania, collecting material for a book on that country which Harper & Brothers will bring out this autumn. **Charles Hanson Towne** is a frequent contributor to the pages of the Magazine. **Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant** was introduced to our readers in the preceding issue, in which her "Journal of a Mud House" began.

Booth Tarkington's name is familiar to every reading American for his long list of splendid novels—several of which have appeared as serials in the Magazine—and as a playwright. "The Intimate Strangers," which begins in this number, again shows Mr. Tarkington's gift for humorously portraying the rising generation. **Nicholas D. Avksentiev** is introduced in the biographical note accompanying his article which appears in this issue.

Marie Manning, a frequent contributor to the Magazine for many years, makes her home in Washington, D. C. **Wilbur Daniel Steele** concludes in this issue his series of articles on North Africa. He is still abroad, gathering material for future articles and stories. **Virginia Watson** is the author of several historical books for children and an occasional contributor of verse to the magazines.

J. Arthur Thomson, Regius Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University, is the author of numerous books on biology, zoology, etc. **Seabury Lawrence** makes, in this number, his first appearance in the Magazine. **W. L. George**, the British novelist and essayist, is again lecturing in the United States. His latest book, *Ursula Trent*, is among the most discussed novels of the season.

Ellwood Hendrick, author and chemist, is a contributor of scientific and philosophical essays to HARPER'S and other prominent periodicals. **Laura Spencer Portor** is perhaps less well known as a poet than as an essayist and short-story writer; but we feel sure that those who read "Gates of the Morning" in this issue will accord her an important place among present-day poets. **Lee Wilson Dodd**, author and playwright, is welcomed on his first appearance in the Lion's Mouth. **C. A. Bennett** is already well known to our leonine circle. **Arthur Guiterman** is one of the most successful of American humorists. **Philip Curtiss** is a frequent and valuable contributor. **Florence Guy Woolston** will be remembered for her "Obituaries of Women" and "Wild Oats for Ladies," published in the Lion's Mouth some issues ago.



"Songs of praise," like the following, are always welcome, but doubly so when they dwell on the particular notes which the Editors believe most important:

You probably don't need commendation from the southwest corner of Texas; but your magazine has for many months steadily maintained such a high standard that I can't hold my song of praise.

All our better magazines get out occasional superior issues, but HARPER's has kept it up right along.

Such men as John Burroughs and Mark Twain are like Abraham Lincoln: they are of the fiber of our national life; they and their writings and deeds and words give us the healthy characteristics of Americans. When you get such articles you give proof of good management in the editorial rooms.

Your articles and essays are fine. Steinmetz's "Science and Religion" is deep and bold. And yet it is written so clearly and simply that his thought remains within the grasp of any careful reader; and those who "live by faith" will find strength in the plain truth of his words.

Your fiction is always fine—most of it, I mean. You had a story last summer by some woman writer. It was about father and son who were doctors and the son got the worship of a shouting crowd, and the old father felt good—for several reasons. It was a very fine story.

The "Lion's Mouth" is sparkling stuff. I'll say nothing about the "Easy Chair" right now. I haven't got time. Mr. Martin and I do not always agree on his ideas; but his style suits me fine.

Good luck to HARPER's.

We like the author's style fine, and hope we'll hear more from him.



It is a healthy sign for poets when their readers and appreciators are found among those not commonly supposed to have time or taste for verse. We are sure that Maxwell Struthers Burt will be pleased at the following tribute from Jesse James, a Marine Corps corporal:

I have read in your Magazine an article which I think was very good for this reason. It reminds me of the place in which I was raised when a very small boy, and it brought back memories of the days to me. The title of this poem is "Mountain Dawn" and those who have been raised in the mountains are the only ones who know the real meaning of such poems. The hostess of the recreation room here at this hospital gave me the Magazine to read and asked me to name the article which I was most interested in, so I picked "The Mountain Dawn."



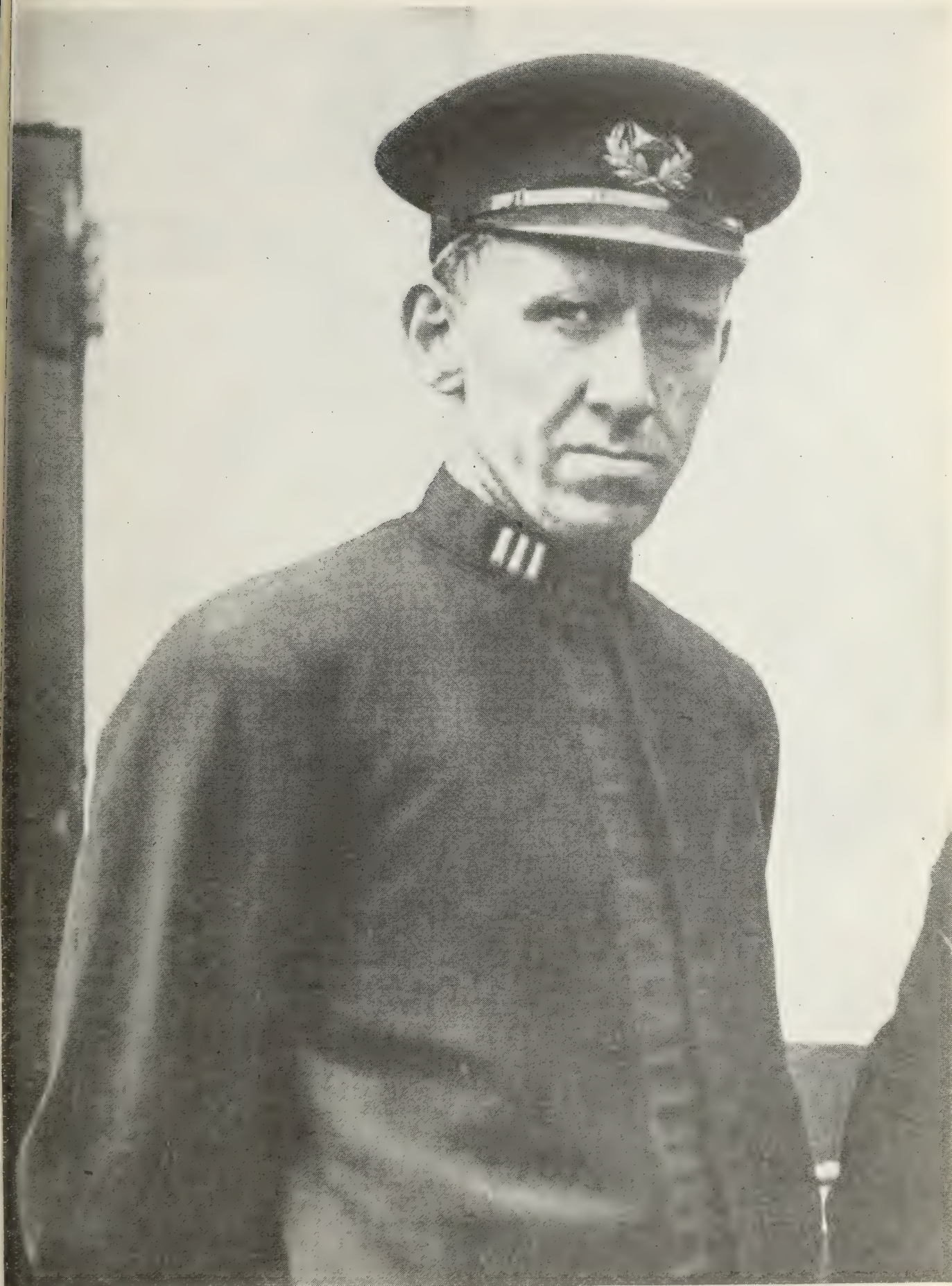
William McFee, the first installment of whose serial novel, *Command*, will begin

in the May number, is one of the three English sailor-authors—McFee, Conrad, and Masefield. The late James Gibbons Huneker may be said to be the American critic who first recognized McFee's merits and predicted, on the publication of *Casuals of the Sea*, his future success. Each succeeding novel, *Aliens* and *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, has widened his audience and won the enthusiastic praise of critics.

McFee, the man, is as interesting as one of the characters of his own creation. He was born at sea on the good ship *Erin's Isle*, was educated in England, at an engineering school, and, when he had taken his certificate in the British Merchant Marine, began sailing the Seven Seas. He speaks and reads French and Italian fluently. In nineteen hundred and something he came to this country and for a time left the sea in favor of writing. Later on he was with the United Fruit Company at New Orleans. When the war broke out in 1914 he went home to England and, after having been refused admission in the army, entered the navy and pursued his profession as engineer in the Mediterranean. After the war he returned to this country and to the United Fruit Company.

Four weeks out of every five he is sailing the seas between Boston and the tropics, and the moments he can steal from his engineering duties he devotes to his literary work. *Command* was written in this manner, two or three chapters each trip. He rarely writes when on shore. A few trips ago one of these chapters had a narrow escape, which Mr. McFee describes as follows:

I need not tell you that the weather has been difficult, especially for a small ship loaded with a dead weight of sugar, rather sketchy as to freeboard and with a stern of the "cruiser" type which certainly increases her buoyancy, but which also tends to send a short ship off course in a heavy following sea such as we have had. At times we must have been so deep in a hollow that we would have been invisible to a ship a mile away. This sea was diagonal to our course and there is no other word for it: she wallowed. At times the sea was right on the beam and a hundred tons or so of perfectly good sea water would fall on deck. The night before I had carefully fastened up my side scuttle, with the deadlight fixed, too, but left the after window slightly open for air. At 4 A.M. I was awakened by a sound of rushing



WILLIAM McFEE

who now takes his place in the gallery of famous writers—from Charles Dickens to Booth Tarkington—whose novels have made their first appearance as HARPER serials. His greatest romance, *Command*, will begin in the May number.

waters and opened my eyes in time to see a solid arch of sea shooting into the room. At first I thought the side scuttle had been stove in and the ship would get filled, and I landed into the six inches or so of water on the floor with both feet. I then found that she had "pooped a sea," as it is called, and pitched, bringing all the water on the after deck spang up against my cabin bulkhead. I then began to see the damage. For a moment as she rolled deeply there was a slight mix-up on the floor. Chapter Nine of "Command," my fountain pen, a can of tobacco, an orange, three sandwiches, and a teapot, Shaw's *Back to Methuselah*, Scott's *Voyages to the Antarctic*, a box-wood rule, and a pair of slippers were washing about in a miniature heavy sea of their own. I hesitate to confess, but the fact remains that I never gave Shaw a thought, but made a dive for Chapter Nine. For the first time in my life I was unable to deny that what I had written was "pulp." However, it dried out nicely on the Intermediate Cylinder cover, and I hope is none the worse fiction for the pickling it has had. Then I rescued my fountain pen. Then the slippers. As far as I can gather, *Back to Methuselah* has gone back to him, for he has not been located.



Since the appearance of Meredith Nicholson's "The Oldest Case on the Calendar" our readers have been sharing with us their opinions in regard to it, in particular the paragraphs dealing with prohibition and the way youth and age are affected by the new amendment. Those who follow these pages will remember the letter from the gentleman in Providence, R. I., and the one from a Brown University student who did not share his views. Now comes another letter from Muncy, Pennsylvania.

"The Oldest Case on the Calendar," by Meredith Nicholson in your December issue evoked from me many a hearty "Amen." In spite of my threescore-plus years, my sympathies are with Youth, to which class I have made a paternal contribution of two daughters and four sons, all of whom are alive and up-to-date, and I "toe the mark" with them.

But when Mr. Nicholson declares he would "go back to the old system" (the legalized liquor traffic), he dubs himself an old-timer, contradicts his thesis, and loses step with the progressive youth of to-day. The "old system" is an anachronism which the new day will not abide and which the new day is in process of relegating to the limbo of discarded nuisances fastened upon it by past generations. The "old system" dies hard, but it is dying, thanks to the new-timer.

Mr. Nicholson's "belief" that the prohibitory amendment and cognate laws "have wrought

more mischief than the evil sought to be abolished" is overwhelmingly negated by the facts in the case. When he says, "such laws should never have been passed until the government had perfected a machinery for their enforcement," he puts the cart before the horse. Any tyro in civil government could tell him that the only sanction for governmental "machinery" is a law which orders it.

Despite pro-liquorites posing as prohibition agents, and all the tricks of the "wets" to discount and nullify the law, it is being enforced, and with ever-increasing efficiency.

The bootlegger, like a thief, is an outlaw, and he is an argument for, not against, the law. Boys now, as under license, are protected by the law, but now, as then, it is the duty of good citizens to aid in law enforcement.

Mr. Nicholson's observation of "more young boys intoxicated" in the last year than in all his life before must have been made in an extremely moist and lawless community. It is to be hoped that, for the sake of law and order, and particularly for the boys' sake, he did his duty as a good citizen to "drain" the place.

To Mr. Nicholson's, "Let's go; and don't you dare look back!" I say, "Amen and Amen!"



In almost every mail which comes to the editorial desks is a letter or an article called forth by Doctor Steinmetz's recent paper. Evidently, in spite of our materialistic reputation, Americans can still be stirred to the depths by the old problems of God and immortality translated into the terms of the twentieth century. From San Antonio comes the pertinent query which follows:

DEAR HARPER'S,—Your March number contains a critique by Dr. H. C. Ackerman, of Dr. Steinmetz's paper in the February number, on "Science and Religion." I was so impressed by the titles of both papers, that, like a child eating the frosting before the cake, I read them first. I noted that in Dr. Steinmetz's forenote he says that science may approach the subjects of the existence of God and immortality "as far as the mind permits, reach the border line beyond which we cannot go, and so derive some understanding of how far these subjects may appear nonexistent and unreasonable."

At once it occurred to me that the converse then must also be true, that at that ultimate margin of physical entities, science may come to some understanding of how far God and immortality may appear both existent and reasonable. Hail! then, to Science, when from the inside she pushes open the door and fixes her keen and searching eyes upon the things of Faith. And, as Dr. Ackerman intimates, Why not?



Painting by Harvey Dunn

Illustration for "Command"

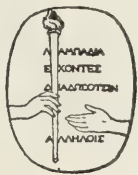
"YOU DO NOT WISH, THEN, TO TAKE A CHANCE?"

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COMMAND

A NOVEL

BY WILLIAM McFEE

Author of *Casuals of the Sea*, *Captain Macedoine's Daughter*, etc.

I

SHE was one of those girls who have become much more common of late years among the upper middle classes, the comfortably fixed classes, than they have ever been since the aristocracy left off marrying Italian *prime donne*. You know the type of English beauty, so often insisted on, say, twenty years ago—placid, fair, gentle, blue eyed, fining into distinction in Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Always she was the heroine; and her protagonist, the adventuress, was dark and wicked. For some occult reason the Lady Rowena type was the fashion.

Ada Rivers was one of those girls who have come up since. Outwardly resembling the wealthy society girl, they are essentially quite different. They go everywhere by themselves, and to men whom they dislike they are sheathed in shining armor. They can dance, swim, motor, golf, entertain, earn their own living, talk music, art, books, and china, wash a dog and doctor him. And they can do all this, mark, without having any real experience of what we call life. They are good girls, nice girls, virtuous girls, and very marriageable girls, too, but they have a superficial hardness of texture on their character which closely re-

sembles the mask of experience. But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of their love-affairs is the blindness of the girl's friends to her frequent superiority over the being whom she adores. She isn't good enough for him, they say. Just like that. The fact is, at the time of this story, fine women were cheap in England, and gentlemen of indifferent caliber were picking up bargains every day.

Mr. Reginald Spokesly, a case in point, was accustomed to use this very phrase when in a mood in which his egotism was lying dormant. "*I've* picked up a bargain," he would say to himself as he leaned over the rail and watched the millions of tiny facets of the sea reflecting the sunset. "A bargain," he would whisper in an awed voice, nodding gravely at the opposite bulkhead, as he sat in his room with his feet in a bucket of hot water, for this was his way with corns. And Mr. Reginald Spokesly was intensely preoccupied with women. He aspired, indeed, to be what he called "a conossure," but that was denied him. He had often sighed, on the bridge, as he reflected what he might do "if he only 'ad the means." Perhaps, when he got a command . . . He would halt short

at this, suddenly remembering the bargain he had picked up.

But it must not be for one moment imagined, when I speak of Mr. Spokesly as being at that time a gentleman of indifferent caliber, that he was so regarded by himself or by his world afloat or ashore. Indeed, he was a rather magnificent person. He played his cards very well. He "kep' his ears open and his mouth shut," as he himself put it. He had once confided to Mr. Chippenham, the third officer, that "there was jobs goin' just now, sawf things, too, if y' only wait." The third officer was not directly interested, for he knew well enough that he himself stood no chance in that gamble. But he was impressed by Mr. Spokesly's—the second officer's—exquisite fitness for any such jobs. Even the Old Man, taciturn, distant, and dignified as he was, was not up to Mr. Spokesly. Who had so slow and so deliberate a walk? Who could treat the common people of the ship—the sailors, the firemen, the engineers, and wireless boys—with such lofty condescension? It was a lesson in deportment to see him stroll into the chief engineer's room and extend himself on that gentleman's settee. It was unfortunately true that some of those common people treated Mr. Spokesly, not as a commander *in posse*, not as one of those select beings born to rule, but as one of themselves. Mr. Chippenham remembered with pain one incident which showed this only too clearly. They were watching a destroyer coming into port, her decks lined with bluejackets, her three funnels belching oil smoke, her semaphore working. As she swung round astern of them, Mr. Spokesly, who had been pacing to and fro, paring his nails, joined the little group at the rail, nodding in majestic approval.

"Ah," he remarked in his loose-lipped husky drawl, "I sh'd like to 'andle one o' them little things meself."

And to this the third engineer, his greasy arms asprawl on the rail, had looked over his shoulder and remarked:

"You? I'd like to see you! You'd pile her up on the beach before you'd had her five minutes—that's what *you'd* do."

It was a vile, gratuitous insult, the third officer had thought, hotly, and he had watched Mr. Spokesly do the only thing possible—walk grandly away. That was the worst of those beastly engineers; if you gave them an inch they'd take a mile.

But this was, I am glad to say, an exceptional incident. Circumstances, as a rule, favored the development of Mr. Spokesly's *amour propre*, and he brooded with intense absorption upon his own greatness. Now this greatness was a very intricate affair. It was inextricably tangled up with the individual soul known as Reginald Spokesly, Esq., of Thames Road, Twickenham, England, and the unit of the merchant service known as R. Spokesly, second officer, S. S. *Tanganyika*, a member of what is called "the Cloth." Perhaps it would be better to include another manifestation of greatness, which was Mr. Spokesly's tremendous power over women. His own explanation of this last phenomenon was that he "kep' 'em in their place." To him they were mere playthings of an idle hour. Perhaps his desire was most aroused by stories of Oriental domesticity, and he almost regretted not being born a pasha, where his abilities as a woman tamer could have had more scope. However, he did not read a great deal. In fact, he could hardly be said to read at all. He patronized a book now and then by falling asleep over it.

In the early days of war Mr. Spokesly's light had been hidden for some years in the Far East. Indeed, when I think of the sort of life he was gradually subsiding into out there, I sometimes wonder if he would ever have attained to such a capacity for moral effort as he afterward displayed unless the war had evoked the illusion that he ought to go home and enlist, and so had opened to him the wealth of bargains to be picked up in England. That, at any

rate, had been his ostensible reason for quitting the peculiar mixture of tropical languor and brisk modernity which had been his life for nearly four years. Perhaps it was not so much love of country as personal destiny, for Mr. Spokesly had a very real belief in his destiny. Here again his greatness, which was, of course, the warp and woof of his destiny, showed a pattern of perplexing intricacy. He regarded himself with approval. He was putting on weight. A vigorous man of thirty-odd, coming thousands of miles across the ocean to fight for his country! He read the roll of honor each week in the papers that met them on the homeward voyage, and the page blurred as he gazed through it into the future. You might almost, he reflected, count out those who were wounded and missing as well! Whether he had ever had any genuine intention of becoming a soldier I do not know. He had a remarkably strong instinct of self-preservation, but then, many soldiers have that.

As the liner neared home, however, Mr. Spokesly's thoughts centered more and more truly about himself and his immediate future. The seraglios he had quitted in Singapore and Kobé and Rangoon were, in his own words, "a thing o' the past." The time, "the psychological moment," as he phrased it without in the least knowing what the word meant, was come when he would have to marry, or, at any rate, become engaged. He was not, he told himself, "pertickler." He reckoned he could fall in love with almost anybody who wasn't too old or too ugly, and providing always that she had "a dot." He was a stern believer in a dot, even though he did not know how to pronounce it. Looming behind the steep hill leading to a command were the happy mountain valleys of a comfortable independence. To marry money! Now he came to think of it, it had been the pervading ambition of his life. And here was his chance. He pulled down his vest and settled his tie as he thought of the golden future before him. He had a vision of an England

full of consolable fiancées, young ladies of wealth, beauty, and position, sobbing gently for departed heroes, but willing to be comforted. . . .

It did not turn out that way, of course. Indeed, his first experience on arrival was of an England of brisk, determined young women, making munitions, clipping tickets, and conducting street cars, and he was angered at the unwomanliness of it all. Woman's place, he had always believed, was in the harem. He had held, when lying in his hammock out East and lazily reading the home news of suffrage riots, that the government "ought to have tied some of 'em up and 'orsewhipped 'em." But he left the metropolis behind as soon as possible, and went down to stay with his family at Twickenham. And it was here, on a perfect day in late autumn, that Ada Rivers, living with her married sister at Richmond, brought balm to his wounded spirit.

From the very first day, spent in a punt at Kingston, she had struck the right note of adoration. He had been telling her how his last ship had been sunk by the *Emden*, and was going on to say he had providentially left her just before, when she broke in ecstatically, "And you went through it, all?" He hesitated for a moment, and she followed this up with: "How glorious! You *have* been doing your bit!"

She leaned back on the cushions and gazed at him with shining gray eyes as he poled her gently along, his large hairy arms, one of them clasped by a wrist watch, outstretched above her, his loose mouth and double chin pendulous with the delicious flattery. For she was a fine girl—he realized that immediately his sister had introduced him. She made him feel his masculinity. He liked to think afterward of how deliberately he had made his choice.

He floated for a time in a dream of sensuous delight, for she was one of those girls who will obey orders, who like orders, in fact, and whose proud subservience sends a thrill of supreme pleas-

ure through the minds of their commanders. They were soon engaged.

There was not so much difference between this courtship and that of an average iceman as one might suppose. Mr. Spokesly's emotional output so far had been, if I may say so, limited. But this was all grist to Ada's mill. It was put down to the strong, deep, English sailor nature, just as his primitive methods of wooing were credited to the bluff English sailor nature. She was under an illusion all the time. All that her married sister could say was useless. The married sister was married to a man who was a woman tamer himself in a way. He was now at the front, where he had won a medal for extraordinary bravery, and his wife was dreading the day of his return. She used the interval of peace and quiet to warn her sister. But who can fight against an illusion? The married sister had to shrug her shoulders and point out that Mr. Spokesly was throwing himself away on a silly chit. She admired Mr. Spokesly herself, to tell the truth, and liked to have him in the house, where he was often to be found during his six weeks' vacation. It was she who told him his was "a man's work" in a low contralto voice with a thrill in it. This was really unfair to the husband in Flanders, who had displayed extraordinary bravery in holding an isolated post for goodness knows how many hours. It would not do to assert that Mr. Spokesly ever played with the idea of consoling a possible widow who already admired him. He had not sufficient imagination for this. And Ada herself was quite able to hold up her end. She made Mr. Spokesly feel not only great, but good. It was she who led him to see where his weakness lay, a success possible only to a clever girl. Unconscious of her promptings, he came to the conclusion that, to do himself justice, he must make an effort and "improve his eddication." When he heard the sisters rattling away in a foreign tongue he made a mental note that "he must rub up his French."

The London School of Mnemonics, however, did the trick. It was just what he wanted. This school had a wonderful system of memory training which was indorsed by kings and emperors, merchant princes and famous mezzosopranos. By means of this system, learned in twelve lessons, you trebled your intellectual power, quadrupled your earning power, and quintupled your general value to yourself and to the world. The system was comprised in twelve books of aphorisms, slim volumes in gray-green paper covers, daintily printed and apparently addressed straight to Mr. Spokesly's heart. First, he was told he was capable of anything. He knew that, and with an almost physical feeling of pleasure he read on. Second came a little story about a celebrated philosopher. Mr. Spokesly was charmed.

It must not be supposed, however, that this was all buncombe to Mr. Spokesly. It was, on the contrary, deadly earnest. Like many Englishmen of his day, he knew there was something wrong with him. He was aware of people in the world who used their brains and held clear notions about things and ideas, very much as a man groping along a foggy street is aware of a *conversazione* in one of the mansions. To him the London School of Mnemonics was a sound commercial proposition. In twelve lessons, by correspondence, they offered to develop his memory, stimulate his will power, and increase his salary. He had picked up the first half dozen pamphlets in his fiancée's home. The husband of the married sister had taken the course as far as Number Six, which was, "How to Dominate Your Friends," with a chatty essay on hypnotism and matrimony, before leaving for Flanders and glory. Mr. Spokesly read them with an avidity unknown to him since he had spent a month in London many years before, studying for his master's license. He felt on the highroad to success. He joined the London School of Mnemonics. He bought an engagement ring for Ada



Drawn by Harvey Dunn

HE FLOATED IN A DREAM OF SENSUOUS DELIGHT

and a handsome bracelet for the married sister.

He left them for a while, he said, "to join up." I believe he meant to do it, too, for there is something pathetically appealing in the atmosphere of late autumn in England. It goes to the heart. It is not quite so piercing a call as the early spring, when one's very soul goes out in a mystical, passionate union with the spirit of the land, but it is very strong, and Mr. Spokesly, without understanding it, felt the appeal. But at Paddington he stopped and had a drink. For all his years at sea, he was a Londoner at heart. He spoke the atrocious and barbarous jargon of her suburbs, he snuffed the creosote of her wooden streets and found it an admirable *apériitif* to his London beer. And while the blowsy spirit of London, the dear cockney-hearted town, ousted the gentler shade of England, Mr. Spokesly reflected that neither the army nor the navy would have any use for a man of commanding powers, a man whose will and memory had been miraculously developed. The army would not do, he was sure. The navy would probably put him in charge of a tug, for Mr. Spokesly had no illusions as to the reality of the difficulties of life in his own sphere. And he had been long enough at one thing to dread the wrench of beginning at the bottom somewhere else. This is the tragic side of military service in England, for most Englishmen are not adaptable. Mr. Spokesly, for example, had gone to sea at the age of twelve. Unless he won a lottery prize he would be going to sea at seventy, if he lived so long. So he reflected, and the upshot was that he applied—quite humbly, for he had not as yet developed any enormous will power—and secured a billet as second officer on the *Tanganyika*.

He told his people and Ada that there was "a chance of a command," which, of course, was perfectly true. She regarded his large, heavy features and small, watchful eyes with ardent enthusiasm. "It is a man's work," she thrilled, softly,

echoing her sister, and she closed her eyes to enjoy the vision of him—strong in character, large in talent, irresistible in will power, commanding amid storms and possibly even shot and shell. . . .

Having kept the middle watch, which is from twelve to four, Mr. Spokesly was sitting in his cabin abaft the bridge of the *Tanganyika*, his feet in a white-enameled bucket of hot water, contemplating the opposite bulkhead. He was thinking very hard, according to the system of the London School of Mnemonics. The key of this system was simplicity itself. You wanted to remember something which you had forgotten. Very well; you worked back on the lines of a dog following a scent. From what you were thinking at the present moment to what you were thinking when you came in the door, which would lead you by gentle gradations back to the item of which you were in search. Very simple. Unfortunately, Mr. Spokesly, in the course of these retrograde pilgrimages, was apt to come upon vast and trackless oceans of oblivion, bottomless gulfs of time in which, so far as he could recall, his intellectual faculties had been in a state of suspended animation. The London School of Mnemonics did not seem to allow sufficiently for the bridging of these gaps. It is true they said in Lesson Three, with gentle irony, *Remember the chain of ideas is often faulty; there may be missing links*.

Mr. Spokesly, who on this occasion was determined to remember what he was thinking of at the moment when the Old Man spoke sharply behind him and made him jump, was of the opinion that it was the chain that was often missing and that all he could discover were a few odd links! He lifted one foot out of the grateful warmth and felt the instep tenderly, breathing hard, with his tongue in one corner of his mouth, as his mind ran to and fro, nosing at the closed doors of the past. What *was* he thinking of? He remembered it attracted him strangely, had given him a feeling of

pleasant anticipation as of a secret which he could unfold at his leisure. It was . . . it was . . . He put his foot into the water again and frowned. He had been thinking of Ada, he recalled— Ah! Now he was on the track of it. He had been thinking, not of her, but of the melancholy fact communicated to him by his own sister, that Ada had no “dot,” no money until her father died. Now how in the world did that come to react upon his mind as a pleasant thing? It was a monstrous thing that he should have capsized his future by such precipitate folly. Mr. Spokesly comprehended that what he was looking for was not a memory, but a mood.

He had been in a certain mood as he stood on the bridge that morning about half past three, his hand resting lightly on the rail, his eyes on the dim horizon, when the Old Man, in his irritating pink-striped pajamas, had spoken sharply and made him jump. And that mood, the product of some overnight reflections on the subject of will power, had been rising like some vast billow of cumulous vapor touched with roseate hues from a hidden sun, and he had been just on the brink of some surprising discovery, when . . . It was very annoying, for the Old Man had been preoccupied by a really very petty matter, after all. (The word petty was a favorite with Mr. Spokesly.) It had, however, broken the spell, and here he was, a few hours later, hopelessly snarled up in all sorts of interminable strings of ideas. The business of thinking was not so easy as the London School of Mnemonics made out. Lifting his feet slowly up and down, he reached out and took Lesson Number Five from the holdall (with his initials in blue) which hung above his head. As he turned the richly printed pages, a delicious feeling of being cared for and caressed stole over him. *Never despair*, said the lesson, gravely—*Nil desperandum. Just as the darkest hour is before the dawn, so victory may crown your toil at the least likely moment.*

And so it was! With a feeling of som-

ber triumph, Mr. Spokesly “saw the connection,” as he would have said. He saw that the importance of that lost mood lay in the petty annoyance that followed. For the Old Man had called him down about a mistake. A trifle. A petty detail. A bagatelle. It only showed, he thought, the narrowness of mind of some commanders. Now *he* . . .

But with really remarkable resolution Mr. Spokesly pulled himself up and concentrated upon the serious side of the question. There had been a mistake. It was as though the Old Man's quiet sharpness had gouged a great hole in Mr. Spokesly's self-esteem, and he had been unconsciously busy ever since, bringing excuse after excuse, like barrowloads of earth, in a vain attempt to fill it up. It was still a yawning hiatus in the otherwise flawless perfection of his conduct as an officer. He had made a mistake. And the London School of Mnemonics promised that whoever followed its course made no mistake. He felt chastened as he habituated himself to this feeling that perhaps he was not a perfect officer. He took his feet out of the lukewarm water and reached for a towel.

Suddenly he stood up and became aware of some one in the alleyway outside his window. With a sense of relief, for his reflections had become almost inconveniently somber and ingrowing, he saw it was some one he already knew in a friendly way, though he still addressed him as “Stooard.”

There is much in a name, much more in a mode of address. When Archie Bates, the chief steward of the *Tanganika*, turned round and hoisted himself so that he could look into Mr. Spokesly's port, their friendship was just at the point when the abrupt unveiling of some common aspiration would change “Stooard” into “Bates” or “Mister.” For a steward on a ship is unplaced. The office is nothing, the personality everything. He may be the confidential agent of the commander or he may be the boon companion of the cook. To him most men are merely assimilative organisms, stom-

achs to be filled or doctored. Archie Bates was, like another Bates of greater renown, a naturalist. He studied the habits of the animals around him. He fed them or filled them with liquor, according to their desires, and watched the result. It might almost be said that he acted the part of tempter to mankind, bribing them into friendship or possibly only a useful silence. It is a sad but solid fact that he nearly always succeeded.

But he liked Mr. Spokesly. One of the disconcerting things about the wicked is their extreme humanity. Archie Bates liked Mr. Spokesly's society. Without in the least understanding how or why, he enjoyed talking to him, appreciated his point of view, and would have been glad to repay confidence with confidence. He was always deferential to officers, never forgetting their potentialities as to future command. He respected their reserve until they knew him intimately. He was always willing to wait. His discretion was boundless. He knew his own value. Friends of his had no reason to regret it. That third engineer, a coarse fellow, one of the few irreconcilables, had called him a flunky. Well, the third engineer paid dearly for that in trouble over petty details—soap, towels, and so forth. But with "gentlemen" Archie Bates felt himself breathing a larger air. You could do something with a gentleman. And Mr. Spokesly, in the chief steward's estimation, was just that kind of man. So, in the lull of activity before lunch he came along to see if Mr. Spokesly felt like a little social diversion.

"Busy?" he inquired, thrusting his curiously ill-balanced features into the port and smiling. Mr. Bates's smile was unfortunate. Without being in any way insincere, it gave one the illusion that it was fitted on over his real face. A long, sharp nose projecting straight out from a receding brow nestled in a pomatumed and waxed mustache, and his eyes, of an opaque hazel, became the glinting centers of scores of tiny radiating lines. His chin, blue with shaving, and his gray

hair carefully parted in the middle, made up a physiognomy that might have belonged either to a bartender or to a ward politician. And there was a good deal of both in Archie Bates.

To the inquiry Mr. Spokesly shook his head. The steward gave a sharp look each way, and then made a complicated gesture that was a silent and discreet invitation.

"Oh, well." Mr. Spokesly shrugged his shoulders and pulled down the corners of his mouth. The face at the window tittered so violently that the owner of it nearly lost his balance and put up his hand to support himself.

"Come on, old chap. I've got half an hour to spare."

"Oh, all right, Bates. Sha'n't be a minute."

The face, like a satiric mask, suddenly vanished.

Mr. Spokesly put on his socks and slippers and, lighting a cigarette, prepared to go along. He liked the steward, and he felt lonely. It so happened that, quite apart from his intrinsic greatness, Mr. Spokesly was very much alone on the *Tanganyika*. Mr. Chippenham was too young, the chief officer—a gnarled, round-shouldered ancient—was too old, the commander too distant. There remained only the chief engineer, a robust gentleman who conversed hospitably on all subjects in a loud voice, but invited no confidences. And it was confidences Mr. Spokesly really wanted to give. He wanted to impress his ideals and superior views of life upon a sympathetic and receptive mind.

II

"You will be pleased to hear, sweetheart, that I have already got promotion. I am now chief officer, next to the captain. I dare say in a short time your only will be coming home to take a command. I am persevering with the course you gave me, and I find it a great assistance. Of course I have a great deal more to do now, especially as the last man was scarcely up to his work. While as for the captain, I may as well tell you . . .

And so on. Mr. Spokesly wrote this letter from Alexandria, where the *Tanganyika* was discharging rails and machinery. He wrote it to Ada, who was staying with her family, including her married sister, in Cornwall, because of the air raids. She read it by the low roar of the autumnal seas round the Cornish coast, and she was thrilled. Having written it, Mr. Spokesly dressed himself in discreet mufti and went ashore with his bosom friend, Archie Bates. His commander, walking to and fro on the bridge with his after-dinner cigar, saw them disappear between the tracks and the piles of freight. He frowned. He was no snob, but he had most explicit views about a ship's officer's relations with the rest of mankind. It was, in his opinion, *infra dig* to associate with a steward. He had mentioned it pointedly yet good-naturedly one day, and to his amazement Mr. Spokesly had replied that he would please himself in a private matter. Captain Meredith had been so flabbergasted at this wholly unexpected turn of the conversation that he said no more. Later he put it down to swelled head. Yet, what else could be done? Mr. Spokesly had a master's certificate and the third mate had none at all. Captain Meredith began to muse regretfully upon the loss of his chief officer. For, although Mr. Spokesly had omitted to mention it, the immediate cause of his promotion was the sudden death at sea of his predecessor.

Captain Meredith, whether from mere prejudice or genuine conviction, was unable to discern the makings of a "good mate" in Mr. Spokesly. It was almost miraculous, he reflected, how the work of the ship had got balled up since the invaluable McGinnis, neatly sewed up in some of his own canvas, had made a hole in the Mediterranean. It should be understood that Captain Meredith was a humane man. He was also a seafaring man. And his annoyance at seeing his new chief officer and the steward "as thick as thieves," as he put it, was really a humane feeling.

He had served in ships where the commander had been utterly at the mercy of some contemptible dishwasher who had wormed himself into his superior's confidence, acting, perhaps, as a go-between in some shady deal. He had seen a veteran shipmaster, a man of fine presence and like no one so much as some retired colonel, running ignominiously along the quay to fetch back a dirty little half-breed steward who had seen fit to take offense and who knew too much. Captain Meredith had seen these things, and, though he kept them locked up in his own breast, he did not forget them. He was perfectly well aware of the precarious hold most of us have upon honor. He knew that a certain austerity of demeanor was the only practicable armor against many temptations.

But of course Captain Meredith couldn't be expected to understand Mr. Spokesly's state of mind. Mr. Spokesly didn't understand it himself. It was scarcely sufficient to say that his promotion had carried him away. Far from it. He regarded this step as merely a start. What had inspired him at the moment to "stand up to the Old Man" was nothing less than a wave of genuine emotion. You see, he really liked Archie Bates so far as he knew him then. They were real chums, telling each other their grievances and sharing a singularly identical opinion of the Old Man's fitness for his job. There are more unions of souls in this world than materialists would like us to believe. What Captain Meredith mistook for harsh and ill-timed impudence was really a thickness of utterance and a sudden vision of injustice.

Once done, and the Old Man reduced to an amazed silence, the incident took on in Mr. Spokesly's mind a significance so tremendous that he hardly knew what to think. He had "tackled the Old Man"! He had broken the spell of a lifetime of silent obsequiousness to a silly convention. After all . . . And, moreover, it took will power to do it. He was improving. The London School of Mnemonics had achieved another mira-

cle. He went over it all again in Archie Bates's cabin, Archie's ear close to his mouth, door shut, curtains folded across the window. You never can tell who's listening on a ship. . . . "I turns an' ses to him, 'Look here, Captain . . .'" Archie listening with intensity, his shoulders hunched, his opaque, agatelike eyes glittering on each side of his long, sharp nose, while his thumb and forefinger slowly and repeatedly thrust back his pomatumed and waxed mustache from his lips, and breathing: "Jus' fancy! . . . And you told him that? . . . Goo' Lord! . . . Well, I always knew 'e 'ad no use for me. . . ."

Mr. Spokesly pulled Archie Bates so close up to him that his lips were actually funneled in the other's ear and breathed back, "Take it from me, Archie, he ain't fit for his job!"

Archie Bates had risen just then to get the corkscrew. He was profoundly moved, and actually found himself trying to open a bottle of whisky with a buttonhook. He showed his idiocy to Mr. Spokesly. "Jus' fancy! I don't know what I'm doin', straight." And they both laughed. But he was profoundly moved. His agate eyes were preoccupied with the possible developments of this tremendous affair. Mr. Spokesly, by virtue of that last insane whisper, had, of course, delivered himself over, body, soul, and spirit, to the steward, but Mr. Spokesly was a friend of his. He had quite other plans for Mr. Spokesly. He stared harder than the job warranted as he put the bottle between his knees and hauled on the corkscrew. Pop! They drank, and the act was as a seal on a secret compact.

And it was that—a compact so secret that even they, the parties to it, were scarcely conscious of the pledge. But as the days passed, days of hasty clandestine comparing of grievances in each other's rooms, days of whispering apart, days followed by nights of companionship ashore, each realized how necessary was the other to his full appreciation of life. Archie Bates found Mr. Spokesly

a tower of strength and a house of defense. If any complaint sounded in his presence concerning stores, Mr. Spokesly was silent for a space and then walked away. Only that vulgar third engineer was insensible to the superb reproof. "There goes the flunky's runner," he remarked, in execrable taste, and Mr. Spokesly could have slain him on the spot. On the other hand, Mr. Spokesly found in Archie Bates a sympathetic soul, a wit that jumped with his own and understood without tedious circumlocution "how he felt about it." More precious than rubies is a friend who understands how you feel about it.

He found in Archie a gentleman who was master of what was to Mr. Spokesly an incredible quantity of ready cash. At first Mr. Spokesly had apologetically borrowed "half a quid till to-morrow, bein' short, somehow," and Archie had scorned to split a sovereign. In some way, only partially understood by Mr. Spokesly as yet, certain eddies of the vast stream of gold and paper which was turning the wheels of the war swirled into the pockets of Archie Bates. He had it "to burn," as they say. It was bewildering in its variety. British, American, French, Italian, Greek, Egyptian, and Japanese notes were rolled into one inexhaustible wad. More bewildering even than this was Archie Bates's uncanny command of gold. It was extraordinary how this impressed Mr. Spokesly. At a time when sovereigns and eagles and napoleons had practically vanished from the pockets of the private citizen, Archie Bates had bags of them. And, like his paper currency, it was of all nations. Ten-ruble Russian pieces, twenty-drachma Greek pieces, Australian sovereigns, and massive Indian medals worth twenty dollars each chinked against the homelier coinage of France and England.

"Business, my boy, business!" he would explain with a snigger when he met Mr. Spokesly's rapt gaze of amazement. Very good business, too, the latter thought, and sighed.

But there was one point about Archie

which distinguished him from many owners of gold. He spent it. There lay the magic of his power over Mr. Spokesly's mesmerized soul. He spent it. Mr. Spokesly saw him and helped him spend it. Those princely disbursements night after night in Alexandria postulated some source of supply. And night after night Mr. Spokesly, pleasantly jingled with highballs and feminine society, felt himself being drawn nearer and nearer the mysterious source from which gushed that cosmopolitan torrent of money. Mr. Spokesly was in the right mood for the revelation. He was serious. He was a practical man. He needed no London School of Mnemonics to teach him to cultivate a man with plenty of money. When he and Archie Bates had walked quickly away from the ship and passed the guard at Number Six Gate, they could scarcely be recognized by one who had seen them an hour before—Mr. Spokesly silently munching his dinner under the Old Man's frown, Archie in his pantry, incased in a huge white apron, bending his sharp nose over the steaming dishes and communicating in violent pantomime with the saloon waiter. Now they stood side by side, brothers, magnificently superior to all the world.

A dingy carriage rattled up and Archie waved it away impatiently. Another, with two horses and rubber tires, was hailed and engaged. "Might as well do the thing well," said Archie, and Mr. Spokesly agreed with every fiber of his soul. And it was the same with everything else. "My motto is," said Archie, "everything of the best, eh? Can't go far wrong then. He-he!" The third engineer, vulgarian that he was, would have laughed a shrill, derisive cackle had he heard that speech. The third engineer was under the illusion that only the virtuous have ideals. He was wrong. Archie Bates's profession of faith was sincere and genuine. He had an instinct for what he called the best, which was the most expensive. What else could be the best?

Mr. Spokesly knew all this and it almost unmanned him to think that he was on the way to this Eldorado. One night, soon after their arrival in Alexandria, Archie had hinted there was no reason why he, Mr. Spokesly, shouldn't be "in it," too. This was late in the evening, when they were seated on a balcony high above the glitter and noise of the Boulevard Ramleh, a balcony belonging to a house of fair but expensive reception, of which Archie was a munificent patron. Archie, after two bottles of whisky, had become confidential. He had hinted that his friend Reggie should be "put next" the business which produced such amazing returns.

But to-night, in sober earnest, for Archie had had little besides a bottle of gin since rising in the morning, he proposed that they should join a business friend of his and have a quiet little dinner somewhere. Mr. Spokesly was all eyes, all ears, all intelligent receptiveness. He inquired who the business friend might be, and Archie, who had his own enthusiasms, let himself go. His friend, Jack Miller, had been out there for years. With Swingles, the ship chandlers. Occupied, Archie surmised, a very high position there. Had worked himself up.

Mr. Spokesly listened greedily. As they debouched upon the great Place Mohammed Ali, with its myriads of lights and sounds, its illuminated Arabic night signs, its cracking of whips and tinkling of bells and glasses, its gorgeous, tessellated platoons of café tables, he took a deep breath. He felt he was upon the threshold of a larger life, inhaling a more invigorating air. It seemed to him he was about to quit the dreary, humdrum world of watch keeping and monthly wages for a region where dwelt those happy beings who had no fixed hours, who made money, who had it "to burn," as they say.

And Jack Miller, whom they met that night and many nights after, was a magnificent accessory of the illusion. He was a dapper little man in fashionable

clothes, a runner for a local ship chandler, who introduced them to half a dozen ship captains of a certain type, and together they went round the vast tenderloin district of the city. Mr. Spokesly was conscious of a grand exaltation during the day when he recalled his nightly association with these gentlemen. There were others—dark-skinned Greeks and Levantines in long-tasseled fezzes, who joined them in their pursuit of pleasure in the great blocks of buildings behind the Boulevard Ramleh and their jaunts, in taxicabs, to San Stefano. They were, as Archie put it, over whisky and soda in his cabin, gentlemen worth knowing, men with property and businesses. And it was one of these, one evening on the balcony of the Casino at San Stefano, who mentioned casually that he often did business with Salonika, and that if Mr. Spokesly ever had any little things to dispose of on his return, he would be glad to make him an offer, privately, of course. He often did this with Mr. Bates, he added, to their mutual satisfaction. Mr. Spokesly was charmed.

And Captain Meredith, walking the upper bridge and seeing a good deal more than either Mr. Spokesly or Mr. Bates imagined, wondered how it would all end.

If anything happened to himself, a sudden weight of responsibility would roll upon Mr. Spokesly that would, in the captain's opinion, crush him. For it must be confessed that licenses, diplomas, certificates, or whatever you call your engraved warrants to ply your trade, are no guaranty of character and nerve. Nor does efficiency in a subordinate capacity imply success in command. Just as some men are stormy and intractable nuisances until they reach the top, when they immediately assume a mysterious and impregnable composure, so others deliberately avoid rising above a comfortable mediocrity, conscious of their own limitations and well satisfied that some other human soul should support the pangs of the supreme decision. Others there are—and Captain Meredith believed Mr. Spokesly was one of

them—who lack knowledge of themselves and who have not sufficient intelligence either to carry the burden or to refuse it.

This, of course, was not Mr. Spokesly's opinion as time went on. On the contrary, he had come to the conclusion that it was no use being a smart officer "if the captain wouldn't back a man up." He told Archie Bates that "the Old Man was doing all he knew to do him dirty." And Archie riposted at once with evidence that he himself was the victim of a foul conspiracy between the captain and the crew over the grub. Mr. Spokesly would go out on deck from these powwows feeling very happy, for Archie never failed to open a bottle. Mr. Spokesly would sway a little as he walked forward to see how the work was going on in the forehold. The *Tanganika*, having discharged most of her cargo, was now reloading a great deal of it in obedience to orders from certain invisible but omnipotent beings higher up. He would sway a little, and hold on to the hatch coaming, looking down upon the toilers below with an air of profound abstraction. Then he would move gently until he could raise his eyes and sweep a casual glance in the direction of the bridge. Sometimes he would see the Old Man's head as he strode to and fro.

On one occasion he "caught him at it," as he told Archie. "Yes, he was spyin' on me. Watchin' me. See his game? I tell you, Archie, it makes a man sick. Fancy havin' to work under a man like that. Watchin' me. Now he'll write home to the owners in his confidential report. Well, let him. Thanks to you, I got more than one egg in the basket. Sometimes I feel inclined to go an' demand my discharge. I would, only it's war time. Got to carry on in war time."

Archie Bates nodded over his glass and dipped his long, sharp nose into it before making an audible reply. "Me, too!" he said, setting the glass down empty. "Me, too. If it wasn't for the

war and everybody having to do their bit, I'd swallow the anchor to-morrow."

III

MR. SPOKESLY had "pulled himself together," as he expressed it, when they went to sea. Archie Bates tacitly retired into the background. Archie himself was fully aware that the bosom friendliness of the days and nights in harbor could not continue at sea, and Mr. Spokesly ceased to share the never-ending refreshment without which Archie could no longer support existence. Mr. Spokesly felt better at once, for alcohol had no real hold upon his system. He toiled laboriously through the astonishing physical exercises which the London School of Mnemonics artfully suggested were an aid to mental improvement. He practiced concentration, observation, and something the pamphlets called intensive excogitation, which nearly made him cross-eyed. Incidentally, he gathered incongruous scraps of information about Alcibiades, Erasmus, Savonarola, Nostradamus, Arminius Vámbéry, and Doctor Johnson. It was while he was busy carrying out their instructions for accurate observation that Captain Meredith asked him, calmly enough, if he had noticed that the binnacle of Number Two lifeboat was smashed and useless. Mr. Spokesly assumed a mulish expression and said, no, he hadn't. Well, in future he was to have the boats not only made ready, but *kept* ready, quite ready, all the time. Mr. Spokesly, looking still more mulish, said he'd attend to it.

Do what he would, he could give no satisfaction. He would ask to be paid off to-morrow as soon as they dropped anchor in Salonika Harbor. That would be the best way. Just pull out of it. They would realize, when he was gone, the sort of man they had lost. The flame of indignation died out again and he sat moodily pondering the difficulty of commanding an adequate appreciation. Command! The word stung him to

bodily movement. If only he could once grasp the scepter he could defy them all. He would have the whip hand then. And there were ways, there were ways of making money. Some he had heard of on this run were quadrupling their incomes. Archie had whispered incredible stories of skippers and stewards working together . . . working together. Perhaps it would be worth while to stick to the ship for a voyage or so, even if he did have to put up with this sort of thing. They would reach Salonika in a few hours, and then they would see.

It frequently happens that moods which would logically drive men mad, moods which seem to have no natural antidote, are broken up and neutralized by some entirely fortuitous event. It is not too much to say that Mr. Spokesly's grievances were inducing one of these moods when the wholesome activity of affairs on the fore-castle head, the keen autumn wind blowing across the bony ridges of Chalcidice, and the professional criticism evoked by the ships outward bound blew the foul vapors away. Captain Meredith, whose reflective and unchallenging blue eyes were visible between the weather cloth and the laced peak of his cap, made a mental note that "the man was doing himself justice." Of course, Captain Meredith did not perceive how very wide of the mark his sensible phrase led him. Mr. Spokesly always did himself justice. What he was eternally hunting for in and out of the maze in which he spent his life was justice from others. Captain Meredith did not realize that a middle-aged man with a grievance is like a man who has been skinned—to touch him causes the most exquisite agony. Nay, merely to exist, to permit the orderly march of everyday routine, chafes him to the verge of hysteria. It was nothing to Mr. Spokesly that he was serving his country; nothing to him that he was in imminent peril by mine and torpedo. During the voyage he had scarcely noticed the occasional formal slips that came from the wireless house informing

them that an enemy submarine was operating in such and such a position, so many miles ahead or astern, as the case might be. Mr. Spokesly had never seen a submarine and he didn't want to. The whole business of war in his eyes became a ghastly farce so long as he was not appreciated at his true worth. It might almost be said that at times he was indifferent to the outcome of the gigantic struggle. A horrible unrest assailed him. The world was heaving in a death grapple with the powers of darkness, and he was as nothing in the balance.

But as he walked the forecastle head and the *Tanganyika* passed through the bottle neck of Kara Burun into the wide waters of the gulf head, he was restored to a normal attention to the cut-and-dried duties of his calling. There was exhilaration in the thought of forgoing once more with Archie, of going ashore in a new port. And there would be letters. He drew a deep breath. Ada would write. Unconsciously he straightened up. A warm glow suffused him as he recalled her dark-gray, adoring eyes and the deep tremble of her voice as she called him her sailor's sweetheart. After all, he was that. He was understood there, he thought, and was comforted. Rung by rung he climbed up out of the dark, dank well in which he had been swelling, until, when the compressors had been screwed up tight and the *Tanganyika* was swinging gently on her eighty fathoms of cable, he was recapitulating the heartening words he had last read in his "course" in the London School of Mnemonics:

Think well of yourself and your ability. Get the habit of believing in your own ambition. This is only another way of saying that faith can move mountains. But remember that to be satisfied with what you are is to lose grip. If you are standing still you are slipping back. This paradox will be shown. . . .

IV

MR. SPOKESLY had not the faintest notion, when he went ashore that

evening in Salonika with the gifted and amusing Mr. Bates, that he was on the brink of a fundamental change in his life. Looking back, he was almost induced to imagine that it was some one else who came ashore with Mr. Bates, a sort of distant relation, say, who had borrowed his body for the evening. And he was inclined to admit that—assuming what the philosophers say is true, the only use of knowledge is for the purpose of action—it would preserve our idealism if our subconscious adumbrations could only be induced to function in a more emphatic manner.

Now the reason for interjecting this sample of Mr. Spokesly's later mentality is to be rid of any possible ambiguity. If Mr. Spokesly had been nothing more than Mr. Bates's boon companion, his story would not be worth telling, there being obviously so many other more interesting people in the world. We have seen that Mr. Spokesly himself was aware of his real value, and had appealed to the London School of Mnemonics to elucidate his latent self from the commonplace shell in which he strove. The London School of Mnemonics responded nobly according to its doctrines. It supplied him with an astonishing quantity of intellectual fuel, so to say, but omitted to indicate how it was to be ignited. Indeed, it is very singular how public and commercial organizations continually lose sight of the fact that in the spiritual world spontaneous combustion does not exist. And it is also true that the stark and secular desires of a man's soul, however powerful they may be to achieve a multiplicity of base ends, can do nothing for the man himself unless they are illuminated and shot through by some grand passion, whether of friendship, religion, or love. Which of these depends upon the man. Some fortunate beings are the exponents of all three. Most of us—and Mr. Spokesly was one—are destined to know very little of either friendship or religion. So much might have been postulated.

He was under no illusions as to his

emotional states. His remark that he could fall in love with 'most any girl, so long as she had a bit of money, was really a very fine declaration of extreme modesty. The virtuous are less humble. They lay extravagant claims to the privilege of having an ideal. Mr. Spokesly, as he sat beside Mr. Bates, who was smiling to himself in the darkness, and watched the flashing lights of the Place de la Liberté grow larger and larger, and, as the din of the traffic reached his ears, experienced that feeling of pleasant and passive receptivity which he learned in time to know as the inevitable precursor of some momentous change.

"We'll go into Floka's first," Bates remarked, as the boat bumped the marble steps between the kiosks of the Place. He stood up, and his smile was illuminated by the sizzling glare of the arc lights along the quay, a smile that was, as we have said, fitted on over his face, and which bobbed up and down in obedience to the rhythmic undulations of the boat in the water. They waited for a moment until the Greek had made fast, and then stepped ashore.

"Why, is that a good place?" inquired Mr. Spokesly.

"Oh yes. The *best* place. My friend he goes there every evening. By and by, of course, we'll go along and see the talent. I'll show you, my boy. Believe me. . . ."

They crossed the car lines and walked toward the café which Mr. Bates's friend honored every evening.

Floka's was full. The little tables outside were thickly populated with gentlemen engaged in the national pastime of cigarette smoking and coffee drinking, and the grandiose interior, as severe and lofty and dirty as a Balkan politician, was thick with smoke and murmurous with conversation and the consumption of food. Mr. Bates led the way to a far corner where a long, thin man, his frock coat falling away open from a heavily brocaded vest with onyx buttons, and his scarlet *tarbush* on one side of his head,

was lolling on the crimson-plush cushions. In one hand he held the stem of an amber-mouthed *narghileh*. On the table was an empty coffee cup and a glass of mastic. Across his long, thin thighs lay a Greek newspaper. He was reclining, completely inert, gazing moodily across the crowded restaurant.

The alteration in his demeanor when he became aware of Mr. Bates standing before him was dramatic. It was as though he had suddenly seen a very funny joke and had been subjected to an electric current of high voltage at the same time. He sprang to his feet with extraordinary animation and his face was contorted from a somber melancholy to what seemed to be an almost demonic joy. It would be a solecism to say he looked as though a fortune had been left him. No one was at all likely to leave M. Dainopoulos a fortune. No one had ever left anything of value within his reach without regretting it extremely. It will suffice to say that his features registered a certain degree of pleasure upon seeing Mr. Bates.

"Why, my dear friend!" he exclaimed, in a sort of muffled scream, and he wrung the honest hand of Mr. Bates as though that gentleman had only that moment rescued him from a combination of drowning and bankruptcy. "And how are you? Sit down, if you please. What will you have to drink? You must be—what you call it?—dry. Ha-ha! Sit down. This is good luck. Your friend? I am very pleased. Sit down, please. Here!" He clapped his hands with frightful vehemence and held up a distracted waiter who was in full flight toward a distant table with a loaded tray. M. Dainopoulos, gently pressing Mr. Bates and Mr. Spokesly into two chairs, addressed the waiter as Herakles and gave him an order which sounded to his guests like a loose board being ripped forcibly from a nailed-up box.

Mr. Spokesly, sitting immediately opposite this monster of hospitality, was not favorably impressed. The long, emaciated face had the texture of the

uppers of an old buckskin shoe. The bloodshot brown eyes in their reddened sockets seemed in danger of falling into the great pouches of loose skin below them. The mouth, full of sharp yellow teeth and open as though about to yawn, had been slit back to the salience of the jaw at some time and had been sewn up in a sketchy fashion indicated by a white zigzag scar like a flash of lightning. As he talked, this scar worked with disconcerting vivacity. Mr. Spokesly turned with relief to the whiskies and sodas which appeared, borne by the industrious Herakles.

"And how is business?" asked Mr. Bates, having lifted his glass and set it down empty. Beyond three or four sherries and bitters and a couple of gin and vermouths before coming ashore, he had drunk nothing all day. He was thirsty. "And how is business?"

A simple question. And yet M. Dainopoulos did not render a simple answer. He regarded Mr. Bates for a moment and then turned his head cautiously to right and left. Preserving an impressive silence, he caught Mr. Spokesly's eyes and smiled, taking a suck at his *narghileh*. It was at this juncture that two French naval officers, seated at a distant table and smoking cigarettes in long ivory holders, exchanged opinions upon the folly of their British allies in permitting the officers of ships to come ashore in civilian attire.

"You are quite sure, of course, that they *are* officers of a transport?" said the elder, observing with attention.

"Quite, my commandant. From the *Tanganyika*, arrived to-day. The little one I know well. The other I observed upon the forecastle as she anchored."

"But what are they doing in company with *him*?"

The lieutenant raised his shoulders.

"I imagine, my commandant, that they do a little business in *hashish*. But in any case it is not what you imagine. The English do not spy."

"But Dainopoulos may use them, eh?"

"Impossible, my commandant. You do not know them. I do. As you are aware, I was in the Credit Lyonnaise in Lombard Street. If M. Dainopoulos attempted to enlist their services they would batter his head in with his own *narghileh*. They have no compunction about robbing their government by speculation, but treachery is not their *métier*. And our friend knows it quite well."

"Business," observed M. Dainopoulos, suddenly, "is very bad."

Mr. Bates seemed very amused at this and leaned over the dirty marble-topped table.

"Count us both in, my friend here and me, for the same as last time. How about it, eh?"

"Oh!" M. Dainopoulos pulled his extended frame up and put his elbows on the table, his eyes blinking quickly. "Oh, that's all right! Yes, certainly. But I mean to say business is very bad. You would not believe me, mister, but the chances that are going, and all for a little management, are lost! Incredible! Only this week"—here he lowered his voice so that Mr. Spokesly, who was listening with undivided attention, scarcely gathered the words—"only this week I could have made—ah! much money—if I had with me an Englishman who knows the business. Ten thousand drachmin, easy as that!" M. Dainopoulos snapped his fingers without a sound and looked depressed.

Mr. Bates did not look depressed. His smile evaporated and he looked down his nose into his mustache with an expression of ruffled propriety.

"I must say—" he began, after a pause. "Course, we hadn't arrived, but I should 'ave thought, seein' we was due here, you might have counted on me."

M. Dainopoulos regarded Mr. Bates as though he were sizing him up for the first time and found him to amount to an almost negligible quantity. And then he shook his head.

"No," he murmured in a muffled tone, "that's not what I meant. What

I wanted—too late now, of course—was a *kapitan*."

Mr. Bates, touching Mr. Spokesly's foot with his own, emitted a snigger right in the face of M. Dainopoulos.

"And what about it?" he queried, impudently. "My friend here's got a master's ticket. What's the matter with him? I'm surprised. . . ."

He was. To Mr. Bates it was unpleasant to discover that M. Dainopoulos should doubt his ability to cope with any situation which involved a financial reward. That gentleman, however, was not exclusively preoccupied with Mr. Bates and his emotions. He turned immediately to Mr. Spokesly, who sat quietly twisting his glass of whisky on the marble table. The pale, prominent, and bloodshot brown eyes examined Mr. Spokesly with passionless attention. M. Dainopoulos had filled many posts in his career. Quite apart from his participation in what he discreetly alluded to as "the wars," he had rendered some slight assistance to the builders of the Panama Canal as stoker on an excavator; he had worked in a felt-hat factory in Newark, New Jersey; he had been a waiter in a Greek café near Franklin Square; he had held, for a period, the position of clerk in the warehouse of a Turkish tobacco importer in London; and he had also been an assistant purser in one of the Rumanian Lloyd mail steamers which used to run from Costanya to Alexandria. He was one of those people who, as the saying is, "could write a book," which means they can do or have done almost everything except write a book. Such people are rarely of a literary turn. M. Dainopoulos certainly was not. But he had one faculty which, if literary people only knew it, is of use even in literature. He could size a man up. He waited, however, for Mr. Spokesly to make some comment.

"That's right enough," said the latter, leaning forward and smiling. "But I'd have to know a little more of the game, you understand. There's a war on, you know. Can't be too careful."

"True," assented M. Dainopoulos, reflectively, and keeping his prominent eyes fixed upon Mr. Spokesly. "You do not wish, then, to take a chance?"

"Oh, a *chance*!" Mr. Spokesly achieved a certain irony as he emphasized the last word. "Your ideas of a chance and mine might be different. S'pose we have another drink."

The watchful Herakles came near as Mr. Spokesly lifted his hand, and took the order.

The fact was—and it may be presumed that M. Dainopoulos perceived it sufficiently well to make allowance for it—that Mr. Spokesly, as he sat beside Archie Bates and listened to the conversation, had experienced a sudden access of caution. Archie was not drunk, and, as far as was humanly known, never would be drunk, but he was sufficiently saturated to raise a certain distrust in the mind of a perfectly sober man. It may even be said that while Mr. Spokesly had no clear intention of deserting his chum Archie, he was beginning to wish that Archie were not indispensable in any scheme that might be proposed. And the occasional looks which various British and French officers cast in their direction made Mr. Spokesly uneasy. He suddenly realized the other aspect of making money in a shady fashion—that one has to do business with shady people.

M. Dainopoulos, for example, looked extremely shady. Archie Bates, his long, sharp nose buried in a fresh whisky and soda, his hat pushed back and revealing the oiled, graying hair parted in the middle and slicked back above his ears with their purple veins—Archie, picking dreamily among the pieces of fish and beetroot which had been served on little dishes with the drinks, looked extraordinarily like a rat picking at garbage. All very well, Mr. Spokesly reflected, to buy *hashish* and sell it in Egypt at four or five hundred per cent profit, so long as the business could be transacted in a gentlemanly manner. But this new development—he did not see his way

clear to accepting M. Dainopoulos as an employer. He was not fastidious—he had worked for a Chinese shipowner—but the officers at the other tables, in their inconceivably correct uniforms and polished harness, made him uneasy.

Mr. Spokesly knew perfectly well that these people did not consider him as one of themselves. Even amid the noise and chaffering of a Salonika café, rubbing shoulders with the uniforms of French, Greek, Serbian, Russian, and Italian officers, these men of his own race, he knew, never forgot the abyss that separates the seafaring man from themselves, the social *crevasse* which even Armageddon was powerless to abolish. Nevertheless, he felt he could never abandon forever the possibility of entering, some day, the magic circle. It is this peculiarity of the English temperament which so often paralyzes its victim at the very moment when he needs to be in possession of all his faculties when the chance, perhaps of a lifetime, suddenly appears at his elbow.

But M. Dainopoulos, as has been said, could size a man up. He was intuitively aware that he had made no great impression upon Mr. Spokesly. And he had a special desire, now that chance had thrown them together, to engage the interest of a skilled navigator. He had received an offer which might result in a very large profit indeed. The business to which he had been referring, a mere matter of running a small cargo of canned goods down to a certain island and transferring it to an Austrian submarine, was a trifle. One could do that every day, right under the noses and beards of a dozen French naval officers. This was a much bigger affair. It involved the sale, at huge profit, of one of his little steamers, which he had purchased for a song from the French early in the war, but it also involved the safe conduct of the vessel into an enemy port. His friends in Anatolia might compensate him ultimately for the destruction of his ship by an Allied warship, and the crew could look out for themselves;

but if the captain lost her by grounding it would be a disaster of the first magnitude. All this passed through the nimble mind of M. Dainopoulos while Mr. Spokesly waited for further light on the nature of the service required. He saw the difficulty and, knowing the English character, he took his measure accordingly. He smiled.

"You come to my house and have some supper?" he remarked. "My wife would be pleased, I'm sure."

Mr. Spokesly looked at Archie Bates. That gentleman was no longer paying attention. In his own peculiar fashion he had arrived at some sort of intuitive recognition of the fact that M. Dainopoulos had no intention of letting him in on this affair. Well, that was all right, Mr. Bates reflected, in one of those appallingly clear and coherent moments which suddenly open in the mentality of dipsomaniacs. That was all right. They were making a lot of money. Big risk for him, but he was willing to shoulder it. By Jove! That last time in Port Said, when the police rushed into his cabin not five minutes after the laundryman, who also took his rake-off, had carried the stuff ashore in a boatload of dirty sheets! It was a near thing. Two hundred quid he had netted over that, paid in Turkish gold. And they had found the bit of burlap in which it had been wrapped. He saw the chief of police now, standing there, in his bright-red fez and white uniform, legs apart, holding the thing to his nose. *Hashish*, by Jove! A close call! "What's this?" Mr. Bates jumped and made the table shake. Mr. Spokesly was speaking. For a moment he had forgotten where he was. Little beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He smiled with relief.

"Shall we go?" repeated Mr. Spokesly. Somewhat to his surprise, Mr. Bates shook his head. He was still smiling with relief, for that brief moment, during which his consciousness had slipped back a couple of months, as it were, and re-enacted the scene in his cabin, had been very real. Five years

in an Egyptian penitentiary missed by five minutes and a quick-witted explanation! While he shook his head and smiled into Mr. Spokesly's face he was thinking that he would take twice as much this time, and he knew where to hide it. Moreover—and he smiled more like a cat than ever, the lines round his eyes deepening—he reflected that if Mr. Spokesly went in on this there was practically no risk at all. Nothing easier than to— Eh, what? No! He was going along to the Amphytrion to see a little friend of his. See them later. Aw—ri!

It was a notable feature of Mr. Bates's temperamental failing that it never affected his legs. And now, as he rose and went toward the door of Floka's, after a dignified farewell to M. Dainopoulos, although an occasional wandering eye fastened upon him for a moment, Mr. Bates never betrayed himself. He paused courteously at the door while a major with his brigadier in tow passed in, monocles reflecting the light in a blind white glare so that they resembled cyclops, and then he walked out gently himself, and was immediately lost in the noise and bustle of the Place.

M. Dainopoulos looked at Mr. Spokesly and thrust a thumb into the armhole of his coat.

"Your friend," he began, in a low mutter, "him and me we do big business—you understand?—but all the same he drink too much highball. No good, eh?"

"Well," said Mr. Spokesly, "he's his own master and he can please himself about that. To tell the truth, though, if there's anything in—what you were speaking of, I'd just as soon he wasn't in it. You see what I mean?" M. Dainopoulos nodded and drew at his *narghileh*. "He's a friend o' mine, and very good friend, too, but we got to draw a line somewhere." Again M. Dainopoulos nodded as he leaned across the table.

"And another thing!" he remarked, in his muffled tones, and he held the mouthpiece of the *narghileh* just in front of his lips, as though it were a speaking

tube and he was engaged in conversation with some one at the other end. He even cast his eyes down and seemed to abandon Mr. Spokesly entirely. "And another thing. Mr. Bates, he very fond—you know—very fond of the mademoiselles. That's all right. If you like them, very good. But Mr. Bates he comes all the time to me. Want me—you understand? But me, I got my family to think about. Now you understand? It is not respectable," added M. Dainopoulos, in a deep tone, and relapsed into silence and the *narghileh*.

Mr. Spokesly did not reply. Even when they had left the café and were being driven along the *quai* in the direction of the White Tower, on their left the dazzle and noise of *cafés chantants* and cinemas, on their right the intense darkness of the Gulf, he did no more than acquiesce in what M. Dainopoulos was saying. For, to tell the truth, Mr. Spokesly was making certain readjustments within himself. Neither Mr. Bates nor M. Dainopoulos was of vital importance to the growth of his soul, yet they came in here. They were backgrounds on which were silhouetted combinations novel to him. He had to find room in his mind for the conception of a shady person who cultivated the domestic virtues. Mr. Spokesly might be a man of inferior caliber, easily swayed by the prospect of easy money, but his mind swung naturally to the equilibriums of respectability. "All that," as he called it, "was a thing o' the past." He was tired of the shabby and meretricious byways he had frequented, in moderation, for so long. With more knowledge of introspection he would have known this as one of the signs of coming change. Coming events are very often a glorified reincarnation of dead desires. Dreams come true. Fortunate men recognize them in time.

"Your family?" said Mr. Spokesly, and the man beside him turned toward him and said, "When I say family I mean my wife."

Mr. Spokesly had no definite image

in his mind of the domestic arrangements of a man like M. Dainopoulos. The scarlet *tarbush* on that gentleman's head leaned the Englishman's fancy to a harem. In any case, the island race imagine that every Levantine who wears a fez is a Turk, that every Turk is a polygamist, and, finally, that polygamy implies a score or two of wives. But the tone in which M. Dainopoulos uttered the word "wife" precluded anything of this sort. It was a tone which Mr. Spokesly immediately comprehended. It was the tone in which Englishmen refer to their most valued possession and their embodied ideals. There is no mistaking it. There is nothing like it in the world. It is a tone implying an authorized and expurgated edition of the speaker's emotional odyssey.

"And so," he went on, "you can see how I don't want to get mixed up in any of these here places." And he opened his hand toward the subdued glare of the cafés and dance halls.

"Yes," Mr. Spokesly muttered, "I see, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Dainopoulos," said that gentleman.

"Mr. Dainopoulos, I'm no saint, y'understand, but all the same—well, a man wantssomethingy'understand? Besides," added Mr. Spokesly "'twixt you an' me an' the sternpost, I'm engaged."

(To be continued)

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed M. Dainopoulos, in that peculiarly gratifying fashion which seems to imply that this is the first betrothal announced since the Fall of Constantinople. "You don't tell! And I bet you what you like she's English, eh?"

"Yes, she's English, all right," said Mr. Spokesly, feeling somewhat embarrassed by his friend's triumphant cordiality. "Pretty safe bet, that," he added as the carriage stopped in front of a black, solid, wooden gate in a high yellow wall.

"Safe enough?" laughed M. Dainopoulos, not quite seizing the point intended. "Why, sure! Englishwomen are the best of all. I ought to know. Ha-ha!"

"I don't quite understand," Mr. Spokesly remarked, in a low tone. "How do you happen to know so much about 'em?"

M. Dainopoulos laughed again and handed the fare to the driver. He stepped out, held a bunch of keys to the light of the carriage lamp, and selected one. Then he beckoned to Mr. Spokesly to alight.

"I'll tell you, mister," he said, as he stooped, inserted the key, turned it, and pushed open the gate. "Because I married one myself."

FEUILLE-MORTE

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

HOW they go sailing the high Spring wind—
Autumn's old leaves how they wander far!
But the blithe young breeze—it is scarcely kind;
For they've nothing to do with the days that *are!*

I have some thoughts out of place and time.
Why should the Spring their hopes recall?
Up, for a moment, they flutter and climb;
The breeze deserts them, and downward they fall.

WITH DICKENS IN AMERICA

New Material from the Papers of Mrs. James T. Fields

EDITED BY M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE

PART I

WHEN Mrs. Fields wrote the "Personal Recollections" of Oliver Wendell Holmes which appear in her *Authors and Friends* she quoted, with a few changes prompted by modesty, this passage from a letter received from him at Christmas, 1881: "Except a few of my immediate family connections, no friends have seen me so often as a guest as did you and your husband. Under your roof I have met more visitors to be remembered than under any other. But for your hospitality I should never have had the privilege of personal acquaintance with famous writers and artists whom I can now recall as I saw them, talked with them, heard them in that pleasant library, that most lively and agreeable dining room. How could it be otherwise with such guests as he entertained with his own unflagging vivacity and his admirable social gifts?"

One of the visitors encountered more than once by Doctor Holmes at this memorable scene of hospitality, a house in Charles Street, Boston, now obliterated to make room for a monstrous garage, was Charles Dickens. Here was a guest after the host's own heart—and the hostess's. The host, James T. Fields, stood alone among publishers as a friend of the authors with whom it was his business to deal. Out of them all there was none with whom he came to stand on terms of closer sympathy and friendship than with Dickens. They had first met when Dickens came to America in 1842, and Fields was by no means the conspicuous figure he was to become. When he visited Europe in 1859–60 with

his young wife, whose personality was to contribute its own beauty and charm to the hospitality of 148 Charles Street for many years to come, they dined with Dickens in London, visited him at Gad's Hill, and had much discussion of a plan, which Fields had been urging upon him in correspondence, for Dickens to come to America for a course of readings. As early as in one of the letters of this time Dickens wrote to Fields, "Here I forever renounce 'Mr.' as having anything whatever to do with our communication, and as being a mere preposterous interloper." From such beginnings grew the intimacy which caused Dickens, when he drew up the humorous terms of a walking match between Dolby, his manager, and Osgood, Fields's partner, while the Boston readings of 1868 were in progress, to define Fields as "Massachusetts Jemmy" and himself as "the Gad's Hill Gasper" by virtue of his "surprising performances (without the least variation) on that true national instrument, the American catarrh."

The visits of Dickens to America, first in 1842, then in the winter of 1867–68, have been the subject of abundant chronicle. For the first of them there is the direct record of his *American Notes*, besides those indirect reflections in *Martin Chuzzlewit* which wrought an effect described by Carlyle in the characteristic saying that "all Yankee-doodledom blazed up like one universal soda bottle." Many memorials of the second visit are preserved in Fields's *Yesterdays with Authors*, and in John Forster's *Life* both visits are of course recorded.

There is, besides, one source of intimate record of Dickens in America which hitherto has remained almost untouched.¹ This is found in the diaries of Mrs. Fields, who for many years kept a journal preserving not merely her own sympathetic observations, but many things reported to her by her husband. To him it was largely due that Dickens crossed the Atlantic near the end of 1867. Landing in Boston, and soon beginning his extraordinarily popular readings, he found in the Charles Street house of the Fieldses a second home. "Steadily refusing all invitations to go out during the weeks he was reading," wrote Fields in his *Yesterdays with Authors*, "he went only into one other house besides the Parker, habitually, during his stay in Boston." In that house Mrs. Fields wrote the diaries from which the following passages are taken. There Dickens was not merely a warmly welcomed friend and guest at dinner, but for a time an inmate. Henry James, summoning after Mrs. Fields's death his remembrances of her and of her abode—her "waterside museum," as he characteristically called it, filled as it was with objects of association with a host of friends—found in it "certain fine vibrations and dying echoes" of all the episode of Dickens's second visit. "I liked to think of the house," he wrote, "I couldn't do without thinking of it, as the great man's safest harborage through the tremendous gale of those even more leave-taking appearances, as fate was to appoint, than we then understood."

In Dickens's state of physical health while the Fieldses were thus seeing him, lay the only token of an end not far off. All else was gayety and delight. The uncontrollable laughter (where does one hear quite parallel notes to-day?), the

simplicities of game and anecdote, the enthusiastic yielding of complete admiration, the glimpses of august figures of an earlier time—all these serve equally to take one back over more than half a century into a state of society about which an element of myth begins to form, and to bring out of that past the living, human figure of Dickens himself.

For the most part these extracts from the diaries call for no explanations.

November 18, 1867.—To-day the steamer is telegraphed with Dickens on board and the tickets for his readings have been sold. Such a rush! A long queue of people have been standing all day in the street—a good-humored crowd, but a weary one. The weather is clear but really cold, with winter's pinch in it.

November 19.— . . . Yesterday I adorned Mr. Dickens's room with flowers, which seemed to please him. He was in the best of good spirits with everything.

Thursday, November 21st.—Mr. Dickens dined here. Agassiz, Emerson, Judge Hoar, Professor Holmes, Norton, Greene, dear Longfellow, last not least, came to welcome. Dickens sat on my right, Agassiz at my left. I never saw Agassiz so full of fun. . . .

Dickens bubbled over with fun, and I could not help fancying that Holmes bored him a little by talking at him. I was sorry for this, because Holmes is so simple and lovely, but Dickens is sensitive, very. He is fond of Carlyle, seems to love nobody better, and gave the most irresistible imitation of him. His queer turns of expression often convulsed us with laughter, and yet it is difficult to catch them, as when in speaking of the writer of books always putting himself, his real self, in, "which is always the case," he said, "but you must be careful of not taking him for his next-door neighbor."

He spoke of the fineness of his Parisian audience—"the most delicately appreciative of all audiences." He also gave

¹ A few passages from it, relating to Dickens, are included in *James T. Fields: Biographical Notes and Personal Sketches*, brought out, anonymously, by Mrs. Fields in 1881. When they are occasionally used in these papers, it is in their original form, and not as Mrs. Fields edited them for publication.

a most ludicrous account of a seasick curate trying to read the service on board ship last Sunday. He tells us Browning is really about to marry Miss Ingelow, and of Carlyle that he is deeply saddened, irretrievably, by the death of his wife. Just as we were in a tempest of laughter over some witticism of his, he jumped up, seized me by the hand, and said good night. He neither smoked nor drank. "I never do either from the time my readings 'set in,'" he said, as if it were a rainy season. . . .

Among other interesting personal facts Dickens told us that he had last year burned all his private letters. An appeal from the daughter of Sydney Smith for some of his letters set him thinking on the subject, and one day when there was a big fire—[sentence unfinished].

Mr. Dickens left the table just as we were in a tempest of laughter. Dr. Holmes . . . was telling how inappreciative he had found some country audiences—one he remembered in especial when his landlady accompanied him to the lecture and her face, he observed, was the only one which relaxed its grimness! "Probably because she saw money enough in the house to cover your expenses," rejoined Dickens. That was enough; the laughter was prodigious. . . .

Wednesday, November 27.—What a pity that these days have flown while I have been unable to make any record of them. J. has been to walk each day with Dickens, and has come home full of wonderful things he has said. His variety is so inexhaustible that one can only listen in wonder.

Thursday, 28th.—Thanksgiving Day. J. took Dickens to see the Aldriches' house. He was very much amused by what he saw there and has written out a full account to his daughter, Mrs. Collins. . . .

I have made no record of our supper party of Wednesday evening. We had Alfred to wait, and a pretty supper and more important by far (tho' the first a consequent of the last) a pretty com-

pany. There were Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dolby, Helen Bell and Mrs. Silsbee, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, Mr. Hillard and Louisa and Mr. Beal. Mrs. Bell sang a little before supper ("Douglas" for one) very gracefully with real feeling. At nine o'clock oysters and fun began; finally Mr. Dickens told several ghost stories, but none of them more interesting than a little bit of clairvoyance or what-you-will, which he let drop concerning himself. He said a story was sent to him for *All the Year Round*, which he liked and accepted; just after the matter had been put in type he received a letter from another person altogether from the one who had forwarded it in the first place, saying that *he* and not the first man was the author, and in proof of his position he supplied a date which was wanting in the first paper. Curiously enough, Mr. Dickens, seeing the story hinged upon a date and the date being but a blank in the MS., had supplied one, as it were by chance, and, behold! *it was the same date which the new man had sent.*

Sunday.—Dined with Mr. Dickens at six o'clock. Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, Mr. Dolby and ourselves were the only guests. . . .

After dinner we played two or three games which I will set down lest they should be forgotten.

[Descriptions of "Buzz," "Russian Scandal," and another wholly innocent amusement may be omitted.]

Monday night, December 2, 1867.—The first great reading! How we listened till we seemed turned into one eyeball! How we all loved him! How we longed to tell him all kinds of confidences! How Jamie and he did hug in the anteroom afterward! What a teacher he seemed to us of humanity as he read out his own words which have enchanted us from childhood! And what a house it was! Longfellow, Dana, Norton (Mrs. Dana, Jr., and the three little Andrews went with us), and a world of lovely faces and ardent admirers.

Tuesday came Miss Dodge and Mrs.

Hawthorne, Julian, and Rose. The reading was quite as remarkable, tho' more quiet than that of the night before. As usual, we went to speak to him at his request after it was over. Found him in the best of spirits, but very tired. "You can't think," he said, "what resolution it requires to dress again after it is over!"

Monday, December 9th.—Left home at 8 A.M. for New York. The day was clear and cold, the journey somewhat long, but on the whole extremely agreeable. We only had each other to plague or amuse, as the case might be, and we had the new Christmas story of Dickens and Wilkie Collins (called *No Thoroughfare*) to read, and so by sufficient attention to the peculiarities or follies or troubles of our neighbors and some forgetfulness of our own we came to the Westminster Hotel at night in capital spirits but *rather* frozen physically. We had scant time to dress and dine and to go to the Dickens reading. We accomplished it, nevertheless. Saw the rapturous enthusiasm, heard the "Carol" far better read than in Boston, because the applause was more ready and he felt stimulated by it. Afterward Mr. D. sent for us to come to his room. He was fatigued, of course, but we sat at table with him and after a while he began to feel warmer as vigor returned. He brought out his jewels for us to see—a pearl Count D'Orsay once wore set with diamonds, etc.—laughed and talked about the way we dress and other bits of nonsense suggested by the time, all turned towards the fine light of Charles Dickens's lovely soul and returning with a fresh glass of beauty. We left early lest we should overfatigue him.

Wednesday, December 11.—At four Dickens came to dinner in our room with Eythinge and Anthony, his American designer and engraver. Afterward we went to the "Black Crook" together, and then home to the hotel, where we sat talking until one o'clock. There is nothing I should like so much to do as to set down every word he said in that

time, but much must go down to oblivion. . . .

He talked of actors and acting—said if a man's Hamlet was a sustained conception, it was not to be quarrelled with; the only question was, what a man of melancholy temperament would do under such circumstances. Talked of Charles Reade and the greatness of *Griffith Gaunt* and the pity of it that he did not stand on his own bottom instead of getting in with Dion Boucicault, etc., etc., but after dinner he unbent, and while we were in the box at the theatre showed how true his sympathies were with the actors, was especially careful to make no sound which could hurt their feelings by apparent want of attention. The play was very dull, so we sat and talked. He told me that no ballet dancer could have pretty feet, and one dreadful thing was they could never wash them, as water renders the feet tender and they must become horny. He asked about Longfellow's sorrow again and expressed the deepest sympathy, but said he was like a man purified by suffering.

We had punch in our room after the play, when he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks over Bob Sawyer's party and the remembrance of the laughter he had seen depicted on the faces of people the night before. Jack Hopkins was such a favorite with J. that D. made up the face again and went over the necklace story until we roared aloud. At length he began to talk of Fechter and to describe the sensitive character of the man. He saw him first quite by accident in Paris, having strolled into a little theatre there one night. He was making love to a woman, and so elevated her as well as himself by the sentiment in which he enveloped her that they trod into purer ether and in another sphere quite lifted out of the present. "By heavens!" I said, 'a man who can do this can do anything!' I never saw two people more purely and instantly elevated by the power of love. The manner in which he presses the hem of the dress of Lucy in the 'Bride of Lammer-

moor' is something surpassing speech and simply wonderful. The man has a thread of genius in him which is unmistakable, yet I should not call him a man of genius exactly, either." Mr. Dickens described him as a man full of plans for plays, one who had lost much money as a manager, too. He was apt to come down to Gad's Hill with his head full of plans about a play which he wished Mr. Dickens to write out and which Fechter would act in the writing room, using Mr. Dickens's small pillow for a baby in a manner to make the latter feel, if Fechter were but a writer, how marvelous his powers of representation would be. "I, who for so many years have been studying the best way of putting things, felt utterly amazed and distanced by this man."

Before the end of our talk Mr. Dickens became penetrated by the memory of his friend and brought him before us in all the warmth of ardent sympathy. Fechter is sure to come to this country: we are sure to have the happiness of knowing him (if we all live), and in that event I shall consider last night as the beginning of a new friendship.

Sunday, December 22.—Another week has gone. We are again at home in our dear little nook by the Charles and tonight the lover of Christmas comes to have dinner with us. We had a merry time last Sunday, and after we had separated the hotel must needs take fire—to be sure, I had been packing and was in my first sleep and knew nothing distinctly of it, but it was an escape all the same and Mr. Dickens rushed out to help, as he always seems to do. . . .

At night came Mr. Dickens and Mr. Dolby, Mr. Lowell and Mabel, Mr. and Mrs. Dorr, to dinner. It was really a beautiful Christmas festival, as we intended it should be for the love of this new apostle of Christmas. Mr. Dickens talked all the time, as he always will do, generously, when the moment comes that he sees it is expected, of Sir Sam. Baker, of Froude, of Fechter again, this time as if he did not know the man, but spoke

critically as if he were a stranger, seeing Lowell's face when his name was mentioned, which inclined itself sneeringly.

We played games at table afterward, which turned out so queerly that we had storms of laughter.

What a shame it is to write down anything respecting one's contact with Charles Dickens and have it so slight as my accounts are, but the subtle turns of conversation are so difficult to render—the way in which he represents the woman who will not on any account be induced to look at him while he is reading and at whom he looks steadily, endeavoring to compel the eyes to move—all these queer turns are too delicate to be set down. I thought I should have had a convulsion of laughter when Mrs. Dorr said Miss Laura Howe sat down in her (Mrs. D.'s) room and wrote out a charade in such an unparalleled and brilliant manner that nobody could have outshone her—not even the present company. "In the same given time, I trust?" said Dickens. "No, no," said the lady, persistently.

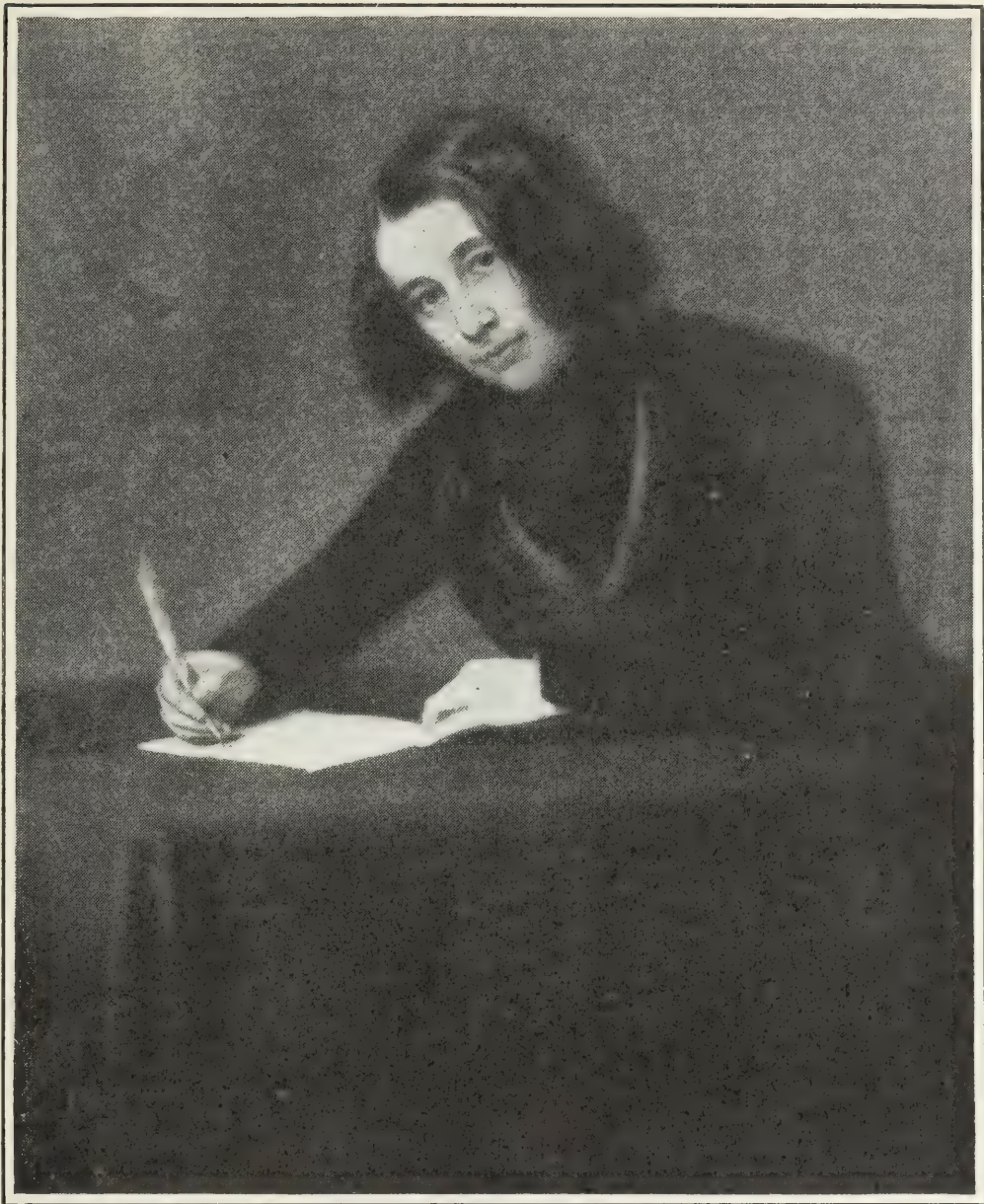
December 31st.—The year goes out clear and cold. The moon was marvelously bright last night and every time I woke there she was with her attendant star looking freshly in upon us sleeping mortals in her eternal, unwearied way. We received a letter from Charles Dickens yesterday saying he was coming to stay with us when he returns. What a pleasure this will be to us! We anticipate his coming with continual delight! To have him as much as we can, at morning, noon, and night.

[The letter, long preserved in an American copy of *A Christmas Carol* on the shelves of the Charles Street library, throws a light of its own on the physical handicaps with which Dickens was struggling through all this time.]

WESTMINSTER HOTEL, NEW YORK,
Sunday, Twenty Ninth December, 1867.

MY DEAR FIELDS:

When I come to Boston for the two readings of the 6th and 7th I shall be alone, as Dolby must be selling else-



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES DICKENS BY FRANCIS ALEXANDER

For many years in the drawing-room of the Fields house, and now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts

where. If you and Mrs. Fields should have no other visitor, I shall be very glad indeed on this occasion to come to you. It is very likely that you may have some one with you. Of course you will tell me so if you have, and I will then embellish the Parker House.

Since I left Boston last, I have been so miserable that I have been obliged to call in a Dr.—Dr. Fordyce Barker, a very agreeable fellow. He was strongly inclined to stop the Readings altogether for some few days, but I pointed out to him how we stood committed, and how I must go on if it could be done. My

great terror was yesterday's Matinée, but it went off splendidly. (A very heavy cold indeed, an irritated condition of the uvula, and a restlessly low state of the nervous system, were your friend's maladies. If I had not avoided visiting, I think I should have been disabled for a week or so.)

I hear from London that the general question in society is, what will be blown up next by the Fenians.

With love to Mrs. Fields, Believe me,
Ever affectionately yours,

And hers,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Saturday night, January 4th.—All in readiness. Mr. Dickens arrived punctually with Mr. Osgood at half past nine. Hot supper was soon in order and we put ourselves at it. The dear "chief" was in the best of good humor in spite of a cold which hangs about him and stuffs up head and throat, only leaving him for



FROM A CRAYON PORTRAIT OF MRS. JAMES T. FIELDS
MADE BY ROWSE IN 1863

two hours at night when he reads. 'Tis something to be in first-rate mood with such a cold. . . .

The Readings have been so successful in New York he cannot fail to be pleased, and he does not fail to show it. Kate Field New Year's Eve placed a basket of flowers on his table; he had seen her bright eyes and sensitive face, he said. I was glad for Kate because he wrote her a little note, which pleased her, of course. . . .

Wednesday, January 8th, 12 A.M.—I take up the pen again, having bade our guest a most unwilling farewell. Last night he read *Copperfield* and the Trial from *Pickwick*. It was an enormous house, packed in every extremity, receipts in gold about five hundred and ten pounds!! He was pleased, naturally, and read marvellously well even for him. He was somewhat excited and a good deal tired when he returned, and in spite of a light supper and stiff glass of punch which usually contains soporific qualities he could not sleep until near morning. He has been in the best of spirits during this visit—when he came downstairs last night to take a cup of coffee before leaving he turned to J., saying, "The hour has almost come when I to sulphurous and tormenting gas must render up myself!" He has been afflicted with catarrh which comes and goes and distracts him with a buzzing in his head. It usually leaves him for the two reading hours. This is convenient, but it probably returns with worse force afterward.

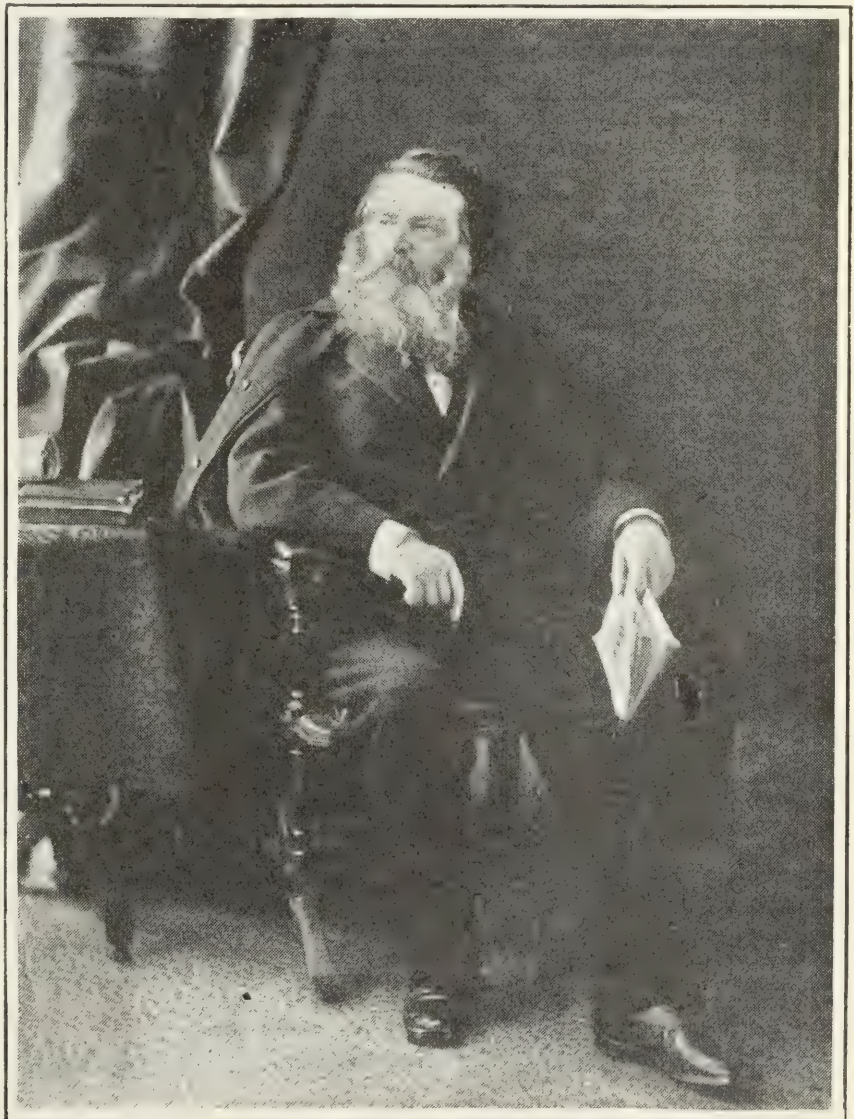
Sunday night dinner went off brilliantly. Longfellow, Appleton, Mr. and Mrs. Thaxter came to meet "the chief" and ourselves. Unfortunately there was one empty seat which Rowse, the artist, had promised to fill, but was ill at the last and could not—curiously enough we had asked Osgood, Miss Putnam, and Mr. Gay besides, all kept away by accident when they would have given their eyes to come. In the course of the day he had been to see (with O. W. H.) the

ground of the Parkman murder which has lately been so clearly described by Sir Emerson Tennent in *All the Year Round*; in the evening the talk turned naturally enough that way, when after much surmise with regard to the previous life of the man, Mr. Longfellow looked up and with an assured, clear tone, said: "Now I have a story to tell! A year or two before this event took place Dr. Webster invited a party of gentlemen to a dinner at his house, I believe to meet some foreigner who was interested in science. The doctor himself was a chemist and after dinner he had a large bowl placed in the centre of the table with some chemical mixture in it which he set on fire after turning the lamp low. A lurid light came from the bowl which caused a livid look upon the faces of those who sat round the table, and while all were observing the ghastly effect Dr. Webster rose and, pulling a bit of rope from somewhere about his person, put it around his neck, reached his head over the bowl to heighten the effect, hung it on one side, and lolled his tongue out to give the appearance of a man who had been hanged!!! The whole scene was terrible and ghastly in the extreme and, remembered in the light of what followed, had a prescience frightful to contemplate."¹

Appleton did not talk as much as usual, and we were rather glad, but Mrs. Thax-

¹ See Forster's *Life*, III, 368, for the same story told by Dickens in a letter to Lord Lytton, without naming Longfellow as the narrator.

ter's story took strong hold on Dickens's fancy and he told me afterward that when he awaked in the night he thought of her. I have seldom sat at dinner with a gentleman more careful and fine in his choice and taste of food and drink than C. D. The idea of his ever passing the bounds of temperance is an absurdity not to be thought of for a moment. In this respect he is quite unlike Mr. Thackeray, who at times both ate and drank inordinately, and without doubt shortened his life by his carelessness in these particulars. John Forster, C. D.'s old friend, is quite ill with gout and some other ails, so C. D. writes him long letters full of his experiences. We breakfast at half past nine punctually, he on a rasher of bacon and an egg and a cup of tea, always preferring this same thing.



JAMES T. FIELDS, DICKENS'S AMERICAN HOST AND FRIEND

Afterward we talk or play with the sewing machine or anything else new and odd to him. Then he sits down to write until one o'clock, when he likes a glass of wine and biscuit, and afterward goes to walk until nearly four, when we dine. After dinner, reading days, he will take a cup of strong coffee, a tiny glass of brandy, and a cigar, and likes to lie down for a short time to get his voice in order. His man then takes a portmanteau of clothes to the reading hall, where

Gads Hill Place,

Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday 5th October, 1869.

Dear Fido

Delighted to enjoy the
 prospect of seeing you and yours on
 Saturday. Wish you had been at
 Birmingham. Wish you were not going
 home. Wish you had had nothing to do
 with the Byron matter. Wish Mrs
 Stowe was in the pillory. Wish her
 feet had gone over when he
 ought. Wish he may not go under
 when he ought.
 With love

Her affectionate friend
 Charles Dickens

A NOTE FROM DICKENS TO FIELDS

he dresses for the evening. Upon our return we always have supper and he brews a marvellous punch which usually makes us all sleep like tops after the excitement. The perfect kindliness and sympathy which radiates from the man is, after all, the secret never to be told, but always to be studied and to thank God for. His rapid eyes, which nothing can escape, eyes which when he first appears upon the stage seem to interro-

gate the lamps and all things above and below (like exclamation points, Aldrich says), are unlike anything before in our experience. There are no living eyes like them, swift and kind, possessing none of the bliss of ignorance, but the different bliss of one who sees what the Lord has done and what, or something of what, he intends. Such charity! Poor man! He must have learned great need for that. . . . He is a man who has suffered, evidently. Georgina Hogarth he always speaks of in the most affectionate terms, such as "she has been a mother to my children," "she keeps the list of the wine cellar, and every few days examines to see what we are now in want of."

I hardly know anything more amusing than when he begs not to be "set a-going" on one of his readings by a quotation or otherwise, and [it is] odd enough to hear him go on, having been so touched off. He has been a great student of Shakespeare, which appears often in his talk. His love of the theatre is something which never pales, he says, and the people who go upon the stage, however poor their pay or hard their lot, love it, he thinks, too well ever to adopt another vocation of their free will. One of the oddest sights a green room presents, he says, is when they are collecting chil-

dren for a pantomime. For this purpose the prompter calls together all the women in the ballet and begins giving out their names in order, while they press about him, eager for the chance of increasing their poor pay by the extra pittance their children will receive. "Mrs. Johnson, how many?" "Two, sir." "What years?" "Seven and ten." "Mrs. B."—and so on until the requisite number is made up. He says where one



THE FIELDS DRAWING-ROOM AT 148 CHARLES STREET

Mrs. Fields is seated at the window; Miss Sarah Orne Jewett at right

member of a family obtains regular employment at the theatre, others are sure to come in after a time; the mother will be in the wardrobe, children in pantomime, elder sisters in the ballet, etc.

When we asked him to return to us, he said he must be loyal to "the show" and, having three or four men with him, ought to be at an hotel where he could attend properly to the business. He never forgets the needs of those who are dependent upon him, is liberal to his servants (and to ours also) and liberal in his heart to all sorts and conditions of men.

I have one deeply seated hope, that he will read for the Freed people before he leaves the country, and I cannot help thinking he will. . . .

[For more than a month from the time of this entry Dickens was carrying the triumph of his readings into other cities than Boston. There he had left a

faithful defender in the person of Mrs. Fields, who wrote in her diary on January 26, 1868: "It is odd how prejudiced people have allowed themselves to become about Dickens. I seldom make a call where his name is introduced that I do not feel the injustice done to him personally, as if mankind resented the fact that he had excited more love than most men." As his return to Boston drew near, she wrote, February 18th: "We are anticipating and doorkeeping for the arrival of our friend. Whatever unpleasant is said of Charles Dickens I take almost as if said against myself. It is so hard to help this when you love a friend." On February 21st there is the entry: "We go to Providence to-night to hear 'Dr. Marigold.' I have been full of plans for next week, which is to be a busy season with us of company."]

Saturday, February 22.—We have heard "Marigold"! To be sure, the audi-

ence was sadly stupid and unresponsive, but we were penetrated by* it. . . . What a night we had in Providence! Our beds were comfortable enough, for which we were deeply thankful, but none of the party slept, I believe, except Mr. Dolby, and his rest was inevitably cut short in the morning by business. I believe I lay awake from pure pleasure after such a treat. Hearing "Marigold" and having supper afterward with the dear great man. We played a game at cards which was most curious—indeed, something more—so much more that I have forgotten to be afraid of him.

[In writing the chapter, "Glimpses of Emerson," in *Authors and Friends*, Mrs. Fields drew freely upon the entry that here follows in its fullness.]

Tuesday morning, February 25.—Somewhat fatigued. The "Marigold" went off brilliantly. He never read better nor was more universally applauded. Mr. Emerson came down to go and passed the night here; of course we sat talking until late, he being much surprised at the artistic perfection of the performance. It was queer enough to sit by his side, for when his stoicism did at length break down, he laughed as if he must crumble to pieces at such unusual bodily agitation, and with a face on as if it hurt him dreadfully—to look at him was too much for me, already full of laughter myself. Afterward we all went in to shake hands for a moment.

When we came back home Mr. Emerson asked me a great many questions about C. D. and pondered much. Finally he said, "I am afraid he has too much talent for his genius; it is a fearful locomotive to which he is bound and can never be free from it nor set at rest. You see him quite wrong, evidently; and would persuade me that he is a genial creature, full of sweetness and amenities and superior to his talents, but I fear he is harnessed to them. He is too consummate an artist to have a thread of

nature left. He daunts me! I have not the key."

When Mr. Fields came in he repeated, "Mrs. Fields would persuade me he is a man easy to communicate with, sympathetic and accessible to his friends, but her eyes do not see clearly in this matter, I am sure." "Look for yourself, dear Mr. Emerson," I answered, laughing, "and then report to me afterward."

While we were enjoying ourselves in this way a great change has come to the country. The telegram arrived during the Reading bringing the news of the President's impeachment, 126 against 47. Since Johnson is to be thrust out and since another revolution is upon us (Heaven help us that it be a peaceful one) we can only be thankful that the majority is so large. Mr. Dickens's account of the ability of Johnson, of his apparent integrity and of his present temperance, as contrasted with the present (reported) failures of Grant in this respect, have made me shudder, for I presume Grant is inevitably the next man. Mrs. Agassiz was evidently pleased with the appearance of General Grant and his wife. She liked their repose of manner and ease; but I think this rather a shallow judgment because poise and ease of manner belong to the coarsest natures and to the finest; in the latter it is conquest; and this is why these qualities have so high a place in the esteem of man; but it is likewise the gift of society people who neither feel nor understand the varied natures with whom they come in contact.

Longfellow is at work on a tragedy, of which no words are spoken at present. To-day Mr. Dickens does not go out; he is writing letters home. Yesterday he and J. walked seven miles, which is about their average generally. . . .

February 27.—Longfellow's birthday. Last night Dickens went to a supper at Lowell's and J. passed the evening with Longfellow. L.'s tragedy comes on apace. He looks to Fechter to help him. Dickens has doubtless done much to

quicken him to write. He has two nearly finished in blank verse, both begun since this month came in. J. returned at half past eleven, bringing an unread newspaper in his pocket which L. had lent him, telling him to read something to me about Dickens and return. Ah me! We could have cried as we read! It was the saddest of sad letters, written at the time the separation from his wife took place. The gentleman to whom he wrote it has died and the letter has stolen into print. I only hope the poor man may never see it.

To-night he reads "Carol" and "Boots" and sups here with Longfellow afterward.

Sunday, March 1st.—What a week we

have had! I feel utterly weary this morning, although I *did* start up with exceeding bravery and walked four miles just after breakfast in order to see that the flowers were right at church and to ask some people to dinner to-day who could not, however, come. The air was very keen and exciting and I did not know I was tired until I came back and collapsed. Our supper came off Thursday, but *without* Dickens. His cold had increased upon him seriously and he was really ill after his long, difficult reading. But Longfellow was perfectly lovely, so easily pleased and so deeply pleased with my little efforts to make this day a fes-

Cider Cup

Put into a large jug, 4 or 6 lumps of sugar (according to size) and the thin rind of a lemon. Pour in a very little boiling water, and thrust a napkin into the top of the jug so as to exclude the air. Leave it to stand, ten minutes, and then stir well. Add two wine-glasses of sherry, and one wine-glass of brandy. Stir again. Add one bottle of cider (bottle in bottle), and one bottle of soda water. Stir again. Then fill up with ice. If there be any borage, put in a good handful, as you would put a nosegay into water. Stir up well, before serving.

Champagne cup.

Put into a large jug, 4 good ~~large~~ lumps of sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon. Cover up and stir, as above. Add a bottle of champagne, and a good tumbler and a half of sherry. Stir well. Then fill up with ice. Borage as above. Stir up well, before serving.

Moselle Cup

4 good lumps of sugar, and the thin rind of a lemon, as above. Cover up and stir, as above. Add a bottle of (still) Moselle, and a tumbler full of sherry. Then, ice as before. ^{a few strips of} wild thyme, or of ^{a better} ~~jasmine~~ ^{rosemary}, are better for this delicate cup than borage. Stir well, before serving.

Claret cup.

4 or 6 lumps of sugar, as before; give the preference to 6. The thin rind of a lemon as above. Cover up and stir, as above. Add a wine glass of brandy, then a bottle of claret, then half a bottle of soda water. Then stir well and grate in nutmeg. Then add the ice. If borage be used for this cup, half the Cider Cup quantity will be found quite sufficient. Stir well, before serving.

* The best substitute for borage is a strip or two of the rind of a fresh cucumber. But it must not be left in the cup more than 10 minutes, or its flavor will be too strong. ^{It is easily taken out with the} spoon, as it will probably lie on the top of the ice. None of these cups should be made more than a quarter of an hour before serving. Never pour out of the jug, without first stirring.

Charles Dickens

His mark

tival time. Dickens and Whittier both sent affectionate and graceful notes when they found they really could not come. Our company stayed until two A.M., Emerson never more talkative and good. He is a noble purifier of the social atmosphere, always keeping the talk simple as possible but up to the highest pitch of thought and feeling.

Friday, the Dana girls, Sallie and Charlotte, passed the night with us and went to the reading and shook hands with Mr. Dickens afterward. They were perfectly happy when they went away yesterday. . . .

[The walking match between Dolby and Osgood to which the following paragraph refers has already been mentioned. The elaborately humorous conditions of the contest, drawn up by Dickens, are printed in *Yesterdays with Authors*. "We have had such a funny paper from Dickens to-day," Mrs. Fields had written in her diary, on February 5th, "that it can only describe itself—Articles drawn up arranging for a walk and dinner upon his return here, as if it were some fierce legal document."]

I had barely time yesterday, after the girls left, to dress and prepare some flowers and some lunch and make my way in a carriage first to the Parker House at Mr. Dickens's kind request to see if all the table arrangements were perfect for the dinner. I found he had done everything he could think of to make the feast go off well and had really left nothing for me to suggest, so I turned about and drove over the mill-dam, following Messrs. Dickens, Dolby, Osgood, and Fields, who had left just an hour before on a walking match of six miles out and six in. This agreement was made and articles drawn up several weeks ago, signed and sealed in form by all the parties, to come off without regard to the weather. The wind was blowing strong from the northwest, very cold, and the snow blowing, too. They had turned and were coming back when I

came up with them. Osgood was far ahead and, after saluting them all and giving a cheer for America, discovering too that they had refreshed on the way, I drove back to Mr. Osgood, keeping near him and administering brandy all the way in town. The walk was accomplished in precisely two hours forty-eight minutes. Of course Mr. Dickens stayed by his man, who was beaten out and out. They were all exhausted, for the snow made the walking extremely difficult, and they all jumped into carriages and drove home with great speed to bathe and sleep before dinner.

At six o'clock we were assembled, eighteen of us, for dinner, looking our very best (I hope)—at least we all tried for that, I am sure—and sat punctually down to our elegant dinner. I have never seen a dinner more beautiful. Two English crowns of violets were at the opposite ends of the table and flowers everywhere arranged in perfect taste. I sat at Mr. Dickens's right hand and next Mr. Lowell. Mrs. Norton sat the other side of our host and he divided his attention loyally between us. He talked with me about Spiritualism as it is called, the humbug of which excites his deepest ire, although no one could believe more entirely than he in magnetism and the unfathomed ties between man and man. He told me many curious things about the traps which had been laid by well-meaning friends to bring him into "spiritual" circles. But he said, "If I go to a friend's house for the purpose of exposing a fraud in which she believes I am doing a very disagreeable thing and not what she invited me for. Forster and I were invited to Lord Dufferin's to a little dinner with Home. I refused, but Forster went, saying beforehand to Lord Dufferin that Home would have no spirits about if he came. Lord Dufferin said, 'Nonsense,' and the dinner came off, but they were hardly seated at table when Home announced that there was an adverse influence present and the spirits would not appear. 'Ah,' said Forster, 'my spirits

in this case were clearer than yours, for they told me before I came that there would be no manifestations to-night."

Speaking of dreams, he said he was convinced that no man (judging from his own experience, which could not be altogether singular, but must be a type of the experience of others), he believed no writer, neither Shakespeare nor Scott nor any other who had ever invented a character, had ever been known to dream about the creature of his imagination. It would be like a man's dreaming of meeting himself, which was clearly an impossibility. Things exterior to oneself must always be the basis of our dreams. This talk about characters led him to say how mysterious and beautiful the action of the mind was around any given subject. "Suppose," he said, "this wine-glass were a character, fancy it a man, endue it with certain qualities, and soon fine filmy webs of thoughts almost impalpable coming from every direction and yet we know not from where, spin and weave around it until it assumes form and beauty and becomes instinct with life. . . ."

Mr. Lowell asked him some question in a low voice about the country, when I heard him say presently that it was very much grown up, indeed he should not know oftentimes that he was not in England, things went on so much the same and with very few exceptions (hardly worth mentioning) he was let alone precisely as he would have been there.

He loves to talk of Gad's Hill and stopped joyfully from other talk to tell me how his daughter Mary arranged his table with flowers. He speaks continually of her great taste in combining flowers. "Sometimes she will have nothing but water lilies," he said, as if the memory were a fragrance.

Some one has said, "We cannot love and be wise." I will gladly give away the inconsistent wisdom, for Jamie and I are truly penetrated with grateful love to C. D. . . .

Wednesday, March 3rd.—Mr. Dickens

VOL. CXLIV.—No. 864.—91

came over last night with Messrs. Osgood and Dolby to pass the evening and have a little punch and supper and a merry game with us. . . .

They left punctually before eleven, having promised the driver they would not keep him waiting in the cold. Jamie has every day long walks with him. He has told him much regarding the forms and habits of his life. He is fond of "Gad's Hill," and his "dear daughters" and their aunt, Miss Hogarth, make his home circle. What a dear one it is to him can be seen whenever his thought turns that way and if his letters do not come punctually he is in low spirits. He is a great actor and artist, but above all a great and loving and well-beloved man. (This I cling to in memory of Mr. Emerson's dictum.)

I am deep in Carlyle's history and every little thing I hear chimes in with that. After *the* dinner (at the Parker) the other night, Mr. Dickens thought he would take a warm bath, but, the water being drawn, he began playing the clown in pantomime on the edge of the bath (with his clothes on) for the amusement of Dolby and Osgood; in a moment and before he knew where he was he had tumbled in head over heels, clothes and all. A second and improved edition of *Les Noyades* I thought. Surely this book is a marvel of thought and labor. Why, why have I left it unknown to myself until now? I fear, unlike Lowell, it is because I could not read eighteen uninterrupted hours without apoplexy or some other 'exy which would destroy what power I have forever.

March 6th.—Mr. Dickens dined here last night without company except Messrs. Dolby and Osgood and Howells. We had a very merry time. They had been to visit the Cambridge Printing Office in the afternoon and had been shown so many things that "the chief" said he began to think he should have a bitter hatred against any mortal who undertook to show him anything else in the world and laughed immoderately at J. T. F.'s proposition to show him the

new fruit house afterward. We all had a game of Nincomtwitch and separated rather early because we were going to a party, and as C. D. shook me by the hand to say good-bye he said he hoped we would have a better time at this party than *he* ever had at any party in all *his* life. A part of the dinner time was taken up by half guess and half calculation of how far Mr. Dickens's manuscript would extend in a single line. Mr. Osgood said 40 miles. J. said 100,000 (!!) I believe they are really going to find out. C. D. said *he* felt as if it would go farther than 40 miles and was inclined to be "down" on Osgood until he saw him doing figures in his

head after a fearful fashion. All this amusing talk served to give one a strange, weird sensation of the value of words over time and space; these little marks of immeasurable value covering so slight a portion of the rough earth! Howells talked a little of Venice, thought the Ligurians lived better than the Venetians. C. D. said they ate but little meat when *he* lived in Genoa; chiefly "pasta" with a good soup poured over it. . . .

He leaves Boston to-day, to return the first of April, so I will end this poor little surface record here, hoping always that the new sheet shall have something written down of a deeper, simpler, and more inseeing nature.

(To be continued)

THE PHILOSOPHERS

BY ROBERT GRAVES

THOUGHT has a bias,
Direction a bend,
Space its inhibitions,
Time a dead end.

Is whiteness white?
Oh, then, call it black:
Farthest from the truth
Is yet halfway back.

Effect ordains Cause,
Head swallowing its tail;
Does whale engulf sprat,
Or sprat assume whale?

Contentions weary,
It giddies us to think,
Then kiss, girl, kiss!
Or drink, fellow, drink!

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE

BY MARY S. WATTS

WEST from Pittsburgh, the passenger in berth Number Seven noted an increasing gentleness in the landscape; the freshness in the air had lost the austere distinction imparted by piny mountain woods or salt water, and this side the Alleghanies the year went about its ordered miracles earlier. A thaw had set in, the streams were at flood, the wheatfields ribbed with green; and when the train paused awhile on some siding between pasture lands one became aware of a multitudinous small life busy and vocal everywhere. The spring panorama should have been attractive in its homely fashion; that Number Seven did not find it so she decided with humorous, half-cynical regret to be her own fault. Of old she knew it well; she was of the Middle West by birth; impossible to review it without a certain warmth of feeling. Otherwise her attitude of mind approximated that of the newly landed alien, whom, indeed, after her recent expatriation, she resembled, though without sharing his wonder and perplexity; the spectacle of town and countryside defaced and adorned with an equal innocent tastelessness did not irritate or amuse her; it merely depressed.

In spite of a self-control so practiced as to govern even her slightest movements, and in spite of a kind of inborn sophistication that enforced certain gracious proprieties of behavior, she betrayed some nervousness as the train drew steadily westward, fidgeting a little with her gloves, her veil, rearranging her satchel with minute unnecessary care, glancing continually at her watch, which warned her that there remained only a few miles of this part of the journey. At moments a feeling uncomfortably like fright invaded her; she

told herself fervently that she did hope there would be no scene, no emotional outbreaks, above all no hollow demonstrations of sentiment. With a faint smile she reflected that Jane at least might be depended on to keep romance in abeyance; Jane was not likely to embarrass anybody with efforts at understanding or flights of imaginative sympathy! It was the young girl whom the dramatic aspects of the situation might warrantably move, but in what way could not be forecast. She leaned forward upon an abrupt impulse, studying her face in the narrow slip of looking-glass between the windows. The position and light were not the most favorable, revealing crows' feet, dulled coloring, the coarsening textures of fifty; and she retreated into the corner of the seat with a shrug, a philosophical grimace, advising herself that in her best days she had never been notably pretty, and that it should not be so hard for a homely or next-door-to-homely woman to grow old as for a handsome one; besides, with a vanity of which she was humorously conscious she took comfort in the conviction that there had always been something about her as attractive as beauty and more enduring—or so people seemed to think, at any rate; it had been said and put in print often enough, and she had had abundant, tangible proofs of some sort of attraction—letters, offerings—from men, of course. Possibly they were not the most select types of men, she thought with the little smile in which many critics professed to discover a wistful mockery infinitely subtle and alluring; no, they were scarcely heroes, nevertheless almost any young girl would look upon them as a vindication.

The porter came ingratiatingly with

his whisk broom. "Next stop's Acme, ma'am; on'y ten minutes now."

She got up, with renewed inward flutter, and submitted to his ministrations. A passenger emerged from the asylum for smokers at the end of the car and promenaded the aisle, casually inventorying her, a procedure which she bore with the indifference of habit. Indeed, she was scarcely conscious of his stare at all, in her preoccupation as she felt the train slowing down, and stooped to look out of the window. The place had not changed, in this quarter, at least; it might have been yesterday that intervened, instead of twenty years, since she last set foot in it. In gliding procession there came the brickyards, the Cooperage Company's buildings, the long corrugated-iron freight shed, the stock pens; the gates were down at the Miami Street crossing, a trolley car and a load of hay waiting on the other side of them; the train jolted to a standstill beside a species of cinder dike across the waste of spring mud to the station platform. Farther along they would be putting off the mail sacks; the Mercer House hack would be standing around the corner of the baggage room; she felt the cinders crunch underfoot; the porter handed her her bag and swung back on to the car.

In the smokers' retreat one of the men remarked to the other: "Did you notice that woman that got off just now? Tall, thin, light-haired woman—did you see her?"

"No. Why? What about her?"

"Oh, why, nothing about her—only I just thought you might have noticed. She's an actress. I've seen her on the stage. I thought I knew her—knew who she was, I mean, you know—and after I took a good look I was sure. Name's Saffrans—Ada Saffrans—well, that's her stage name, anyhow." He paused, and then reiterated with great firmness: "I *knew* I knew her. It's been some time—"

"Actress, uh? Is she any good?"

"Well, it's been some time," repeated the well-informed one, more reservedly.

"She used to be. I don't know whether she's on the stage any more now—it's been a good while. But she *was* very good at one time—these high-class, society parts, you know. She used to look a little like Ellen Terry—she probably got herself up to exaggerate it, purposely; they do, you know. But she did really look like her. Yeah, she was good; she could act. I've seen her often—that kind of light society plays, you know—"

Mrs. Saffrans, meanwhile, stood for a moment hesitant in sudden uneasiness, although she had more than once imaginatively envisaged just this act with its attendant risks. Some people had got off the day coaches and were being welcomed by others in gales of volubility; a mud-plastered automobile was rounding to alongside the little brick esplanade; the baggageman trundled briskly to and fro. Aloof and unavoidably conspicuous, the fear of recognition hovered over her. But not for long; the glances were incurious, or at most interested only in her black traveling clothes of supremely accurate cut, and her gracefully ample furs. She herself could not name a soul in sight, or even detect a likeness to any ancient acquaintance. They were almost all too young, she perceived on a sudden with relief touched with a chagrin that moved her to ironical amusement—much too young to remember or to have been told anything about her. She was eternally forgetting that a new generation—Isabelle's generation!—had arisen in this while that seemed so brief. In the waiting room it was the same story; half a dozen loungers, not one of whom could be remotely connected with the Acme of the 'nineties, eyed her impassively as she went up to the ticket-office window. Yes, there was an east-bound train at two, she was told, but it was the flier and did not stop; she could take the accommodation at twelve-forty-five and get off at Columbus. There, of course, she would have a choice of several roads; they all ran on

about the same schedule—the ones that were timed to reach New York tomorrow morning, that is. Mrs. Saffrans had her purse out to buy two tickets, but on a second thought put it back, though not without reluctance. One could not tell what might happen or had happened already. Very likely it would not be possible to make all the arrangements in so short a time, only a few hours, even supposing Isabelle cared to go; everything depended finally on Isabelle, she acknowledged to herself for the fiftieth time, with her romantically touching smile.

Behind the baggage-room corner she found, not the Mercer House hack—Acme had progressed beyond that antique institution, it appeared—but another mud-plastered automobile functioning over a much wider territory than the hack had ever been able to serve. “Take you ’n’ y’r grip anywheres in town f’r fift’ cents,” the youth in charge informed her. He had already compounded with two massive gentlemen who by the intricate ornaments pendent from their watch chains, and the gold lettering on a field of fringed purple-satin ribbon attached to their lapels, proclaimed themselves to be members of the Benevolent Order of Buffaloes, Ohio Range, now in convention at Acme, to take them to the Grand Opera House, where, he said, “th’ doin’s was goin’ on.” Mrs. Saffrans shared the rear seat and the venerable lap robe with them, without engaging more than an ordinary civil attention. Nevertheless, it was again with inward tremor that she asked the boy in their hearing, “Do you know the old Redway place?”

“Sure! You want off there? Aw-ri’.”

The pair of Buffaloes paid no heed; she began to be impatient with herself. All this had to be gone through with, whether or no; these silly apprehensions only made harder what was already hard enough.

The town seemed as little changed as the environs of the railroad station.

But for the motor cars instead of buggies aligned by the curb, all the years were as yesterday, she told herself again. There was some unusual stir on High Street, owing, no doubt, to the fine weather and the convention. She noticed the white-and-gilt façade, bedecked with scrolls and gewgaws, of a motion-picture theater; some dead and blackened wreaths from the Lincoln’s Birthday celebration still clung about the cannon in the courthouse yard, but there were fresh banners up across the store fronts, welcoming the Buffaloes. All at once, something about these garish trimmings and the neglected ones yonder, about the chilly mud, the characterless buildings, the childishly serious futility of the fraternal order, the idle zeal of these crowds, settled drearily upon her spirit. She had forgotten what it was like in Acme; but it had always been like this, and she recalled her own revolt with a kind of bitter sympathy.

The two secret-society men were set down, and the car turned out Center Street. In a minute or so the mansard roof, the narrow jig-sawed porches, the high flight of steps, the cast-iron mortuary urns on either hand with the stubs of last summer’s geraniums and strings of blighted vines, came into view.

“Folks lookin’ f’r you?” inquired the boy, directing the eye of a connoisseur in the humors of arrival and departure over the ranks of uncommunicative windows. Something he saw or perhaps did not see prompted him to add: “Oh, you goin’ to s’prise ’em? I c’n g’ round to th’ side door—?”

“They know I’m coming—if they got my letter,” said Mrs. Saffrans, with an effort. She got out, paid him, went up the walk. The thunderous activity of the engine, diversified by sundry staccato detonations as the automobile backed and turned and at last got under way, must have covered the sound of the bell, if indeed it rang at all. She waited, listening, and was about to pull down the handle a second time, when Jane Redway opened the door. It stuck

and dragged back on the hall floor, rucking up the carpet.

The two women stood looking at each other. Then Jane said: "I saw you coming. I've been looking out for you, of course. Only I wasn't going to let you in right in front of that driver—right with him looking on. Not that *he'd* make any difference, but there're always plenty of people got nothing to do but rubber round that might ask him questions."

"Yes, I know," Ada Saffrans said, steadily enough. She obeyed the other's gesture, entering; and Jane pushed the door to with another struggle.

"It's swelled. It always does the minute the weather begins to get soft this way outside," she explained. "You can go on in the front parlor, Ada. It's the same like always. Everything's just the same—about the house, I mean. You know I never was much of a hand to go shifting things around, just out of restlessness—"

Mrs. Saffrans again obeyed, divining that Jane, beneath the surface, was as confusedly and painfully agitated as she herself. That broken and unnatural fluency betrayed her; then, too, there might have been some scenes with Isabelle. Poor Jane! In the parlor there was the set of ebonized furniture she remembered so well, with the gilt groovings, the rows of toy balustrades along the tops and backs of everything, the spoollike ornaments on the corners. There was the cabinet mantel going up to the ceiling with the big mirror in the middle and the small subordinate mirrors at the sides behind the brackets and post-office-box cubbyholes. The miniature easel with Elmer's photograph, standing up, resting the knuckles of one hand on a table, was in its old place on the top of the piano. "Pharaoh's Horses" in a circular metallic-looking frame still hung over the sofa. The room was cold and she changed her mind in the act of loosening her fur scarf, readjusting it instead. Jane went about with nervous movements, jerking

objects a fraction this way and a fraction that, puttering at the lace curtains which were matched point to point, with some of the points securely pinned together to obviate a tendency to "yaw crooked"—yawing crooked constituting, by Jane's standards, one of the gravest indictments that could be brought against a housekeeper.

"I don't believe anybody could see through 'em, even if they were to come up close," she now remarked. "And it's better to have the windows look the way they always are. If I was to pull the blinds down, right in the broad daylight, somebody'd suspect something, sure. Anyway, if anybody wants to know, I've made up to tell 'em you were a book agent or something; lots of 'em go round in machines nowadays." She halted, out of breath, patently trying to get herself together. "I expect you better sit down, Ada. We've *got* to talk," she said, with the air of apologizing to her own conscience for some sort of concession.

Mrs. Saffrans did not at once accept the invitation—so to call it. "Isn't—is Isabelle here?" she asked, still standing expectantly.

"No. She don't get back for half an hour yet—from class, you know."

"Class?" repeated the other, vaguely surprised. "She's not in school still?"

"No, not school—college. She's going to Baptist Union now—she's a junior. Isabelle's twenty-one. I guess you've forgotten," said Jane, acidly.

Mrs. Saffrans made a little deprecating sound, a little gesture, and sat down. About her movements, about her whole presence, there was still the unconscious and unassuming elegance by which Jane had always been obscurely irritated. She was irritated now, surveying Ada with a hostility which she did not recognize, and certainly never would have admitted, to be based ultimately on jealousy. Jealous of Ada Redway—or Saffrans or whatever she chose to call herself—*she* jealous of *her*? That was likely, wasn't it? No respectable per-

son, nobody who *knew* about Ada, would touch her with a pair of tongs! Jane felt, or desperately tried to feel, that she herself was stretching a point, behaving with a magnanimity rarely met with, to allow the woman in the house, even on Isabelle's account. It was a wonder that Ada had the face to come back here to Acme, where she was known, at all; yet here she was, as cool and uppity as ever, putting everybody else at a disadvantage, the way she always had done, somehow!

"You hold your age pretty well, Ada," she said, abruptly, with a sort of grudging admiration. "I expect anybody can, though, that hasn't much to do except take care of themselves."

"Yes, I have had rather a lazy time of it these last three years," said Mrs. Saffrans, with composure. "Before that, when I was working, it wasn't quite so easy."

"I wouldn't call being on the stage *work*," said Jane, in her harsh, strident voice.

Mrs. Saffrans contemplated her musingly for a moment in silence. "You haven't changed much, either, Jane," she said. It was the truth. Jane, so people were in the habit of saying, was "Redway clear through," and the family looks were of a type upon which the passage of years made a singularly light impression. At twenty-five, Jane's straight, coarse, strong-growing black hair was already beginning to be threaded with gray; heavy lines already showed in her swarthy sallow face; now, at fifty-odd, she was only a little grayer, a little more wrinkled, and the outlines of her flat, angular body, the waist somewhat too long in proportion to the legs, indicated under the dark-colored gingham dress not one ounce more or less of flesh.

"You got my letter?" Mrs. Saffrans said.

"Just this morning. Isabelle had gone."

"Oh, then she doesn't know yet—?"

"She didn't know you were coming. Of course she knows about *you*," said Jane, her emphasis hinting at possibilities probably readily imagined by the other, whose thin, mobile face quivered transiently. "Isabelle's known for a good while—ever since—let's see—ever since she was in the eighth grade, must be—" Jane halted. "I told you at the time. You ought to remember. I wrote you about telling her."

"Yes, you wrote me."

"Well, you needn't think I *wanted* to tell her, Ada," said Jane, sharply. "It wasn't an easy thing to do, tell a girl a thing like that about her own mother. To be sure, she don't remember you; she wouldn't know you if she saw you, any more than any other stranger. But all the same, it wasn't easy telling her. I didn't *want* to; I just *had* to, that was all."

Mrs. Saffrans murmured inarticulately, stroking her muff with a mechanical movement. Nothing in her attitude suggested protest or adverse comment, yet Jane Redway charged her with both. That was Ada *all over*, acting so—so *superior*, she thought, vexed by the self-conscious uneasiness that of old had so often assailed her in Ada's company. The idea of *her* acting superior! "You needn't to think I *liked* it. I just wanted to do what was *right*," she insisted, truculently.

"I understand. You have always done right, Jane, I know."

"I try to, anyhow," said Jane, unplacated. "That's another thing I want to tell you, Ada, before Isabelle comes. I never have said one single, solitary word to her that might set her against you. I wouldn't do a thing like that. Because, after all, you're her mother, and it wouldn't be right. When I told her, I just told her the plain truth, not another thing more or less. 'Isabelle,' I said, 'I'm going to tell you once for all, and there's no use asking me any questions, because I wouldn't answer 'em if I could; I'm not going to say anything one way or the other. You'll

have to make up your own mind, all by yourself. I won't have a thing to do with it,' I said. I said: 'Your mother went off and left your father and you when you were about a year old. She went off with—with a man,' I said. 'That's the reason you don't remember her and you don't ever hear anybody say anything about her. That's all I'm going to tell you, Isabelle,' I said, 'because it's all I know of my own knowledge. If your father'd have lived, he'd maybe have told you himself; maybe he'd have told you something more or different, but that's none of my affair. He never talked to me about it or said what he was going to do, and you know the way he died; he couldn't tell me anything he wanted, even at the end when folks generally do if they're conscious and got anything on their minds. If he'd told me I'd have told you in his own exact words because I'd have taken 'em down in writing. But he didn't, so I don't know, and I can't say anything more. You got to make up your own mind about it,' I said—"

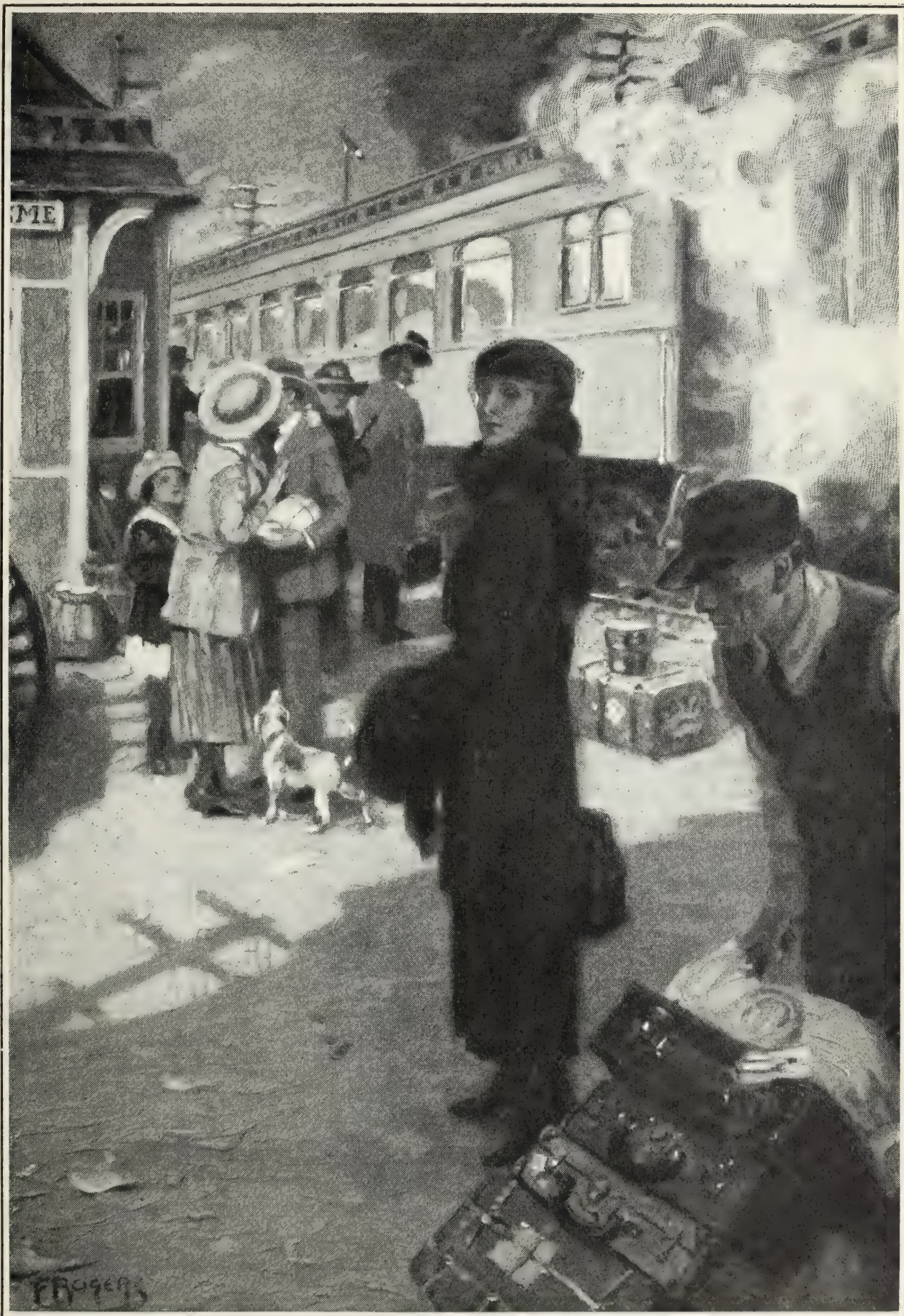
She had to pause, out of breath again; silence, falling abruptly upon the din of loud, rapid words, produced an almost grotesque effect of peace and relief. Jane, however, was not aware of it; the statement of her own position, so secure, so admirably taken, reinforced and stabilized her; it was with a justifiable complacency that from the heights of blamelessness she now surveyed the contrast between herself and the other woman, erstwhile subtly disquieting.

"Of course I had to answer *some* of the things the child wanted to know," she felt that she could admit without weakening her stand. "But I never told her anything but the plain truth. It began that way—with her asking questions, I mean, like any child would. Wanting to know who all her folks was, and didn't she have anybody but Redways, and where was her mother's folks—all things like that. I just told her the plain truth. I said: 'Your mother didn't have anybody to speak

of. She was an orphan and didn't have any family, only considerable prop'ty, and living over at Sunville with some people—but they weren't any kin to her—when your father met her. She came over here along with some other girls and fellows in some theatrical tableaux for the foreign missions that they were getting up in the First M. E. Church. I believe the ladies had a sale and supper, too, but I couldn't say for certain; maybe that was another time—anyway that was the first time your father saw her. That's how they came to get married.' That's all I told Isabelle to begin with; then afterwards I had to tell her the rest. I told her about *him*, too—only just what I *knew*, not another thing, not even the name, because, for all I could say, that might have been a made-up one, and I wasn't going to say anything but what I *knew*," said Jane, rigorously. "I told her he was an actor and he was in a stock comp'ny they had acting in Columbus one winter, and I *supposed* that was where you met, but I couldn't say. She could just take it or leave it. I was bound and determined I wouldn't lift my finger to influence her."

There ensued another silence during which Jane warily and defiantly held herself in readiness for an attack on some count; but when, at length, Mrs. Saffrans spoke it was merely to make the disappointingly harmless remark, "But Isabelle knows who I am?"

"On the stage, you mean, I suppose. Yes. She ran across the name and notices in the papers, and then when she — she" — Jane hesitated, visibly bracing herself to the bolting of some distasteful mouthful. Mrs. Saffrans must have guessed at the nature of it, for she lifted a hand again in the pretty, deprecating gesture, but Jane went on, heroically—"she saw it on the checks every month, and right off she wanted to know who *that* Ada Saffrans was, and if it was the same one, or—or who. So I told her. And—and I want to say I appreciate your sending that money, Ada."



Drawn by Frances F. Rogers

SHE STOOD FOR A MOMENT HESITANT IN SUDDEN UNEASINESS

"But I ought to—oughtn't I? And besides I should like Isabelle to—to have things—like other girls, you know," said the mother, with a feeling none the less warm and genuine because in the same moment she had to quench a hysterical impulse to laughter. Poor Jane, how sorely that acknowledgment went against the grain!

"I've tried to use it for Isabelle's best advantage," Jane said, grimly, resentful and perplexed. The honors of the situation seemed to be slipping away from her; she could not understand how or why, but put it down to Ada's familiar smooth artifices. "I've kept account of every cent of it, so you can see how it's been spent. Some has to go for the house, of course, every once in a while. I can't help that. It's Isabelle's home, anyhow, so she's getting the good of the money just the same as if it was being paid out for her clothes and schooling. The house *has* to be kept up. Isabelle gets it all except that. We don't have any girl, just a woman in to help clean sometimes—" Jane was arrested by the startling and still more disagreeable and mystifying discovery that she was actually stooping to explanations and justifications, with Ada, of all people! "Not that we *need* the money," she said, hastily. "Elmer left enough. It's only that everything is so much higher than it used to be—and then there had to be so much paid out, the way he died was so expensive. It cost so much right at the last."

Mrs. Saffrans looked puzzled. "I understood it was—I—I thought you wrote there was an accident—" she said, shrinkingly.

"Well, there was. It was just like I told you. He fell down the cellar-way; the doors gave way under him. It hurt his spine somehow, so he couldn't ever move himself or talk distinct afterwards, but he didn't die right away. He lingered and *lingered*. Well, there's no use questioning the Lord's judgments," said Jane, momentarily oblivious of her audience in recollections that moved her

with a sort of pious impatience. "Still—! Elmer *couldn't* get well—it wasn't as if there had been hope for him—and there was all that nursing and doctors—specialists, too. If it had been somebody else's cellar door, we'd have had a good case for damages, and that would have helped with the expenses, or maybe covered 'em all. But here it was our own! I don't know how many times I told Elmer he'd ought to have those old doors fixed, or somebody'd break their neck there; but he kept putting off till he could get it done reasonable; he was always so saving."

After another pause Mrs. Saffrans said, "Isabelle knew her father?"

"Oh yes! She was ten or eleven when it happened. She remembers him real well."

"They—they were very fond of each other? They must have been," Mrs. Saffrans hinted, timidly. "It must have been hard for her."

"Well, children get over things pretty soon. Elmer didn't spoil her. He wasn't that kind, nor I, either. Isabelle's been well enough brought up, you needn't to worry," said Jane, in savage sarcasm. "*She'll* always act right. She's a real Redway. And she's got a good Redway business head on her shoulders, too. That time I told her about you she didn't say hardly anything, just studied awhile, and then first thing she asked was what became of the prop'ty—what I'd told her you had, you know. I just told her the plain truth, that you'd got it still, for all I knew. I told her she'd get it, or some of it, anyhow, when you died; she couldn't be lawed out of her share. It was Elmer's idea not to do anything about it just now, nor get a divorce, even. She understood right off and said: 'Why, yes, Aunt Jane, if he'd gone to law, it would likely have et up all the money, anyhow, because the lawyers always get everything in the end. So it's better to be patient and leave things the way they are.' Isabelle wasn't more than fourteen then; but you could see she was a regular Red-

way," said Jane, with a hard satisfaction. Ada, without doubt, would have liked to find the child just such another shallow, showy thing as herself; she might as well know first as last that Isabelle was not that kind and could not be made over into that kind; *that* was one place where Ada's tricks wouldn't do her any good, Jane thought, savoring a triumph that yet was sauced with uncertainties.

"You have a photograph of her?" said Mrs. Saffrans.

Her sister-in-law got up and silently fetched a card in the photographer's sepia-tinted envelope from among the department-store objects of art, the ancient Christmas cards and doll's snowshoes and birch-bark canoes on the what-not. Isabelle's mother slipped the picture out and gazed at it a long while with an expression inscrutable to the other woman. "She seems to look very much like you, Jane," she said, at last, returning it.

"She favors the Redways, all round," Jane said, shortly. Glancing from the photograph to that tranquil face with the high, delicately irregular features, that tall and slender figure enveloped ("diked out" was Jane's phrase) in garments of so simple a distinction, unwelcome comparisons thrust themselves upon her in spite of her. In the back of her mind she was dogged by the suspicion that Ada was somehow getting the best of the position again.

This time the silence lasted longer. It was broken dramatically enough by the reverberating slam of a door somewhere at the back of the house, followed by movement, steps, whistling.

"That's her now!" said Jane, answering the other's start and look of half inquiry, half apprehension. Upon a common impulse they both stood up. Jane raised her voice, "That you, Is'belle?"

The arrival responded in a shout so nearly like in tone and accent, save for the indefinable freshness of youth, that the effect was startling: "Yeh! Say, did the money come from N'York?"

A dull red mounted to Jane's face in blotches; she glanced covertly at the other woman. The Redway mind, however handsomely endowed in other respects, did not move with conspicuous swiftness and precision in Jane's case, at least. She fumbled in vexation with the unreasonable, but unaccountably vehement, wish that Isabelle had said something else, anything else, anything but that! Ada's face, upon that side-long inspection, showed only a natural suspense and interest. But nobody could ever tell what Ada felt or was thinking of, the sister-in-law reminded herself in helpless annoyance; she was so double faced—and an actress into the bargain. It seemed as if, by some stroke of luck, her mere presence in the house put Isabelle, even Isabelle, at a disadvantage!

"Hadn't you better tell her that I am here, before she sees me?" said the mother.

"Oh, she won't be shocked; she don't shock easy," Jane said, obdurately. That was like Ada, pretending to be so considerate, she told herself, consciously unjust, worried, vindictive.

At any rate, it was too late now for an attempt to prepare Isabelle against the encounter. She was already upon them, in her light-blue beaded georgette blouse with the short sleeves, in her plaid sports skirt, in her black-satin pumps muddied from the street, with the tall French heels somewhat run over. Jane took comfort in the reflection that the child looked stylish, anyhow. Isabelle's hair was rolled out in disks on either side of her face, and what showed between of the latter was liberally made up after the approved fashion, with the help of the vanity case which some of the money from N'York had recently purchased.

"What you in the parlor for? Cleaning?—Oh, hello! You got comp'ny—?" she said, halting on the threshold.

"It's your mother. She's come to see you," Jane said, uncompromisingly, without preamble.

Mrs. Saffrans did not move. She stood at ease and amiable while Isabelle stared in the demi-twilight, her jaw working rhythmically on a piece of chewing gum which she must have bestowed there just at the moment, for she still held the little paper container and fingered it as she stared. "For the goodness sakes!" she finally ejaculated.

"I have taken you by surprise—but it's really not my fault," Mrs. Saffrans explained. "My letter seems not to have reached here in time."

"Well, I was going to say why didn't you let us know?" said Isabelle, recovering, though she still stared, still champed the gum automatically. "When'd you get here? By the eleven-fifteen?"

"I believe so. I wasn't paying much attention to the time."

"It was the eleven-fifteen," Jane said. "I knew she was coming, though. The letter came right after you'd started, Is'belle. You couldn't have more than got as far as Reverend Gowdy's, or maybe Small's place, I don't believe. I'd have called you back if you'd been anywhere in sight."

"Well, you might have phoned, couldn't you? You could have caught me at Meridian Hall."

"Oh, I—I didn't just feel like doing that," said her aunt, uncomfortably.

"Why, why not? *Oh!*" said Isabelle, interrupting herself; she continued to stare and chew, but with a certain thoughtfulness of countenance.

After a moment, Mrs. Saffrans said, "Shall we sit down?" and subsided into a chair herself with the deliberate, yet spontaneous, grace that characterized her, looking at them with a little smile on her fair, slightly fatigued face. Without effort, perhaps involuntarily, she brought to the scene an atmosphere of pleasant, drawing-room reserves and understood conventions. Isabelle copied her as if under a spell, but Jane Redway kept her feet in stark independence and to prove her avowed detachment.

"I expect you two got things you

want to talk about. I expect your mother'll want to say something to you, Is'belle," she said. "You know what I've always told you. I've never said anything but what I knew to be the plain truth, and I'm not going to interfere, whatever happens. You've got to make up your own mind and do your own way. *Haven't* I always told you that?"

"Yeah, I guess so," the girl assented, with a somewhat disconcerting indifference. "Except every now and then Aunt Jane and I scrap some about things I want to get, you know," she added, addressing her mother confidently. "I don't hear such a lot about doing my own way *then*, believe *me!*"

"Oh, the girls know *everything* nowadays, and anybody that *dares* to tell 'em anything is just a poor, dumb, old moss-back without any sense!" said Jane, in cumbrous irony. She, too, appealed to Mrs. Saffrans! "I've always tried to use my best judgment. Isabelle *knows* I've never stopped her having anything she took a fancy to, except when it was for her own good—"

"Of course, of course! Why, I know that, Jane!" said Mrs. Saffrans, soothingly. But Jane had already pulled up short, furious with herself, furious with the other for the look of comprehending and amused tolerance she divided between them.

"Well, anyhow, you and Isabelle want to see each other, and I'll just leave you to yourselves," she said, not without a sullen dignity. Mrs. Saffrans uttered some civil remonstrance, but Isabelle omitted even that perfunctory observance of her aunt's departure; she sat placidly chewing, with an appraising eye on the black toilette. There occurred another of those chasmlike silences.

"You came straight here from N'York?" Isabelle asked, abruptly.

"Yes."

"I suppose you had the drawing room?"

"Why, no, just a berth. It's only

one night in the sleeping car, you know."

"I've never been to N'York. Well, I've never been much of anywhere," Isabelle observed. "I've always thought traveling would appeal to me, too. You must have seen a lot, going round like you do."

"I used to. I don't any more."

Isabelle nodded. "I know. You retired. What made you?"

"Perhaps I felt I was getting a little too old for the stage," said her mother, smiling.

"Uh-huh. Still, you can always fix up to look young. And then there's a whole line of parts where they've got to have old people. I should think you'd have hated to give up. It must be dandy. You get everything paid for you, don't you? All your expenses?"

"Yes, generally."

"And then they pay you, besides, for just acting! It must be dandy," said Isabelle, with ingenuous envy. "Is that fur part of your stage outfit?"

"*This?* Oh no! One dresses differently, you know—that is, *I* dress differently—"

"Well, I didn't know—I thought it might be something left over from your stage clothes. It's a dandy fur, anyhow," said Isabelle, longingly.

"Would you like one like it?" said Mrs. Saffrans. "I mean *something* like it?" she amended quickly, interpreting aright Isabelle's expression, as the latter's next words proved.

"Well, it's kind of old for me," she said, cautiously. "I'd rather have mole, I believe; it would be more girlish. How much did this cost?"

"The set was five hundred dollars, as I remember."

Isabelle exclaimed aloud. "Five hund—! Bloo—ie! Well, you got stung, didn't you?" she commented, frankly, scrutinizing the wraps anew. "It's good-looking, but I'll say it wasn't any bargain. Isn't it a crime the prices they ask? Still, I could get a dandy mole set for that money, just waiting

till they have a put-down sale. How'll I do? Order it sent home, and then let you have the bill? Only, they mightn't want to do that. Bargains they generally want you to pay cash for—"

"Maybe the best plan would be for me to send you a check. Then you wouldn't feel hampered," her mother suggested, again hitting off Isabelle's thought with so uncanny a nicety as to fluster her.

"Why, I—I—" she stammered, out of countenance; but Mrs. Saffrans unostentatiously rescued her by going on:

"Yes, I am sure you will like that better. It seems more practical, and the Redways are always practical."

"Yeah, that's what Aunt Jane says. All right, then, we'll leave it that way," said Isabelle, relieved. She considered a moment. "I might do better by sending to New York, though. Only thing is, you don't get to make a choice, really, ordering from a catalogue. You ought to *see* the things. Those Fifth Avenue stores must be just dandy—" she ended on a suggestive inflection.

Whatever idea it masked, her mother, with a sudden obtuseness, failed to grasp it; her face wore the same look, tired but invincibly suave, which it had assumed at the beginning. Isabelle was dimly conscious of defeat; it was the attitude of mind familiar to her aunt Jane in Mrs. Saffrans's company, but without Jane's irritation. Isabelle was too young, sanguine, and self-confident for that, and just now too occupied with recurrent assaults of curiosity.

"How long you been retired now?" she demanded.

"Three years or so."

"I don't see how you *could*," sighed Isabelle, in brief wonder. "Didn't it feel awfully funny at first?"

"It seemed strange not to have anything to do—yes," Mrs. Saffrans admitted. "But I—I was not well," she explained, reticently. "And after a while it felt very nice to be able to rest."

"Uh-huh," said Isabelle, without warmth, eying her meditatively and

shifting the gum. "What did you do right at first?"

"I went to England the year after the war, and stayed there until just a few months ago. I thought I would come home—back to this side, I mean."

"Well, I don't believe England would appeal to me much, either," said Isabelle. "Of course, just for a trip—a trip would be all right. I've never been on the ocean. Maybe I'd be seasick—I don't know. They say you always get over it in a day or two, anyhow, and then you have the dandiest time. I wouldn't mind, anyhow. Do you think you'll go back there sometime?"

"I might. I haven't any definite plans. It doesn't do to look ahead too much," her mother said, with the faintest of sighs. "I have found that out. I am constantly finding it out."

"Well, you going to stay in N'York—where you are—for a while, anyhow?"

"I dare say. It's a little place down on Long Island; I have a house. It's quite countrified and quiet—"

"Country? *Good night!*" Isabelle ejaculated, in amazed distaste. "I don't see how you stand it! It's so *lonesome*. But I guess you've got a machine," she added, on a second thought. "It's not so worse if you can get away from it once in a while—go in the city, shopping and shows. What make is yours?"

"Oh, I haven't any. At my age one doesn't care for that sort of thing," said Mrs. Saffrans, mildly. "There is a little garden that I am expecting to have a great deal of fun with, watching things come up, and digging—" She paused, then asked a question in her turn, hopefully, perhaps a little wistfully. "You care for gardens? Flowers?"

"Oh, I—I guess gardens are all right," said Isabelle, uncertainly. A vague uneasiness which her Aunt Jane would immediately have recognized was creeping upon her. The conversation seemed to be leading nowhere in particular, the meeting itself promised nothing tangible. Isabelle was anything but fanciful; but she would have been less than

human, less than a young girl, not to have built up some fabric of expectation at the sight of her mother, and now it was tottering to a fall. The older woman was armored in a charm of manner that even Isabelle could feel; but she was armored, that was the difficulty! There was no penetrating those viewless defenses. It was disheartening and somehow disquieting.

"Yeah, I like gardens, all right," Isabelle asserted, desperately. "Only I should think you'd have a machine and drive yourself, you know; 'twouldn't be anything out of the way. Lots of people do, rather than pay a shuffoor—they want so much. A machine's the greatest *convenience*, even if it's only a little Ford. I always say it don't make any difference what it looks like; a Ford gets you there just the same as a Packard, and you should worry if people laugh at it, shouldn't you? I can drive—well, not *every* make, of course, but I could learn right off. Davy said he'd give me a job any day. Of course he was just joking, but he knows I can drive, all right. Oh, I forgot you didn't know! Davy's the garodge man here—Pete Davy. I guess garodges are something new here since your time."

"They are indeed," Mrs. Saffrans said, and glanced at a charming little trifle of a watch on her wrist and began to gather her wraps together. "Davy, did you say the man's name was? Would you mind calling him up and having him send one of his taxis for me, please? I think I had better be getting back to the station."

While Isabelle was upon this errand her aunt returned; from the doorway she surveyed the visitor with a doubtful face which reflected her strangely doubtful state of mind.

"You going, Ada?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Saffrans, agreeably, settling her furs and hat and a stray waving thread of pale gold-brown hair with small, feminine touches here and there. She faced the other, smilingly impregnable.



Drawn by Frances Rogers

"I'M NOT GOING TO INTERFERE, WHATEVER HAPPENS"

"Well— You and Isabelle had your talk out?" queried Jane, expectantly.

"Yes."

Jane came into the room. "I just feel like I ought to say, Ada," she began, hurriedly, lowering her voice—"I just feel you ought to know that I re'lize Isabelle's your child, and I don't want to come between you, or stand in her light, or anything. If you want to take her away, why, I re'lize it's your right, and I've always told her so, and—and maybe it would be to her advantage to see something outside of Acme—I re'lize that. I want to do my duty—"

"You always have, Jane. You've been goodness itself to her," said the other, with earnestness. "You are much more of a mother to Isabelle than I have ever been, or could be, I am afraid. It is too late for me now. One seems to have only one chance—" She broke off, then began again, not without effort. "Only one chance. I have lost mine. Isabelle has grown up without me. I am nothing but a stranger to her, as you say. I might have known—but one has fancies— As it is, I wouldn't think of taking her away from you. It would be too painful for you, and she herself wouldn't be happy. Would you, my dear?" she added, as the girl came slowly back. "We might not even get along with each other. That would be a calamity," Mrs. Saffrans ended, with her features arranged in a smile. In spite of it she looked for one instant an old woman—old and spiritless.

If in her words there sounded a note of loneliness, of aching disappointment, of poignant and consciously futile self-reproach, neither of the Redway women detected it. They heard her with a groping dissatisfaction, a groping sense of injury and impotence.

"Well, of course I wouldn't want to leave Aunt Jane for *good*," Isabelle murmured, "but a *trip*—a *trip* would be different—" Something about her mother's gentle gaze daunted her; she stumbled into silence. Jane looked at her sister-in-law in resentful bewilderment, aware that

she should have been relieved by Ada's renunciation, telling herself that she *was* relieved, yet all the while conscious of a formless exasperation. Isabelle was the apple of Jane's eye; everything that Ada intimated about the cruelty of separating them was true, yet, now that she declared no intention of separating them, now that she gave up the girl ungrudgingly, Jane found herself still unappeased, still baffled. There was something wrong somewhere. Ruthless and terrifying pronouncements from the Old Testament about retribution and the wages of sin went through her mind, trailed by doubts she felt affrightedly to be little short of blasphemous. But here was this Camille, this Magdalen, to all appearances impenitent yet unrebuked, rather dowered with the world's goods in abundance, leading a varied and spacious life, enviable to look upon; and here was Jane Redway, an honest woman, a church member, who had always lived clean and kept the Commandments, here she was washing dishes in Acme! The finite human understanding was fairly balked by the spectacle; it seemed as if the Almighty were singularly negligent about exercising the prerogative of vengeance upon which He laid such emphasis. Jane averted her mind in horror from the impious criticism.

The two watched Pete Davy carry off the visitor after adieus awkward and constrained on their side, irreproachably friendly on hers. "I sha'n't forget about the furs!" were her last words to Isabelle; who, in a seizure of novel and maddening embarrassment, could manage only inarticulate sounds in response.

They watched her away, and Jane said: "She hasn't changed one bit. She was always like that."

Whatever this statement conveyed, Isabelle said, "Uh-huh," in a tone of entire understanding, that brought some measure of solace to the aunt. All at once Jane felt released from the self-imposed restrictions she had obeyed, after her fashion, for years. The child knew what manner of woman her

mother was, now; there need be no more rackings of conscience, no more vigilant inhibitions.

"She was always just that way," Jane said again, secure and vindicated.

"Yeah, kind of flossy. I made a grand hit with her, didn't I?" said Isabelle, in unhappy irony; she swallowed hard, winking back tears of chagrin. "I expect she was just a social butterfly, anyhow—before anything happened, I mean, of course. She's that style."

"What was that she said about her fur right at the last? Right when she was getting in the machine?"

Isabelle told her. "I'm not going to spend the whole five hundred on 'em, though. I didn't say so to her, but it wouldn't have made much difference if I had. She didn't take any interest. Just as long as I stay here in Acme and don't bother her, that's all she wants. You could see she was afraid of her life I'd take a notion to come tagging after her."

"Well—but—five hundred dollars is a good deal for her to give you all in one lump, Is'belle," said her aunt, troubled. "She—she didn't say anything about the other—what she sends regular—?" Jane's apprehensions were writ at large in her look.

"Oh, you needn't to worry. She'll keep on with it," said Isabelle, with bitterness. "She'd give more than that to be sure she was good and shut of us. Five hundred isn't such a lot to her. All the money she must spend!" She retreated from the other's side, as they stood together at the window, with a wry nose, in frank repugnance. "Mf! My, how your hair does smell of frying!—or maybe it's that old dress, I don't know—"

"Well, yours would, too, miss, if you stood over the stove three meals a day," Jane retorted, crisply, but without real rancor. These were the amenities of daily intercourse and lifelong habit, not to be taken seriously. But the next moment she burst out with petulance: "I do wish we could have a hired girl—only they're all so trifling! But some day I mean to quit and take a good rest, I don't care what happens. You see if I don't!"

"Oh, well—!" said Isabelle, philosophically, munching her gum and mentally disposing of the promised check.

Mrs. Saffrans had reached the station by this time; she was buying her single ticket. Neither of the other two women would have believed that there were tears in her eyes, too.

EXCAVATION AT PECOS

BY ALICE CORBIN

WE leave our bones for remembrance:
 Here is an old woman's skull
 Under twelve feet of earth,
 Trenched to recover this spoil;
 And the Mexican workman with a whisk broom
 and a penknife
 Picks at the earth in the sockets,
 Uncovers the basket of ribs,
 And lays a hand on the bony hand—
"Eh, Vieja!
 How is it with you, Old Woman?"

OXFORD AS I SEE IT

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

MY private profession being that of a university professor, I was naturally deeply interested in the system of education in England. I was therefore led to make a special visit to Oxford and to submit the place to a searching scrutiny. Arriving one afternoon at four o'clock, I stayed at the Mitre Hotel and did not leave until eleven o'clock next morning. The whole of this time, except for one hour spent in addressing the undergraduates, was devoted to a close and eager study of the great university. When I add to this that I had already visited Oxford in 1907 and spent a Sunday at All Souls with Colonel L. S. Amery, it will be seen at once that my views on Oxford are based upon observations extending over fourteen years.

At any rate, I can at least claim that my acquaintance with the British university is just as good a basis for reflection and judgment as that of the numerous English critics who come to our side of the water. I have known a famous English author arrive at Harvard University in the morning, have lunch with President Lowell, and then write a whole chapter on the Excellence of Higher Education in America. I have known another one come to Harvard, have lunch with President Lowell, and do an entire book on the Decline of Serious Study in America. Or take the case of my own university. I remember Mr. Rudyard Kipling coming to McGill and saying in his address to the undergraduates at 2:30 P.M., "You have here a great institution." But how could he have gathered this information? So far as I knew, he spent the entire morning with Sir Andrew Macphail in his house beside the campus,

smoking cigarettes. When I add that he distinctly refused to visit the Palæontologic Museum, that he saw nothing of our new hydraulic apparatus or of our classes in domestic science, his judgment that we had here a great institution seems a little bit superficial. I can only put beside it, to redeem it in some measure, the hasty and ill-formed judgment expressed by Lord Milner, "McGill is a noble university," and the rash and indiscreet expression of the Prince of Wales, when we gave him an LL.D. degree, "McGill has a glorious future."

To my mind these unthinking judgments about our great college do harm, and I determined, therefore, that anything that I said about Oxford should be the actual observation and real study based upon a bona fide residence in the Mitre Hotel.

On the strength of this basis of experience I am prepared to make the following positive and emphatic statements.

Oxford is a noble university. It has a great past. It is at present the greatest university in the world; and it is quite possible that it has a great future. Oxford trains scholars of the real type better than any other place in the world. Its methods are antiquated. It despises science. It has professors who never teach and students who never learn. It has no order, no arrangement, no system. Its curriculum is unintelligible. It has no president. It has no state legislature to tell it how to teach, and yet—it gets there. Whether we like it or not, Oxford gives something to its students, a life and a mode of thought, which in America as yet we can emulate, but not equal.

If anybody doubts this let him go and

take a room at the Mitre Hotel (ten and six for a wainscoted bedroom, period of Charles I) and study the place for himself.

These singular results achieved at Oxford are all the more surprising when one considers the distressing conditions under which the students work. The lack of an adequate building fund compels them to go on working in the same old buildings which they have had for centuries. The buildings at Wadham College have not been renewed since the year 1605. In Merton and Magdalen the students are still housed in the old buildings erected in the fourteenth century. At Christ Church College I was shown a kitchen which had been built at the expense of Cardinal Wolsey in 1525. Incredible though it may seem, they have no other place to cook in than this, and are compelled to use it today. On the day when I saw this kitchen, four cooks were busy roasting an ox whole for the students' lunch—this, at least, is what I presumed they were doing, from the size of the fireplace used; but it may not have been an ox; perhaps it was a cow. On a huge table, twelve feet by six and made of slabs of wood five inches thick, two other cooks were rolling out a game pie. I estimated it as measuring three feet across. In this rude way, unchanged since the time of Henry VIII, the unhappy Oxford students are fed. I could not help contrasting it with the cozy little boarding houses on Cottage Grove Avenue where I used to eat when I was a student at Chicago, or the charming little basement dining rooms of the students' boarding houses in Toronto. But then, of course, Henry VIII never lived in Toronto.

The same lack of a building fund necessitates the Oxford students' living in the identical old boarding houses they had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Technically they are called quadrangles, closes, and "rooms," but I am so broken in to the usage of my student days that I can't help calling

them boarding houses. In many of these the old stairway has been worn down by the feet of ten generations of students; the windows have little latticed panes; there are old names carved here and there upon the stone, and a thick growth of ivy covers the walls. The boarding house at St. John's College dates from 1555; the one at Brasenose, from 1509. A few hundred thousand pounds would suffice to replace these old buildings with neat steel-and-brick structures like the normal school at Schenectady, New York, or the Peel Street High School at Montreal. But nothing is done. A movement was, indeed, attempted last autumn toward removing the ivy from the walls, but the result was unsatisfactory and they are putting it back. Anyone could have told them beforehand that the mere removal of the ivy would not brighten Oxford up, unless at the same time one cleared the stones of the old inscriptions, put in steel fire escapes, and, in fact, brought the boarding houses up to date.

But Henry VIII being dead, nothing was done. Yet, in spite of its dilapidated buildings and its lack of fire escapes, ventilation, sanitation, and up-to-date kitchen facilities, I persist in my assertion that I believe that Oxford, in its way, is the greatest university in the world. I am aware that this is an extreme statement and needs explanation. Oxford is much smaller in numbers, for example, than the State University of Minnesota, and is much poorer. It has, or had till yesterday, fewer students than the University of Toronto. To mention Oxford beside the 26,000 students of Columbia University sounds ridiculous. In point of money, the \$30,000,000 endowment of the University of Chicago, and the \$35,000,000 one of Columbia, and the \$43,000,000 one of Harvard seem to leave Oxford nowhere. Yet the peculiar thing is that it is not nowhere. By some queer process of its own it seems to get there every time. It was, therefore, of the very greatest interest to me, as a profound scholar, to try to investigate just

how this peculiar excellence of Oxford arises.

It has hardly been due to anything in the curriculum or program of studies. Indeed, to anyone accustomed to the best models of a university curriculum as it flourishes in the United States and Canada, the program of studies is frankly quite laughable. There is less applied science in the place than would be found with us in a theological college. Hardly a single professor at Oxford would recognize a dynamo if he met it in broad daylight. The Oxford student learns nothing of chemistry, physics, heat, plumbing, electric wiring, gas fitting, or the use of a blow torch. Any American college student can run a motor car, take a gasoline engine to pieces, fix a washer on a kitchen tap, mend a broken electric bell, and give an expert opinion on what has gone wrong with the furnace. It is these things, indeed, which stamp him as a college man and occasion a very pardonable pride in the minds of his parents. But in all these things the Oxford student is the merest amateur.

This is bad enough. But, after all, one might say this is only the mechanical side of education. True; but one searches in vain in the Oxford curriculum for any adequate recognition of the higher and more cultured students. Strange though it seems to us on this side of the Atlantic, there are no courses at Oxford in House-keeping, or in Salesmanship, or in Advertising, or on Comparative Religion, or on the Influence of the Press. There are no lectures whatever on Human Behavior, on Altruism, on Egotism, or on the Play of Wild Animals. Apparently, the Oxford student does not learn these things. This cuts him off from a great deal of the larger culture of our side of the Atlantic. "What are you studying this year?" I once asked a fourth-year student at one of our great colleges. "I am electing Salesmanship and Religion," he answered. Here was a young man whose training was destined inevitably to turn him into a moral business man; either that or nothing. At Oxford

salesmanship is not taught and religion takes the feeble form of the New Testament. The more one looks at these things the more amazing it becomes that Oxford can produce any results at all.

The effect of the comparison is heightened by the peculiar position occupied at Oxford by the professor's lectures. In the colleges of Canada and the United States the lectures are supposed to be a really necessary and useful part of the student's training. Again and again I have heard the graduates of my own college assert that they had got as much, or nearly as much, out of the lectures at college as out of athletics or the Greek-letter society or the Banjo and Mandolin Club. In short, with us the lectures form a real part of the college life. At Oxford it is not so. The lectures, I understand, are given and may even be taken. But they are quite worthless and are not supposed to have anything much to do with the development of the student's mind. "The lectures here," said a Canadian student to me, "are punk." I appealed to another student to know if this was so. "I don't know whether I'd call them exactly punk," he answered, "but they're certainly rotten." Other judgments were that the lectures were of no importance; that nobody took them; that they don't matter; that you can take them if you like; that they do you no harm.

It appears further that the professors themselves are not keen on their lectures. If the lectures are called for they give them; if not, the professor's feelings are not hurt. He merely waits and rests his brain until in some later year the students call for his lectures. There are men at Oxford who have rested their brains this way for over thirty years; the accumulated brain power thus dammed up is said to be colossal.

I understand that the key to this mystery is found in the operations of the person called the tutor. It is from him, or rather with him, that the students

learn all that they know; one and all are agreed on that. Yet it is a little odd to know just how he does it. "We go over to his rooms," said one student, "and he just lights a pipe and talks to us." "We sit round with him," said another, "and he simply smokes and goes over our exercises with us." From this and other evidence I gather that what an Oxford tutor does is to get a little group of students together and smoke at them. Men who have been systematically smoked at for four years turn into ripe scholars. If anybody doubts this, let him go to Oxford and he can see the thing actually in operation. A well-smoked man speaks and writes English with a grace that can be acquired in no other way.

In what was said above I seem to have been directing criticism against the Oxford professors as such; but I have no intention of doing so. For the Oxford professor and his whole manner of being I have nothing but a profound respect. Here is indeed the greatest difference between the modern up-to-date American idea of a professor and the English type. Even with us in older days, in the bygone time when such people as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and William Cullen Bryant were professors, we had the English idea: a professor was supposed to be a venerable kind of person, with snow-white whiskers reaching to his stomach. He was expected to moon around the campus, oblivious of the world around him. If you nodded to him he failed to see you. Of money he knew nothing; of business, far less. He was, as his trustees were proud to say of him, "a child."

On the other hand, he contained within him a reservoir of learning of such depth as to be practically bottomless. None of this learning was supposed to be of any material or commercial benefit to anybody. Its use was in saving the soul and enlarging the mind.

At the head of such a group of professors was one whose beard was even whiter and longer, whose absence of

mind was even still greater, and whose knowledge of money, business, and practical affairs was below zero. Him they made the president.

All this is changed in America. A university professor is now a busy, hustling person, approximating as closely to a business man as he can manage to do. It is on the business man that he models himself. He has a little place that he calls his "office," with a typewriter machine and stenographer. Here he sits and dictates letters, beginning after the best business models, "In re yours of the eighth ult., would say, etc., etc." He writes there letters to students, to his fellow professors, to the president, indeed to any people who will let him write to them. The number of letters that he writes each month is duly counted and set to his credit. If he writes enough he will get a reputation as an "executive" and big things may happen to him. He may even be asked to step out of the college and take a post as an "executive" in a soap company or an advertising firm. The man, in short, is a "hustler," an "advertiser" whose highest aim is to be a "live wire." If he is not he will presently be dismissed, or, to use the business term, be "let go," by a board of trustees who are themselves hustlers and live wires. As to the professor's soul, he no longer needs to think of it, as it has been handed over, along with all the others, to a board of censors.

The American professor deals with his students according to his lights. It is his business to chase them along over a prescribed ground at a prescribed pace, like a flock of sheep. They all go humping together over the hurdles, with the professor chasing them with a set of "tests" and "recitations," "marks" and "attendances," the whole apparatus obviously copied from the time clock of the business man's factory. This process is what is called "showing results." The pace set is necessarily that of the slowest, and this results in what I have heard Mr. Edward Beatty

describe as the "convoy system of education."

In my own opinion, reached after fifty-two years of profound reflection, this system contains in itself the seeds of destruction. It puts a premium on dullness and a penalty on genius. It circumscribes that attitude of mind which is the real spirit of learning. If we persist in it we shall presently find that true learning will fly away from our universities and will take rest wherever some individual and inquiring mind can mark out its path for itself.

Now the principal reason why I am led to admire Oxford is that the place is little touched as yet by the measuring of "results," and this passion for visible and provable "efficiency." The whole system at Oxford is such as to put a premium on genius and to let mediocrity and dullness go their way. On the dull student Oxford, after a proper lapse of time, confers a degree which means nothing more than that he lived and breathed at Oxford and kept out of jail. This for many students is as much as society can expect. But for the gifted student Oxford offers great opportunities. There is no question of his hanging back till the last sheep has jumped over the fence. He need wait for no one. He may move forward as fast as he likes, following the bent of his genius. If he has in him any ability beyond that of the common herd, his tutor, interested in his studies, will smoke at him until he kindles him into a flame. For the tutor's soul is not harassed by herding dull students, with dismissal hanging by a thread over his head in the classroom. The American professor has no time to be interested in a clever student. He has time to be interested in his "department," his letter writing, his executive work, and his organizing ability and his hope of promotion to a soap factory. But with that his mind is exhausted. The student of genius merely means to him a student who gives no trouble, who passes all his "tests" and is present

at all his "recitations"; such a student also, if he can be trained to be a hustler and an advertiser, will undoubtedly "make good." But beyond that the professor does not think of him. The everlasting principle of equality has inserted itself in a place where it has no right to be and where irregularity is the breath of life.

American or Canadian college trustees would be horrified at the notion of professors who apparently do no work, give few or no lectures, and draw their pay merely for existing. Yet these are really the only kind of professors worth having; I mean men who can be trusted with a vague general mission in life, with a salary guaranteed at least till their death, and a sphere of duties intrusted solely to their own conscience and the promptings of their own desires. Such men are rare, but a single one of them when found is worth ten "executives" and a dozen "organizers."

The excellence of Oxford, then, as I see it, lies in the peculiar vagueness of the organization of its work. It starts from the assumption that the professor is a really learned man whose sole interest lies in his own sphere; and that a student, or at least the only student with whom the university cares to reckon seriously, is a young man who desires to know. This is an ancient mediæval attitude long since buried in more up-to-date places under successive strata of compulsory education, state teaching, the democratization of knowledge, and the substitution of the shadow for the substance, and the casket for the gem. No doubt, in newer places the thing has got to be so. Higher education in America flourishes chiefly as a qualification for entrance into a money-making profession, and not as a thing in itself. But in Oxford one can still see the surviving outline of a nobler type and structure and a higher inspiration.

I do not mean to say, however, that my judgment of Oxford is one undiluted story of praise. In one respect, at least,

I think that Oxford has fallen away from the high ideals of the Middle Ages. I refer to the fact that it admits women students to its studies. In the Middle Ages women were regarded with a peculiar chivalry long since lost. It was taken for granted that their brains were too delicately poised to allow them to learn anything. It was presumed that their minds were so exquisitely hung that intellectual effort might disturb them. The present age has gone to the other extreme; and this is seen nowhere more than in the crowding of women into colleges originally designed for men. Oxford, I regret to find, has not stood out against this change.

To a profound scholar like myself the presence of these young women, many of them most attractive, flitting up and down the streets of Oxford in their caps and gowns is very distressing.

Who is to blame for this and how they first got in I do not know. But I understand that they first of all built a private college of their own close to Oxford, and then edged themselves in foot by foot. If this is so, they only followed up the precedent of the recognized method in use in America. When an American college is established, the women go and build a college of their own overlooking the grounds. Then they put on becoming caps and gowns and stand and look over the fence at the college athletics. The male undergraduates, who were originally and by nature a hardy lot, were not easily disturbed. But inevitably some of the senior trustees fell in love with the first-year girls and became convinced that coeducation was a noble cause. American statistics show that between 1880 and 1900 the number of trustees and senior professors who married girl undergraduates, or who wanted to do so, reached a percentage of—I forget the exact per cent; it was either a hundred or a little over.

I don't know just what happened at Oxford, but presumably something of the sort took place. In any case the

women are now all over the place. They attend the college lectures, they row in a boat, and they perambulate the High Street. They are even offering a serious competition against the men. Last year they carried off the ping-pong championship and took the chancellor's prize for needlework, while in music, cooking, and millinery the men are said to be nowhere.

There is no doubt that unless Oxford puts the women out while there is yet time they will overrun the whole university. What this means to the progress of learning few can tell, and those who know are afraid to say.

Cambridge University, I am glad to see, still sets its face sternly against this innovation. I am reluctant to count any superiority in the University of Cambridge. Having twice visited Oxford, having made the place a subject of profound study for many hours at a time, having twice addressed its undergraduates, and having stayed at the Mitre Hotel, I consider myself an Oxford man. But I must admit that Cambridge has chosen the wiser part.

Last autumn, while I was in London on my voyage of discovery, a vote was taken at Cambridge to see if the women, who have already a private college near by, should be admitted to the university. They were triumphantly shut out; and as a fit and proper sign of enthusiasm the undergraduates went over in a body and knocked down the gates of the women's college. I know that it is a terrible thing to say that anyone approved of this. All the London papers came out with headings that read, "Are our undergraduates turning into baboons?" and so on. The *Manchester Guardian* draped its pages in black, and even the London *Morning Post* was afraid to take bold ground in the matter. But I do know also that there was a great deal of secret chuckling and jubilation in the London clubs. Nothing was expressed openly. The men of England have been too terrorized by the women for that. But in safe

corners of the club, out of earshot of waiters and away from casual strangers, little groups of elderly men chuckled quietly together. "Knocked down their gates, eh?" said the wicked old men to one another, and then whispered guiltily behind an uplifted hand, "Serve 'em right." Nobody dared to say anything outside. If he had, some one would have got up and asked a question in the House of Commons. When this is done all England falls flat upon its face.

But for my part, when I heard of the Cambridge vote I felt as Lord Chatham did when he said in Parliament, "Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted." For I have long harbored views of my own upon the higher education of women. In these days, however, it requires no little hardihood to utter a single word of criticism against it.

So I return with relief to my general study of Oxford.

Viewing the situation as a whole, I am led, then, to the conclusion that there must be something in the life of Oxford itself that makes for higher learning. Smoked at by his tutor, fed in Henry VIII's kitchen, and sleeping in a tangle of ivy, the student evidently gets something not easily obtained in America. And the more I reflect on the matter, the more I am convinced that it is the sleeping in the ivy that does it. How different it is from student life as I remember it!

When I was a student at the University of Toronto thirty years ago, I lived, from start to finish, in seventeen different boarding houses. As far as I am aware, these houses have not, or not yet, been marked with tablets. But they are still to be found in the vicinity of McCaul and Darcy and St. Patrick Streets. Anyone who doubts the truth of what I have to say may go and look at them.

I was not alone in the nomadic life that I led. There were hundreds of us drifting about in this fashion from one melancholy habitation to another. We lived, as a rule, two or three in a house,

sometimes alone. We dined in the basement. We always had beef, done up in some way after it was dead, and there were always soda biscuit on the table. They used to have a brand of soda biscuit in those days in the Toronto boarding houses that I have not seen since. They were better than dog biscuit, but with not so much snap. My contemporaries will all remember them. A great many of the leading barristers and professional men of Toronto were fed on them.

In the life we led we had practically no opportunities for association on a large scale, no common rooms, no reading rooms—nothing. We never saw the magazines; personally, I didn't even know the names of them. The only interchange of ideas we ever got was by going over to the Caer Howell Hotel, on University Avenue, and interchanging them there.

I mention these melancholy details not for their own sake, but merely to emphasize the point that when I speak of student's dormitories and the larger life which they offer I speak of what I know. If we had had at Toronto, when I was a student, the kind of dormitories and dormitory life that they have at Oxford, I don't think I should ever have graduated. I'd have been there still. The trouble is that the universities on our continent are only just waking up to the idea of what a university would mean. They were, very largely, instituted and organized with the idea that a university was a place where young men were sent to absorb the contents of books and to listen to lectures in the classrooms. The student was pictured as a pallid creature, burning what was called the "midnight oil," his wan face bent over his desk. If you wanted to do something for him you gave him a book; if you wanted to do something really large on his behalf you gave him a whole basketful of them. If you wanted to go still farther and be a benefactor to the college at large, you endowed a competitive schol-

arship and set two or more pallid students working themselves to death to get it.

The real thing for the student is the life and environment that surround him. All that he really learns he learns, in a sense, by the active operation of his own intellect and not as the passive recipient of lectures. And for this active operation what he really needs most is the continued and intimate contact with his fellows. Students must live together and eat together, talk and smoke together. Experience shows that that is how their minds really grow. And they must live together in a rational and comfortable way. They must eat in a big dining room or hall, with oak beams across the ceiling, and stained glass in the windows, and with a shield or tablet here or there upon the wall to remind them betweentimes of the men who went before them and left a name worthy of the memory of the college. If a student is to get from his college what it ought to give him, a college dormitory with the life in common that it brings is his absolute right. A university that fails to give it to him is cheating him.

If I were founding a university—and I say it with all the seriousness of which I am capable—I would found first a smoking room; then when I had a little more money in hand I would found a dormitory; then after that, or more probably with it, a decent reading room and a library. After that, if I still had more money that I couldn't use, I would hire a professor and get some textbooks.

This article has sounded for the most part like a continuous eulogy of Oxford, with but little in favor of our American colleges. I turn, therefore, with pleasure to the more congenial task of showing

what is wrong with Oxford and with the English university system generally, and the aspect in which our American universities far excel the British.

The point is that Henry VIII is dead. The English are so proud of what Henry VIII and the benefactors of earlier centuries did for the universities that they forget the present. There is little or nothing in the English to compare with the magnificent generosity of individuals, provinces, and states which is building up the colleges of the United States and Canada. There used to be. But by some strange confusion of thought, the English people admire the noble gifts of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII and Queen Margaret, and do not realize that the Carnegies and Rockefellers and the William Macdonalds are the Cardinal Wolseys of to-day. The University of Chicago was founded upon oil. McGill University rests largely on a basis of tobacco. In America the world of commerce and business levies on itself a noble tribute in favor of the higher learning. In England, with a few conspicuous exceptions, such as that at Bristol, there is little of the sort. The feudal families are content with what their remote ancestors have done; they do not try to emulate it in any great degree.

In the long run this must count. Of all the various reforms that are talked of at Oxford, and of all the imitations of American methods that are suggested, the only one worth while, to my thinking, is to capture a few millionaires, give them honorary degrees at a million pounds sterling apiece, and tell them to imagine that they are Henry VIII. I give Oxford warning that if this is not done the place will not last another two centuries.

MEMORIES AND MY MOTHER

BY HARRISON RHODES

PART I

THEY were building yesterday a preposterous, small rustic bridge over what is little more than a drainage ditch, though the gardener has planted it with the wild purple iris and set a *Devoniensis* rose to clambering over the lattice that runs along one side, so that it is very pretty. The bridge is about four feet long and is really a quite absurd engineering operation, since even in the most tropical of Floridian rainstorms it spans a torrent only about four inches deep. We had, however, talked of it for days, and when the actual construction work began there were three men engaged in it—the gardener; a carpenter of the village, highly skilled in “rustic work,” as the art is called; and the black chauffeur. It was a moment in which my mother would have excelled, directing her cohorts with masterly generalship as she sat upon the patch of lawn near by in a small wicker-seated rocking chair which was set up, like the throne of Xerxes, wherever she marshaled her horticultural forces for weeding or planting seeds, or for such great moments as this of bridge building; indeed, the spanning of the Hellespont would be no more important in Asia Minor than is the conquering of this shallow ditch in our garden. But, alas! for the third spring now the garden is without a general. This is why it gave me an odd turn yesterday when, coming along between the orange trees to observe the great event, I discovered that the small wicker-seated rocking chair, the general’s seat, had been placed upon the patch of lawn near by, though she is no longer here to sit there.

Neither the gardener nor I said anything to each other about the “rocker.” We understood, and there are certain things one does not talk about, especially if there are others by. I think he believes, in some way of his own, in her actual presence there. I believe less surely, and at any rate much more mystically and symbolically. But for both of us, and for my sister, too, the small green back yard is a haunted place. We all know about the rocking chair. When it rains, whatever may happen to the other garden furniture, this must be brought to shelter. Every night it, at least, must sleep in the woodshed. If it is ever forgotten we apologize to each other, though we do it in a businesslike way as if we mustn’t be too sentimental about things.

We were, as children, brought up in an atmosphere of gardens. But perhaps if I am to be honest and accurate I should say back yards. Northern Ohio nearly half a century ago did not talk much of gardens, unless it meant vegetable patches. There was no gardener employed regularly to embellish our back yard, no cohorts for mother to direct. There was John Eck, who came, if we could induce him to live up to his contract, once a week to mow the lawn, front and back. My father was of an incredible incompetence in such matters, and his son had inherited this quality. Yet because my mother had given me at my birth a small share of her passionate love of flowers I attempted, most ineptly, indeed (and my sister, in due time, as she stopped being a baby), to add some horticultural charms to the long, narrow yard with

its nubby and infertile soil. My mother, though she was younger then, was never physically strong. We were her cohorts of that day, but, with us only, she could accomplish nothing like that later Floridian beauty.

A bed of ground in a sheltered corner facing south between the kitchen and the dining room was in earliest childhood my domain; as my sister grew up to a small spade and rake and trowel, I ceded a part to her, the less favorably exposed and less desirable portion, be it said at once, as befitted one younger and a female. The only permanent equipment of my garden was a patch of day lilies and a border of pink clove pinks which had been transported in my tenderest childhood—and theirs—from my grandmother's garden in the country. My gardening lacked both dash and industriousness. It was done in a way so unimaginative and cowardly as to be in itself a confession of failure. I saved my pocket money as spring approached, and begged for a special floricultural grant from the parental authorities, and then purchased, with a lavishness which varied with the sum so accumulated, potted plants at the greenhouse, and set them out in my plot. I had no nonsense with seeds and cold frames and transplanting; I just turned the plants out of their pots, finding the balls of earth with their roots in a matted mass a very agreeable sight, and, lo! my garden was. I was indeed a rank amateur.

John Eck himself had a greenhouse, of lower prices than the one kept by a crabbed and frightening old fellow named Fehn, who, however, purveyed more varied and rarer plants. I do not defend my gardening methods; they would be frowned on by all modern educational authorities. But I will say that the spring spending at the greenhouses, artfully dividing my money between Eck and Fehn, trying to get the best plants and yet hold the favor of each of them, was a very thrilling time. It might have been foundation train-

ing had I ultimately embraced either a commercial or a diplomatic career.

As time went on our ambitions flew higher. Mother had secured a catalogue of a nursery near Philadelphia, and we attempted rose culture with named new varieties—I must insist that this was not a commonplace thing, as it is now; it was, for northern Ohio, novel, almost adventurous. The roses were miserable little bushes and never thrived very well. But I came to know *La France* and *General Jacqueminot*, which I pronounced in four syllables—*Ja-quim-i-no*, and somehow the horizon broadened and glimpses of a world outside the Western Reserve were to be obtained. The mere easy use of French words, even as I guessed at their pronunciation, gave a sense of personal distinction, of being, if not a man, at least a gardener of the world.

There was in the catalogue a freakish and mysterious “green rose” given as a prize when one bought twenty others. I insisted upon this. Its arrival was a feverish moment. It was not a rose in the proper sense at all; its flower was a mass of stiffish green leaves that were not of the texture of petals. It was (after all these years one may be honest) singularly ugly, its only virtue being an odd, spicy odor which it exhaled. But we proudly made much of it and showed it to visitors as a rare exotic which we occasionally imposed upon the softer-natured as an object of admiration. There is philosophy to be distilled here, I feel, but I prefer to go straight on to the more disillusioned and cynical view of life which came to me with the quince tree.

There was a so-called “Japanese quince” with dark, brilliant-red flowers set thickly along a brown branch, but I do not mean that. My father, as suited a grown-up man, had a broader vision of the back yard. He saw it as an orchard, and in an expansive moment he ordered little fruit trees which he left to mother to have planted out. There were cherry, apple, peach, and one

quince, and we made two rows of them. They all did very badly except the quince, which was a most intrepid tree, flowered prodigiously every spring, and almost broke in the autumn under the weight of its hard yellow fruit. But the thing which gave one the gravest doubts of the wisdom of Providence and of its kindness was that we all longed for cherries, peaches, and apples, while none of us could "abide" quinces. Yet quinces were what fortune showered on us. The questions here raised have never been answered to my satisfaction to this day. I got a hint, however, of the great doctrine of compensations when a cousin named Mary Bentley came to live for a time with us, and we children discovered that it was quince seeds put to soak in water in a saucer which produced the mucilaginous balm which enabled Cousin Mary to paste her hair down in marvelous parallel "waves," as they were called, and to adorn her smooth white temples with the flat, almost imperishable, locks of hair, like hooks, which were so agreeably termed "beau catchers" then. Certainly there was a beau caught and ultimately married, and I had a momentary vision of the possible place of the quince in the scheme of creation. But so much wisdom was almost oppressive to a child so young.

Part of the masculine "wider vision" for the back yard was its availability for producing food supplies. At my father's request offers to buy fresh vegetables were made me by the kitchen, and every year in a remoter and even more infertile part of the yard I constructed a few beds. I usually heaped them so high that they looked painfully like graves, which indeed they were—of hopes. For by some strange fatality radish culture seemed my only success, and that root or tuber, or whatever it may be, produced such a general indigestion in the family that the whole question of the advisability of vegetable raising remained unsolved. In this matter my mother remained serenely

noncommittal, but somehow one felt that her doctrine was being driven home, that the service of pure beauty as represented by flowers was even more valuable than that of utility, which radishes stood for. Perhaps there is no need to linger in that back-yard garden, although I long at least to celebrate the admirable stove and oven combined which I used to build of brick, and in which the boys of the neighborhood roasted potatoes and occasionally the succulent and saucy English sparrow laid low by a sling shot. (I was glad to recognize this bird years later in an expensive French restaurant in Chicago as a *mauviette*.)

Nothing in the history of one's country is too trivial to be worth setting down somewhere. Particularly in America, where civilization—at least so called—is forever slowly spreading over the whole land, are all kinds of minor dates in danger of being lost. When did olives arrive in northern Ohio and when did we stop dressing lettuce and tomatoes with sugar and vinegar? *Have* we all stopped? Such matters, if I could remember them accurately enough, I would brazenly set down, believing them of some importance some day to some one.

A history of the progress of domestic decoration and taste should be written by some one. And bad taste is as significant—and perhaps as important historically—as good. My mother, as her mother before her, and as, in fact, most American women (not always their husbands), stood eagerly waiting for the novelties in art as they slid down the western slope of the Alleghanies. We never had a gilded milking stool in the parlor, but we did possess a Chianti bottle painted with iridescent colors and adorned with a blue bow.

I can remember, through seeing my mother engaged in the enterprises, first of all "air castles" constructed of perforated cardboard and beads, then a strange rough hempen lace called, I seem to remember, macramé, though I

doubt whether there is such a word in French. Then rickrack, wasn't it a braid? And *repoussé* brass—there was a panel of iris framed in red plush which for a considerable period adorned the parlor. And in an interlude what I seem to have called "scratchella" painting done on velvet with a skewer. And in due time "Kensington" embroidery and cat-tails in a Japanese jar, the far wash of æsthetic London. Every American family has such an art history, certainly in the Middle West. It is comic, but I like it. I think it gay and gallant, too. And through it all, American women, my mother among them, were making their way to a true love of beauty in which, give them time, they will be excelled by no women in the world.

My father died when I was seventeen. My mother lived on till I was approaching what had been my father's age. I have never married, and in the years that went by my relationship to my mother stands, among many happy relationships, as the best. It is not always so in families, that I know.

It would be arrogance to say of any friendship or relationship of one's own that it was perfect. And I know that even for what share of perfection came to me I have no concrete, easily discovered secret.

I can perhaps, however, suggest a partial formulation of what family affection should afford one. The world is a gay, diversified place of contending interests. Happiness is to come home to some one (or to more than one) for whom you always wish well, who it is inconceivable could ever wish for you anything but success and happiness. Here is something steadfast in the shifting phantasmagoria of the world, Gibraltar firmly set among the treacherous currents of life's tides.

There could never have been in my mother's mind any conflict between her children's happiness and her own; they were to her one and the same thing. It was not that she in the least sacrificed

hers to us or we ours to her. Happiness was merely the unconscious adjustment of our varying interests; the balance had already been struck before she herself had ventured to formulate her own demand for happiness. I speak of her only; I would not claim this for us.

It is always pleasant to me to think of my mother and it feeds my pride to believe that many of her qualities were typical of the America in which she mostly lived and of the American women of that day. Her great sense of personal elegance in her clothes endears a whole century to me. Anyone who cares to browse in the innumerable books of impressions of and travel in America written during that so little remembered first half of the nineteenth century will find that however horrid and crude our visitors found the country, and particularly its male inhabitants, they had to admit that the ladies were beautifully dressed. Unsuitably, perhaps, the critics sometimes maintained. They could not understand how in the vulgar publicity of the hotel ladies' parlor females of refinement should choose to appear nightly in the latest and loveliest toilettes from Paris. But why, we may well ask, should the American ladies of that day or any other wait for the country to grow up to their frocks? I think it one of the finest of our national traditions, and I boast that when my mother went away to school she had the prettiest dresses of any girl there.

Nothing, indeed, could have been more firmly founded in my mother's mind than the duty of every woman to look her best. And when anything is a duty one has at once respect for it. To us as children it was interesting, a historical subject worth study, what mother had worn as a child. I remember what a piquant paradox it seemed that she had never been permitted to have a high-necked dress until she was grown up. There are some extremely pleasant pictures of the little Adelaide with the childish gown demurely low

over the shoulders. It is amazing of how remote a world such photographs already seem. Would a portrait of a Elizabethan child or of a small Roman of Cæsar's day seem really any more old-fashioned?

Less than a half century will produce the same effect of immemorial antiquity. As I write there comes into my mind a picture of my mother taken when I was a child—and this, I must protest, is not quite immemorial antiquity. She is in a marvelous dress of black silk (I hope it would "stand alone") with a neat, tight-fitting bodice and a great, beautifully *bouffant* skirt of great puffs and cascades and Heaven knows what. Her hair is a marvel of puffs, too, and curls and ringlets, and she stands in a pose of incomparable elegance by a proudly isolated "pedestal" crowned by what would seem a gas jet in a lovely globe. This is perhaps forty years ago, yet if I didn't know her and you asked me to believe that she was, say, the Empress of the Brazils in the eighteenth century, I should.

If the ladies of our nation are elegant, are they not as traditionally good as they are beautiful? Is that not our special national blend? There is a glass box with a curved glass top within which lies a lovely nosegay of cloth flowers, which was used to contain the childish treasures of the little Adelaide. There was chiefest of all a tiny glass mandarin duck in an attached black-glass boat-like support which enabled it to float majestically upon, say, a goldfish bowl. This was extravagantly admired by the little Adelaide's children; it still is. What should perhaps have been more admired were the school prizes, rewards of merit, ordinarily inscribed merely "To Addie, for being a good girl." These were usually just small cards, shiny and of an obvious elegance of quality, on which were painted little knots and garlands of bright flowers, the inscription written very small with a pen which traced a line of hairlike fineness.

If my mother was good—and indeed I believe she was—she appeared to be quite unconscious of it. It was merely what a woman naturally would be—it was like being well dressed. I do not remember that she ever exactly taught or tried to teach her children to be good; she seemed merely to assume that of course they would be.

Immorality, in all its varieties, there undoubtedly is in the world—my mother would have gone quite that far in admitting the existence of evil. As she grew up—or perhaps rather as her son did, she came into contact at times with a varied world, that of the theater, for example, and the arts generally. It may safely be assumed that the people she met sometimes had not quite the standards of the northern Ohio where she won the school prizes for being a good girl. She was very friendly with them, very undeceived by them, very understanding, very forgiving. That was the way they were, and perhaps they could not help it; and they had other excellent qualities and charm and gayety and many things which go to make life agreeable. She was indeed glad to see them when they wanted to see her. But her relationship to them all seemed also comic to her. If a famous lovely actress now living with her fourth husband rushed up and kissed her under the arc lights of Broadway as the theater crowd struggled for carriages, she was pleased enough, but she was apt to remark, as we drove away, that it was possibly an unusual thing to happen to a daughter of Solon. (This was the northern Ohio village where my great-grandfather had settled when he went west from Connecticut.) It was pleasant to see all these people, but of course it was not necessary to emphasize the fact that your own standards remained quite unchanged. Is this not just the way American women have gone through the life of different worlds and continents, more especially Europe, quite understanding and often sympathizing, but, to the despair and

bewilderment of foreigners, keeping their original standards quite intact?

Marriage, whatever strange and comic things other people and these newer generations might make of it, was for her a decorous and happy relationship. I never heard my father and mother quarrel. It was to be assumed that it had been a love match, though this would not perhaps be just the thing one would tell young children about. Is this not America, too? We saw father and mother often enough with other men and women in the simple neighborhood society of those days, in Cleveland, at card parties and informal "droppings in" of an evening, and at occasional dances. But I never saw an instant's flirtatiousness on the part of either of my parents; no later-acquired knowledge of the world leads me to believe there was any such; it was not then *dans les mœurs* in northern Ohio.

To a childish mind it seemed so certain the affection of our parents could have no ending that it seemed as if it could have had no beginning. In the sense, at least, that the most startling discovery of my early childhood was that my father had been married before. I learned this by accident, I forget how, and that he had loved his first wife, who was, it appeared, a sweet young creature who had died early in their married life. It is odd, perhaps, that I never spoke to him of all this. It was not that I approved or disapproved; it was merely that my new knowledge made my father a mysterious, almost romantic, figure. It gave me a feeling that grown-ups had indeed lived as children certainly had not.

It inspired me in the end with the courage to ask my mother who was the original of a colored portrait which hung modestly in the upstairs hallway. And she told me at once, with great simplicity, that it was the man she had been engaged to and that he had been killed during the war. Indeed, that was almost all she ever told me to the

end of her life, though of course I gradually came to learn a little more.

I realized that his sisters were called my aunts and his nephews and nieces my cousins. And to-day they all feel that it is only by the sad chance of war that this is not our relationship—though they all loved my "truly" father. There was an enchanting Aunt Mary whose visits pleasantly punctuated all my childhood. She had been a great beauty, and I imagine a great flirt, when she was younger. But a disappointment had come and she had never married, and she was growing old in a kind of gay, lovely tenderness which seems to me, as I look back, to have so often been the way with what we called "old maids" in those days.

Once there came to visit us a mysterious lady from Cincinnati with her daughter. They seemed to be old friends of my mother's, though she had not seen them since the daughter was a little girl. Then I learned from them that when Augustus W—— had been wounded and was brought from the hospital to Mrs. O——'s house in the old part of Cincinnati, to grow well, my mother came down from the northern part of the state to be with him till he recovered. He died, instead, and I think perhaps he was always the romance of my mother's life. I learned only the other day for what a long time she wore mourning for Augustus W——. And after she died my sister showed me a silk scarf faded to magenta, part of a uniform, which had always been among my mother's treasures. We sent it to his family, but was it, after all, more theirs than ours? There are more than blood kinships.

My father knew more of all this than I do. I have some letters of his, urging marriage, in which he so completely understood. I still know very little. There is a packet of Augustus's letters, tied, as all such packets should be, with narrow blue ribbon. We have never read them. I think perhaps we never shall, though they will be treasured

quite as of old. This was the only thing in her life of which my mother never talked to her children, though we can guess that, except for the final sorrow, it was all happiness. Both our parents seem to have judged it wise to present to us merely a peaceful domestic picture, with no sorrows of youth which had preceded final happiness.

I liked Augustus W——'s colored portrait in the upper hallway. I came to have a feeling half filial for him. He looked dashing, and I was proud that he had died in the war, though equally glad that my father had not. He was, he is even now, one of my ties to that war. I think of him even now sometimes when people talk of the uselessness of wars and the unworthy motives which drive nations into them. I still believe the war was fought, as far as northern Ohio went, from a generous and gallant wish to free a race which was held, unjustly, so northern Ohioans believed, in slavery.

As to what war does to individual lives, did it not give us a different father? This was the perplexing problem that I sometimes busied my child's mind with. It had endless possibilities of speculative thought. I only feel now that I should like to derive, if I could, from all the brave Americans of that generation just before me.

I think the filial and parental attitudes are, as it were, interchangeable, and that as one grows up one begins to be naturally a little the parent of one's parent. If I may put it that way, my mother became, as she grew up—or down—a charming child to her children. We invented, when we were still in our teens, preposterous pet names for her which even here seem too foolish and too intimate to be set down. We were ravished to be able a little to protect her, probably even more ravished at rare intervals to be able to make her obey us as—at rare intervals—we had sometimes obeyed her. As children grow older should not parents grow

younger? Should they not fairly soon become the same age and go on to the end, however that end may come, as companions, playmates?

I hope I seem to no one to speak of senile decay, for my mother, at least, never grew, except in certain bodily infirmities, old. It was not that she wanted to "dress young" or to "behave young." There was never, so far as I could see, any abatement of a firm, though quite unsistent, dignity which naturally increased with her years. But she *was* young and gay and interested in those who were young and gay, and interested till the very end.

This tendency of mind has a disadvantage; indeed, I am quite willing to call it a fault. After my mother reached forty she began to find that her contemporaries were growing to be dull dogs; later she found them coming to be unpleasantly and unreasonably old. She was bored with them. She found younger people fresher and more interesting. She behaved a little as if it were the fault of old people that they should grow old. Perhaps it is, when you come to think of it. Relatives who persisted in growing old she found particularly annoying; she felt almost responsible for them, though she knew it was really not her fault, but theirs. Yet since to say that anyone was old was indeed the final insult, she rarely used the word. No, she would say, So-and-so was not an old lady; she was only seventy. When she herself was seventy she thought possibly there might be old people of eighty. When she was seventy-five the aged had come to be those of eighty-five. She herself did not look young; her hair grew a soft and lovely white and her face wrinkled with wisdom and long years. But there was always a patch on her cheeks of the same color which had stained those of the good little Adelaide at school. And within, her heart was blithe, as hearts are not always, be it said, even when the breasts that inclose them are young.

(To be concluded)



GUADAMUR

Among the smaller castles, but none the less charming, is Guadamur, surrounded by its tiny village. It lies to the west of the city of Toledo, which it was built to protect, and is now owned and occupied by the Marques d'Argueso.

Castles in Spain
Drawings by
Vernon Howe Bailey



The castle of this once important town of northern Palencia is situated on the river Pisuerga. A simple village clusters about the castle hill, though ancient palaces, bearing coats of arms in high relief, recall its past greatness.



Fourteen miles south of the city of Cordoba, situated on a great hill above the river Guadalquivir, is this ancient Moorish castle, used as a treasurehouse by Peter the Cruel, and now occupied by its present owner, the Conde de Torralba.

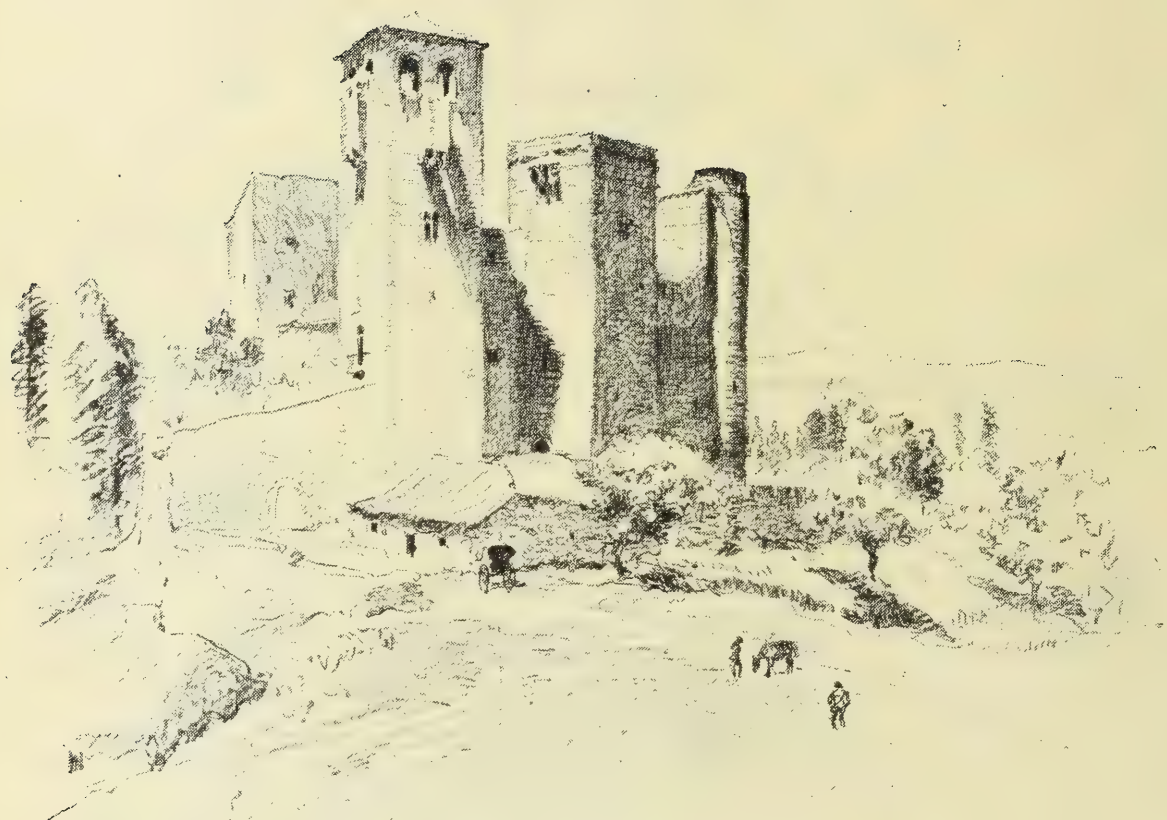


North of Segovia lies the castle of Turégano, an interesting example of the castle churches that existed at the time the Moors were being driven from Spain. Its walls are of the most massive character; secret chambers abound, and also, it is said, a subterranean passage runs to the small plaza of the near-by village.



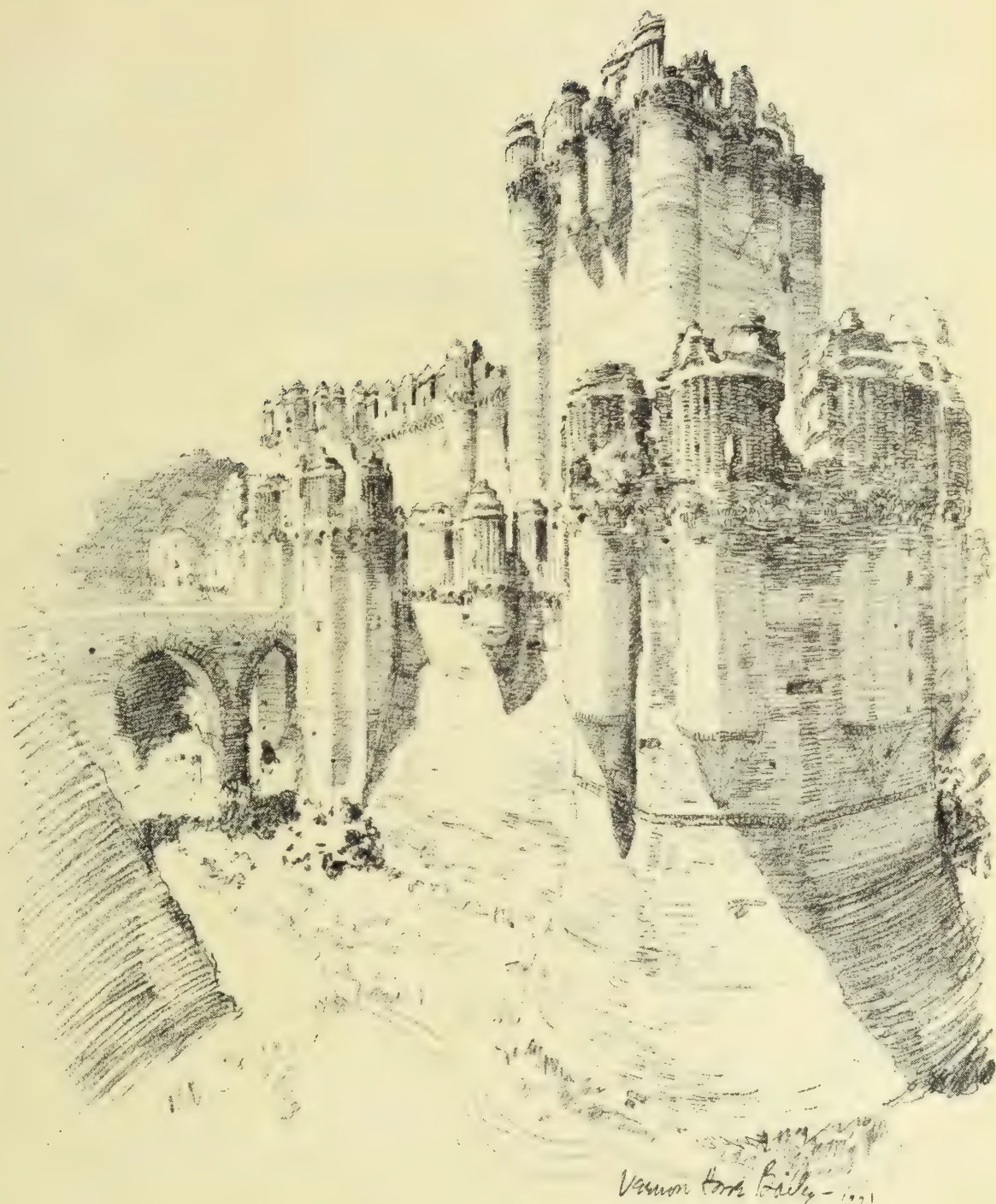
An excellent example of a Castilian castle. It occupies a striking situation on a rocky height, above the river Eresma. It was built by Alfonso VI in the eleventh century.

THE ALCÁZAR OF SEGOVIA

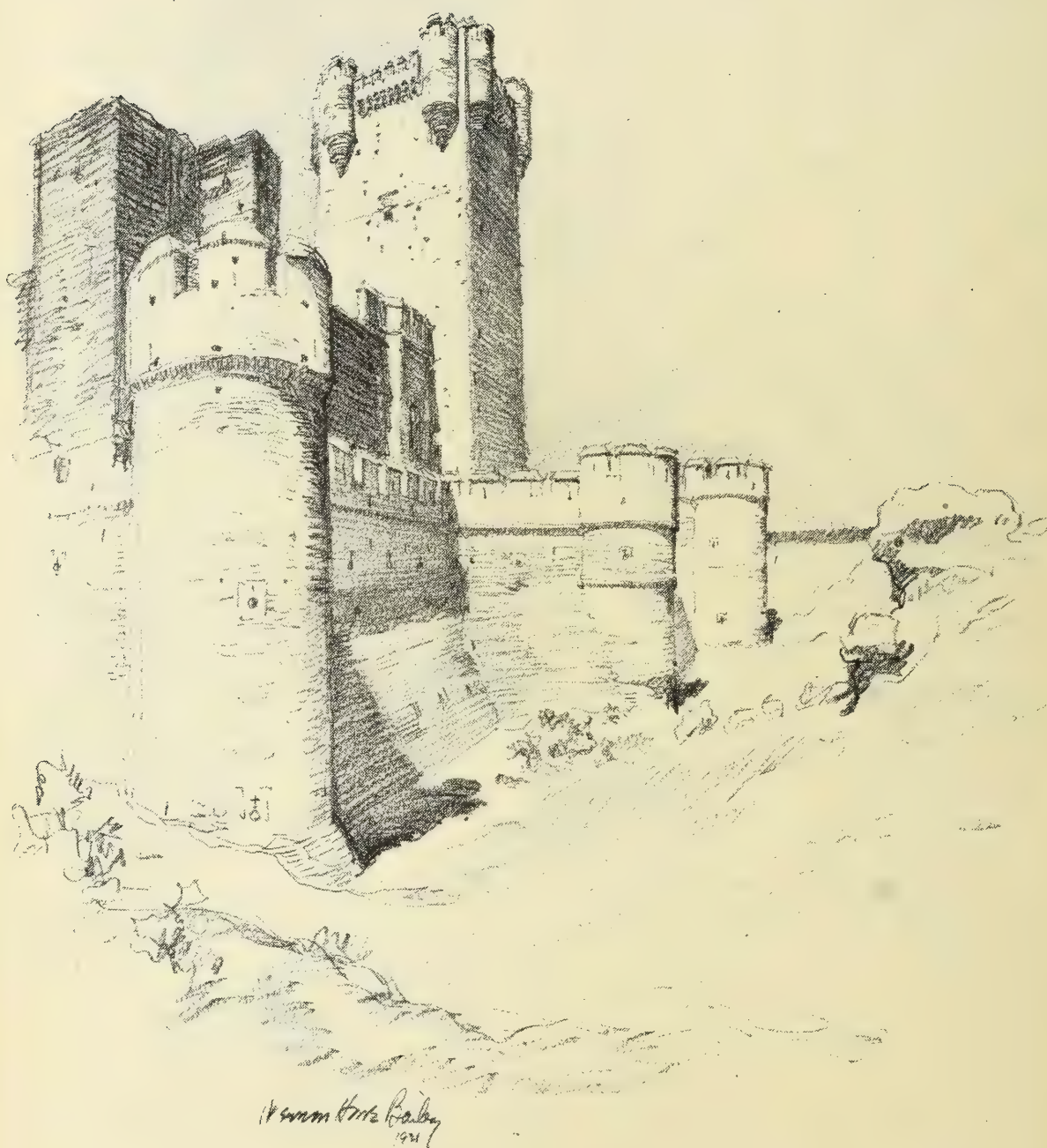


Wm. L. G. G.

Near Sepúlveda, this castle was built in 755 by Abderramán, the Moorish King of Cordoba, and captured by the Spanish in the year 913. It became one of the residences of the Infantas Don Fernando and Doña Leonor, afterward monarchs of Aragon. The Catholic kings on tour from Burgos to Segovia rested here always.



The castle of Còca was built in the fifteenth century, as the seat of the powerful Fonseca family, and was a great and beautiful fortress of brick, decorated with hand-painted tiles. It is one of the most interesting architectural monuments of Spain, and is preserved through the Duke of Alba, to whom it belongs.



At Medina del Campo stands this favorite resort of Queen Isabella, the patron of Christopher Columbus; she died here in 1504. The castle was built by Fernando de Carreño in 1440.

THE INTIMATE STRANGERS

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS—ACT II

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

SYNOPSIS OF ACT I.—*Wires were down and all the trains hopelessly delayed. The two travelers stranded at a little country railroad station were in for an unpleasant night. Ames had never met Isabel Stuart before. He is urban, attractive, probably in the late thirties. She is of a lovely and charming presence. They have had some ten hours of each other's companionship—enough to indulge in a slight tiff, make it up, and for him to express his disapproval of the modern generation and unqualified approval of her. Before making themselves as comfortable as is possible for the night upon the waiting-room benches, Ames makes what Isabel terms an "almost" proposal of marriage and receives an "almost" acceptance.*

The morning brings to their rescue Isabel's niece, Florence, distinctly of the ultra-modern generation, but so attractive as to cause Ames to forget his remarks of the previous evening. She has motored all night with a neighbor, Johnnie, in search of Miss Stuart. They all start back to Miss Stuart's farm in the car.

SCENE.—The living room at Miss Stuart's farm. The fire is burning, and facing it is an "old lady," for she is undeniably both, and with her cap and old-fashioned gown, rather suggests Whistler's portrait of his mother. A middle-aged manservant, on his knees, is rubbing the hearth and brass fender with a rag. The old lady is Florence's Aunt Ellen.

AUNT ELLEN.—Well, and then, after they had their breakfast, Henry?

HENRY.—Well, he went to sleep leanin' on the mantelpiece, and then she had me take him up to bed in the big room.

AUNT ELLEN.—Our having a gentleman visitor—it's quite exciting!

HENRY.—Yes'm.

AUNT ELLEN.—Is he going to stay over to-night with us?

HENRY.—No'm. He said he had to get the noon train at Clinton on the main line. I got to drive him over, she says.

AUNT ELLEN.—I should think *she'd* have been *dead*.

HENRY.—No'm; she went over to the empty tenant's house in the buckboard.

AUNT ELLEN.—She's a very remarkable woman, Henry.

HENRY.—Yes, Miss Ellen.

FLORENCE (*outdoors, calling*).—Henry! Hen-er-y! *Whoa, there!*

HENRY.—It's Miss Florence; she went off horseback for *her* sleep.

[FLORENCE comes in through an outer door of the sun room. She is dressed in riding clothes, with breeches, boots, and a short coat; yet there is a daintiness about her.]

FLORENCE.—Henry, don't you want to ride Tim down to the barn for me?

HENRY (*going out obediently*).—Yes'm.

FLORENCE.—H'lo, Aunt Ellen! Had your breakfast? Where's Mr. Ames?

[*She flings herself upon a chair, with one knee over its arm.*]

AUNT ELLEN (*frowning at the posture*).—I haven't met him. Henry tells me he's resting.

FLORENCE.—Poor thing! He's a right natty ole berry, though, Aunt Ellen.

AUNT ELLEN (*shuddering slightly*).—Won't you sometimes speak English, Florence?

FLORENCE.—None o' my friends 'd understand me if I did. (*An electric bell*

rings faintly.) That's Johnnie; I told him to clean up and come over and shoot some tennis.

AUNT ELLEN.—When were you last in bed, Florence?

FLORENCE.—When d'you think I was? Why, night before last! (*She giggles.*) Same as Aunt Isabel!

AUNT ELLEN.—I've told you I never discuss Aunt Isabel.

[*A door opens and a middle-aged woman steps in. She is neat and responsible looking, but more of the housekeeper type than a "maid"; her name is MATTIE.*]

MATTIE.—It's Mr. White.

FLORENCE (*calling shrilly*).—Come on in, Johnnie!

AUNT ELLEN.—Florence, please!

FLORENCE.—If Aunt Isabel can't reform me, you can't, Aunt Ellen. (*Calling again.*) Johnnie! Come ahead in!

[*JOHNNIE comes in. He is in flannels and swings a tennis racket.*]

JOHNNIE.—You expect to shoot tennis in boots?

FLORENCE.—Oh, I'll change. You pretty near dead for sleep?

JOHNNIE.—Me? Bet *you* are!

FLORENCE.—I'll show you how sleepy I am!

[*She runs to a victrola and as she speaks she releases a lively dance record, and turns round, extending her arms.*]

AUNT ELLEN.—Florence! Do you have to dance *all* the time?

FLORENCE (*seizing upon JOHNNIE*).—Absolutely! Come on!

[*They begin to dance.*]

AUNT ELLEN.—And that poor gentleman trying to get some rest upstairs!

FLORENCE.—It's time for the ole kid to come down. I want to talk some more to him!

JOHNNIE.—Hark! I believe you'd flirt with George Washington if you got a chance!

FLORENCE.—Hush up and get off my foot! What you think this is—a Chau-tauqua?

AUNT ELLEN.—It certainly isn't *dancing*, is it?

FLORENCE.—I never *could* remember, Aunt Ellen. Was it you or grandma that walked a minuet with Alexander Hamilton?

AUNT ELLEN.—It was my great-grandmother!

FLORENCE.—I guess *she'd* have been shocked enough if she'd ever seen *you* dancing when you were young.

AUNT ELLEN (*rising angrily*).—Shocked at *my* dancing? At the waltz, the polka, the schottische?

FLORENCE.—Oh, don't get so upset!

AUNT ELLEN.—Shame on you!

FLORENCE (*hotly*).—What for?

AUNT ELLEN.—To dance, yourself, in *that* manner and say anyone would be shocked at *my* dancing, and for saying I might have danced with Alexander Hamilton!

FLORENCE.—Why? Wasn't he nice?

AUNT ELLEN.—Shame!

FLORENCE.—Oh, *do* sit down!

[*It is a tiff, and they speak sharply and quickly.*]

AUNT ELLEN.—Indeed, I shall not!

FLORENCE.—Stand up, then! Gosh!

AUNT ELLEN.—I will retire from the room!

FLORENCE.—Oh, I apologize. Golly!

HENRY (*coming in through the sun room*).—She's back.

FLORENCE.—Now I s'pose you'll tell her all about it!

AUNT ELLEN.—I shall not. Excuse me! [*She departs.*]

FLORENCE.—Oh, my!

[*She flings herself into a chair.*]

ISABEL (*outside*).—Henry?

HENRY.—I'm waitin'.

[*ISABEL enters cheerfully through the sun room; her air is brisk, as of one fresh from driving on a cool morning.*]

ISABEL.—Henry—Howdy do, Johnnie White!—Henry, I want you to drive Mr. Ames to the train.

HENRY.—Yes'm; you awready told me.

ISABEL.—Let him know in plenty of time to start—but—well, not too much time. Not so that he'll have to wait a long while at the station.

HENRY.—No'm.

[*He goes out.* [FLORENCE'S attitude and look are of a brooding sort. ISABEL'S glance rests momentarily upon her.

ISABEL.—Johnnie White, why is this lady so gloomy? (JOHNNIE shakes his head briefly. ISABEL looks again at FLORENCE.) Where's your aunt Ellen? Hasn't she come down yet?

FLORENCE (*with rueful sulkiness*).—Oh yes, she was here!

ISABEL (*comprehending*).—Oh, I see! What was it about?

FLORENCE.—Why, I was only makin' fun of old-fashioned dancing. Everything old fashioned is so funny!

ISABEL.—Isn't it! I used to say that to my grandmother. Did you apologize?

FLORENCE.—Yes, I did.

ISABEL.—Did you say, "I apologize golly"?

JOHNNIE.—Why, Miss Stuart! How'd you guess Florence said that?

ISABEL.—When you live with 'em, Johnnie, you get to know their habits. Do you know what she's thinking now?

JOHNNIE.—No'm, I certainly don't.

ISABEL.—She's wondering why people are always so queer when they get older.

JOHNNIE.—Well, she might ask Mr. Ames about that. He must be, anyway, pretty near something 'way along over thirty or something. Isn't he, Miss Stuart?

ISABEL.—Yes, I'm afraid he must be almost that near the end!

FLORENCE.—Oh, I like old men. (*She comes out of her brooding fit as she rises.*) Don't you think Mr. Ames is terribly intriguing?

ISABEL.—"Intriguing"? No; I think he seems honest—well, quite honest, at least!

FLORENCE.—This man's a man that really interests me. I think from his looks he has the power to think. Very few people have the power to think in this world, you know, Aunt Isabel.

ISABEL.—Oh yes; fewer and fewer every day! Have you the power to think, Johnnie White?

JOHNNIE.—No'm. You know what she means, don't you?

FLORENCE.—Never mind.

ISABEL (*in an impressed whisper, to JOHNNIE*).—She's thinking.

FLORENCE.—Aunt Isabel, I really would like him to stay over a day or so.

ISABEL.—He said he had to go on to New York at noon. I'm afraid he made quite a point of it.

FLORENCE.—Oh, well, you know men always can stay if they want to.

ISABEL.—That's why it's better not to urge them; they may only make it clearer they don't want to.

FLORENCE.—Oh, Mr. Ames might change his mind—later.

ISABEL.—Before you begin with that, dear, could you please first go and apologize to your aunt Ellen?

FLORENCE.—Oh, all right.

ISABEL.—Try it without a golly!

FLORENCE (*absently*).—All right. I'll go and kid her to death.

[*She departs in a thoughtful mood.*

ISABEL.—Don't you seem to "intrigue" Florence at all, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE.—No'm. She just takes a notion.

ISABEL.—You mean she just gets this way.

JOHNNIE.—Yes'm; when there's somebody around she's fixin' to make 'em get mush over her. You've noticed that, haven't you, Miss Stuart?

ISABEL.—I fancy I may have, just possibly!

JOHNNIE.—Then she rubs that power-to-think business all over me, because the faculty found out I wasn't intellectual or something, so I had to abandon my college career.

[*He is very serious.*

[ISABEL (*concealing a tendency to laugh*).—I see you want to say something more to me.

JOHNNIE.—Yes'm. Miss Stuart, you're a woman that's had a good many men go mush over you; so with your experience— Why, the truth is I may not have all the brains in the world, but she hasn't, either, but she gets these fits

when she thinks she has; and what I want to say is simply: why, you know how it is, when there's some new man around she treats me more like some doormat than a person.

ISABEL.—I understand you perfectly, Johnnie. Go ahead.

JOHNNIE.—I just wanted to say so because you've had prob'ly more experience of life than I've had, no doubt.

ISABEL.—How long do you expect to feel this way about her, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE.—Well, if everything turns out all right—though it don't look so much like it right now—but if it does, and she finds out I'm her—her—well, her real mate, as it were, why, I expect to go on and on with her—and on and on—and on and on—

[He seems to be going on, though slowing down.]

ISABEL.—“On and on and on”—until you're just any age—oh, twenty-eight, or even twenty-nine, maybe?

JOHNNIE.—Yes'm. Indefinitely.

ISABEL.—Suppose you were—past thirty, Johnnie. Suppose, like Mr. Ames, you were even—well, whatever age we'll say Mr. Ames is.

JOHNNIE.—Me? I guess prob'ly I'd be sittin' around somewhere—if I was alive!

ISABEL.—But you'd still like Florence to be about nineteen, wouldn't you?

JOHNNIE.—Well, about the way she looks now; yes'm. That's a good deal why I like her—the way she looks.

ISABEL.—It isn't fair, is it?

JOHNNIE.—Ma'am?

ISABEL.—You see, when you're twenty you like us to be nineteen, and when you're fifty you're apt to like us to be nineteen! Well, we can't manage it, you see. We can't stay nineteen, much as we want to please you.

JOHNNIE.—Oh, well, I guess I'd feel just the same about Florence if she was a thousand.

ISABEL *(looking at him quickly)*.—Would you? If she were a thousand?

JOHNNIE.—I guess I would!

ISABEL.—You think so?

JOHNNIE.—Well, if I did, I guess then she'd know what sort of a man I am.

ISABEL.—Yes, she ought to!

JOHNNIE.—And she'd see how I really feel about her.

ISABEL.—Yes; so she would! It's quite an idea!

JOHNNIE.—Course I don't think anything'll come o' the way she acts over this Mr. Ames. For one thing, I b'lieve *he'd* have too much sense.

ISABEL.—Do you? You never can be sure of that, Johnnie.

JOHNNIE.—Well, she begged him a lot to stay over till to-morrow and he said he couldn't—just like he did when you asked him, Miss Stuart.

ISABEL.—Yes, that looks intelligent of him—if he sticks to it and goes.

JOHNNIE.—And, anyhow, he only said one personal thing to her all the time, and it was kind of a joke.

ISABEL.—He *did* say a personal thing to her?

JOHNNIE.—It was when you went to hurry the cook with breakfast. Mr. Ames asked Florence— Oh, well, it wasn't so *frightful* personal.

ISABEL.—What was it, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE.—Well, she said she s'posed she'd be as old as her grandfather before she got any breakfast, and he asked her if she knew how old her grandfather was.

ISABEL.—He did! He asked her *that*? What did she tell him?

JOHNNIE.—She didn't know. Do you think that *was* pretty personal? I don't see—

ISABEL.—Why, yes, I believe I do! I believe I think it was quite “personal,” indeed—asking her how old her grandfather was!

[MATTIE comes in.]

ISABEL.—What is it?

MATTIE.—The gentleman. I heard him stirrin' round; you said to let you know.

ISABEL.—Yes?

MATTIE.—I think he's comin' down.

ISABEL.—Mattie, it seems to me you told me once you didn't think this was a becoming hat.

MATTIE.—No'm. You ast me, and I says I never could like it on you, ma'am.

ISABEL.—Good gracious! You might be right!

[*She runs out of the room.*]

[*AMES comes in; he has changed his clothes and looks freshened but pre-occupied. MATTIE goes out.*]

AMES.—Ah—Mr. White? Haven't you been to bed at all?

JOHNNIE.—No. D'you get rested up some?

AMES.—Oh yes, quite a little. I suppose our two—ah—comrades—aren't down yet. Miss Stuart must be pretty much exhausted, I'm afraid.

JOHNNIE.—She doesn't act like it. Right after you went up to bed she drove off to one of her farms on business.

AMES.—She did?

JOHNNIE.—Drivin' herself in a buck-board.

AMES.—Why, I declare!

JOHNNIE.—Oh, Miss Stuart's considered a pretty remarkable woman, you know.

AMES (*struck by this, frowns somewhat thoughtfully*).—She is? She's considered—remarkable?

JOHNNIE.—Yes, indeed! She's the most remarkable of her family.

AMES.—I feel myself rather at a loss; I seem to be here so—so unexpectedly, as it were—and such a—a stranger. I'm rather—ah—confused about the family. Miss Stuart's father and mother, I take it, aren't living?

JOHNNIE.—Golly, no! I dunno when *they* died!

AMES.—A considerable time ago, I suppose.

JOHNNIE.—Well, yes. Must 'a' been.

AMES (*rather wistfully, yet trying to seem careless and casual*).—You don't remember them, I take it.

JOHNNIE.—Me? Golly, no!

AMES.—Ah—the present family, then—

JOHNNIE.—It's just Miss Stuart and Miss Ellen Stuart and Florence.

AMES.—Miss Ellen Stuart I haven't met.

JOHNNIE.—She's Florence's aunt.

AMES.—Her aunt?

JOHNNIE.—Yes, I always get mixed up on relations, too. (*He decides to try a wicked shot.*) I don't know how old *my* grandfather was when he died, any more 'n Florence knew hers!

AMES (*unconscious of the effort just made*).—It seems to me that last night Miss Stuart spoke of *two* orphan nieces she was bringing up.

JOHNNIE.—Bringin' up? Florence is one, but Miss Stuart couldn't 'a' meant she was bringin' Miss Ellen up. *She's* about a hundred—or a hundred and ten, maybe! Anyhow, she must be around sixty.

AMES.—Then there are just these three ladies in the family.

JOHNNIE.—Three's all. They *do* need a man around!

AMES.—Uh—yes. It would—ah—seem so.

[*They look at each other with some coldness. FLORENCE is heard singing on the stairway.*]

JOHNNIE.—This'n comin' needs more 'n *one*, the way she acts lately!

[*FLORENCE comes in singing. She wears a most becoming tennis costume, but accompanies it with white, high-heeled slippers. She has a pair of white tennis shoes in her hand, however.*]

FLORENCE (*stopping her song in surprise at seeing AMES.*)—Oh! You're here, too!

JOHNNIE (*muttering*).—So 'm I here, too!

AMES (*gallantly*).—I'm glad you didn't know it, if that's why you kept on singing.

FLORENCE (*going to him*).—I told you in the car you were a quick worker! I've taken a frightful fancy to you!

JOHNNIE.—One of the mail-service aviators had to land in their back meadow here, last month. She pulled that on him before his wheels touched ground.

FLORENCE.—I didn't!

JOHNNIE.—You did. You had to holler to make him hear it!

FLORENCE.—These boys, nowadays, they think life's nothing but jazz. In this life people meet a girl, but so often they don't see she prob'ly has thoughts other people couldn't think! I have to lead two lives: one outdoors with mere adolescents; but the other—that's a life apart. *You understand what I mean, don't you?*

AMES (*smiling*).—I think so.

FLORENCE.—I thought you would. That's why you intrigue me so. You're a great kid!

JOHNNIE.—Oh, listen!

FLORENCE.—Mr. Ames, don't you believe that very few people in this life have the power to really think?

JOHNNIE.—Oo-oo, Mike!

FLORENCE.—Cut the rough stuff, you caterpillar!

JOHNNIE.—You goin' to wear four shoes at the same time, centipede?

FLORENCE (*sitting*).—I never can bear to put flat shoes on till the last minute. And then (*she removes one slipper*) it's so troublesome gettin' 'em on—

AMES.—May I help you?

FLORENCE.—Oh, if you *would*—

JOHNNIE.—Oh! That's why you brought 'em! I see!

FLORENCE (*giving him a cold glance, but speaking to AMES. He kneels before her*).—It's outrageous of me to let you take so much trouble!

JOHNNIE.—Oh, my!

(*He goes away morosely.*)

FLORENCE (*softly*).—Mr. Ames, please stay over till to-morrow. I ask you to.

AMES.—You're very kind. I couldn't let your aunt think I'm so vacillating. You see I told her I had to be in New York this evening.

FLORENCE.—But you just said you had to go, didn't you?—because you wanted to be polite about making an unexpected visit?

AMES (*laughing*).—Yes; something like that. But after telling your aunt that I couldn't stay—

FLORENCE.—But aren't there any reasons you'd like to stay?

AMES (*thoughtfully*).—Yes, there are.

FLORENCE.—Then I'll fix it for you. I'll say you sent a wire to New York letting 'em know you reached here, and I'll write a message on one of our telegraph blanks to you. It'll be the answer from New York telling you there isn't any reason for you to leave.

AMES.—Oh no!

FLORENCE.—I *will*! I'll have a man bring it in. Don't you spoil it.

AMES.—I couldn't—

FLORENCE.—Yes, you could! And when my telegram comes, if you give me away—

JOHNNIE (*returning*).—I got it!

FLORENCE.—You got what?

JOHNNIE.—Got a *wish* I just made.

(*ISABEL comes in through the sun room, looking at JOHNNIE and struck by something unusual in his expression.*)

ISABEL.—What's the matter, Johnnie White? (*He jerks his head toward AMES, who is still kneeling before FLORENCE.*) Oh! (*She immediately smiles.*) Your shoes are too—large—again, dear?

AMES (*looking up at ISABEL with a little embarrassment*).—Ah—she—I was helping her to—ah—change.

ISABEL.—You were?

AMES.—That is, I am. She mentioned some difficulty in—ah—doing it herself, and I—

ISABEL (*sunnily*).—I should think you would! Who wouldn't? And who wouldn't make it as long as possible, too!

AMES (*rising*).—It's—ah—done.

(*After removing FLORENCE's second slipper, he has unconsciously put it under his arm, where it still remains.*)

ISABEL.—Is it? Already?

JOHNNIE (*to FLORENCE*).—Betcha dollar I beat you t' the tennis court!

(*They run out. ISABEL sits and looks at AMES, who is standing, still in some embarrassment, near the fireplace, unconscious of the slipper under his arm. The other slipper is on the sofa.*)

ISABEL.—Aren't they extraordinary, these young things! Not tidy, though. You see where she's left that pair of slippers.

[*She begins to sew upon a bit of lace.*]

AMES.—Pair? Ah—there's only one.

ISABEL.—So? Could you find the other?

AMES.—Oh, certainly. (*He glances absently about, then realizes with a start that the slipper is under his arm. He stoops, looking about.*) Ah—I think it's under the— Oh yes. Here it is!

ISABEL.—Will you set them on the hearth, please?

AMES.—Certainly.

ISABEL (*with a matter-of-course amiability*).—Then it'll be easy to find them if she comes back soon to have them put on again!

AMES.—Oh ye—

[*He begins to say, "Oh yes," but checks himself uncomfortably. He places the slippers on the hearth and is conscious of them as rather damnatory.*]

ISABEL.—I'm sorry you felt you couldn't stay over till to-morrow, but, since you insisted you *couldn't*—

AMES.—I—I'm afraid I ought to get back.

ISABEL.—Very well. I've arranged for you to go.

AMES.—Ah—thank you. Ah— Is that lace you are making?

ISABEL.—Do you like it?

AMES (*putting on a pair of glasses, rather hastily looking at the lace, and as hastily slipping the glasses back into his waistcoat pocket again as he speaks*).—It's very lovely—yes. You must have remarkable eyes to do that.

ISABEL.—Yes, my eyes are quite good.

AMES.—Is it a—what they call a doily?

ISABEL.—I wonder if I oughtn't to make a little—cap—of it.

AMES.—You mean like the Breton peasant women?

ISABEL.—No; I was thinking of our grandmothers.

AMES.—But—ah—

ISABEL (*letting it touch her hair a moment*).—Would you—like me in it?

AMES (*trying not to be all flus-*

tered).— Well, wouldn't it seem a little—?

ISABEL.—Do you mean you think it would seem a little—premature? You mustn't flatter me too much.

AMES (*with almost plaintive inquiry*).—“Flatter” you?

ISABEL.—I'll keep off the cap as long as I can. I suppose women used to wear 'em because in those days there were so few supplies.

AMES.—Supplies?

ISABEL.— Yes— like imports from Paris. And, besides, they didn't approve of 'em, poor things!

AMES.—Pardon me. Who didn't approve of what?

ISABEL.—Our grandmothers didn't approve of accomplishing marvels with cosmetics. You know the miracles they do to faces nowadays.

AMES.—Miracles?

ISABEL.— It's— remarkable! No; there's no excuse for a woman to wear a cap these days—not till she has to just *absolutely* give up! Don't you think so?

AMES.—Oh—oh yes!

ISABEL.—Oh, it's just struck me—I ought to be entertaining you. But we haven't any family photograph album.

AMES.—What a lucky family!

ISABEL.—I could show you some daguerreotypes, though. Yes (*rising suddenly upon a thought*), you ought to see some of our heirlooms.

[*She gives him a fleeting, faint smile, and, leaving her work on the table, goes to a closed cabinet against the wall and brings forth an old mahogany case. She brings this down to the table and lifts the lid.*]

AMES.—Daguerreotypes?

ISABEL.—Yes. We don't show them to every visitor, of course. (*She hands him a daguerreotype.*) There. You like my father?

AMES.—Is that your father? He must have been a very fine-looking man. Is that a—a stock he's wearing?

ISABEL.—Yes. I did think stocks were so becoming. Didn't you? (*Handing*

him another daguerreotype.) That's my aunt Margaret, father's sister, at ninety-one. We all live very long on my father's side.

AMES.—Ah—very intelligent face.

ISABEL.—Daguerreotypes *have* a charm, haven't they? I wonder people stopped taking them.

AMES (*becoming more preoccupied*).—I don't think I ever saw any daguerreotypes taken much after the Civil War.

ISABEL.—No; I don't think I have, either. (*Handing him another:*) That's my uncle Charles, in his uniform. He was a colonel.

AMES.—In the—Civil War?

ISABEL.—Oh no! in the Mexican War!

AMES (*more disturbed, but concealing it fairly well*).—Ah—he must have been a very fine-looking man.

ISABEL.—Yes, indeed! (*She smiles as she hands him another.*) Here's one of a little girl—that is, a young girl. Does anything about her strike you as—familiar?

AMES (*looking at her, not at the daguerreotype and trying to conceal a foreboding*).—Familiar?

ISABEL.—Yes. See if you don't guess who it is.

AMES (*vaguely*).—Who it is?

[*He looks at it; then suddenly looks closer, starts slightly, draws his head back from it, staring incredulously.*]

ISABEL.—Can't you guess who it is?

AMES (*huskily*).—Why, it can't—

[*He looks apprehensively at her and back again at the picture with painfully growing conviction.*]

ISABEL.—Why can't it?

AMES.—Isn't it your—mother?

ISABEL (*in a tone that smilingly chides him for being so slow*).—No-o!

AMES.—Why, there weren't any taken after— Why, it couldn't be—

ISABEL.—Oh, but this girl—you see, she was only a child, really.

AMES.—Oh yes; that's all she was. I see. She wasn't—

ISABEL (*sunnily*).—No. Not over sixteen or seventeen, no. Don't you see any resemblance?

AMES.—Well, it's charming enough to—

ISABEL.—It's a sister of mine.

AMES.—It is? Your sister?

ISABEL.—Yes, she was quite a lot older than I and married a missionary and they were lost in a typhoon.

AMES.—Oh—I'm sorry!

ISABEL (*reassuringly*).—Oh, it was quite a time ago. (*She smiles and puts the pictures back in the box.*) There! I just wanted to see if you'd see the resemblance; I won't put you through all the others.

[*She takes up her work and sits again as she speaks.*]

AMES (*huskily*).—Thank you! (*Then, hurriedly:*) Thank you for showing 'em to me! (*He rises, wipes his forehead hastily, and moves toward the fireplace, taking out his cigarette case.*) Thank you. May I smoke here? (*She nods.*) I—ah—

ISABEL.—Daguerreotypes and things like that bring back such dear old times to us, don't they?

AMES (*unguardedly*).—I suppose they— (*Hastily:*) They do, of course! Yes, they do bring them back.

[*She gives him a glance, and bends over her work.*]

ISABEL.—“Where are the snows of yesteryear?” Yes, but where are the yesteryears themselves? “The wind has blown them all away!” Do you remember when all the young men made “New Year's calls” and all the girls and their mothers kept “open house”—those dear, jolly old times?

AMES.—Oh yes, indeed. I've heard they—

ISABEL.—Even politics seemed simpler then. It was easier when we let men do all that for us, though they *did* get so many things wrong, poor things!

AMES.—Oh, I don't know! We elected Roosevelt, and—

ISABEL (*with a spirited sharpness, as of patriotic indignation*).—Yes, but if women had voted when Mr. Tilden ran against Hayes and Wheeler, you surely don't believe there'd have been all that excitement over the election, do you?

AMES.—I—I—don't—

ISABEL.—You *know* that was a terrible thing!

AMES.—About Tilden and Hayes—and Wheeler?

ISABEL.—Don't you think it was?

AMES.—Yes, I suppose it must have been— (*He does not finish "been," but hastily substitutes:*) Oh yes; it *was*, of course.

ISABEL.—My poor father used to get excited over that to the day of his death!

AMES (*relieved*).—Oh, your father did!

ISABEL.—Well, I thought it was wrong, too.

[*He stares at her, again perplexed; she sews.*]

AMES.—You—ah—

ISABEL (*casually*).—What?

AMES (*apologetically*).—Nothing. That is, I had nothing in mind to say.

ISABEL.—I suppose my father felt it so much because he knew Mr. Tilden. I never met him. (*Musing:*) But I *should* like to see Mr. Cleveland's expression if he could see women voting! Or General Harrison's!

AMES.—General Harrison's expression? Do you mean Harrison who was President—in—ah—eighteen—ah—

ISABEL.—Yes; President Benjamin Harrison. Good gracious! I didn't mean his *grandfather*, President William Henry Harrison, who was President in eighteen-forty-something!

AMES (*hastily, laughing feebly*).—No, no! I knew you didn't mean *him*!

[*She looks up at him innocently, carelessly, then seems to become aware of something unusual in his look at her.*]

ISABEL.—What is it?

AMES.—I—ah—nothing!

ISABEL.—I'm sure you are wondering about something.

AMES.—No. I'm not. Not about anything at all.

ISABEL.—Aren't you even wondering anything—about *me*?

AMES.—No, no; certainly not. Nothing at all. That is, I'm not wondering. Of course I'm thinking about you—

ISABEL.—What are you thinking about me?

AMES.—Nothing. Nothing at all.

ISABEL (*nodding*).—I see. You're thinking about me, but you aren't thinking anything in particular about me.

AMES.—Yes. No!

ISABEL.—I understand perfectly. How could you *help* wondering about what you're wondering about?

AMES.—But I'm not! Indeed I'm not!

ISABEL (*laughing*).—Why, of course you are! You're wondering just how romantic I am. That's what you're wondering!

AMES (*much relieved*).—Oh! Oh, well, perhaps I was wondering a little about that! Yes, I—I admit it. You are romantic, you say?

ISABEL.—I was when I was a child.

AMES (*with some eagerness*).—What were you romantic about then?

ISABEL.—When I was a child?

AMES.—Yes. What did you find to be romantic about? What—in a general way, I mean?

ISABEL (*lightly thoughtful*).—Oh—well, I suppose the same things you were being romantic about at the same time—that is, *about* the same time—I suppose?

AMES.—Oh yes.

ISABEL.—I think there was a great romantic influence upon the whole country about that time. Don't you?

AMES.—Just about—then?

ISABEL.—Yes. I think what did it was the World's Fair.

AMES.—You do? Well, there was the San Francisco Fair and the St. Louis one and the—the one at Buffalo, and—and yes, wasn't there one once in Chicago in—ah, in—

ISABEL.—Yes, and one in Philadelphia in eighteen-seventy-six.

AMES.—But I meant—which one was the one you meant made everybody so romantic.

ISABEL.—I was speaking of the one when I was a child.

AMES.—Oh yes, *that* one.

ISABEL (*looking up innocently*). — I know what you're trying to do.

AMES (*nervously*). — Why, we were just talking along. I wasn't trying to—to—to—

ISABEL. — Why, yes you were!

AMES. — No, no, I—

ISABEL. — Yes. You keep on trying to find out how romantic I still am!

AMES. — Oh! Oh, well—

ISABEL. — Oh, I don't mean that I'm as romantic as *you* are, Mr. Ames! The most romantic woman isn't so romantic as the least romantic man.

AMES. — What?

ISABEL. — It's very simple. You see men don't get older.

AMES. — Men don't?

ISABEL. — No, they don't. They don't get older and they stay young and romantic.

FLORENCE (*outside, calling*). — Mr. Ames! Mr. Ames!

ISABEL. — Don't they stay romantic?

AMES. — Well, I—I—

ISABEL. — For instance, when you're interested in any person don't you prefer to be alone with her?

AMES. — Oh, no doubt.

FLORENCE (*outside, more loudly*). — Mr. Ames! Mr. Ames!

ISABEL. — Doesn't she mean you?

AMES (*nervously*). — Ah — it's your charming little niece.

ISABEL. — "Charming!" Yes?

AMES. — Oh, that doesn't mean that I like *all* of 'em. I believe I mentioned last night—

ISABEL. — Yes, I believe you did.

AMES. — But there is something about *this* one that—

ISABEL. — Yes?

AMES. — Yes, indeed! She's *your* niece.

FLORENCE (*nearer*). — Mr. Ames! Mr. Ames!

ISABEL. — She's calling you, isn't she?

AMES. — So it seems.

ISABEL. — Hadn't you better see what she wants?

AMES. — Yes. I'll just— Perhaps I'd better—

ISABEL. — Yes, do.

AMES. — Yes, I—

[*He goes toward the open outer door*

FLORENCE (*still nearer*). — Mr. Ames!

AMES (*speaking out of the open door*). — Just a moment! Your aunt and I— Oh, have you finished your game?

[*ISABEL looks at him thoughtfully; his back is toward her. She quietly leaves the room.*

FLORENCE (*calling blithely*). — I'm coming.

AMES. — She's coming, she says. (*He turns and is much puzzled to find the room vacant.*) Well, I . . .

FLORENCE (*coming in gayly*). — I knocked all the balls as far as I could in the shrubbery. He has to hunt till he finds 'em. Then I ran and fixed about that telegram.

AMES. — Oh no! I really *can't*—

FLORENCE. — Don't worry! If you don't like it when it comes you can just say it isn't important and tear it up, can't you?

AMES (*disturbed*). — I suppose so.

FLORENCE. — Attaboy!

AMES. — But I—

FLORENCE (*seriously*). — Is anything bothering you?

AMES. — Why, of course not!

FLORENCE. — Did Aunt Isabel say—

AMES. — She said—she said— I understood her to say that she *wasn't* your aunt exactly.

FLORENCE. — No, she's my great-aunt.

AMES. — Yes; so she said.

FLORENCE. — Why?

AMES. — Of course there are a great many young great-aunts.

FLORENCE. — Young great-aunts? I don't see how there could be.

AMES (*looking at her plaintively*). — Oh, I meant comparatively, like your aunt Isabel.

FLORENCE. — Oh, I s'pose Aunt Ellen knows how old Aunt Isabel is, but you know how some women are.

AMES. — You mean these—miracles?

FLORENCE. — No; I mean they don't usually tell! I don't see why people get so sensitive about things like that; I'll tell anybody that wants to know what

I am; I'm nineteen; I don't care! Golly!

AMES.—Well, it's a subject I'm interested in; always been interested in—

FLORENCE.—Do you always do this when you're alone with people—talk about other women and their ages?

AMES.—No! No, indeed, I don't!

FLORENCE.—If you're so anxious about it, why, I'm on right confidential terms with Aunt Isabel and I *could* ask her right out how—

AMES.—No! You mustn't think of such a thing! You really mustn't!

FLORENCE.—I won't. That is, I won't if you're nice to me. Don't I intrigue you *any*?

AMES.—You do! Don't you see how much you do?

FLORENCE.—I never have had a chance at a man of experience. You wouldn't ever think that I suffer terribly, would you?

AMES.—You do?

FLORENCE.—I suffer fearfully!

AMES.—What from?

FLORENCE.—Well, from thoughts. I suffer because nobody understands 'em and so I can't tell 'em. I don't know what makes me tell *you* all these things like this, but it's nice, our getting intimate this way, isn't it? Do you remember where you left my slippers?

AMES (*with alarm*).—Your slippers?

FLORENCE.—Will you see, please? I thought maybe you'd be so awfully kind as to—

[*She sweetly lets the inference be made as she sits and projects a foot.*]

AMES.—I rather think your aunt said she was coming back.

FLORENCE.—Don't you remember what you did with 'em? They haven't been taken out, have they?

AMES.—I don't think so. I didn't see anyone—

FLORENCE.—Why, there they are, on the hearth!

AMES.—Oh yes, so they are!

FLORENCE.—Would it be too outrageous of me to—

AMES (*bringing the slippers gloomily*).

—Oh no, indeed! I'll be only too delighted!

[*He kneels and begins the exchange.*]

FLORENCE.—My! it's a relief to be with a man that understands the deeper side of life a few minutes now and then!

AMES (*nervously*).—I'm glad you like it.

FLORENCE.—Is that all? Couldn't you make it any stronger? Don't you think I'm a *grand* little thing?

AMES (*smiling wanly*).—I do.

FLORENCE.—You do what?

AMES.—I do—indeed!

FLORENCE.—Attaboy! You're *sure* you "do indeed"?

JOHNNIE (*coming in from outdoors*).—Why don't you try the lady with a pair o' nines, Mr. Ames? We got a good stock o' nine-B's on the top shelf in the storeroom!

[AUNT ELLEN *comes in from the hall, and is shocked to find AMES on his knees before FLORENCE.*]

AUNT ELLEN.—Excuse me!

AMES.—Oh—

[*He would rise, but FLORENCE checks him.*]

FLORENCE.—My other slipper!

AMES (*hastily*).—But I— (*He sees ISABEL through the open door into the hall.*) Oh, gracious!

[*He jumps up. ISABEL comes in.*]

ISABEL.—Ellen dear, I've been looking for you, to meet Mr. Ames. (*Laughing commiseratingly, she comes to him.*) Poor Florence! Is she having trouble with her new slippers again? I'm afraid you'll think we're terrible people to make use of our visitors, Mr. Ames.

AMES.—Oh no, not at all; not at all, indeed!

ISABEL.—I'm afraid we do, though. You'll make up your mind never to come here again! (*With a gesture indicating AUNT ELLEN:*) I think I told you I wanted you to meet my other—ah—Ellen dear, this is Mr. Ames.

AUNT ELLEN.—How do you do?

ISABEL.—Mr. Ames, Ellen is my other niece.

AMES.—Your other— How do you do!

[He makes an inarticulate sound and stands in an instantaneously arrested attitude.]

ISABEL.—Now you know my whole family—my niece and my great-niece. They're both the greatest comfort to me.

AMES.—Oh yes. Thank you!

ISABEL.—And, Florence, if you've finished with the—the footwear—

AMES.—Oh yes, we've finished.

ISABEL (*sunnily including JOHNNIE*).—Then wouldn't—wouldn't you three like to— Wouldn't you three like to dance, or something?

AMES.—What?

ISABEL (*joining ELLEN*).—You must all go right on entertaining yourselves just as if we weren't here. We love to look on. Don't we, Ellen?

AUNT ELLEN.—Yes, when they be-have.

ISABEL.—Can't you think of *anything* to amuse yourselves? . . . You don't mind our being here, do you?

FLORENCE.—Of course not! Turn on that record!

ISABEL.—Yes. Music, Johnnie!

AUNT ELLEN.—But they don't dance; they only waggle. It's fearful!

ISABEL.—Oh, but they love it so; they mustn't be disappointed. (*To the others:*) She doesn't really mind. You can dance.

[She sits, taking up her work.]

FLORENCE.—Attaboy!

[She seizes AMES's hand.]

AMES.—I don't know these new dances!

ISABEL.—She'll teach you. Music, Johnnie!

[He releases the record.]

FLORENCE (*forcing AMES to dance*).—C'm on! I never heard of a man that couldn't dance with me! Ouch!

[She hops, her foot slightly injured, but keeps on dancing.]

AMES.—Murder!

ISABEL.—Walk. Just walk. That's all you need to do. (*He does better upon this.*) That's it; just walk.

FLORENCE (*to AMES*).—Isn't it divine?

[HENRY comes in.]

ISABEL (*indulgently to AUNT ELLEN*).

—Isn't it delightful to see them so happy? (*HENRY comes down to ISABEL. He has a folded telegraph blank in his hand.*) It isn't time for Mr. Ames's train, Henry?

HENRY.—No'm.

FLORENCE.—Oh, murder!

[She stops dancing.]

ISABEL (*as HENRY hands her the blank*).—What is it?

HENRY.—I don't rightly know, ma'am. I was told about it in such a hurry. I may not 'a' got my instructions just exactly.

ISABEL.—Your "instructions"? This isn't really a telegram. No; there's no envelope and no date, and it's written in such a bad backhand I can hardly— Oh! (*She speaks as with a sudden revelation, comprehending, and glances quickly at FLORENCE.*) Oh, I see! I don't think it's for me, Henry.

FLORENCE.—Here, let me! (*She seizes the blank, hands it swiftly to AMES, who stands dismayed.*) You see, Mr. Ames wired his partners from here and so this must be from them. Of course it's a telegram. Isn't it, Mr. Ames?

ISABEL (*gently insistent*).—Is it, Mr. Ames?

AMES (*desperately*).—I can't read it!

ISABEL.—It is a difficult handwriting.

FLORENCE (*taking the blank hastily*).—I can read 'most *any* hand. Why, yes, it's perfectly plain! It says: "No business in the office to-day. If you wish to remain where you are, no reason whatever for returning to New York. Signed Witherspoon and Ames." He told me himself he had a partner named Witherspoon.

ISABEL (*to AMES*).—Oh, then it is a real telegram?

AMES (*as FLORENCE turns sharply toward him*).—Why, it—ah—seems to be.

ISABEL.—Oh, then you'll—you'll stay?

AMES.—Why—I—I—

ISABEL (*a little tremulously*).—Mr. Ames won't be going to the station, Henry.

[HENRY *withdraws*. FLORENCE *has carelessly dropped the blank upon a table*. AUNT ELLEN *picks it up*.

AUNT ELLEN.—But there isn't even an envelope; it isn't a real telegram at all! The writing's queer, but it looks exactly like *Flor*—

[ISABEL *cuts her off sharply*.

ISABEL.—Music, Johnnie! Isn't it lovely? Now you can dance all day!

[*She pushes an electric button on the wall, turns away, and then, with a little outcry, suddenly limps*.

AUNT ELLEN.—What's the matter with you?

ISABEL.—Nothing— Oh!

JOHNNIE.—What *is* the matter, Miss Stuart?

ISABEL.—Nothing. I'm afraid I sat a little too long on a baggage truck in a cold wind last night; that's all.

FLORENCE.—Oh, rheumatism. That's nothing!

[MATTIE *comes into the room. She holds something concealed behind her*.

AMES.—I hope it's nothing very serious.

ISABEL.—No, no—it isn't— It's just a—just a touch. You mustn't stop dancing.

JOHNNIE (*taking her arm decisively*).—Here! *I'll* look after you, Miss Stuart. I'd prefer to.

[*He gives FLORENCE a bitter look*.

ISABEL.—Thank you, Johnnie. (To MATTIE:) Did you find them, Mattie?

MATTIE.—You don't want to put 'em on *here*, do you?

JOHNNIE.—Put what on?

ISABEL.—Nothing.

MATTIE (*bringing her hand from behind her, she exhibits a pair of rather large, flat, old crocheted slippers*).—Them.

ISABEL.—I thought perhaps they might help me, but not—not here, of course.

JOHNNIE.—Why not? Why, certainly! You let *me* put 'em on for you, Miss Stuart. I'd prefer to! I'd very much prefer to! Here! You better lie down.

[*He conducts her to the sofa*.

ISABEL.—Do you think I'd better lie down, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE (*to MATTIE*).—Whyn't you fix those pillows for her? She's all tired out. And I guess she's had enough to make *anybody* tired!

[*He removes her slippers*.

AMES.—What *is* the matter, Miss Stuart?

JOHNNIE.—Why, she's been made awful tired, and she's got rheumatism and everything!

ISABEL.—Oh no; not quite!

JOHNNIE (*to MATTIE*).—Put that wrap over her.

AMES.—Won't you let *me*—

ISABEL.—Oh no! You must go on dancing.

AMES.—But I—

ISABEL.—I'm so much trouble, Johnnie— (*Looking at the crocheted slippers*:) Aren't they awful!

JOHNNIE (*as he puts them upon her feet*).—No'm, they're not. I prefer 'em, myself! I very much prefer 'em! (*He puts her other slippers defiantly under his arms*.) You just lie back and rest, Miss Stuart; I'll look after you.

ISABEL.—Thank you, Johnnie!

FLORENCE (*to AMES*).—Dance! Come on! *Dance!*

[*She seizes him and he begins to whirl round and round with her. His dazed eyes stare dizzily at ISABEL each time he turns*.

ISABEL (*benevolently*).—Isn't it lovely to see the young people so happy, Johnnie?

(*Curtain*)

(*To be concluded*)

THE JOURNAL OF A MUD HOUSE

PART III

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

TESUQUE, July 19th.

LAST night we had a house warming for our Mexican neighbors, a long-promised celebration of the conclusion of their labors on the mud house. The labors, of course, are not really over, but the party had to be now or never, for Gertrude goes East to-morrow.

Our white living-room wall, lit by candles in tin sconces, was as enhancing to the Mexicans of Tesuque as the white walls of Taormina dance halls used to be in carnival season to Sicilian peasants. Arriving in shy, gentle groups, they wedged themselves against it: a thick row of men, women, and children with somber heads, gregariously consorting, with arms and bodies pressing one another, supporting one another by warmth, smell, touch. At first I had no sense that we were entertaining familiar individuals like Alvina, Salomé, Anastacio. I saw only a woman's profile under a black shawl, a ruffianly male silhouette, a brown arm clasping a child, an earthy fist fondling a mustache. Sharply etched on the white background as patterns on an Indian jar, these symbols seemed associated, like Indian patterns, with elemental forces: rain and drought and harvest, cloud and stream and mountain. Dark, dark, Spanish faces, tanned to leather, tortured with deep wrinkles. Should we ever penetrate their mysteries? I suddenly felt that Gertrude and I were strangers and aliens in our little *casa*. For all our six weeks' hard work among these natives in the burning sun, we were still too pale to cast a proper shadow on a white adobe wall.

The guests, however, gradually

emerged from their sustaining consanguinity as separate friendly beings who made us, their hosts, at home with a very charming courtesy. Salomé brought chairs across the acequia to help seat those invited and uninvited. (His own family filled seven places.) Anastacio and Matias, two musicians out of a Spanish painting, played rhythmic old Mexican airs on a fiddle and banjo. The Moorish-looking Timoteo, after a pretense of being too old, sang songs with a folk cadence, assisted by Eulalia, very fine in her red skirt, and led his younger brother into a leaping, finger-snapping duo dance that threw flickering grotesques on the wall and again took me back to Taormina. But the couple we most enjoyed were Salomé's nieces, Flora and Celanese—aged four and six. Thin little brown arms jauntily interlocked, red calico bodies held stiffly, eyes and ringlets melting together, they spun jerkily and tirelessly round and round and round, like two tiny toy figures on a music box fashioned by a primitive artisan. Outside in the dark a constant scuffling and whispering went on. When the ice-cream was served, a few more strange boys squeezed in. Gertrude, who has the most beautiful hospitality I know, East or West, can now leave satisfied that the *casa* has been faithful to her best tradition.

Anastacio has no air of a Spanish musician this morning, in his blue working shirt. He is always needing something inconvenient and unobtainable. To-day, in his knotted English he demands "medecina for bees." Bees are

nesting in our *vigas*. That is *muy malo*. He must have *medecina* at once, or the beams that support the *casa* will cave in on our heads.

A little way down the hill, Tomas leans reflectively on his shovel. There is something about a burly brown man leaning on a shovel at two dollars a day that rubs my New England fur awry. Yet I know Tomas is merely waiting to do as he is told; only, like most of the males of his race, he is a little lacking in initiative.

"Have you got the path the right width, Tomas?"

"*Quien sabe?*" he shrugs.

"Gertrude, come quickly and look at this path."

"No, you come here first and decide about the slope of the roof."

In another twenty-four hours there will be only one of us. I must somehow pin my friend down to common views on fences, gates, corral—not to mention paint and curtains.

July 22d.

How one sleeps in the Southwest!

Waking up in the morning is like swimming to the surface of a vast lake of silence and peace. On the surface of the lake to-day certain necessitous thoughts are floating.

Set front fence.

Hang gate.

Train Melinda.

Mix blue-green paint.

Alfalfa for Billy and Buck.

My mind noses up to these thoughts. Then, fearful of entanglement, swirls away again like a wary trout. Down under the surface is a mystic green depth where one can float and dream.

Over in that drowsy backwater something tinkles and shines. A shine or a tinkle? Yes, it's a tinkle. Salomé's cows are being driven out into the mountain pastures.

I open my eyes. They look straight up into a gold-brown ceiling made of a fine row of round beams. Fifty years old. That is what one of the roofers said. Fifty years ago a young man,

the color of the beams, cut them for his bride. First he made mud bricks in a mold and laid them out in the sun to dry. Then he took a sorrel pony and a string of gray burros and rode up into the red flanks of the mountain. He had a sheepskin on his saddle, and an ax, and frijoles in a red handkerchief.

September is a golden season. It was warm yellow with rabbit brush in the open lower valleys, and the fuzzy piñon trees that patched the first rocky slopes were thick with sticky cones. He put up a hairy hand for a cone and turned the tiny nuts on his tongue, rich and sweet and round. So he rode along, chewing and whistling and spitting out the shells, and hawing to his burros as they splashed through the brooks.

It was frosty yellow when he came to the stern ravines where the gray-mauve trunks of the aspen trees bury themselves so deep and chaste. Frosty in the high thin sunlight, where their heart-shaped leaves were trembling; chill in the shade below the trunks where the streams ran hidden. Sun on the aspen tops, but a black forest looming on the next ridge.

It was cold among the dark pines. Especially at night in the light of a full moon. All day he chewed and whistled and sweated as the round trunks fell. But at dusk he lit a flare of scented cedar wood. And when the smoke made a thin, pungent spiral and the moon sailed up over black peaks he wound himself in his sheepskin. And with the firelight turning his faun face red, and the moon turning it pale, and a tribe of little gray burro ghosts rustling and browsing uneasily in the scrub, his soul sailed off—sailed off to meet his dark bride in the sparkling spaces of the sky.

I must wake up. Colors. I must decide on colors to-day. Strong colors for the strong southwestern light that pours through the three casement windows above my bed. Our blue wall has the most beautiful surface. Perfect æsthetic satisfaction on its mere tex-

ture and its soft, rounded contours. Chinese pink like the bureau might be right for the window frames.

A stir in the living room. Nan Mitchell has got up to make a fire in the fireplace for our coffee. It is just like her, charming and efficient person, to come to help me through the hobbledehoy period of the house.

Workmen's voices. Workmen, but, alas! no Gertrude. I miss her badly. Hectic rush crowded sentiment out of the last days. But now I shall see my friend, my long-legged friend in riding breeches, with her vivid face of eternal youth, at every corner of the ranch. I shall see her, her bags still unpacked, within an hour of train time, painting one more blue door; and half an hour later, still in apron over breeches, trimming cottonwoods along the acequia with a hatchet. Naturally, when we pulled into town the train had gone. . . . Gertrude was somewhat disturbed, but not unduly. Tom could get her to the junction at Lamy. Tom did—setting his weather-beaten jaw. But Gertrude, already on the Pullman steps, remembered that she had forgotten her valuable new dressing bag.

"Gosh! you sure do beat the Dutch."

He looked up, as if he were twenty-one, at the unperturbed lady in New York clothes who smiled down at him through her eyeglasses. She mustn't worry. He'd pack it himself, and insure it and express it.

"It *has* been worth it, hasn't it?" called Gertrude over his head with a new accent in her voice. Or shall I say an old one, an accent not colored by blue paint?

July 23d.

Miss Orgen we invite
you to a feast to-day
24 at 2 o'clock pleas
come in at noon
its a baby Party
at Frank
Jimenez home
and a dance in the
evening and night

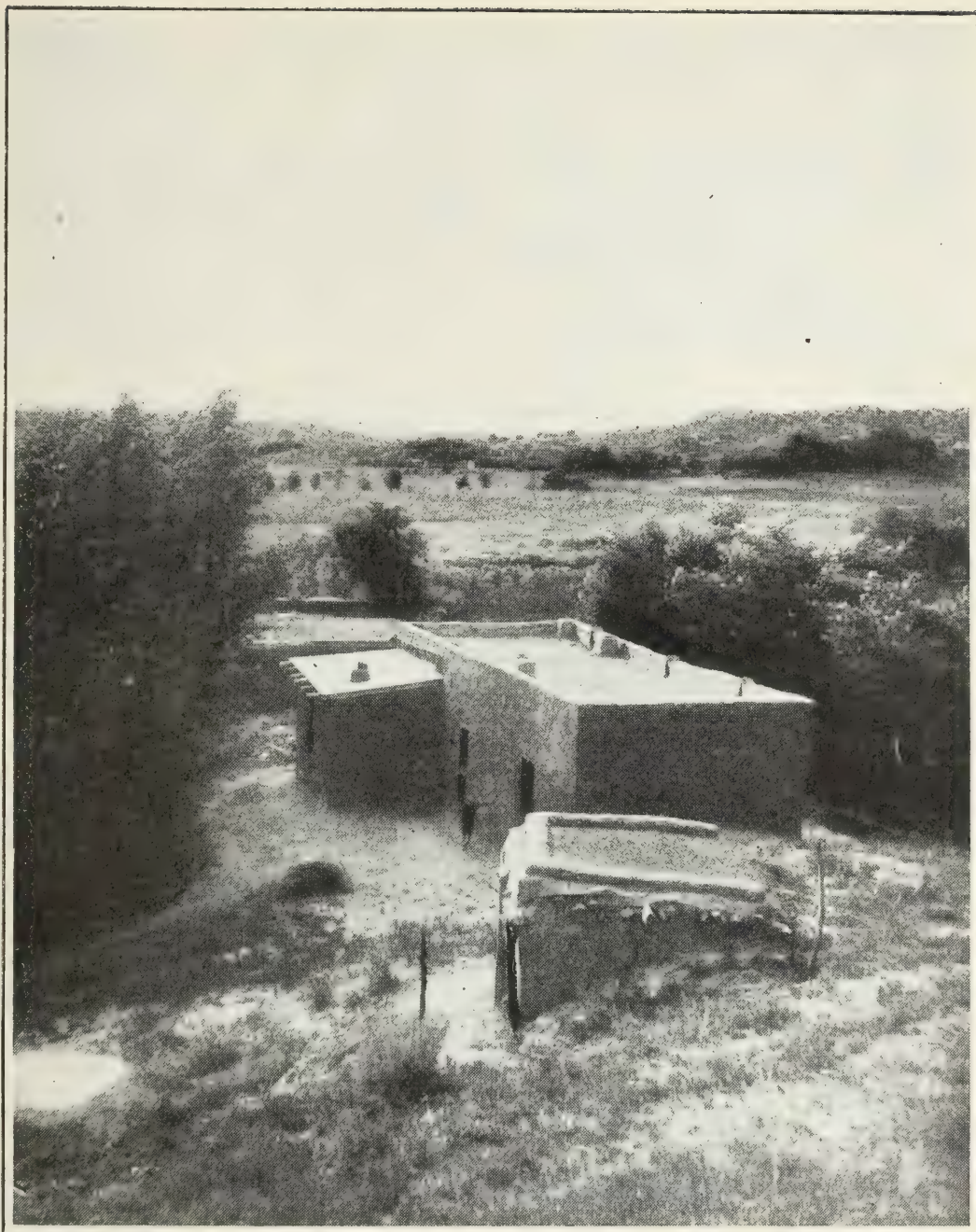
The above, written on a smudged piece of ruled paper, was delivered just now by a small, Spanish-speaking urchin. Though this is not the twenty-fourth, and I am no Orgen, it seems to be a bona fide invitation to the christening to-day of the Mayordomo's youngest—and that of his new Bailie Hall.

We can just see Francisco's long roof from our knoll. His is one of the last houses in Mexican Tesuque, reached by a sandy arroyo that runs up from the highroad into the hills. My young neighbors, Frank and Edith Harsh, and I went together, at about one-thirty—a compromise between "noon" and "two o'clock." No other guests had, however, arrived. Francisco, decked out in a fiery red necktie, greeted us with a pleased gleam in the eye that flashes under his beetling brows. He called his wife out of the kitchen; one child in her arms, half a dozen others clinging to her long, sagging petticoats. The potentate of the ditch is proud of his half-Irish wife and her honeyed English words and her many children. *The* baby, we learned, had not yet returned from the Santa Fe cathedral. Indeed, it was all of an hour before a generous assortment of godmothers and godfathers descended the important bundle from a wagon.

Now the guests began to straggle in. Frank Harsh wished, in a famished whisper, that we'd had some grub before we came.

At quarter to three the walls were well lined, and Francisco began to pass a tray with five glasses on it and a basket of variegated soft drinks. ("Tonics," they call them in New England summer trains.) I was the fifth in line—luckily!

At three-fifteen a plate with a cup of sweet, thick chocolate and a piece of cake. When that was consumed the men streamed outdoors, as if there were to be a long intermission. At three forty-five we decided to leave, though our host protested that the meal hadn't yet begun.



THE MUD HOUSE ON THE HILLTOP

The evening was very enchanting. Musicians on a raised platform as in Sicily, dark beaux and dark belles dancing under the beams, dancing quadrilles with swift, whirling figures, and a row of aged crones, like a cubist's dream, sitting along the benches with the children. All the children of Tesuque upward of a month old were present, and most of them did a great deal of dancing. (I see where Flora and Celanese learned their steps.) At last the distinguished Don Romaldo, one of the village notables, put on his spectacles and read

out of a paper in Spanish stating that Francisco Jimenez had a permit to open a dance hall. Then Francisco, with fierce looks, enjoined the *muchachos* to "put away your knives and pistols and drink no whisky." We went home early. But I learned from Melinda that there was a rather exciting quarrel over a girl at two in the morning.

July 24th.

The blood pressure of this hilltop has gone down measurably within the last three days. What kept it keyed so

high and breathless during Gertrude's stay was not only her zestful temperament, but the necessity of treating the mud house like a recalcitrant burro; it had to be shockingly prodded and belabored to reach a definite point at a definite time. Much distance remains to be covered, but Nan Mitchell and I are taking it at a slower pace.

Houses respond to leisure as gardens respond to rain. It is the only thing that really makes them bloom. My plump little brown handmaiden, Melinda, in spite of pervasive paint pots and turpentine, keeps ours most tidily swept and dusted. That helps to turn it into a place of order and charm and cool summer clarity. The living room is the nearest to completion. The books are in the white bookcase by the dining-room door. The salmon-colored Spanish chest has found its rightful place between that door and the fireplace. There

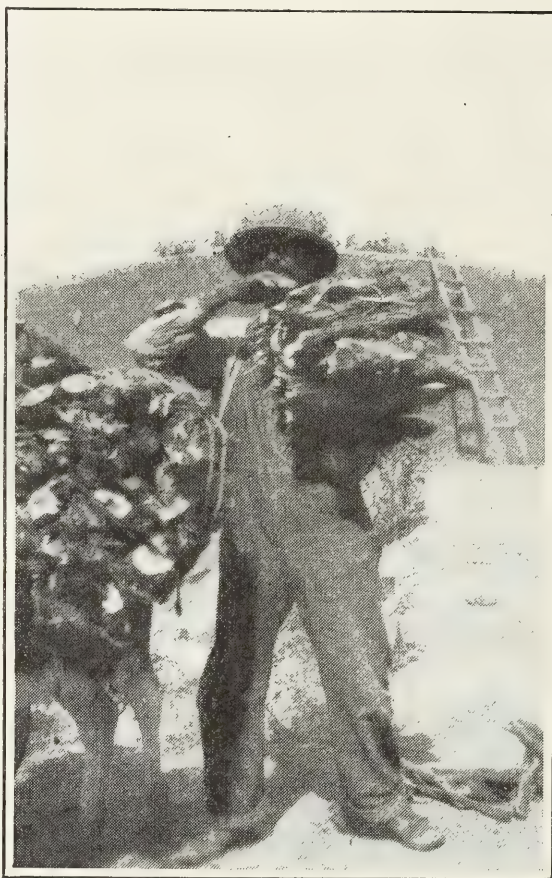
are a big black Santa Clara jar filled with juniper over the hearth, and a round, terra-cotta bowl of startling carmine Indian paintbrush combined with purple and yellow blooms on the long table with wrought-iron ends. The room would be too austere without some bright flowers, though the green-blue doors stand open deliciously to the riotous brilliance of pink foothills and blue sky.

The truth is, it is enough to *live* in this country. Just to live. Work isn't necessary for the salvation of the soul. I feel as if I had grown vastly in grace

by spending an hour with a funny horned toad. They were cutting alfalfa all up and down the Tesuque valley the last days. The heavy sweet perfume still floats and broods over the thick green beds of mint along the acequia where—down beyond the field, and the fence, and the new rustic gate into the corral—Buck and Billy are cooling their knees in a silver curve. Sunflowers are

springing in tufts all over the field. Hollyhocks are beginning to blossom under the apple trees. I am happy.

M. Bergson once telegraphed a French philosophic friend of mine that he had discovered the secret of the universe. I believe I have a sneaking feeling that I may discover it some July morning on our knoll. Watching the thunder showers, just now, rolling northward across fifty miles or so of mountain, forty miles or so away, I thought I understood the Indian symbol of the



SALOMÉ DELIVERING WOOD

Thunder Bird. A great, chaotic whorl of blackness that suddenly blots out a mesa with two misty wings—and then, as suddenly, floats on, leaving the mesa table clear and colored like blue aquamarine between its sharp, terrible ravines—what is that but a demonic bird? I keep my eyes on a long, yellow ridge, classic and austere as Greek marble. Now the Thunder Bird passes over the peaks behind. Now he drops three or four feathery cloud shadows. Deep, deep purple, they float and tremble against the golden pallor. Or is it I who am

trembling? One may live for years in the East without having a revelation of beauty so intense.

July 31st.

This is Sunday morning. Melinda's little sister, the beautiful ten-year-old one, with arched eyebrows and bobbed hair, appears timidly at the door, huddling something orange and green in her arms. Out of the bundle peers a bright, perky eye. Do I like him? Will he do? they anxiously inquire. Nan Mitchell's horror at seeing her Sunday dinner alive at eleven o'clock makes the Chavez sisters explode in giggles.

Melinda has been used to hard farm and dairy work all her life. So she trots about in the hot sun, carrying heavy buckets of water, collecting vegetables and fruit and eggs and cream from our ranch neighbors, running down to fetch the groceries when kind Mr. Harsh honks at the gate, and thinks it all a sort of holiday adventure. She cooks very well, scrubs the kitchen floor on her knees, and polishes the shoes. All at the age of sixteen.

She goes home after lunch and we get our own supper at eight or nine o'clock, after a sunset ride. A wonderfully liberating system we find it. We cast off the painter's trade about four, have a pleasant tea, catch our two steeds in the corral, saddle them by the storehouse (I am still almost as green at this hostler business as I am at building a bridge of cedar poles), and start out. Our horses are an ill-matched pair. Lazy old

yellow Buck—rented first by Gertrude from Natalie Curtis Burlin—scarcely responds to a spur. Billy can't be touched with one. I made no mistake when I bought Billy. He has a gentle heart and swift, gay legs, and his generous vitality runs by transfusion through my veins.

We rode this afternoon to our own Indian village, the pueblo of Tesuque, four miles or so to the north of us. Tesuque is counted one of the least interesting of the Rio Grande pueblos. It is one of the smallest, and too easily accessible from Santa Fe. Yet tonight the square Plaza seemed to inclose within its brown walls Ancient Wisdom. The Indian fields we had crossed on horseback, the wild, rushing river we had forded, the shady lane of giant cottonwoods, shut it far away even from the motor road—from everything but the scarified peaks of the Sangre de



EULALIA AND MELINDA

Cristo, now steeped and swimming in purple sunset light. They towered above the whitewashed purity of the church front and the low line of flat roofs. Doorways were vacant, roofs populous. Majestic beings, their brows bound with red or orange, stared down at us. Sages. Two pretty young women in black skirts and loose, high white boots, red calico shawls fluttering from their shoulders, hurried across the square. Another, old and fat, with a black pot on her head, scuttled up a ladder to her house on the second story.

We got off our horses and wandered about, leading them by their bridles.

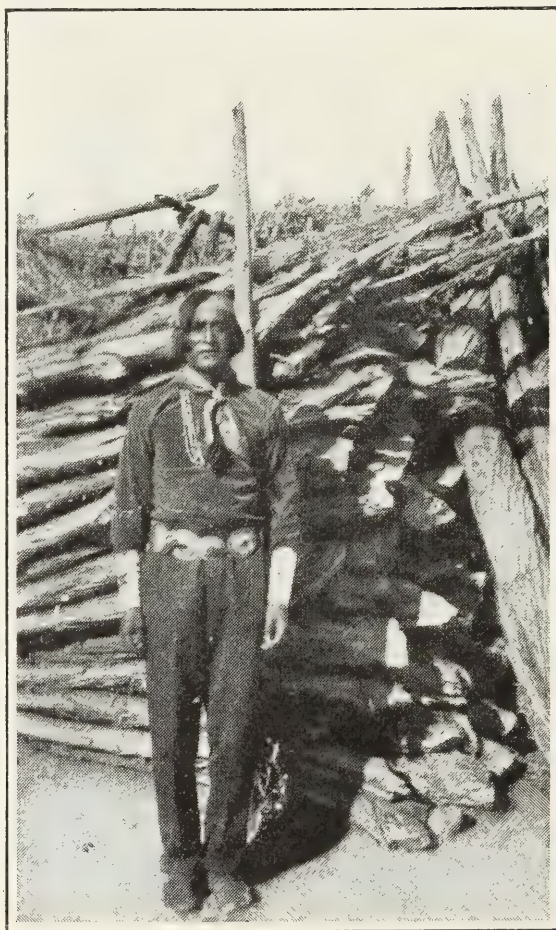
Faces smiled from dim interiors. A very old man in a blanket, holding a baby in his arms, followed along the western roofs, chanting a soft, croon-like rhythm. The baby was sucking a gray, pot-bellied clay figure. Did you ever stare down an ancient well upon the glint of water, and imagine what it would be to live down there in the cool and look up at the blue of the sky inclosed in a gray circle of stone? The evening hour in Tesuque was like an hour at the bottom of the well. Life had a rare color and purity as you gazed up above those roofs. And the silent beings who guarded them—silently watching us come and go—were living in a mood as different from that of our hilltop as the mood of the hilltop from the mood of Broadway. They had got much farther than we in understanding the secret of the universe. Their ears were attuned to voices we could not even hear. So merely looking at them, we rode away renewed in spirit.

August 4th

Only those who have the intimate confidence of the Pueblos can hope to see the many dance festivals that interspace themselves through the seasons. They are solemn religious ceremonies, usually connected with the primal functions of the earth, and rarely heralded in advance. But every Rio Grande pueblo has one fiesta a year on a specified date—the name day of its Catholic

patron saint—which all the New Mexico world and its tourists may attend. The greatest of these is probably the Corn Dance at Santo Domingo on August 4th. Santo Domingo is one of the largest in population and the richest of the Rio Grande Indian groups, and has been among the least accessible to white influence. Nobody goes there with a camera; for if he does it will be quickly snatched from his hand and broken to bits.

Nan Mitchell and I started southwest from Santa Fe about nine in the morning, in one of Tom's cars. There were many other motors ahead of us on the mesa, and as we dropped down the horrific zigzag mile of Lavajada hill—which descends to a much more tropic zone, climatically, than that of Santa Fe—they were like a line of black beetles strung on the straight white thread of road. And yet when we reached the village—and bumped, the first minute, into



A SANTO DOMINGO INDIAN

friends from New York and Philadelphia and Boston—we and all the rest of the crowd were so caught up into the glaring symphony of sun, sky, dust, beating drums, bright colors, and furious physical movement, that we scarcely seemed obtrusive. The scene absorbed us into itself like grains of floating sand.

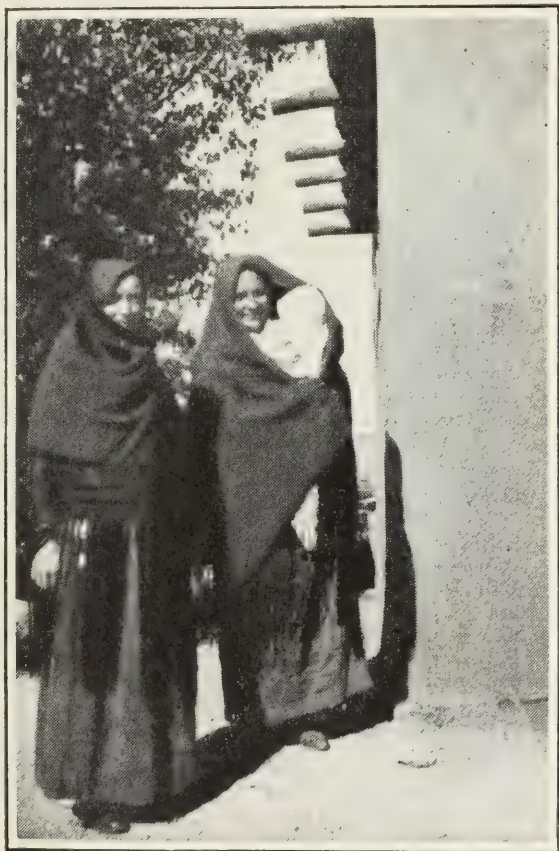
Mass was just over as we arrived. The procession was pouring out of the whitewashed gloom of holy church into the pagan whiteness of Indian streets. The Catholic statue of Santo Domingo

led the way in the tottery, shoulder-borne manner of Catholic saints in Italy. He had one or two attendant Franciscan priests. But the bitten Mongolian faces of Pueblo elders hedged him about. And he was followed by a mixed rout of taper-carrying, intoning Indians and Spaniards, all marching and chanting in an extraordinary dusty glare.

I have never seen such whiteness. No wonder the houses of Santo Domingo are built with deep shaded *portales* edged with adobe walls. The upper tier (approached by ladders and set back some distance from the edge of the lower roofs) have not only *portales*, but screens of green boughs. We climbed a ladder, and paid a small sum to occupy a red blanket on the dangling edge of such a shady roof.



A BURRO "TIED" IN NATIVE MANNER



MEXICAN VISITORS AT THE MUD HOUSE

The Saint came to rest in a rustic shrine built for him at the end of the Plaza—under the satisfied gaze of the watchers on the roofs. So far as I could read the faces of these Indian spectators, their patron was now become a sort of functionary like the Governor; or perhaps a holy personage like the Sun Priest or the Cacique, or possibly a sort of God of Rain. Indian faces are harder to read than Indian colors. Yet the colors, too, are subtle and complicated. Velvet shirts, belts and chains of wrought silver, turquoise beads, striped blankets, brilliant silk scarfs, have a beauty in themselves. But their great beauty in Pueblo hands lies in their combination. This combination reveals a decorative sense more bold and varied and precise than that of Bakst himself. And there was as much beauty of sculptural grouping as of color. Biblical simplicity, Greek proportion, Barbaric power, Oriental detachment—the clustered figures on the roofs, the massed groups along the white porticos, seemed to embody the absolute of all the catch phrases, and give it a ring of discovery. But suddenly all eyes were drawn to a great, round yellow khiva, like a mediæval tower. Out of its sacred bowels, its round, dark inner chamber, the dancers were emerging Friezelike, they



Photograph by Wesley Bradfield, Santa Fe

THE GREAT FIESTA OF THE SANTO DOMINGO CORN DANCE

stood above its pale, walled top against the blue.

Friezelike they turned, a line of men, a line of women; friezelike they wound downward and started their rhythmic dance. A hundred men with red-brown, nude bodies, white loin cloths, coyote skins, and floating, shining hair; a hundred women, barefoot under their black, short shifts, with blue *tablitas* poised like monuments above their square-cut locks. Two long lines, moving in single file to a double beat. Heavy, ripe-breasted women stirring evergreen boughs from still, stoic wrists. Lithe, free-leaping men shaking gourds with vehement sweep. And, wound about their double isolation like a sort of moving pattern, the black and white Koshare, the comic clown-devils, the holy delight makers.

I saw a Corn Dance at San Felipe pueblo on May 1st of last year. The costumes, the colors, the measures were

basically the same. But that was the Spring Dance—the dance of feathery blossom-time, the dance of the ecstasy of germination. And this was the Summer Dance—the dance of full fruition. Here in the syncopation of feet, in the echo of drums, in the hoarse, insistent cry of choral voices, was harvest, teeming, prolific, overwhelming. The force of great yellow ears bursting free of their lush green sheaths. And the rain the dancers were invoking was no soft spring patter; it was a purple summer tempest, a cloudburst, a clash of fire and flood. As the day wore on and one group of dancers succeeded another and the sun stood always more high and burning in the sky, the pulsation grew volcanic, hypnotic. It racked our nerves, it tortured our eyeballs, it beset our ears. It blasted, it demented us till at last we fled away. But we had scarcely reached the Indian fields when, with a grand burst of thunder, down came the ease of rain.

(To be concluded)

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH

VII.—THE TEMPLE OF SILENCE

BY GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

HAROLD MARCH and the few who cultivated the friendship of Horne Fisher, especially if they saw something of him in his own social setting, were conscious of a certain solitude in his very sociability. They seemed to be always meeting his relations and never meeting his family. Perhaps it would be truer to say that they saw much of his family and nothing of his home. His cousins and connections ramified like a labyrinth all over the governing class of Great Britain, and he seemed to be on good, or at least on good-humored, terms with most of them. For Horne Fisher was remarkable for a curious impersonal information and interest touching all sorts of topics, so that one could sometimes fancy that his culture, like his colorless, fair mustache and pale, drooping features, had the neutral nature of a chameleon. Anyhow, he could always get on with viceroys and Cabinet Ministers and all the great men responsible for great departments, and talk to each of them on his own subject, on the branch of study with which he was most seriously concerned. Thus he could converse with the Minister for War about silkworms, with the Minister of Education about detective stories, with the Minister of Labor about Limoges enamel, and with the Minister of Missions and Moral Progress (if that be his correct title) about the pantomime boys of the last four decades. And as the first was his first cousin, the second his second cousin, the third his brother-in-law, and the fourth his uncle by marriage, this conversational versatility certainly served in one sense to create a happy family. But March never seemed to get a glimpse of that domestic

interior to which men of the middle classes are accustomed in their friendships, and which is indeed the foundation of friendship and love and everything else in any sane and stable society. He wondered whether Horne Fisher was both an orphan and an only child.

It was, therefore, with something like a start that he found that Fisher had a brother, much more prosperous and powerful than himself, though hardly, March thought, so entertaining. Sir Henry Harland Fisher, with half the alphabet after his name, was something at the Foreign Office far more tremendous than the Foreign Secretary. Apparently, it ran in the family, after all; for it seemed there was another brother, Ashton Fisher, in India, rather more tremendous than the Viceroy. Sir Henry Fisher was a heavier, but handsomer edition of his brother, with a brow equally bald, but much more smooth. He was very courteous, but a shade patronizing, not only to March, but even, as March fancied, to Horne Fisher as well. The latter gentleman, who had many intuitions about the half-formed thoughts of others, glanced at the topic himself as they came away from the great house in Berkeley Square.

"Why, don't you know," he observed, quietly, "that I am the fool of the family?"

"It must be a clever family," said Harold March, with a smile.

"Very gracefully expressed," replied Fisher; "that is the best of having a literary training. Well, perhaps it is an exaggeration to say I am the fool of the family. It's enough to say I am the failure of the family."

"It seems queer to me that you should

fail especially," remarked the journalist. "As they say in the examinations, what did you fail in?"

"Politics," replied his friend. "I stood for Parliament when I was quite a young man and got in by an enormous majority, with loud cheers and chairing round the town. Since then, of course, I've been rather under a cloud."

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand the 'of course,'" answered March, laughing.

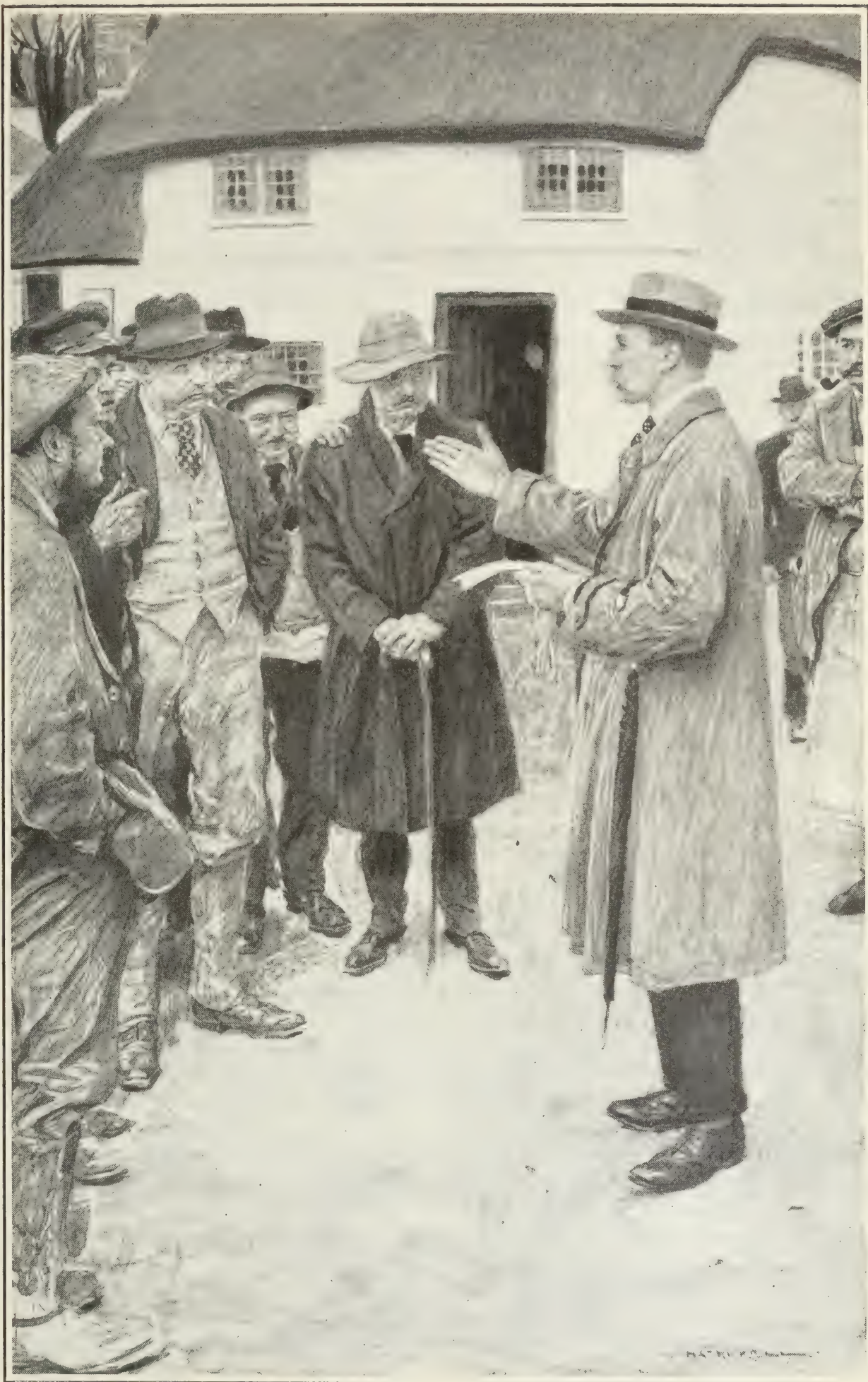
"That part of it isn't worth understanding," said Fisher. "But as a matter of fact, old chap, the other part of it was rather odd and interesting. Quite a detective story in its way, as well as the first lesson I had in what modern politics are made of. If you like, I'll tell you all about it." And the following, recast in a less allusive and conversational manner, is the story that he told.

Nobody privileged of late years to meet Sir Henry Harland Fisher could believe that he had ever been called Harry. But, indeed, he had been boyish enough when a boy, and that serenity which shone on him through life, and which now took the form of gravity, had once taken the form of gayety. His friends would have said that he was all the more ripe in his maturity for having been young in his youth. His enemies would have said that he was still light minded, but no longer light hearted. But in any case, the whole of the story Horne Fisher had to tell arose out of the accident which had made young Harry Fisher private secretary to Lord Saltoun. Hence his later connection with the Foreign Office, which had, indeed, come to him as a sort of legacy from his lordship when that great man was the power behind the throne. This is not the place to say much about Saltoun, little as was known of him and much as there was worth knowing. England has had at least three or four such secret statesmen. An aristocratic polity produces every now and then an

aristocrat who is also an accident, a man of intellectual independence and insight, a Napoleon born in the purple. His vast work was mostly invisible, and very little could be got out of him in private life except a crusty and rather cynical sense of humor. But it was certainly the accident of his presence at a family dinner of the Fishers, and the unexpected opinion he expressed, which turned what might have been a dinner-table joke into a sort of small sensational novel.

Save for Lord Saltoun, it was a family party of Fishers, for the only other distinguished stranger had just departed after the dinner, leaving the rest to their coffee and cigars. This had been a figure of some interest—a young Cambridge man named Eric Hughes who was the rising hope of the party of Reform, to which the Fisher family, along with their friend Saltoun, had long been at least formally attached. The personality of Hughes was substantially summed up in the fact that he talked eloquently and earnestly through the whole of dinner, but left immediately after to be in time for an appointment. All his actions had something at once ambitious and conscientious; he drank no wine, but was slightly intoxicated with words. And his face and phrases were on the front page of all the newspapers just then, because he was contesting the safe seat of Sir Francis Verner in the great by-election in the west. Everybody was talking about the powerful speech against squirarchy which he had just delivered; even in the Fisher circle everybody talked about it except Horne Fisher himself, who sat in a corner, lowering over the fire. In his early manhood the manner which afterward became languid had rather the air of being sullen; he drifted about and dipped into odd books and odd subjects; in contrast with his political family, his future seemed featureless and undetermined.

"We jolly well have to thank him for putting some new life into the old



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

FISHER WENT TO AND FRO AMONG THE COTTAGES AND COUNTRY INNS
VOL. CXLIV.—No. 864.—99

party," Ashton Fisher was saying. "This campaign against the old squires just hits the degree of democracy there is in this country. This act for extending county council control is practically his bill; so you may say he's in the government even before he's in the House."

"One's easier than the other," said Harry, carelessly. "I bet the squire's a bigger pot than the county council in that county. Verner is pretty well rooted; all these rural places are what you call reactionary. Damning aristocrats won't alter it."

"He damns them rather well," observed Ashton. "We never had a better meeting than the one in Barkington, which generally goes Constitutional. And when he said, 'Sir Francis may boast of blue blood; let us show we have red blood,' and went on to talk about manhood and liberty, the room simply rose at him."

"Speaks very well," said Lord Saltoun, gruffly, making his only contribution to the conversation so far.

Then the almost equally silent Horne Fisher suddenly spoke, without taking his brooding eyes off the fire.

"What I can't understand," he said, "is why nobody is ever slanged for the real reason."

"Hullo!" remarked Harry, humorously, "you beginning to take notice?"

"Well, take Verner," continued Horne Fisher. "If we want to attack Verner, why not attack him? Why compliment him on being a romantic reactionary aristocrat? Who is Verner? Where does he come from? His name sounds old, but I never heard of it before, as the man said of the Crucifixion. Why talk about his blue blood? His blood may be gamboge yellow with green spots, for all anybody knows. All we know is that the old squire, Hawker, somehow ran through his money (and his second's wife's, I suppose, for she was rich enough), and sold the estate to a man named Verner. What did he make his money in? Oil? Army contracts?"

"I don't know," said Saltoun, looking at him thoughtfully.

"First thing I ever knew you didn't know," cried the exuberant Harry.

"And there's more, besides," went on Horne Fisher, who seemed to have suddenly found his tongue. "If we want country people to vote for us, why don't we get somebody with some notion about the country? We don't talk to people in Threadneedle Street about nothing but turnips and pigsties. Why do we talk to people in Somerset about nothing but slums and socialism? Why don't we give the squire's land to the squire's tenants, instead of dragging in the county council?"

"Three acres and a cow," cried Harry, emitting what the Parliamentary reports call an ironical cheer.

"Yes," replied his brother, stubbornly. "Don't you think agricultural laborers would rather have three acres and a cow than three acres of printed forms and a committee? Why doesn't somebody start a yeoman party in politics, appealing to the old traditions of the small landowner? And why don't they attack men like Verner for what they are, which is something about as old and traditional as an American oil trust?"

"You'd better lead the yeoman party yourself," laughed Harry. "Don't you think it would be a joke, Lord Saltoun, to see my brother and his merry men, with their bows and bills, marching down to Somerset all in Lincoln green instead of Lincoln and Bennet hats?"

"No," answered old Saltoun, "I don't think it would be a joke. I think it would be an exceedingly serious and sensible idea."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" cried Harry Fisher, staring at him. "I said just now it was the first fact you didn't know, and I should say this is the first joke you didn't see."

"I've seen a good many things in my time," said the old man, in his rather sour fashion. "I've told a good many lies in my time, too, and perhaps I've

got rather sick of them. But there are lies and lies, for all that. Gentlemen used to lie just as schoolboys lie, because they hung together and partly to help one another out. But I'm damned if I can see why we should lie for these cosmopolitan cads who only help themselves. They're not backing us up any more; they're simply crowding us out. If a man like your brother likes to go into Parliament as a yeoman or a gentleman or a Jacobite or an Ancient Briton, I should say it would be a jolly good thing."

In the rather startled silence that followed Horne Fisher sprang to his feet and all his dreary manner dropped off him.

"I'm ready to do it to-morrow," he cried. "I suppose none of you fellows would back me up."

Then Harry Fisher showed the finer side of his impetuosity. He made a sudden movement as if to shake hands.

"You're a sport," he said, "and I'll back you up, if nobody else will. But we can all back you up, can't we? I see what Lord Saltoun means, and of course he's right. He's always right."

"So I will go down to Somerset," said Horne Fisher.

"Yes, it is on the way to Westminster," said Lord Saltoun, with a smile.

And so it happened that Horne Fisher arrived some days later at the little station of a rather remote market town in the west, accompanied by a light suitcase and a lively brother. It must not be supposed, however, that the brother's cheerful tone consisted entirely of chaff. He supported the new candidate with hope as well as hilarity; and at the back of his boisterous partnership there was an increasing sympathy and encouragement. Harry Fisher had always had an affection for his more quiet and eccentric brother, and was now coming more and more to have a respect for him. As the campaign proceeded the respect increased to ardent admiration. For Harry was still young, and could feel the sort of enthusiasm for his captain

in electioneering that a schoolboy can feel for his captain in cricket.

Nor was the admiration undeserved. As the new three-cornered contest developed it became apparent to others besides his devoted kinsman that there was more in Horne Fisher than had ever met the eye. It was clear that his outbreak by the family fireside had been but the culmination of a long course of brooding and studying on the question. The talent he retained through life for studying his subject, and even somebody else's subject, had long been concentrated on this idea of championing a new peasantry against a new plutocracy. He spoke to a crowd with eloquence and replied to an individual with humor, two political arts that seemed to come to him naturally. He certainly knew much more about rural problems than either Hughes, the Reform candidate, or Verner, the Constitutional candidate. And he probed those problems with a human curiosity, and went below the surface in a way that neither of them dreamed of doing. He soon became the voice of popular feelings that are never found in the popular press. New angles of criticism, arguments that had never before been uttered by an educated voice, tests and comparisons that had been made only in dialect by men drinking in the little local public houses, crafts half forgotten that had come down by sign of hand and tongue from remote ages when their fathers were free—all this created a curious and double excitement. It startled the well informed by being a new and fantastic idea they had never encountered. It startled the ignorant by being an old and familiar idea they never thought to have seen revived. Men saw things in a new light, and knew not even whether it was the sunset or the dawn.

Practical grievances were there to make the movement formidable. As Fisher went to and fro among the cottages and country inns, it was borne in on him without difficulty that Sir Francis Verner was a very bad landlord.

Nor was the story of his acquisition of the land any more ancient and dignified than he had supposed; the story was well known in the county and in most respects was obvious enough. Hawker, the old squire, had been a loose, unsatisfactory sort of person, had been on bad terms with his first wife (who died, as some said, of neglect), and had then married a flashy South American Jewess with a fortune. But he must have worked his way through this fortune also with marvelous rapidity, for he had been compelled to sell the estate to Verner and had gone to live in South America, possibly on his wife's estates. But Fisher noticed that the laxity of the old squire was far less hated than the efficiency of the new squire. Verner's history seemed to be full of smart bargains and financial flutters that left other people short of money and temper. But though he heard a great deal about Verner, there was one thing that continually eluded him; something that nobody knew, that even Saltoun had not known. He could not find out how Verner had originally made his money.

"He must have kept it specially dark," said Horne Fisher to himself. "It must be something he's really ashamed of. Hang it all! what *is* a man ashamed of nowadays?"

And as he pondered on the possibilities they grew darker and more distorted in his mind; he thought vaguely of things remote and repulsive, strange forms of slavery or sorcery, and then of ugly things yet more unnatural but nearer home. The figure of Verner seemed to be blackened and transfigured in his imagination, and to stand against varied backgrounds and strange skies.

As he strode up a village street, brooding thus, his eyes encountered a complete contrast in the face of his other rival, the Reform candidate. Eric Hughes, with his blown blond hair and eager undergraduate face, was just getting into his motor car and saying a few final words to his agent, a sturdy, grizzled man named Gryce. Eric

Hughes waved his hand in a friendly fashion; but Gryce eyed him with some hostility. Eric Hughes was a young man with genuine political enthusiasms, but he knew that political opponents are people with whom one may have to dine any day. But Mr. Gryce was a grim little local Radical, a champion of the chapel, and one of those happy people whose work is also their hobby. He turned his back as the motor car drove away, and walked briskly up the sunlit high street of the little town, whistling, with political papers sticking out of his pocket.

Fisher looked pensively after the resolute figure for a moment, and then, as if by an impulse, began to follow it. Through the busy market place, amid the baskets and barrows of market day, under the painted wooden sign of the Green Dragon, up a dark side entry, under an arch, and through a tangle of crooked cobbled streets the two threaded their way, the square, strutting figure in front and the lean, lounging figure behind him, like his shadow in the sunshine. At length they came to a brown brick house with a brass plate, on which was Mr. Gryce's name, and that individual turned and beheld his pursuer with a stare.

"Could I have a word with you, sir?" asked Horne Fisher, politely. The agent stared still more, but assented civilly, and led the other into an office littered with leaflets and hung all round with highly colored posters which linked the name of Hughes with all the higher interests of humanity.

"Mr. Horne Fisher, I believe," said Mr. Gryce. "Much honored by the call, of course. Can't pretend to congratulate you on entering the contest, I'm afraid; you won't expect that. Here we've been keeping the old flag flying for freedom and reform, and you come in and break the battle line."

For Mr. Elijah Gryce abounded in military metaphors and in denunciations of militarism. He was a square-jawed, blunt-featured man with a pug-

nacious cock of the eyebrow. He had been pickled in the politics of that countryside from boyhood, he knew everybody's secrets, and electioneering was the romance of his life.

"I suppose you think I'm devoured with ambition," said Horne Fisher, in his rather listless voice, "aiming at a dictatorship and all that. Well, I think I can clear myself of the charge of mere selfish ambition. I only want certain things done. I don't want to do them. I very seldom want to do anything. And I've come here to say that I'm quite willing to retire from the contest if you can convince me that we really want to do the same thing."

The agent of the Reform party looked at him with an odd and slightly puzzled expression, and before he could reply, Fisher went on in the same level tones:

"You'd hardly believe it, but I keep a conscience concealed about me; and I am in doubt about several things. For instance, we both want to turn Verner out of Parliament, but what weapon are we to use? I've heard a lot of gossip against him, but is it right to act on mere gossip? Just as I want to be fair to you, so I want to be fair to him. If some of the things I've heard are true he ought to be turned out of Parliament and every other club in London. But I don't want to turn him out of Parliament if they aren't true."

At this point the light of battle sprang into Mr. Gryce's eyes and he became voluble, not to say violent. He, at any rate, had no doubt that the stories were true; he could testify, to his own knowledge, that they were true. Verner was not only a hard landlord, but a mean landlord, a robber as well as a rack-renter; any gentleman would be justified in hounding him out. He had cheated old Wilkins out of his freehold by a trick fit for a pickpocket; he had driven old Mother Biddle to the work-house; he had stretched the law against Long Adam, the poacher, till all the magistrates were ashamed of him.

"So if you'll serve under the old banner," concluded Mr. Gryce, more genially, "and turn out a swindling tyrant like that, I'm sure you'll never regret it."

"And if that is the truth," said Horne Fisher, "are you going to tell it?"

"What do you mean? Tell the truth?" demanded Gryce.

"I mean you are going to tell the truth as you have just told it," replied Fisher. "You are going to placard this town with the wickedness done to old Wilkins. You are going to fill the newspapers with the infamous story of Mrs. Biddle. You are going to denounce Verner from a public platform, naming him for what he did and naming the poacher he did it to. And you're going to find out by what trade this man made the money with which he bought the estate; and when you know the truth, as I said before, of course you are going to tell it. Upon those terms I come under the old flag, as you call it, and haul down my little pennon."

The agent was eying him with a curious expression, surly but not entirely unsympathetic. "Well," he said, slowly, "you have to do these things in a regular way, you know, or people don't understand. I've had a lot of experience, and I'm afraid what you say wouldn't do. People understand slanging squires in a general way, but those personalities aren't considered fair play. Looks like hitting below the belt."

"Old Wilkins hasn't got a belt, I suppose," replied Horne Fisher. "Verner can hit him anyhow, and nobody must say a word. It's evidently very important to have a belt. But apparently you have to be rather high up in society to have one. Possibly," he added, thoughtfully—"possibly the explanation of the phrase 'a belted earl,' the meaning of which has always escaped me."

"I mean those personalities won't do," returned Gryce, frowning at the table.

"And Mother Biddle and Long Adam,

the poacher, are not personalities," said Fisher, "and I suppose we mustn't ask how Verner made all the money that enabled him to become—a personality."

Gryce was still looking at him under lowering brows, but the singular light in his eyes had brightened. At last he said, in another and much quieter voice:

"Look here, sir. I like you, if you don't mind my saying so. I think you are really on the side of the people and I'm sure you're a brave man. A lot braver than you know, perhaps. We daren't touch what you propose with a barge pole; and so far from wanting you in the old party, we'd rather you ran your own risk by yourself. But because I like you and respect your pluck, I'll do you a good turn before we part. I don't want you to waste time barking up the wrong tree. You talk about how the new squire got the money to buy, and the ruin of the old squire, and all the rest of it. Well, I'll give you a hint about that, a hint about something precious few people know."

"I am very grateful," said Fisher, gravely. "What is it?"

"It's in two words," said the other. "The new squire was quite poor when he bought. The old squire was quite rich when he sold."

Horne Fisher looked at him thoughtfully as he turned away abruptly and busied himself with the papers on his desk. Then Fisher uttered a short phrase of thanks and farewell, and went out into the street, still very thoughtful.

His reflection seemed to end in resolution, and, falling into a more rapid stride, he passed out of the little town along a road leading toward the gate of the great park, the country seat of Sir Francis Verner. A glitter of sunlight made the early winter more like a late autumn, and the dark woods were touched here and there with red and golden leaves, like the last rays of a lost sunset. From a higher part of the road he had seen the long, classical façade of the great house with its many win-

dows, almost immediately beneath him, but when the road ran down under the wall of the estate, topped with towering trees behind, he realized that it was half a mile round to the lodge gates. After walking for a few minutes along the lane, however, he came to a place where the wall had cracked and was in process of repair. As it was, there was a great gap in the gray masonry that looked at first as black as a cavern and only showed at a second glance the twilight of the twinkling trees. There was something fascinating about that unexpected gate, like the opening of a fairy tale.

Horne Fisher had in him something of the aristocrat, which is very near to the anarchist. It was characteristic of him that he turned into this dark and irregular entry as casually as into his own front door, merely thinking that it would be a short cut to the house. He made his way through the dim wood for some distance and with some difficulty, until there began to shine through the trees a level light, in lines of silver, which he did not at first understand. The next moment he had come out into the daylight at the top of a steep bank, at the bottom of which a path ran round the rim of a large ornamental lake. The sheet of water which he had seen shimmering through the trees was of considerable extent, but was walled in on every side with woods which were not only dark, but decidedly dismal. At one end of the path was a classical statue of some nameless nymph, and at the other end it was flanked by two classical urns; but the marble was all weather-stained and streaked with green and gray. A hundred other signs, smaller but more significant, told him that he had come on some outlying corner of the grounds neglected and seldom visited. In the middle of the lake was what appeared to be an island, and on the island what appeared to be meant for a classical temple, not open like a temple of the winds, but with a blank wall between its Doric pillars. We may say it only seemed like an



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R. I.

FISHER COULD SEE THAT THE MAN CARRIED A GUN UNDER HIS ARM

island, because a second glance revealed a low causeway of flat stones running up to it from the shore and turning it into a peninsula. And certainly it only seemed like a temple, for nobody knew better than Horne Fisher that no god had ever dwelt in that shrine.

"That's what makes all this classical landscape gardening so desolate," he said to himself. "More desolate than Stonehenge or the Pyramids. We don't believe in Egyptian mythology, but the Egyptians did; and I suppose even the Druids believed in Druidism. But the eighteenth-century gentleman who built these temples didn't believe in Venus or Mercury any more than we do; that's why the reflection of those pale pillars in the lake is truly only the shadow of a shade. They were men of the age of Reason; they, who filled their gardens with these stone nymphs, had less hope than any men in all history of really meeting a nymph in the forest."

His monologue stopped abruptly with a sharp noise like a thundercrack that rolled in dreary echoes round the dismal mere. He knew at once what it was—somebody had fired off a gun. But as to the meaning of it he was momentarily staggered, and strange thoughts thronged into his mind. The next moment he laughed; for he saw lying a little way along the path below him the dead bird that the shot had brought down.

At the same moment, however, he saw something else, which interested him more. A ring of dense trees ran round the back of the island temple, framing the façade of it in dark foliage, and he could have sworn he saw a stir as of something moving among the leaves. The next moment his suspicion was confirmed, for a rather ragged figure came from under the shadow of the temple and began to move along the causeway that led to the bank. Even at that distance the figure was conspicuous by its great height and Fisher could see that the man carried a gun under his arm. There came back into

his memory at once the name Long Adam, the poacher.

With a rapid sense of strategy he sometimes showed, Fisher sprang from the bank and raced round the lake to the head of the little pier of stones. If once a man reached the mainland he could easily vanish into the woods. But when Fisher began to advance along the stones toward the island, the man was cornered in a blind alley and could only back toward the temple. Putting his broad shoulders against it, he stood as if at bay; he was a comparatively young man, with fine lines in his lean face and figure and a mop of ragged red hair. The look in his eyes might well have been disquieting to anyone left alone with him on an island in the middle of a lake.

"Good morning," said Horne Fisher, pleasantly. "I thought at first you were a murderer. But it seems unlikely, somehow, that the partridge rushed between us and died for love of me, like the heroines in the romances; so I suppose you are a poacher."

"I suppose you would call me a poacher," answered the man; and his voice was something of a surprise coming from such a scarecrow; it had that hard fastidiousness to be found in those who have made a fight for their own refinement among rough surroundings. "I consider I have a perfect right to shoot game in this place. But I am well aware that people of your sort take me for a thief, and I suppose you will try to land me in jail."

"There are preliminary difficulties," replied Fisher. "To begin with, the mistake is flattering, but I am not a gamekeeper. Still less am I three gamekeepers, who would be, I imagine, about your fighting weight. But I confess I have another reason for not wanting to jail you."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only that I quite agree with you," answered Fisher. "I don't exactly say you have a right to poach, but I never could see that it was as wrong as being

a thief. It seems to me against the whole normal notion of property that a man should own something because it flies across his garden. He might as well own the wind, or think he could write his name on a morning cloud. Besides, if we want poor people to respect property we must give them some property to respect. You ought to have land of your own; and I'm going to give you some if I can."

"Going to give me some land!" repeated Long Adam.

"I apologize for addressing you as if you were a public meeting," said Fisher, "but I am an entirely new kind of public man who says the same thing in public and in private. I've said this to a hundred huge meetings throughout the country, and I say it to you on this queer little island in this dismal pond. I would cut up a big estate like this into small estates for everybody, even for poachers. I would do in England as they did in Ireland—buy the big men out, if possible; get them out, anyhow. A man like you ought to have a little place of his own. I don't say you could keep pheasants, but you might keep chickens."

The man stiffened suddenly and he seemed at once to blanch and flame at the promise as if it were a threat.

"Chickens!" he repeated, with a passion of contempt.

"Why do you object?" asked the placid candidate. "Because keeping hens is rather a mild amusement for a poacher? What about poaching eggs?"

"Because I am not a poacher," cried Adam, in a rending voice that rang round the hollow shrines and urns like the echoes of his gun. "Because the partridge lying dead over there is my partridge. Because the land you are standing on is my land. Because my own land was only taken from me by a crime, and a worse crime than poaching. This has been a single estate for hundreds and hundreds of years, and if you or any meddlesome mountebank comes

here and talks of cutting it up like a cake, if I ever hear a word more of you and your leveling lies—"

"You seem to be a rather turbulent public meeting," observed Horne Fisher, "but do go on. What will happen if I try to divide this estate decently among decent people?"

The poacher had recovered a grim composure as he replied, "There will be no partridge to rush in between."

With that he turned his back, evidently resolved to say no more, and walked past the temple to the extreme end of the islet, where he stood staring into the water. Fisher followed him, but, when his repeated questions evoked no answer, turned back toward the shore. In doing so he took a second and closer look at the artificial temple, and noted some curious things about it. Most of these theatrical things were as thin as theatrical scenery, and he expected the classic shrine to be a shallow thing, a mere shell or mask. But there was some substantial bulk of it behind, buried in the trees, which had a gray, labyrinthian look, like serpents of stone, and lifted a load of leafy towers to the sky. But what arrested Fisher's eye was that in this bulk of gray-white stone behind there was a single door with great, rusty bolts outside; the bolts, however, were not shot across so as to secure it. Then he walked round the small building, and found no other opening except one small grating like a ventilator, high up in the wall. He retraced his steps thoughtfully along the causeway to the banks of the lake, and sat down on the stone steps between the two sculptured funeral urns. Then he lit a cigarette and smoked it in ruminant manner; eventually he took out a notebook and wrote down various phrases, numbering and renumbering them till they stood in the following order: "(1) Squire Hawker disliked his first wife. (2) He married his second wife for her money. (3) Long Adam says the estate is really his. (4) Long Adam hangs round the island temple,

which looks like a prison. (5) Squire Hawker was not poor when he gave up the estate. (6) Verner was poor when he got the estate."

He gazed at these notes with a gravity which gradually turned to a hard smile, threw away his cigarette, and resumed his search for a short cut to the great house. He soon picked up the path which, winding among clipped hedges and flower beds, brought him in front of its long Palladian façade. It had the usual appearance of being, not a private house, but a sort of public building sent into exile in the provinces.

He first found himself in the presence of the butler, who really looked much older than the building, for the architecture was dated as Georgian; but the man's face, under a highly unnatural brown wig, was wrinkled with what might have been centuries. Only his prominent eyes were alive and alert, as if with protest. Fisher glanced at him, and then stopped and said:

"Excuse me. Weren't you with the late squire, Mr. Hawker?"

"Yes, sir," said the man, gravely. "Usher is my name. What can I do for you?"

"Only take me in to Sir Francis Verner," replied the visitor.

Sir Francis Verner was sitting in an easy chair beside a small table in a large room hung with tapestries. On the table were a small flask and glass, with the green glimmer of a liqueur and a cup of black coffee. He was clad in a quiet gray suit with a moderately harmonious purple tie; but Fisher saw something about the turn of his fair mustache and the lie of his flat hair—it suddenly revealed that his name was Franz Werner.

"You are Mr. Horne Fisher," he said. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you," replied Fisher. "I fear this is not a friendly occasion, and I shall remain standing. Possibly you know that I am already standing—standing for Parliament, in fact."

"I am aware we are political oppo-

nents," replied Verner, raising his eyebrows. "But I think it would be better if we fought in a sporting spirit; in a spirit of English fair play."

"Much better," assented Fisher. "It would be much better if you were English and very much better if you had ever played fair. But what I've come to say can be said very shortly. I don't quite know how we stand with the law about that old Hawker story, but my chief object is to prevent England being entirely ruled by people like you. So whatever the law would say, I will say no more if you will retire from the election at once."

"You are evidently a lunatic," said Verner.

"My psychology may be a little abnormal," replied Horne Fisher, in a rather hazy manner. "I am subject to dreams, especially day-dreams. Sometimes what is happening to me grows vivid in a curious double way, as if it had happened before. Have you ever had that mystical feeling that things have happened before?"

"I hope you are a harmless lunatic," said Verner.

But Fisher was still staring in an absent fashion at the golden gigantic figures and traceries of brown and red in the tapestries on the walls; then he looked again at Verner and resumed: "I have a feeling that this interview has happened before, here in this tapestried room, and we are two ghosts revisiting a haunted chamber. But it was Squire Hawker who sat where you sit and it was you who stood where I stand." He paused a moment and then added, with simplicity, "I suppose I am a blackmailer, too."

"If you are," said Sir Francis, "I promise you you shall go to jail." But his face had a shade on it that looked like the reflection of the green wine gleaming on the table. Horne Fisher regarded him steadily and answered, quietly enough:

"Blackmailers do not always go to jail. Sometimes they go to Parliament.

But, though Parliament is rotten enough already, you shall not go there if I can help it. I am not so criminal as you were in bargaining with crime. You made a squire give up his country seat. I only ask you to give up your Parliamentary seat."

Sir Francis Verner sprang to his feet and looked about for one of the bell ropes of the old-fashioned, curtained room.

"Where is Usher?" he cried, with a livid face.

"And who is Usher?" said Fisher, softly. "I wonder how much Usher knows of the truth."

Verner's hand fell from the bell rope and, after standing for a moment with rolling eyes, he strode abruptly from the room. Fisher went out by the other door, by which he had entered, and, seeing no sign of Usher, let himself out and betook himself again toward the town.

That night he put an electric torch in his pocket and set out alone in the darkness to add the last links to his argument. There was much that he did not know yet; but he thought he knew where he could find the knowledge. The night closed dark and stormy and the black gap in the wall looked blacker than ever; the wood seemed to have grown thicker and darker in a day. If the deserted lake with its black woods and gray urns and images looked desolate even by daylight, under the night and the growing storm it seemed still more like the pool of Acheron in the land of lost souls. As he stepped carefully along the jetty stones he seemed to be traveling farther and farther into the abyss of night, and to have left behind him the last points from which it would be possible to signal to the land of the living. The lake seemed to have grown larger than a sea, but a sea of black and slimy waters that slept with abominable serenity, as if they had washed out the world. There was so much of this nightmare sense of extension and expansion that he was strangely sur-

prised to come to his desert island so soon. But he knew it for a place of inhuman silence and solitude; and he felt as if he had been walking for years.

Nerving himself to a more normal mood, he paused under one of the dark dragon trees that branched out above him, and, taking out his torch, turned in the direction of the door at the back of the temple. It was unbolted as before, and the thought stirred faintly in him that it was slightly open, though only by a crack. The more he thought of it, however, the more certain he grew that this was but one of the common illusions of light coming from a different angle. He studied in a more scientific spirit the details of the door, with its rusty bolts and hinges, when he became conscious of something very near him—indeed, nearly above his head. Something was dangling from the tree that was not a broken branch. For some seconds he stood as still as a stone, and as cold. What he saw above him were the legs of a man hanging, presumably a dead man hanged. But the next moment he knew better. The man was literally alive and kicking; and an instant after he had dropped to the ground and turned on the intruder. Simultaneously three or four other trees seemed to come to life in the same fashion. Five or six other figures had fallen on their feet from these unnatural nests. It was as if the place were an island of monkeys. But a moment after they had made a stampede toward him, and when they laid their hands on him he knew that they were men.

With the electric torch in his hand he struck the foremost of them so furiously in the face that the man stumbled and rolled over on the slimy grass; but the torch was broken and extinguished, leaving everything in a denser obscurity. He flung another man flat against the temple wall, so that he slid to the ground; but a third and a fourth carried Fisher off his feet and began to bear him, struggling, toward the doorway. Even in the bewilderment of the battle

he was conscious that the door was standing open. Somebody was summoning the roughs from inside.

The moment they were within they hurled him upon a sort of bench or bed with violence, but no damage; for the settee, or whatever it was, seemed to be comfortably cushioned for his reception. Their violence had in it a great element of haste, and before he could rise they had all rushed for the door to escape. Whatever bandits they were that infested this desert island, they were obviously uneasy about their job and very anxious to be quit of it. He had the flying fancy that regular criminals would hardly be in such a panic. The next moment the great door crashed to and he could hear the bolts shriek as they shot into their place, and the feet of the retreating men scampering and stumbling along the causeway. But rapidly as it happened, it did not happen before Fisher had done something that he wanted to do. Unable to rise from his sprawling attitude in that flash of time, he had shot out one of his long legs and hooked it round the ankle of the last man disappearing through the door. The man swayed and toppled over inside the prison chamber, and the door closed between him and his fleeing companions. Clearly they were in too much haste to realize that they had left one of their company behind.

The man sprang to his feet again and hammered and kicked furiously at the door. Fisher's sense of humor began to recover from the struggle and he sat up on his sofa with something of his native nonchalance. But as he listened to the captive captor beating on the door of the prison, a new and curious reflection came to him.

The natural course for a man thus wishing to attract his friends' attention would be to call out, to shout as well as kick. This man was making as much noise as he could with his feet and hands, but not a sound came from his throat. Why couldn't he speak? At first he thought the man might be gagged, which

was manifestly absurd. Then his fancy fell back on the ugly idea that the man was dumb. He hardly knew why it was so ugly an idea, but it affected his imagination in a dark and disproportionate fashion. There seemed to be something creepy about the idea of being left in a dark room with a deaf mute. It was almost as if such a defect were a deformity. It was almost as if it went with other and worse deformities. It was as if the shape he could not trace in the darkness were some shape that should not see the sun.

Then he had a flash of sanity and also of insight. The explanation was very simple, but rather interesting. Obviously the man did not use his voice because he did not wish his voice to be recognized. He hoped to escape from that dark place before Fisher found out who he was. And who was he? One thing at least was clear. He was one or other of the four or five men with whom Fisher had already talked in these parts, and in the development of that strange story.

"Now I wonder who you are," he said, aloud, with all his old lazy urbanity. "I suppose it's no use trying to throttle you in order to find out; it would be displeasing to pass the night with a corpse. Besides, I might be the corpse. I've got no matches and I've smashed my torch, so I can only speculate. Who could you be, now? Let us think."

The man thus genially addressed had desisted from drumming on the door and retreated sullenly into a corner as Fisher continued to address him in a flowing monologue.

"Probably you are the poacher who says he isn't a poacher. He says he's a landed proprietor; but he will permit me to inform him that, whatever he is, he's a fool. What hope can there ever be of a free peasantry in England if the peasants themselves are such snobs as to want to be gentlemen? How can we make a democracy with no democrats? As it is, you want to be a landlord and

so you consent to be a criminal. And in that, you know, you are rather like somebody else. And, now I think of it, perhaps you are somebody else."

There was a silence broken by breathing from the corner and the murmur of the rising storm, that came in through the small grating above the man's head. Horne Fisher continued:

"Are you only a servant, perhaps, that rather sinister old servant who was butler to Hawker and Verner? If so, you are certainly the only link between the two periods. But if so, why do you degrade yourself to serve this dirty foreigner, when you at least saw the last of a genuine national gentry? People like you are generally at least patriotic. Doesn't England mean anything to you, Mr. Usher? All of which eloquence is possibly wasted, as perhaps you are not Mr. Usher.

"More likely you are Verner himself; and it's no good wasting eloquence to make you ashamed of yourself. Nor is it any good to curse you for corrupting England; nor are you the right person to curse. It is the English who deserve to be cursed, and are cursed, because they allowed such vermin to crawl into the high places of their heroes and their kings. I won't dwell on the idea that you're Verner, or the throttling might begin, after all. Is there anyone else you could be? Surely you're not some servant of the other rival organization. I can't believe you're Gryce, the agent; and yet Gryce had a spark of the fanatic in his eye, too; and men will do extraordinary things in these paltry feuds of politics. Or if not the servant, is it the . . . No, I can't believe it . . . not the red blood of manhood and liberty . . . not the democratic ideal . . ."

He sprang up in excitement, and at the same moment a growl of thunder came through the grating beyond. The storm had broken, and with it a new light broke on his mind. There was something else that might happen in a moment.

"Do you know what that means?"

he cried. "It means that God himself may hold a candle to show me your infernal face."

Then next moment came a crash of thunder; but before the thunder a white light had filled the whole room for a single split second.

Fisher had seen two things in front of him. One was the black-and-white pattern of the iron grating against the sky; the other was the face in the corner. It was the face of his brother.

Nothing came from Horne Fisher's lips except a Christian name, which was followed by a silence more dreadful than the dark. At last the other figure stirred and sprang up, and the voice of Harry Fisher was heard for the first time in that horrible room.

"You've seen me, I suppose," he said, "and we may as well have a light now. You could have turned it on at any time, if you'd found the switch."

He pressed a button in the wall and all the details of that room sprang into something stronger than daylight. Indeed, the details were so unexpected that for a moment they turned the captive's rocking mind from the last personal revelation. The room, so far from being a dungeon cell, was more like a drawing-room, even a lady's drawing-room, except for some boxes of cigars and bottles of wine that were stacked with books and magazines on a side table. A second glance showed him that the more masculine fittings were quite recent, and that the more feminine background was quite old. His eye caught a strip of faded tapestry, which startled him into speech, to the momentary oblivion of bigger matters.

"This place was furnished from the great house," he said.

"Yes," replied the other, "and I think you know why."

"I think I do," said Horne Fisher, "and before I go on to more extraordinary things I will say what I think. Squire Hawker played both the bigamist and the bandit. His first wife was not dead when he married the Jewess;

she was imprisoned on this island. She bore him a child here, who now haunts his birthplace under the name of Long Adam. A bankruptcy company promoter named Werner discovered the secret and blackmailed the squire into surrendering the estate. That's all quite clear and very easy. And now let me go on to something more difficult. And that is for you to explain what the devil you are doing kidnapping your born brother."

After a pause Henry Fisher answered:

"I suppose you didn't expect to see me," he said. "But, after all, what could you expect?"

"I'm afraid I don't follow," said Horne Fisher.

"I mean what else could you expect, after making such a muck of it?" said his brother, sulkily. "We all thought you were so clever. How could we know you were going to be—well, really, such a rotten failure?"

"This is rather curious," said the candidate, frowning. "Without vanity, I was not under the impression that my candidature was a failure. All the big meetings were successful and crowds of people have promised me votes."

"I should jolly well think they had," said Henry, grimly. "You've made a landslide with your confounded acres and a cow, and Verner can hardly get a vote anywhere. Oh, it's too rotten for anything!"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, you lunatic," cried Henry, in tones of ringing sincerity, "you don't suppose you were meant to *win* the seat, did you? Oh, it's too childish! I tell you Verner's *got* to get in. Of course he's got to get in. He's to have the Exchequer next session, and there's the Egyptian loan and Lord knows what else. We only wanted you to split the Reform vote because accidents might happen after Hughes had made a score at Barkington."

"I see," said Fisher, "and you, I

think, are a pillar and ornament of the Reform party. As you say, I am not clever."

The appeal to party loyalty fell on deaf ears; for the pillar of Reform was brooding on other things. At last he said, in a more troubled voice:

"I didn't want you to catch me; I knew it would be a shock. But I tell you what, you never would have caught me if I hadn't come here myself, to see they didn't ill treat you and to make sure everything was as comfortable as it could be." There was even a sort of break in his voice as he added, "I got those cigars because I knew you liked them."

Emotions are queer things, and the idiocy of this concession suddenly softened Horne Fisher like an unfathomable pathos.

"Never mind, old chap," he said; "we'll say no more about it. I'll admit that you're really as kind-hearted and affectionate a scoundrel and hypocrite as ever sold himself to ruin his country. There, I can't say handsomer than that. Thank you for the cigars, old man. I'll have one if you don't mind."

By the time that Horne Fisher had ended his telling of this story to Harold March they had come out into one of the public parks and taken a seat on a rise of ground overlooking wide green spaces under a blue and empty sky; and there was something incongruous in the words with which the narration ended.

"I have been in that room ever since," said Horne Fisher. "I am in it now. I won the election, but I never went to the House. My life has been a life in that little room on that lonely island. Plenty of books and cigars and luxuries, plenty of knowledge and interest and information, but never a voice out of that tomb to reach the world outside. I shall probably die there." And he smiled as he looked across the vast green park to the gray horizon.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF LABOR

BY EDWARD L. THORNDIKE

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MOST of us have been taught to think of labor as a necessary evil which men are bribed to carry on with wages or profits, much as we have been taught to think of east as where the sun rises and west as where it sets, or of two and two as making four. Man is cursed with labor since Adam; the less he has of it the better. Freedom from productive occupations is the Eden we all crave. Shorter hours and higher wages are the two rails on which the world's workers move toward welfare. So we have been taught.

We may perhaps concede that labor has a value for health and morality, and that we shall enjoy heaven better for having toiled on earth. But intrinsically, from the simple selfish point of view of the laborer, labor is a cloud whose only silver lining is wages. To keep the world going so many tons of coal must be mined, so many bushels of wheat raised, so many yards of cloth woven; and the world labors to produce these rather than go without them. Labor is a suffering endured only because it prevents the greater suffering of lacking what the wages or profits would have bought.

Labor laws, labor disputes (at least on the surface), and welfare schemes for laborers reflect and, in the main, confirm this view. It is, however, an unsound and dangerously incomplete view of the psychology of labor. A sound and adequate view of human nature in its relation to labor must take into account all the important facts about productive labor, not merely the fact that much of it to many persons is objectionable. It must consider all the conditions and results of labor as well as the contents of the pay envelope.

First of all, activity of body or mind is not intrinsically objectionable to human beings. On the contrary, if the activity is within the individual's capacity in quality, quantity, and duration, so as to be done without strain, it is intrinsically desirable. Boys and men leave their farm chores to engage in more violent activity in hunting. The lawyer stops thinking of his brief in order to think harder in a chess game. The housewife abandons the family mending to do fancy embroidery.

Nor is productive labor intrinsically more objectionable than the same activity undertaken for sport. Human nature has no predilection for the useless as such. On the contrary, the child would prefer to have his mud pies edible, the hunter would prefer to secure a useful trophy, the lawyer would enjoy his game of chess no less if by some magic it made two blades of grass grow where one grew before. Indeed, it adds somewhat to his enjoyment if he thinks of it as valuable mental training or a healthful mental relief.

In fact, there is hardly a gainful occupation that is not used as a cherished pastime by some men or women. Rowing a boat, driving a team, maintaining a garden, driving, overhauling and repairing an automobile, managing a farm, and breeding live stock, are cases easily observable. Sawing logs has been the sport of famous and infamous men. Drain digging and bookkeeping are the recreations of some known to the writer, if not to fame.

Many men and women would, if they sought happiness with wisdom, continue their productive labor even if they were given ample wealth. This is admittedly

true of the eager inventor, the zealous musician, the captain of industry, the man of science, and many others whose productive labor is what they would wish to do in any case. We admit it because the facts show that they work regardless of wage or after the need of profit ceases. It is to some extent true of almost all men. Probably three out of four chauffeurs would really much rather drive a car than live as the King of England does. The locomotive engineer may bewail his hardships, and ostensibly yearn to sit on his porch, smoking a pipe, but his real longing may be for the work he is paid to do.

The economist will here object that our illustrations are from highly skilled labor and do not justify the generalizations. Most labor, he may assert, is out and out objectionable to the laborer. Farm work, mining, factory work, routine clerical work, or selling and domestic service are fair specimens of the great bulk of labor, and these, he will claim, are essentially unpleasant, not to say intolerable. Who would for month after month milk cows, or dig holes, or hammer a drill, or operate a punch press, or wheel boxes, or copy names, or wash dishes, or scrub floors, except for a money reward?

Doubtless the economist would not. Doubtless it would be a great sacrifice to him to milk cows and clean stalls for a year. If by a miracle he were to be doing it, and if I insisted that he was being paid for what he would fairly well like to do in any case, he would rightly scorn my sense of fact and logic. But he is not the one who is doing it. If the one who is doing it is a person strong in body, dull in mind, who hates being forced to think, decide, or step outside his beaten track of routine; who enjoys the company of animals, and feels a certain sense of mastery and pride in being a good milker, the economist may well be wrong. To such a one milking cows and cleaning stalls may be no more objectionable than talking and writing are to the college professor. The work of

chambermaid in an institution would doubtless be 100 per cent objectionable to the economist, but it is very nearly 100 per cent satisfaction to certain feeble-minded girls and women, though they get no wages of any sort for it. They would worry at having their bed-making taken away from them as a prima donna mourns her retirement from the stage, or a President of this country his failure of nomination for a second term!

A woman of limited intelligence may feel the same satisfaction in emptying a slop jar without spilling it on the floor that the economist would feel in refuting Professor Keynes's arguments concerning the economic consequences of the war.

If the labor of the man sailing an airship is not all bad—a necessary evil to him, endured for wages—neither is the labor of the chauffeur driving his chosen car, nor that of the taxicab driver, nor necessarily that of the motorman, nor that of the man on the truck, nor that of the man on the tip cart, nor even that of the day laborer pushing his wheelbarrow load of bricks! There is no necessary gap. Doubtless more men would drive for enjoyment a motor car than a wheelbarrow, but some men get some genuine satisfaction from pushing the wheelbarrow. Labor is not all bad, a nasty pill sugar-coated by wages.

Wages and profits are rarely the only reward for labor. Many workers work to some extent for love of the work. Still more are paid in part by the approval their skill and achievements receive. Some are paid in part by the sociability of the workers or the friendliness of the boss. In fact, almost every fundamental human appetite may be gratified to some extent by productive labor.

We should not think of the laborer as leaving most of his human nature behind him when he goes to work, and becoming then a single-hearted devotee of money. We should consider all the instincts and habits, some of them deep hidden, that move him as truly when he works as when he rests with his family

or plays with his friends or fights or votes or marries.

There are five fundamental trends in human nature which specially deserve our consideration. The first is the satisfyingness of activity, physical or mental, at which one can succeed. Man tends to do something when he is wakeful as truly as to rest when fatigued. Continued idleness is seductive when accompanied by sociability, or stimulation by novel sights and sounds, or a sense of superiority to those who cannot afford to be idle, or opportunity to display one's power or wealth; but mere idleness *per se*, as in a sanitarium or jail, is attractive only to exhausted bodies or minds. The labor problem is not so much to bribe men from idleness to activity as to induce them to be active in ways that are advantageous to the community.

The second is the satisfyingness of mastery. To have other human beings step out of the way, bend the knee, lower the glance, and obey the command, is worth more than fine gold to most men and to many women. It would be an interesting study to ascertain whether a plumber has a helper, a farmer a hired man, a waiter a bus boy, and so on, simply because these helpers really increase efficiency, or partly because the plumber, farmer, and waiter thus have some one on whom to gratify their craving for mastery.

The third is the satisfyingness of submission—to the right kind of man. Contradictory as it may seem, it is as natural for human beings to submit to the person whose size, looks, voice, prowess, and status make him an acceptable master, as to exercise mastery themselves where they can. The same man who enjoys mastery almost to the point of tyranny over his employees may enjoy submission almost to the point of servility to some business giant, or to some hero of baseball, or even to his wife. The strength of this tendency to submissive loyalty varies, being much greater in some men than in others, and greater in

general in women than in men. The same man who excites ready loyal submission in some, may thus excite rebellion and attempted contra-mastery in others; and some men may never, as workers, find a foreman whose power over them is not a constant irritation.

Probably the present work of the world cannot under present conditions be done without a balance of dissatisfaction, because for the great majority there is too much need for submission and too little chance for mastery. Roughly speaking, labor has to be too submissive to suit human nature. But not all of the submissiveness is annoying, and the two trends, though often opposed, need not always be. If Jones appeals to Smith as a creature to be mastered, and Smith appeals to Jones in the same way, both cannot be satisfied. They are not necessarily and inevitably opposed, however. If Smith appeals to Jones as a great man whose smile produces thrills of delight, whose nod is a benediction, whose commands are unquestionable, both may be happy.

Next to be considered is the satisfyingness of company and cheerfulness. Man is by nature gregarious and fond of human happiness about him. He likes to have human beings around him, and to have them smiling and laughing rather than peevish and sad. The department store and factory are actual reliefs to many girls whose home life is essentially a complaining mother and crying children. Many a young man gets enjoyment from the bustle of the office very similar to that for which he pays at the amusement park or on the excursion steamer.

Last and most important is the satisfyingness of that feeling that one is somebody of consequence, who is or should be treated respectfully by his community, which we may call the love of approval. The human animal derives keen satisfaction from humble approval, as by admiring glances of anybody, and from all forms of approval of those whom we esteem. The withdrawal

of approving intercourse by our equals or superiors, and looks of scorn and derision from anybody, provoke a discomfort that may strengthen to utter wretchedness. Besides these outer signs of approbation, man reacts to his own inner image of himself. If men neglect or scorn him, he may derive some satisfaction from concluding that they do not appreciate him properly. Religion often is a comfort by its assurance that in the sight of God and in a future life he will have a station above those rich and successful in this.

Now this hunger for consideration, approval, and eminence is one of the great moving forces in human life. Under present conditions in America it deserves to be ranked along with the primary motives of physical hunger, sex, and craving for physical safety, and the intolerance of bodily pain.

The New England housewife did not sand her floors, and polish her kettles, and relentlessly pursue dust beneath beds and in far corners, for wages. Her husband would in most cases have paid her more to be less tidy! She cleaned her house so that it might force glances of admiration, ready or unwilling, from her friends and foes. Women devote an enormous amount of labor to dress and other personal adornment; and a large percentage of this is not a matter of sex attraction, but simply to win a general diffuse approval, chiefly from other women. It is said that many a miner will, not exceptionally, but almost as a rule, sacrifice wages for the sake of setting up his blasts in such a way that other miners passing by will admire his skill in using so few drill holes, or the like.

It may be accepted as axiomatic that labor which adds to the laborer's sense of worth and consideration by those whose opinion he lives for has a plus over its money wages, and that labor which detracts therefrom has a lack which wages or some other considerations must supply.

In general, the reward for labor is not

only the power to buy food, shelter, clothes, and whatever else money will buy, which comes as a money wage, but the degree of gratification given to each and every human craving by the job itself. The evil of work to the worker is not only that he has to work so long for so little, but that he may have to strain his powers at work for which he is not fit, submit to rule that is humiliating, lose caste in his world, and in general be thwarted in the fundamental impulses of his nature.

He comes to a job not simply as an operator of the X Y Z machine, but as a man. The job brings to him each week not only a pay envelope, but forty-eight hours of life, whose desirability may vary almost from heaven to hell. We must consider both him and the job in an adequate way.

More than this, we must, if we wish to understand a labor problem, consider the total situation of which the job is a part. Human nature tends to attribute to any obvious external fact, such as a locality, or a person, or a job, whatever feelings have been associated with it, regardless of whether it is really their cause. Thus a clergyman suffering from slight melancholia insisted that his parish lacked religion, devotion, and cooperativeness, though his predecessor and successor made no such complaint. Thus, being tired and cross as a result of the work and worry of the war, we attributed general folly and mismanagement to President Wilson—or to the Senate. Thus a workman, really upset by the illness and peevishness of his wife, may think that his work is too hard, his machine not properly adjusted, or his foreman unfair. It makes a difference to the laborer, just as it does to his boss, whether his home is comfortable to him, whether he can digest his food, whether the community in general is peevish and miserable.

A factory does not and cannot live to itself alone. Its jobs acquire merit or demerit from total community conditions. Sagacious employers realize this.

It is a main reason why they so abominate the presence of the mere agitator, professional or amateur. The mere agitator, they claim, does nothing of any value to the workers, and does much harm to both the employers and employees by replacing a general peacefulness and content and good feeling with irritability and suspicion.

The behavior of the owner's family or the manager's family, though it has no causal relation to any condition of the job itself, may soothe or irritate the workers. Transportation conditions, similarly, come to be felt as part of the job. If a worker has to go a long distance and stand up and travel in unpleasant company, he tends, consciously or unconsciously, to figure this in on the job. Even though he may be led to blame it exclusively on the greed of the traction companies, the effects of it carry on to his work.

Finally, there is to some extent a different labor problem for each laborer. What is objectionable and what is attractive in each job and in the general community conditions associated with that job will vary enormously with individuals. Partly by inborn nature and partly by the circumstances of training, individuals vary in physical strength, in acuity of vision, in the endurance of the eye muscles, in love of order and system, in neatness, in memory, in whatever trait may be in question. The postman's walk and burden would be physically a pastime to one and a daily fatigue to another. The work of a clerk in a bank or insurance company is as easy as knitting to certain young women of sturdy visual apparatus and a passion for arranging items, but it would be a form of torture to others. To hear a signal over the phone and report a number of a letter and six figures, like N 314297, would, after training at it, be objectionable to some men only by its monotonous ease, but it would require an almost intolerable strain of attention from others.

Dirt, monotony, noise, and solitude

vary in their annoyance to individuals from zero or near zero to an almost insupportable agony. The conflict of personalities in trading varies from an agony to the joy of living. Politeness, attentive consideration, and winning persuasiveness as required of the salesman would be as ashes in the mouth to most miners, engineers, and cowboys.

There is also large variation in the public opinion whose approval is so large a factor in man's tolerance of his work. The opinion of Cedar Street that John Smith the barber has done very well counts more to John Smith than the opinion of all polite literature that the barber's is a rather servile trade. There is, of course, a general sensitiveness to the diffuse approval of the world as it filters through to all communities. And this is of great importance. But each locality and social group has its special public opinion. The man whose abilities qualify him to be an unskilled laborer or machine hand usually has been born and bred in a group who do not in the least scorn him because he is an unskilled laborer. By them he is never made to feel a failure because he is not a professional man or expert tradesman. He is esteemed within his group as the tradesman is within his. Similarly, a successful plumber usually feels no more degradation at not being a sanitary engineer than the average doctor feels at not being a Pasteur or Lister. A plumber lives in a plumber's world. The prize fighter cares as little for the economist's scorn of his intellect or the moralist's scorn of his trade, as they care for the prize fighter's scorn of their puny blows—probably less. The prize fighter lives in a prize fighter's world.

It seems certain that the acceptance of the facts reviewed here will help to improve the management of labor by employers and by workers themselves. By reducing what is really objectionable in labor, rather than by reducing labor indiscriminately, by attending to its immaterial as well as its material rewards, by considering the total situation

as it influences the worker rather than the job just as it appears in the company's scheme for production, and by studying men as complex individualities, we may hope to get more and better work done with more satisfaction to all concerned.

This seems certain, because we find actual improvement now in cases where men base their action on these facts, and because we find difficulty where they are neglected. A brief mention of such cases may prove instructive.

Some of the objectionable features of labor may be mitigated, and in some cases eliminated, at no cost. Work that is either too far above or too far below the worker's ability involves in the one case painful strain, and in the other irritating boredom. A shop manager would not use a wood saw to cut steel, nor, on the other hand, run it at half speed. Wise employers who spend time in studying their personnel as well as their machines, uniformly report that it is profitable.

Needless personal indignities inflicted on workers by foremen, works policemen, and others who have an official status of mastery make work a misery to the sufferers and debauch the inflictors of the affront. From the day that a boss, small or great, sacrifices the welfare of the concern to gratify his craving for personal power, he begins to lose in value to the concern, and probably will lose more and more rapidly. Carlton Parker related as typical of industrial disputes a case where some women employees in a garment factory were sent away from the passenger elevator to the freight elevator because it was being used by some woman buyer. This led to one of the most bitter strikes of the season. Yet all that was required was to ask the operatives to wait or request them in a decent way to waive their privilege for the time.

Sex affronts to women employees, common as they are, seem worse than needless. Men will in the long run keep their minds on their jobs much better if

they understand that any annoyance to women employees means summary dismissal. Any high executive who has not the self-control to set a proper example should consult a psychiatrist.

It should be understood that it is not the actual infringements of personal rights and dignity that is the main trouble. It is the rankling memory of them for weeks afterward and the daily bitterness of expected tyranny. It should be understood further that the elimination of needless personal tyranny does not imply any foolish idealization of workers or treatment of them with refinements of courtesy which they would interpret as signs of weakness or fear. The distinction, indeed, is not between a harsh and a gentle treatment, but between bossing them in the interest of the concern and bossing them out of sheer thoughtlessness to gratify the craving for personal mastery. Not the will of the employer, but the welfare of the business should be the master of the shop.

The immaterial wages which the whole man receives in addition to the pay envelope which the "economic man" receives can be increased at little or no cost. A large concern operated a workmen's club house itself at considerable expense. It was rather a failure, little use being made of it. The policy was changed to one of payment by the workers for the club privileges, and it became a success. The men were glad to pay for self-respect. A factory superintendent who went through the war and post-war periods without labor troubles attributes his success in large measure to a number of simple rules treating workers as men and women. For example, the doorman is chosen partly for his cheerful voice and smile. He greets each worker, by name if he can. The foremen take pains to learn the name of each new worker and exactly how to pronounce it on his or her first day. They are instructed to call workers by their names always, inquiring in case they forget. Soon everyone who has

contact with the worker calls him or her by name. The, "Here, you," and, "You over there," and, "You on Number Twelve" are never heard.

Contrast this procedure with that of a company which kept men waiting in the rain, without cover, long past the time announced before hiring any of them, and left a score of them so waiting long after the jobs advertised were filled before informing them that they were filled.

How far business and manufacturing concerns should go in providing in connection with the concern gratification for the fundamental trends of human nature is a matter for study and experiment. Other things being equal, the worker will enjoy his work better in proportion as this is done, but the other things may not be equal. Here are a few sample problems. Should each job be given dignity by a title, so that the youth can say, "I am second assistant operator on Number Forty-three" instead of, "I am a machine hand"? Should each driver drive the same team or truck, not only to place responsibility better and reduce accidents, but also to enlist whatever loyalty and affection he may feel toward something he lives with as his, and give room for his instincts of ownership and mastery? How far should the craving to "belong to" something be gratified by social and athletic clubs connected with the concern? How much of an argument for turning over a share in the management of the shop to its workers is found in the satisfaction of the craving for personal dignity and importance which accrues thereby? Would it be silly to put the name and title of each clerk in a bank or office on his desk, so that he could be addressed by name by whoever cared to do so? Would it be utterly silly to do this in a department store? What is the proper use of rivalry between individuals and between departments? What is the golden mean between a sullen gloom which depresses all workers, and such cheerful sociability that work is neglected?

From an impartial consideration of the total setting of labor in the community and nation, every worthy interest should gain. Labor is part of a total life which it affects, and by which it is affected. Other things being equal, good schools and churches and hospitals and parks and a friendly community life are good for labor. General peace, decency, and happiness help him to work and to like his work. On the other hand, vice, disease, and quarrels of all sorts cut both his productivity and his enjoyment. Every crook who leads an easy life, every loafer, rich or poor, who has public esteem, degrades labor. Every false economic prophet who hides essential facts misleads labor.

Other things being equal, the American worker will be efficient and happy in proportion as the general life for him, his parents, his wife, and his children is desirable.

This desirability should, however, be such as fits their actual natures, not necessarily such as a philanthropist or social philosopher might choose. Model cottages designed to suit the subtle refinements of highly cultivated tastes may be less desirable to me than the crude home which I choose for myself and help to build. We should beware of the library full of unexceptionable books which nobody reads, and of the high school which only the rich can afford to attend.

Perhaps the greatest gains of all are to be expected from the adjustment of labor to individual differences in abilities and tastes, and from such education of individuals as will fit them for the world's work. A perfect fit of work to workers cannot, of course, be guaranteed. There may be more dirty work than men who do not mind dirt can do easily, more monotonous work than men to whom monotony is inoffensive, and the like. It does not appear, however, that this will happen frequently unless we set up fantastic ideals for the young. The likelihood is greater that there will be more intellectual and managerial

work than men who are able and willing to think and plan and execute.

At least we can do much better than now, when vocational guidance is a mixture of casual reports of some friends about their jobs, irrational prejudices and fantastic expectations derived from storybooks, all operating on ignorance both of the world's work and of one's own powers and temperament. Employers can at least realize that a job is never really filled until the employee is found who fits that job in the sense of being able to do it reasonably well and get reasonable satisfaction from it. Anything short of that is a make-shift.

So far the gains illustrated have been such as required action by employers and

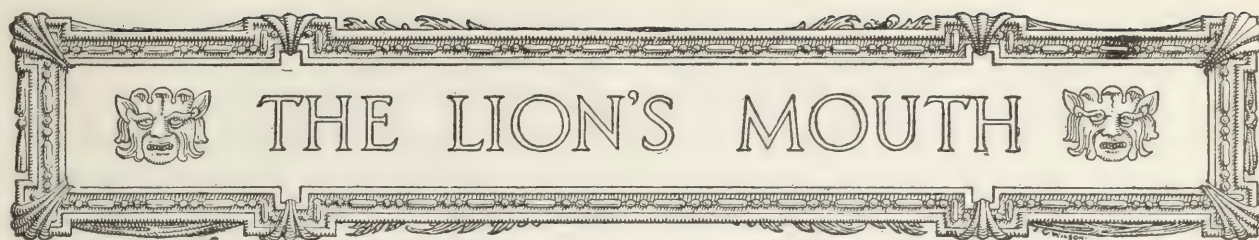
the public rather than by the laborers as such. It seemed more convenient to present the facts in this way, but there is no implication that these psychological studies of labor as a total fact, including all its evils and all its rewards, for all sorts of individuals, should be made chiefly by employers and by the public. On the contrary, it seems highly desirable that workers themselves should provide for the scientific study of work, and for hopeful enterprises to improve efficiency and enjoyment in work as well as to attain and maintain fair hours and wages. Many of the best friends of organized labor are hoping that it may increasingly become the source of impartial knowledge of labor in all its aspects.

MUSIC

BY DAVID MORTON

THERE is a music haunting through our speech,
Whose changing accents melt from word to word,
Dissolving measures lengthened for the reach
Of all old melodies that time has heard.
What once had been like color for the world,
Romance and beauty and their spoken fames,
And half-remembered wars, their banners furled,
Are music now in glamorous old names.

Those ancient lovers thronged the honeyed hour
With words they learned at Hybla of the bees,
Through purple nights that saw the moon in flower;—
And still such lingering interludes as these,
And other musics tolling out of time,
Fall from our lips like chime on changing chime.



MEN OF BROAD VISION

BY C. A. BENNETT

ARMITAGE has been at it again. You have probably forgotten him. It must be a great relief to have forgotten Armitage; for he is the man who believes that the realities of life are to be found in movements, tendencies, waves, rising tides, swinging pendulums, and so forth. As for the mere individual—he no longer counts. As one who loathes these swamping generalizations, I have been trying for months to avoid Armitage. Successfully, too, until the other night when I met him at dinner. The swing of the pendulum, I suppose.

After the table had been cleared I found myself wedged between Armitage and my host. The latter is a man after Armitage's own heart. He is a distinguished member of the Chamber of Commerce, and once, in answer to some question of mine about the causes of unemployment, he uttered, like an impatient oracle, the mystic words, "Action and reaction!" So you can imagine what a glorious time he and Armitage had when they fell to talking about international affairs. I resigned myself to the role of a tormented no-man's land while the big guns of assertion and counter-assertion roared over my head, interspersed now and then by the rattle of corroborative detail. One does not try to read a meaning into the voice of artillery unless one happens to be a big gun oneself, so I will merely try to record some impression of the noise.

Our host would say something like this:

"An economic conference! That's the next thing. We've *got* to come to

it. If the question of international exchange isn't soon straightened out the industrial system of this country's going to go smash. I suppose you saw that speech of Sonnenschein's to the Confederate Bankers' Club the other day?"

"No," Armitage would reply, in the surprised tone of one who never missed anything that Sonnenschein said. (Sonnenschein, by the way, is the man who bought up most of Siberia the other day while he was passing through.)

"Well, Sonnenschein says that at least five European countries will repudiate their currencies within three months if the terms of the Treaty are not revised. Poland, Rumania, Bessarabia, and—I've forgotten the other two."

"Latmia and Ansonia," put in Armitage.

"Yes, that's it. . . . Well, suppose they are driven to that—" Then, turning to me.

"Of course you realize what it will mean to business in this country if that happens?"

I didn't. I never shall. At the moment I was preoccupied with amazement at Armitage's apparently easy knowledge of the financial condition of unheard-of European states. But if I had known the meaning of repudiating currency I should have been even more amazed at the calm way in which this was spoken of. I have since found out what it means. For the sake of the multitudes who even now sit in an ignorance as dark as mine once was, I will explain. I give you a note for five dollars. A few weeks later you discover that I have given a number of other people notes for different amounts.

Becoming restless, you come to me to collect. "Sorry, old man," I say; "I'm in a bad hole. Call it two-fifty and come to me in a month for it." You return after a month to discover that in six months' time my note may be good for fifty cents. Meanwhile I have been assailed by other persons bearing notes. At the end of five months and twenty-nine days I weary of this turbulent financial life. The solution is simple. Not suicide—something much simpler. I merely announce that I have decided to change my terminology: wherever I have written five dollars, intending to pay, I now mean one cent, and so on in proportion. Just like that! That, as far as I have been able to learn, is what is called repudiating the currency. Apparently you can do this sort of thing if you are a small nation. It makes one envy the small nations sometimes!

At the time, however, I knew nothing about the repudiation of the currency. I suppose I must have looked as I felt—both stupid and frightened, for Armitage pounced on me at once. I realized with horror that he was going to enlighten me; yes, with missionary patience and determination he was going to "Explain It All."

"Have you any idea," he began, "of the present bonded indebtedness of this country?"

I hadn't. And what the devil did "bonded" mean, anyhow?

"Not the slightest," I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you. At the present moment it is twenty-five billion [or did he say trillion?] dollars."

You could see Armitage owing it all himself.

"Just over twenty-four and a half, to be exact," said our host.

"I know; but call it twenty-five billion . . ."

Now that is what I call a splendid gesture. Think of little Armitage, who hasn't a cent to bless himself with, waving aside half a billion dollars as a bagatelle! I was so impressed with the

magnificence of it that I did not listen to his explanation. All I know is that a billion dollars was the smallest sum Armitage would condescend to talk in. And in this style the conversation moved on to the French Foreign Debt, the German Reparations, England's Debt to the United States. . . . They must have been up into the postillions by this time, and I had fallen into that stupor which much talk of figures induces in me, when I was aroused by Armitage saying:

"Of course the only way out is a cancellation of debt all round."

To me there was something unnatural in the quiet assent given to this monstrous proposal. It was as though a woman should greet her husband in the evening with, "I could not get anyone to clean the cellar, so I've ordered an earthquake for to-morrow morning," and he should reply, "I think you did quite right, my dear."

And then my irreverent mind conceived a quaint fancy. We have all heard of books on National Sports; Fox Hunting, Tossing the Caber, Bull Fighting, Spinning the Trencher, and so on. It seemed to me there was room for another volume in this series. It would treat of such games as Realizing the Destiny and Calling the Conference, and it would certainly contain chapters on Repudiating the Currency and Canceling the Debt.

When I returned to the conversation it had shifted to another topic. I learned that an entity called Japan had to expand and that another entity called the United States had to go through a strange performance referred to as "controlling the Pacific." Incidentally I was adding to my collection of national sports, but as I heard that "Germany" wanted to do this and "France" was angry about that, I began to perceive the mental predicament of these talkers. Just as it seemed petty to them to take account of any sum smaller than a billion dollars, so, to their fevered judgment, it was the

mark of a puny mind to consider the fortunes of anything smaller than an entire nation. A billion dollars, forty million souls, a million square miles—these were their units of discourse. They were gods, and whole peoples their puppets—but I can assure you that for a mere mortal it was a most exhausting evening.

But it was not utterly wasted. I learned at least one thing from my experience. You know how every year every college president tells the graduating class that they are standing on the threshold of a new life, that what the world needs is men who will be leaders, men of broad vision, and that the need was never so great as now. I have often wondered what a man of broad vision was really like, half fearing to meet one in the flesh because of a presentiment that I should not take to him. Now I know. Armitage is a man of broad vision, that's what he is. All such men should be shot at dawn. But, of course, the desire to shoot Armitage at dawn or at any other time is otiose and ineffectual. I must try to counteract his influence in less drastic and less conspicuous ways.

When I got home that night I made several resolutions. First, to stop at the drug store the next day and pay a long-standing account (perhaps I should say my bonded indebtedness) of thirty-nine cents. Second, to tender a nickel in payment for four penny stamps at the post office and to count the change. Third, to take out citizenship papers in the state of Monaco (I think that is the one I mean), which has no foreign policy, no national debt, and a total population of about one hundred and thirteen. Fourth, pending this consummation, to adopt the philosophical theory known as solipsism. According to this doctrine I am the only existing reality; everything else exists only as my idea. After all, one must do something to restore the normal scale of life, and solipsism has the advantage of disposing quite neatly of Armitage.

In that universe which is my mind I shall assign him a humble place: he will be one of my literary fictions.

PARTNERS IN POVERTY

BY RUTH LAMBERT JONES

NOT everyone can be a Partner in Poverty. Fewer still can occupy that position and enjoy it. Yet the recipe is exceedingly simple.

In the first place, one must be possessed of very little sense, even less money, and an aspiration to live in America's largest city. In the second place, find a friend endowed with the same qualifications, minus a husband (he may be deceased, divorced, or dispatched on a business trip), plus two husky children aged about eight and ten, respectively. (The children are absolutely essential since they provide numbers, a *joie de vivre*, and a stimulus which might otherwise be lacking.) Then choose your environment, preferably the garret of a rooming house run by Schwab's, or any other potentate's, ex-cook, and bordering, say, the Ransonia, that hostelry honored by the presence of America's baseball wizard.

Let the approach to your garret be through a dank hall illuminated by a debilitated, red-globed gas jet, and up innumerable steep stairs, bathed in Stygian gloom and perfumed by the diverse aromas arising from sundry gas plates. Let your quarters themselves be two rooms, formerly one, but now divided by a beaver-board partition into a living room and an extremely narrow hall bedroom. Neither should you overlook the one closet outside in the hall, in which you will be forced to select garments entirely by sense of touch, since no ray of light ever penetrates its depths; nor the draughty bath, which is a day's journey distant; nor the "kitchenette," which is an aperture off the living room about the size of a wardrobe trunk, containing two gas burners, three shelves, and four hooks.

Such conditions will almost automatically result in other conditions. The furnishings of your living room, for instance, will probably consist of one ponderous, black-walnut, marble-topped "buffet," with bleary-eyed mirror and frosted-glass doors; one massive baize-covered table of the same vintage; four variegated chairs; one cot; one couch; one fireplace very much occupied by a gas heater; one very weather-beaten rug; and one electric-light fixture. Your bedroom will contain with great difficulty two beds, one bureau, and one chair.

These furnishings will have their limitations. The drawers of the buffet, which perforce you will use for a bureau, will stick; one drawer will be negotiable only by opening the door below it and poking from beneath. The table, although rooted to the spot whenever you desire to move it, will have legs so arranged that he who does not sit down to a meal gingerly will be the means of joggling over all the liquid upon it; also its casters will have the disconcerting faculty of coming off suddenly and up-tilting one end. The chairs, all save one whose upholstering sags untidily floorward, will be models of straight-backed discomfort, gilded and tapestried relics of former splendor with large humps in the middle which create the illusion of toppling air cushions. The cot will be very fair as cots go, but the couch, as the children tell you, will be a bit sparse for sleeping purposes. Although a worthy and highly necessary supplement to the lone register which is supposed to heat the apartment, the gas heater will keep the atmosphere charged with its own peculiar odor. And the lights, always a little out of reach, always accessible only after much stretching and straining, will have a hard, unescapable brilliance which will render reading dangerous.

Your menu will be governed by your facilities for cooking and eating, and your facilities will be governed both by your lack of space and by your lack of finances. You will wash your dishes in the same bowl in which you wash your

hands, and your refrigerator, since the window ledge is taboo, will be the bureau in your bedroom.

You will become inured to many small hardships, such as telephone messages that are never delivered, call bells that are never rung the correct number of times to summon you to friends who are waiting below, hot water that is never hot when you most emphatically need it, cockroaches surveying you coolly from the pipes when you are in the midst of a bath, and the complications that attend the presence of milk and butter on your bureau, and the doing of laundry when the only place to hang it is over the brasses of your beds.

Under pressure of such circumstances you will constantly be forming and unforming habits. What you lose in fastidiousness you will gain in adaptability. It requires ingenuity to finish a bit of prose in the midst of roller skates, kewpie dolls, lollipops, darning baskets, shoe trees, and art catalogues, to the tune of a geography lesson being dinned into two unheeding pairs of ears. It requires ingenuity of a different sort to transplant without disturbance two buxom young sleepers back from your bedroom into theirs, which is your sitting room by day and which has just served as such for your evening's guests.

But what of the things for which you and your Poverty Partner will leave comfortable, roomy houses in the suburbs and expose yourselves to the rigors of chaos and cockroaches? What of the concerts, the exhibitions, and the plays? Will there be any wherewithal left, however meagerly you live, to pay for them, asks the skeptic? His cynicism can be the most conclusively answered by the program that will be yours.

You will revel in the galleries. Your education will range from the etchings of Whistler, Pennell, Bellows, Bruet, and Roth to the ethereal pastels and the exquisite silverpoints of Dewing; from the miniature water colors of Williams

to the oils of Davis and Murphy, Carlsen and Symons, Crane and Redfield.

You will spend seven successive afternoons in the crowded auditorium of that merchant who brings literature to the shopping public by the process of instituting a Bookman Week and having the authors roar in person before said public. You will see the younger generation confront the older on the platform; you will hear poets, novelists, globe trotters, dramatists, critics, actors, parodists, and editors declaim in the flesh. And it will cost you nothing.

You will happen upon the hundred and one little bookshops tucked away in a hundred and one unforeseen crannies and presided over by benevolent sages, young and old, short-haired and long, smocked and unsmocked. You will be permitted to feast your eyes upon first editions, presentation copies, and forbidden masterpieces, and your ears upon the pronouncements of authoritative habitués. And it will cost you nothing—save perhaps a pang that you have not the wealth to purchase a twenty-dollar copy of *Jurgen*.

You will haunt concert halls. You will gain there the peace and the understanding and the inspiration that music alone can give. You will share the thrill of a great audience rising to acclaim the entrance of the world-renowned Polish pianist who has come to hear his Russian *confrère*. It will be the same with opera. You will join in the ovation accorded the Russian who has created the most stupendous "Boris" in the annals of the city. And it will cost you nothing—if you have two good legs and are not afraid of using them—save the price of standing-room admission.

The theater will be yours, under like conditions, unless in a reprehensible fit of rashness you fall before the lure of the cut-price ticket agencies. You will run the gamut of melodrama and realism, of mystery and farce, of musical revue and the ultra-modernism which speaks in terms of "oneness and apartness and withoutness," with the result that you

will grow broad enough to see just how narrow your taste really is.

There will also be the churches. For he who is an atheist elsewhere usually proves the most devout of worshipers in the city where creeds vary from Bahaiism to Greek Orthodoxy, where the utmost simplicity of color and chanting and incense are to be had for the asking. So you will gain the help that comes from hearing powerful men speak the truth that is in their hearts. And it will cost you nothing save the traditional "widow's mite."

Then, in addition to the attractions just enumerated, the whole city will be yours to roam in as you will. From the Battery to Morningside and beyond, at any hour of the day or night, you may fare forth as the mood prompts you, unmolested, unchallenged. And it will cost you nothing save at the utmost the price of surface car or elevated, subway or bus; while, as far as the latter conveyance is concerned, you will experience no sensation comparable with the glorious detachment that pervades your being when, from its careening height, you survey the mellow vistas of the arch, the glittering minarets of Broadway, or the mist-swathed battlements of the Palisades.

Finally, there will be people as well as places—the people that you will meet in shops and the people that you will meet out of them. Of course there is the well-worn truism that people are alike the world over, in big cities and in small. But in big cities at least there are more of them from whom to choose. The South American composer who speaks English as badly as you speak French, the young poet who is in such revolt at modernism that he is called "the twentieth-century Keats," the Russian count who teaches ballet stars in the cinema and is possessed of a highly press-agented statuesqueness, the godlike English lordlet who, having come to America to retrieve the family fortunes, sells insurance and incurs the displeasure of his social mentors by living in

"The Village" instead of the West Fifties, all will add to your stimulation.

Ah yes, says the skeptic, these various activities sound very feasible. But if you *had* to live in that uncomfortable sketchy way you'd think you were abused! All unwittingly he has reached the crux of the matter. For it is just your *choice* "to live in that uncomfortable sketchy way" that will make your Poverty Partnership so delightful and so successful.

CHIVALRY AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN the Dovecotes applied for divorce our town was simply aghast. Other divorces we had accepted as inevitable and with some of them we had been frankly relieved. In the case of the Taynkes, for instance, we had known for years that Tom Taynke was a drunkard and a scoundrel and that society as well as his wife was jolly well rid of him. On the other hand, in the case of the Jazzbergs, there was not enough money in the world to keep May Jazzberg completely satisfied, much less in the bank account of poor Arthur Jazzberg, who was an overworked actuary in the office of the insurance commissioner.

But the Dovecotes! Why, the Dovecotes had been accepted for years as the perfect example of the ideal married couple! Both were attractive, well bred, and sensible. Their income was sufficient for rather more than a modest luxury. Jack Dovecote was a humorous, contemplative sort of man with just enough worldly viewpoint to make him tolerant. Jill Dovecote was a slender, gracious woman in whom a natural love of gayety never outbalanced a genuine love of her home. In fact, if one were called on suddenly to formulate a mental picture of the Dovecotes, one would have visualized them instinctively as sitting before their own charming fireplace, Jack Dovecote watching the rising

smoke from his perfect Havana cigar, Jill looking dreamily into the glowing coals.

And now came the astounding, incredible tale that Jack Dovecote had marched to his lawyer one morning, made over five-eighths of his property to his wife, gone to Europe, and left a letter saying that he was never coming back. Was he mad? What secret skeleton could have existed in that wide-open closet? For days we went around blankly, asking these questions over and over, until, one night at the University Club, Bill Deck, the professional bachelor and confirmed misogynist, abruptly put an end to them.

"The whole trouble was," announced Bill, "that Jack Dovecote got tired of being a blank, blank messenger boy!"

After any important crisis it is comparatively simple for the historian to turn back the pages of time and trace the events leading up to it. Bill Deck had placed his finger squarely, if brutally, on the one flaw in the Dovecote household, and, now that we looked back on it, any one of us could recall incessant instances. It was not that Jill Dovecote tyrannized over her husband; it was not that he himself was conscious of any vulgar subservience; it was simply that both of them had inherited, in abnormal degree, the Anglo-Saxon, or, to be more exact, the cultivated American, tradition of the knight and his lady's handkerchief. They were both to blame, in the sense that they were both innocent, for Jack Dovecote had encouraged this tradition as eagerly as had Jill—encouraged it, that is, until it had swamped him, until, in short, it had become so deeply a part of their common life that there remained no way to uproot it except to cut the whole business and run.

Before the separation, as I have said, one would instinctively have pictured the home life of the Dovecotes as one long reverie, sitting before the fireplace. Viewing it in the more critical spirit aroused by the tragedy, one saw that it had been really only Jill who sat, while

Jack was eternally milling about on little duties either suggested by Jill or implied by her presence:

"Jack darling, I've left my handkerchief up in my room." "Sweetheart, these cigarettes aren't so good as the others. I think you'll find some of the kind I like in the pantry." "Dearest, I want to match those cretonnes up in the guest room. Would you mind going up and bringing down one of the sash curtains?" A minute later: "No, darling. I'm sorry. You'll have to go up again. I meant the ones with the tapes."

Now Jack, although he had an inherited income, was also a very conscientious professional man. He had daily problems which he liked to thresh out in his own mind before his fireplace, but these little interruptions both he and Jill accepted as a natural duty of their state of civilization. I do not think that Jack would ever have broken under the strain had not Jill, in an excess of good-heartedness, also taken to farming him out, as it were, to her friends:

"Jack darling, Elizabeth Prim is coming back from New York to-night. I told her that you would just run down and take her out to her house." "Dearest, Marjorie Daw didn't like to keep her chauffeur up so late, so I said that you'd be glad to go over to Helen Hunt's and get a cape she's going to lend Marjorie. By the time you've left that at Marjorie's I'll be all ready for you to come back here for me." "Sweetheart, I know that Mrs. Pelton would like a cheese sandwich or something before she goes home. . . . Oh yes, Mrs. Pelton, I know you would. It won't take Jack a minute. And, Jack darling, while you're at it you might just as well make enough for us all. And, Jack! Oh, Jack! Before you do that, just go up and get those photographs of Maude's baby. If they aren't in my corner cupboard, they're in the tray of my trunk."

On the occasion of this last incident I myself was personally present and I know that none of us wanted a sandwich, not even Mrs. Pelton. We all took

them merely because it was easier than to argue, just as one accepts a second helping of fish; but Jack cut his finger with the bread knife and barked his knees trying to find Jill's trunk in the dark. He had been on his feet since dinner, anyway, fetching and jumping for things that nobody really wanted—the sort of ostentatious, superfluous service for which wealthy people keep an extra man. I don't know, of course, but I have often wondered whether it was after this particular session that Jack began to look up steamer routes.

There are certain subjects which the wise man leaves severely alone—except possibly in print—and the American woman's idea of chivalry is the most dangerous of them all. There are few other things which one cannot discuss frankly to-day in any social group. Suggest a man's right to be his own judge of his morals, and the result is merely an argument; but let any man even dare to question what Bill Deck would probably call "the bellhop functions of married life" and the trumpet blows. Instantly all the feminine members of the company will rally into a single compact formation, presenting a solid phalanx of bristling horns.

In practice, however, the question does not disappear because one ignores it, for, in its simple analysis, the Dovecote tragedy is only an instance of what inevitably occurs when any too vigorous attempt is made to exact a feudal privilege in an industrial age. History has more to say about the Dovecote affair than one would imagine.

Chivalry is essentially a military system. Its underlying idea is not one of service, but one of defence. In a vigorous clash of arms the healthy, chivalric male has always been delighted to fight for his lady's handkerchief, but even the Arthurian legends never went so far as to say that he was called on to wash and iron it.

Chivalry, as the modern American woman understands it, has degenerated into valettry. The mistake is not un-

natural, and American women have not been the first to make it, for all military systems imply also a certain number of menial duties. In modern armies these are called "fatigue," an excellent name for them. When, however, in any establishment founded on the chivalric ideal, the military obligations gradually diminish and a subtle attempt is made to replace them entirely with menial tasks, the result is always revolt. One of the later Roman emperors found this out as poignantly as did Jill Dovecote. Fired with commendable civic zeal, he set his unoccupied legions to draining the Roman marshes, with the prompt result that there was a vacancy on the throne of the Cæsars. For, as Gibbon remarked in reviewing this episode, history has shown that all attempts to translate soldiers into laborers must end in collapse. In return for the rigors, hardships, and negligible rewards which make up their extraordinary lot, soldiers must find their recompense in the idleness and license traditionally associated with the martial life.

Chivalry, again, and all feudal forms are founded essentially on slavery or at least on the presence of a large and tolerant serving class. Whether one likes to admit it or not, all forms of punctilio flourish only in large and extravagant establishments and become grotesque in small, economic ones.

It is here that modern industrial fact most insolently obtrudes its hard shoulder into the chivalric idea. Twenty years ago a household like that of the Dovecotes would have had at least three obsequious and willing servants inside the house, a coachman and a gardener outside, all working on the basis of a twenty-four-hour day. Household serv-

ice in any such loyal and elastic sense has, to-day, reached the vanishing point. Even Jill Dovecote knew too much to put any strain on such as she had. The demands of chivalry, however, as applied to aristocratic labor, have hung on as unrelenting as ever. The result in the Dovecote case was that, each year, Jack Dovecote had to pick up more and more of the offices laid down by Bridgets and Huldass, whose system was inherited not from Sir Walter Scott, but from Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill. The washing machine and the gas stove have solved many problems, but neither the gas stove nor the washing machine can fetch and carry for a recumbent, Oriental Jill.

It was not a question of churlishness or brutality or of selfishness on the part of Jack Dovecote, this revolt against the old code. It was simply a question of the limitations of the human frame. It was probable that the lord and master would not have minded doing the work of the chauffeur or the gardener after his own office hours, or even the work of the furnace man, but, curiously, those vigorous forms of labor could still be obtained. It was the lady's maid, the footman, the page boy—the superfluous functionaries of studied indolence—who had disappeared from the labor scheme. It was their tasks which wore down Jack Dovecote's morale. Aside from the actual time and effort involved, there is a genuine question as to how far a man who holds all day a position of command can throw himself into the attitude of a lackey after four o'clock every afternoon, an office which by its very nature requires an absence of all other thought. Jack Dovecote answered this question as far as he was concerned.



EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ONE hears that the girls are out of hand. The newspapers take notice of it; also the gossips. People who have children who have reached the disorderly age, say between seventeen and twenty-five, know more or less what the other young people of that age are about, and report on it, very privately when it concerns their own children, but as to other people's children with a proper candor. They say the girls are bolder than they should be—forward in their attentions to young men, and obstreperously indifferent to what used to be considered propriety. Maybe there is still propriety, but we are assured that it is a different article, a different standard, from what it was ten years ago. There is argument anent it all, whether the girls are better or worse than their grandmothers, and the argument that they are better by no means lacks supporters who maintain that one must not judge them by externals, since some of the least restrained of them are all right at heart and very promising guardians for the generation to come.

Well, we hope so. We hope for the best about everything in this world and keep on hoping. When things do not improve we optimists say, "Of course, they must be worse before they are better," and when they get worse we rate that as a sign of coming improvement. And indeed we are quite justified in not being over-alarmed about the girls, because they are going to keep on with us, no matter what happens, if we keep on ourselves. They cannot be abolished by amending the Constitution. As an institution they are clear away

above the law—something fundamental and superhuman and any other powerful and comprehensive word you think of. When we talk about their behavior, it is as though we discussed freckles or something else that comes and goes.

All the same, we may consider whether women in our day are on the right job, and, if not, what can be done to conduct them to it. Some day there will be a discussion whether suffrage has affected them at all, and, if it has, whether it has done them good or harm; also it will be discussed whether woman suffrage has had an effect on our world, and, if it has, whether it has made it better or worse. But these discussions are not yet. Everything that happens now that people do not like they blame on the war, and you could not yet untangle the effects of the war on women from the effects of the vote on them. Possibly both the vote and the war did them good. I guess they did, and that these ructionary manners of the young ones are just accompanying stages to improvement. New liberty always does some damage to the liberated. It is intoxicating, and not all heads can stand it, nor all legs.

I have not the hardihood to imagine taking away the vote from women who have had it, but I can imagine their throwing it back on our hands as something not worth their while; and indeed it is argued that it is not worth their while. The learned Doctor Jacks of Oxford, who edits the *Hibbert Journal*, might take that view, for votes mainly concern government, and Doctor Jacks thinks that the public interest of all nations is far more intensely centered on

government than government is worth. In an article contributed the other day to the New York *Evening Post*, he said:

The need of "government," though unquestionably real, is not the primary need of mankind, and all attempts to make it so are doomed to defeat themselves to the end of time. Man's primary need is for light, and until this is recognized, and made into a new basis of human relationship, the world will continue to advance from bad to worse on the path of confusion and strife.

It is a familiar charge that man has always put on woman all the drudgery he could. The vote was to emancipate her, but, perhaps, after all, man, when he handed it to her with so polite a bow, was merely up to his old tricks of putting off on her something he was tired of doing himself, and something that had ceased to be of first importance. Perhaps man is secretly and instinctively of Doctor Jacks's opinion about government—that it is not so important as some other things, and expects gradually to put it off on the sex that is strongest in dealing with details, and go off himself after those other things, and especially, as Doctor Jacks suggests, after light. The trouble about that is that a large proportion of the new light seems to come through women—that it appears not to be intended that man should get anywhere by himself. Where there is a Dante there is a Beatrice. It is not recorded who filled that office for Roger Bacon, who seems to have got an unusual line of information from some source or other, and apparently out of his own head. But Beatrice was most helpful to Dante after she had died, and that leaves a door open for assistance to Roger Bacon, which might not be less feminine because it was invisible. And there was Joan of Arc through whom help came to France, working for the most part through very stupid men.

But now again about the girls. Accepting the hypothesis that they are disorderly, what is the cure for it? Is it the trouble that the mothers are neglecting

their duties—that discipline is slack? It may very well be in the more extreme cases that the mothers are no better than they should be, and have, themselves, relaxed standards of morality or decorum, and it may be in some cases that good mothers, who knew their duty toward their daughters, have not been able to do it because the license of the times ran too strong against them. In all things the spirit of these times is against compulsion. The war brought an immense enlargement of liberty. In this country it sent thousands of the best born and the best brought-up girls out into comparatively unguarded public service—in many cases beyond the seas. There had been no like emancipation of young women from restraint since our fathers migrated to this country. Affairs were running strong toward increased liberty for young women for years before the war. The girls' colleges were nurseries of that movement. When the war came it fairly went over the top, and the girls that came along immediately after the war are thoroughly infected with it. People who think that mothers will regain the control of daughters which they had a generation ago must anticipate a much greater reaction in things in general than most of us can see the signs of. Government by mothers is important, just as all government is important, but as to domestic government, the case is very much the same as with political government, which Doctor Jacks says is not so important as it seems because the vital need is the need of light. The thing that is going to help the girls is not so much rules and authority, though some of them need both, as understanding of life. If they can be helped to that, the help will amount to something.

That, I take it, is the light which Doctor Jack calls for—understanding of life. The whole world needs it; the girls need it because they are a part of the contemporary world and subject to its impulses and distresses. Being at a time

of life when emotion runs strong and experience has not yet gathered much power of regulation, they show more visibly than older people the symptoms of the world disease, and, being girls, their deviations from decorum seem to observers more scandalous and disquieting than if they were men. Yet the men, the gunmen, for example, show even more astonishing deviations. In their remarkable behavior the girls are seekers after understanding of life—the same quest that Doctor Jacks would put us all on when he says that the world's great need is light. The light it needs is something that will illuminate our adventure on earth and help us to understand it and to handle it better, with more intelligence and with more success. When one says that what the world needs is religion, that is the same story in different words. It means that we need a truer understanding of life and it directs us to religion to get it. If we do not get it out of religion, then religion does not help us.

Winston Churchill, the American novelist, who has devoted three years to efforts to come to a better understanding about life, and has begun to disclose his findings, says, "Religion must give you creative energy or it is nothing." His quest is to get something out of religion that will give people increased power over their own lives, over their behavior, over their happiness. That is the most important quest that human minds are following to-day, and many of them are pursuing it, and not without promise of arriving somewhere. That serious observer, Herbert Croly, the leading editor of the *New Republic*, contributed a long discourse to that paper in February on "Behaviorism in Religion," the gist of which was that the world must have a better understanding of human life and that it was likely to get it through religion if religion and science could be induced to work together. Science, he thought, had at last come far enough toward understanding what sort of a creature man is, and what his ingredi-

ents are, and what are the influences that affect him, to verify and illuminate the conception of man and of human relations that appears in the sayings of Christ in the New Testament. "Modern civilization," Mr. Croly said, "is cracking for want of a religious truth which can earn the allegiance of men by its ability, if voluntarily accepted, to liberate and integrate human life. Christianity claims to possess this virtue and might possess it if the Christian ministry can reach a common interpretation of their faith. . . . Formidable as the task is, we believe the Christian ministry can undertake it with a sufficient chance of success if only they will adjust their minds to its necessity. Their chance of success is born of the profound congruity between the conception of human nature revealed by Jesus Christ two thousand years ago and the conception of human nature which is now obtaining year by year, as the result of scientific investigation, increasing authority and acquiescence."

That is almost as much as to say that science has almost discovered that the Sermon on the Mount is a practical treatise on human relations, which is comforting as far as it goes, and interesting, too. What is not so comforting is the suggestion that the power of Christianity to liberate and integrate human life is dependent on the ability of the Christian ministry to reach a common interpretation of their faith. If Christianity can't operate until its ministers get together it's a bad case, and fit to persuade stock operators to sell the market. But why wait for them? Did gravitation wait for concurrence of scientists with Newton's theory? Gravitation is a law that works without regard for contemporary opinion, but people who understand it have an advantage over people who don't. If Christianity also is a law, that will work also without much regard to the opinions of ministers, and people who understand it and use it will benefit by it without deference to the ministers' feelings. No one has a

patent on Christianity. The world, after some centuries of hesitation, has pretty much accepted that position, and actions for infringement are no longer dangerous.

Mr. Croly seems to hope to see religion so exhibited that the scientific mind can grasp and understand it, and to see science so expounded that the religious mind may get out of it a confirmation of what it has received by spiritual intelligence. That seems very much what Winston Churchill is driving at. "We can," he says, "with the help of modern science, in biology and psychology, reach a theory as to the nature of the mind that will account for man's dualism, the conflict between emotions. Each of us has a body that is torn by mental conflicts. The problem is to resolve them. We are on the way toward finding out what the source of all our neuroses is to-day, and when we have done that we will liberate powers undreamed of. Morality has crumbled simply because we do not understand what religion really means. We are entitled to a scientific explanation of the forces operating in us, and there has been none. But I am sure that it can be put in terms of modern science, and when that has been done we will know how to put an end to the mental conflicts that now rage in everyone's being, crippling the power that exists in each of us, and will learn how to use our mental energy as we should."

These are still obscure matters about which most of us have very limited understanding. We pick up an idea here and an idea there, and the most that most of us have learned as yet is that there is something to be found out which, if we can discover it, will be helpful to human conduct, to international politics, to the behavior of girls, and the dealings of nations one with another. Compulsion, as said, is pretty

well recognized as a broken reed in human affairs. It accomplishes only momentary things. If it dams a flood the waters run over the top of the dam, or if they do not it merely puts things back and postpones solutions that are due. The world maintains its police forces to keep things from getting too much out of hand, and that seems right, but it never looked so little to compulsion for solutions. In that particular it seems to be getting around to the New Testament view of human life and the way to deal with it—the view that Mr. Croly says the scientists begin to see the point of. The hope of the world nowadays is not in armies or in navies, not even in the elimination of war by chemistry; it is in thought and the better understanding of life; in the acceptance of knowledge and the infusion of credibility into many things that have been incredible. That is the job of science—to make the incredible credible; to make the incomprehensible understandable; to increase belief, especially in scientists, and confirm the religious people in all the truth they have and detach them from such error as is mixed with it. If you think all that is going on while we wait, it makes the prospects of this troubled world seem a good deal better, and encourages everyone to live on a few years more and see how things work out, whereas for folks who feel that the very difficult complications that the Great War has left in its wake must all be brought to solution without any new helps to thought or action, the prospect must be considerably enveloped with haze. Happily for our world, it is full of forward-looking people who expect it to outlast all its troubles, and whom the recognition of difficulties only confirms in confidence in the ability of man to overcome them, and in faith that all the power he needs to that end exists and is waiting for him to recognize and use it.



OLD STUFF

BY MORRIE RYSKIND

AH, Lydia, your beauty fades
 (A thing no gentleman should mention!)—
Your pardon, erstwhile queen of maids,
 I merely bring to your attention
That gentlemen's attentions no
 More fill your hours (as was frequent):
Last week you found a brand-new beau
 Who, in the week, went.

But, Lydia, I merely speak
 To point a universal moral.
Pray turn to me your other cheek—
 Why should two old-time sweethearts quarrel?
I'd merely have you understand
 Your plight is but the plight of all men:
Of queens and kings and "servants" and
 Of negro hallmen.

Take Cleopatra—Cæsar did!—
 She had your looks; she had your graces;
She ranked as Egypt's Royal Kid.
 And anything she said was Aces.
Did she retain her queenly grasp?
 Or did her golden charms diminish?
Read history: there was an asp
 In at the finish.

There was a time the name of Rome
 Was something that a man could boast of;
A Roman citizen, at home
 Or traveling, was made the most of;
A Roman's wife wore silk and satin;
 Rome was the place that all roads led to.
And now . . . Rome's dead. And even Latin—
 Yes, Latin's dead, too.

Napoleon—I mean the King.

How *could* you think I meant the goody!—
Was Emperor of Everything.

But could he hold his throne? How could he?
The laws of nature said the foe
Must beat this vilest of the vile. . . . And
They locked him up on—Blackwells? No—
Some other island.

And, Lydia dearest, I could speak
To you of many other cases
Who had their day—or maybe week—
Because of brains or lovely faces.
Britannica is full of facts—

So many facts you'd go to sleep, dear;
Or *I* could furnish you with tracts:
Read 'em and weep, dear!

Hibernian Hyperbole

IN one of our New England summer resorts lives, during the summer, a family having four small children of assorted sizes, and several dogs. In the employ of the household is an Irish maid whose duties include keeping the living rooms of the house in order. Early in the season the streets of the village

are treated to a coat of tar, a proceeding attended by much tracking about of the sticky concoction by the children and the dogs. Nora's distress of mind, after one of these experiences, is great, for she is a cleanly soul who has the appearance of her domain much at heart. When the untidiness was at its worst one day she went in search of her

mistress and complained:

"I give you me wor-rd, Mrs. Brown, that fer ivery wanst the boys and thim dogs has gone out of this house this day, they've come in twenty-five times!"



Is Yours Like This?

"Oh, John, I have an awful confession to make! I have been deceiving you for the last ten years! I have saved half of each month's allowance during all that time, and now have over ten thousand dollars in the savings bank!"

A Youthful Logician

MMARGARET is only seven years old, but sometimes quite naughty. On one of these occasions her mother, hoping to be particularly impressive, said, "Don't you know that if you keep on doing so many naughty things your children will be naughty, too?"

Margaret dimpled, and cried, triumphantly, "Oh, mother, now you have given yourself away!"



Fellow Martyrs

Jones recognizes the voice of his pet caddie

Lacking in Consideration

AS long as the grass in a Chicago public park is healthy and green the citizens seem to look upon it as some sort of garden and keep off of it, as the signs command them. When it begins to die out, however, their respect for it instantly vanishes.

A man in a hurry started one day to cut across a yellowing patch in the upper park, but was stopped by a policeman.

"What difference does it make?" demanded the citizen. "The grass is half dead already."

"Sure," said the indignant officer, "if ye had a sick friend, would ye be walkin' on his stoomach?"

A "Fat" Wedding Fee

A GROUP of jolly city people were having a house party on a farm. As part of the entertainment they entered enthusiastically into the plans of their hostess to give a wedding to a girl who was to marry a young farmer of the neighborhood. The most dapper and punctilious of the city youths volunteered to be "best man."

"Now," said he to the stalwart groom, "you just give me the fee you have arranged for the minister, and I'll have it in my vest pocket, ready to hand to him."

Whereupon the rustic giant shook with

laughter. "You won't be getting it into your vest pocket!" he chuckled. "It's a little pig I've been fattening for the parson."

Proof Positive

THERE recently entered the office of a railway claim agent an old ducky who presented a request for compensation for the alleged loss of a mule, which was said to have been killed by one of the trains.

"You are sure," remarked the agent, after hearing the story, "that it was our Atlanta express that killed your mule? Why are you so positive on that point?"

"Why, boss," said the negro, as if surprised at the question, "dat mule done licked every other train on yo' road!"

Too Much of a Good Thing

A CERTAIN professor confided to a friend that he had been very happy when, after years of wooing, the lady of his choice had said "yes."

"But why did you break the engagement so soon after?" asked the friend.

"It was she who dissolved it."

"Really? How did that happen?"

"It was due to my accursed absent-mindedness. When a few days later I called at her home, I *again* asked her to marry me."

A Thorough Workman

A STRANGER came to Mrs. Arlington's, asking to be allowed to polish her floors. His manner was anything but energetic, and Mrs. Arlington feared that he would not do the work properly. So she asked:

"Are you quite sure you are accustomed to doing this?"

The man replied:

"You know Captain Collins's folks next door but one? Well, I refer you to them. On the polished floor of their dining room five persons broke their legs last winter, and a lady slipped clear down the grand staircase. I polished all their floors!"

One of the Family

TILLIE had been placed by her aunt in a situation as maid of all work in a family of three. At the end of a week the aunt dropped in to see how she was getting on.



"Oh, it's a good job! I'm practically me own boss. I can go in any time before seven o'clock, and I can leave any time after six."

"Do you like the work?" she asked.

"It's fair," said the laconic Tillie.

"And are they making you feel at home?"

"Sometimes they do, and sometimes they don't."

"Now what do you mean by that?" demanded the aunt.

"Well," said Tillie, "they haven't asked me to go to church with them yet; but last night they went on with a grand quarrel they were having, all the three of them, with me taking the dishes off of the table, just as if I had been one of the family."

A Pattern for Husbands

"YOUNG women nowadays," remarks an ornithologist in the employ of the government, "take too light a view of marriage. While in the West last summer I was induced to lecture to a summer school. During the course of this lecture I chanced to remark:

"The ostrich sees very little; on the other hand, it digests everything."

"Whereupon a girl on the front bench exclaimed, *sotto voce*, to her neighbor: 'Gee! What an ideal husband an ostrich must make!'"

A Bad Fit

IN a Western town, where oysters are oftener seen in cans than in shells, one economical housekeeper conceived a brilliant plan of making one set of half shells serve for two meals. She was to give one dinner on one evening and another the next night. At the first dinner oysters were served on the half shell. The next day the hostess bought oysters in bulk, and gave orders that they should be placed on the shells which had been bought and used the day before.

Little Louis was a close student of nature in his small way. He looked at the plate before him. Then, in a loud, shrill voice he said:

"Mother, see! What funny oysters! All of mine grow the wrong way in the shell!"

She Numbered Two Lords

WHEN Lord Bryce was in this country he met, among other more distinguished persons, a little girl named Iris. At their formal introduction Iris offered her small hand most graciously and smiled up into his face, saying:

"I am very glad to see you, Lord Bryce; you are the first lord I have ever seen—except Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Criticizing the Minister

THE new minister at Middleville was an estimable and studious man, but his sermons were apt to seem lacking in point.

"How do you like Mr. Spreen's preaching?" asked one of the deacons, pausing in his ride past the Morton cornfield for a few words with the owner of it, who was setting up an elaborate scarecrow.

"Um!" said the farmer. "He's got book learning enough, I guess, but he's got to find out that the best way to rake ain't with the teeth upward."



An Officer and a Gentleman

Not Napping

THAT a man may be a diplomat, although married, is illustrated in the case of a man in Washington whose wife is a prominent member of the National Woman's Party.

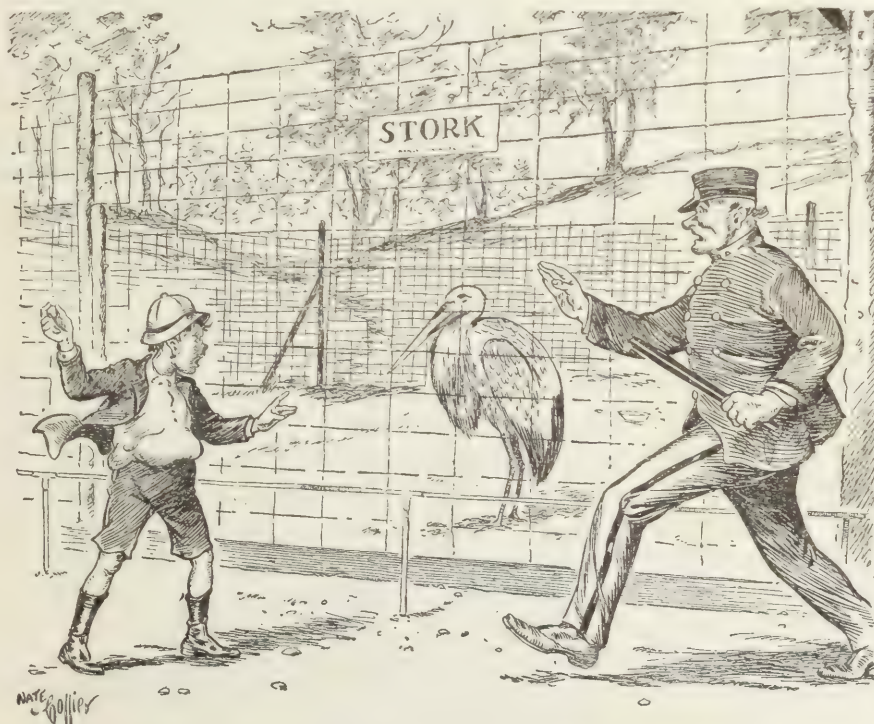
"Henry," said she to him on one occasion, "whom do you regard as the greatest general?"

Without a moment's hesitation Henry replied, "Joan of Arc."

Not Labeled

ASHERIFF drove up to a railway station with an insane man handcuffed to his wrist. It was not exactly clear which should board the train first, and some difficulty was experienced in getting up the steps. The porter offered his services and seemed to make the mix-up worse, so he backed off and remarked:

"Jes' which one of you-all ge'mens is de nut, anyway? I specks I could be mo' he'p if I find dat out fus'."



"Here! Here! You mustn't throw stones at the stork!"

"Well, let him 'tend to his own business, then, and quit bringin' kid sisters up to our house!"



The Gang Stage a Circus of Their Own

A Bird in the Wrong Flock

THE local society was to meet that afternoon. Mrs. Jenkins, a short, plump woman, dressed in a hurry and came panting downstairs.

"Carrie, run up to my room and get my blue ribbon rosette, the society's badge," she directed her maid. "I have forgotten it. You will know it, Carrie—blue ribbon and gold lettering."

"Yessum, I knows it," said Carrie. Carrie could not read, but she knew a blue ribbon with gold lettering when she saw it, and therefore had no trouble in finding it, and fastened it properly on the dress of her mistress.

Mrs. Jenkins was too busy greeting her friends or giving close attention to the speakers at the meeting to note that when they shook hands with her they smiled strangely.

When she reached home she went directly to the dining room, where the other members of the family were seated at supper.

"For Heaven's sake, mother!" exclaimed her son. "That blue ribbon— Have you been wearing that at the meeting?"

The gold lettering read:

CARVILLE POULTRY SHOW

FIRST PRIZE

BANTAM

True Gallantry

AT the morning service one Sunday, little Roger was seated beside a very fashionably attired woman.

When the bearer of the contribution box came slowly down the aisle the lady began searching wildly, but ineffectually, for her money.

Roger watched her anxiously and when the box and bearer were perilously near he pressed a coin into his astonished neighbor's hand and said, softly:

"Here, you take *my* dime and I'll hide under the seat."

Real Gratitude

FOR some time Mrs. Carraway had been endeavoring to instill into the heart of her youngest, Tommy, aged ten, the sentiment of generosity, which, it seemed to her, was not naturally present. In this relation she had been especially careful to commend to Tommy's consideration

the son of a poor family in the neighborhood.

One day Tommy came home radiant.

"Well," he said to his mother, "I gave that poor boy half of the box of candy you bought for me."

The mother also beamed. "You are a dear little man," she said. "Was the poor boy grateful?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Tommy, "he was grateful, all right. He came round to the school yard and let me lick him where everybody was looking on."

A Favorite Dish

YOUNG Gibbs of Smalltown, Kansas, decided to travel. Arriving in Chicago, he made up his mind to eat at least one meal in a fashionable hotel. He was getting on famously with the array of silverware, and appeared to feel satisfied that he was passing for a man of the world, when Jackson, the colored waiter, became communicative.

"Been in town long, sah?"

"Just came in from New Orleans," said the young adventurer.

"Dat so? Ah used to live in New Orleans. How's de Mardi Gras?"

"Fine. It's the best I've ever eaten."

PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

EXTENDED mention of **William McFee** was made in these pages last month. In addition to the three novels cited, he is the author of *An Ocean Tramp* and *Harbours of Memory*, in each of which the reader will find interesting passages of an autobiographical character. **M. A. DeWolfe Howe**, editor and author of numerous volumes dealing with American life and letters, has been a lifelong resident of Boston.

Mary S. Watts, who resides in Cincinnati, is known to the American reading public through her novels rather than her short stories, which the Editors regret are not more frequent. **Alice Corbin**, who makes her home at Santa Fe, has written several volumes of poetry and plays. She is associate editor of the *Poetry Magazine*.

Stephen Leacock's comment upon English university life has especial point in that he is himself a member of the faculty of McGill University, Montreal, Canada. **Harrison Rhodes** is well known to HARPER readers as the author of many delightful stories and studies of American life. He divides his year between New York and Daytona, Florida. **Vernon Howe Bailey** is an American artist who has recently returned from an extensive sojourn in Spain. The drawings which he made during this trip have been purchased by the Hispanic Society, to form a part of their permanent collection, and Mr. Bailey has been commissioned to return to Spain in order to make a further pictorial record of that country.

Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant has returned to New York, and is now engaged upon a book which will record her experiences and impressions of the Southwest. **G. K. Chesterton** has completed the series of adventures of "The Man Who Knew Too Much," which will be published in book form in the autumn. The last of these stories, "The Vengeance of the Statue,"

in which the series is brought to a tragic and dramatic finale, will appear in the June issue.

Edward L. Thorndike is one of the leading psychologists of the country and has written extensively on his subject. He has contributed two articles, "The Psychology of the Half-educated Man" and "Intelligence and Its Uses," to HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

C. A. Bennett and **Philip Curtiss** are familiar names to readers of the "Lion's Mouth." **Ruth Lambert Jones**, a graduate of Vassar College, obviously knows her New York, although now resident in Haverhill, Mass.



Letters from strange nooks and corners of the country seem to be the rule this month. The Editors have received the following letter from a subscriber in Walsenburg, Colorado, which is only one of many expressions of appreciation that the first of Miss Sergeant's articles have brought forth:

DEAR HARPER'S,—“The Journal of a Mud House” is going to fill a long unfilled desire. I have wanted something that would help me understand the mind and soul of the Mexican.

I read with delight of Miss Sergeant's sunset on the Sangre de Cristo, of her gray-green mesas, and of her experiences with José and his brother Ramon. I am eagerly looking forward and trusting her next articles will help me comprehend my many Martinezes, Garcias, and Sanchezes.

My work is that of a public-health nurse in a country with a ninety-per-cent Mexican population. Their need is so great and my knowledge of them so meager.



The high standards in illustration which the Magazine has prided itself in maintaining for over seventy years have evoked frequent comment, but no more pleasing testimonial to the artistic excellence of HARPER'S has ever reached the Editors than the following letter written by a Scotch miner living in Edinburgh:

DEAR HARPER'S,—On the last week in December last year I placed an order with Mr. Eliot, bookseller, Prince Street, Edinburgh, for one copy of your magazine to be delivered each month, on my calling for it. I called frequently during the month of January, and about the last week was told "they had sent specially to the wholesale house to ask the reason for nondelivery, and they were informed the wholesale house was taking no more orders for American magazines, as they had too much trouble with delivery." I canceled my order and decided to write you to ask for name of the house supplying your magazine in London.

I am anxious to get a copy each month, for two reasons, first, because of the high literary quality, and secondly, for the fine drawings. I can find no British magazine to equal yours in quality of illustrations. We have monthlies that are the best of their class in article and story, but I cannot find a magazine now published here to equal some of the American ones in beauty of illustration. When the *English Illustrated Magazine* was alive, we were second to none, but it died years ago and I cannot find one anything like yours or it. I have a boy aged 15 who is giving some promise of being able to draw well. I have two boys who are interested in good literature, and I am willing to supply the household, for their sake and my own, with a first-class magazine containing good literary work, with good illustrations. My brother-in-law out in West Virginia sends us the——*Magazine*, but, while filling a place, it is not my ideal. I bought some time ago Joseph Pennell's *Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmanship* and here we have HARPER'S drawn upon for its work in the years gone by. You have a great record, and many illustrators have done splendid work. I have the bound copies of the *English Illustrated Magazine* and should some day like to possess some of Abbey's books, Herrick, etc., but do not see any advertisements of these.

I am a miner's son, and am doing my best, as my father did, to lift my sons to a higher plane, and the presence in the home each month of an uplifting agency such as yours, with its message of truth, beauty, and good feeling, would be like a helping hand.

Please send me the name of the house in London to whom you send your magazine and I will ask my bookseller here to procure from them. I would buy direct, but it adds to the cost, and, as I am retired through ill health, I have to exercise even more caution than the average Scot—and you will to yourself say, knowing our reputation, "some caution"!



An interesting hypothesis is advanced by one of our readers in explanation of the phenomena advanced in Mr. J. D. Beresford's recent article on psychical research, which may accord with the ideas of those who are reluctant to accept a spiritistic interpretation:

BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR HARPER'S,—I have just read the article in your March issue, entitled "More New Facts in Psychical Research," by J. D. Beresford.

As I cannot bring myself to a belief in the persistence of the nervous forces after the dissolution of the body in which alone they can function, nor find any warrant in the economy of nature for the existence of a supernatural body, be it astral or otherwise, I am bound to find a solution for the events narrated, which I assume to be true facts.

For many years I have been of the opinion that in the evolution of instruments for the manifestation of the eternal force, by whatever name called, there is an ever-continuing sensitizing of the nervous processes; that clairvoyance is explained by supersensitiveness on the part of certain organisms to outward vibrations in the ether.

The developments of the radio give additional support to my convictions. May they not also explain the facts that Mr. Beresford relates? May there not be a broadcasting station in every vivid discharge of energy from the nerve cells, and may it not be possible for a supersensitized nervous system to catch the vibrations? May not the psychic have tuned her responses to emanations from the *Times* office to catch anything relating to the parties before whom she was sitting? Would there not be a whole battery of emanations from that broadcasting point, from the one who wrote the article to the compositor and pressman who placed it in position?

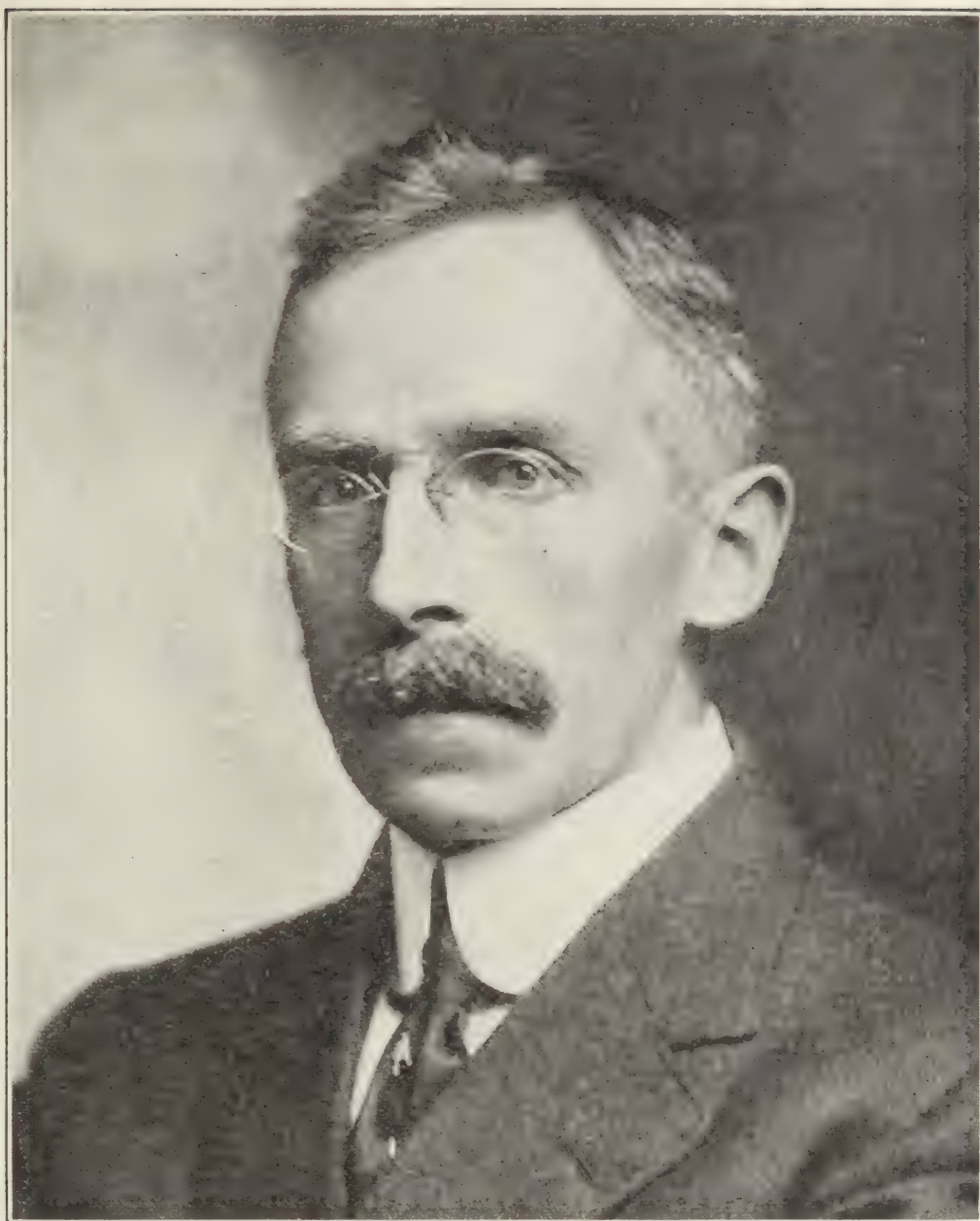
I am convinced that in the dim future the brain will become sensitized to the extent that it can catch from the ether the vibrations of other brains, and, like the radio development of the present day, select that which appeals to it, the same as receivers of radio vibrations now select that which they desire out of the multitudinous vibrations that daily affect the ether.

Very truly yours,

F. LINCOLN HUTCHINS.



There persists a venerable tradition that the portals of the magazines are closed to the new and unknown writer. Doubtless this belief will continue to persist in spite of all the editors may say or do to the contrary in seeking out the work of new writers and in encouraging them. Anent the hospitality of magazines, a writer in the *New York Tribune* makes, in passing, a flattering exception in favor of HARPER'S. We reprint the paragraph in question, adding, editorially, that HARPER'S is constantly seeking the work of new writers and is not influenced in its editorial judgments by great names and established reputations. The *Tribune's* correspondent says:



JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of *The Mind in the Making*, who will contribute to the next issue of the MAGAZINE an article on the status of Darwinism in modern thought.

Let us be thankful enough that there are a few hospitable if "dingy doors" for the new writer to open. As it seems to us, the present-day magazines are principally concerned with big names and consequent tame tales, though HARPER's for February must be congratulated on the cleverest "modern" story that has appeared for a long time—to wit, "The Imperfect Parallel," by Cambray Brown, a comparatively new writer. This story would never take a prize, because it has no sick mother, crippled child, agony, dragged-out pathos, or indecency in it, nor any "atmosphere" worked up out of encyclopædias and travelers' guides. Its cleverness is really brilliant and worth while.



We are glad to print the following letter from the author of "The Journal of a Mud

House," with our sincerest apologies to Señor Santiago. If he could only have seen Miss Sergeant's handwriting—!

DEAR HARPER'S:

Can you guess my feelings when, about March 1st, I received a letter from a friend in Santa Fe inquiring in grieved fashion why, in the March HARPER's, I had called our mutual friend, Santiago, a highly respected Indian, several times governor of Santa Clara Pueblo, "a fine old Indian Thief." What could she mean? To begin with, I had not even mentioned Santiago in the March number of "The Journal of a Mud House." My later references to him had been in a very different vein. The mystery was solved when I discovered in your "Personal and Otherwise" columns a letter that I wrote to the Editor last summer, with no idea of its being published, and—important

clew—in longhand. It should never have been printed without severe censorship, and proof-correcting as well. *Chief* and *Thief*, for instance, may look alike in my handwriting, but they look very differently on the printed page. I trust you will make the *amende honorable* and recommend Señor Santiago especially to all adventurous ladies who want to take a hard-working pack trip to New Mexico. His charges will be very modest, his dealings scrupulously reliable, and his guidance sure.

Would you care to hear some of the other “come-backs” from that March number? The first (inclosing a pamphlet of the Rotary Club) comes from Fayetteville, Arkansas:

“MY DEAR MADAME:

“1. Why should there not be street cars full of women in bathing suits in Boston? Chicago was my old home and I resent slurs on it. Of course, Chicago is not perfect, but what have we read of Boston?

“2. I am sending you a slip to read about Arkansas. Too often Eastern people make sport of Arkansas through their ignorance. This gets old to those of us who live here and know what a wonderful state we have. In your article you mention a brakeman who said it wouldn't do for people to know that he was born in Arkansas. Why wouldn't it? He should have been proud of it. Probably he has been run over ere this by his own train. Have you noticed in the West the dearth of self-centered people, the great hospitality, two traits notably lacking in New York and Boston? The farther west you go the more you will find this so. Arkansas is in the West. Come sometime and see for yourself.”

I am glad to be able to ask in return, why, if I preferred Boston and New York, I should spend so much time in the Southwest? Luckily, most of my readers seem to have considered the “Journal” a “boost” for the West. Two ladies write—one from Roseburg, Oregon, another from Dayton, Ohio—saying that they would like to have mud houses, too. One of them wants to know exactly where mine is located. Perhaps I shall have her for a neighbor yet.

The letters I opened with most trepidation—it is easy to understand why—came from the neighborhood of Santa Fe. The Fanciulla del Ouest, who is not at all given to epistolary effort, promptly addressed me:

“You have caused much excitement by the start of your story in HARPER'S. Everyone is afraid you have got something in about them that will be giving them away to their friends back East. All I can say is, I hope the next chapter is no worse. And I really think you should have put in the fact that Gertrude had seventeen hats by actual number of count. Sort of to even up on my trying them on, and not one of them would she part with.”

Another Santa Fe lady—and this certainly pleased me—thanks me for my “warm sympathetic strokes for our Mexicans,” while Alice

Corbin sends me a notice from the *Santa Fe New Mexican*, headed:

“SANTA FEANS GET IN HARPER'S,”

which states that Santa Feans “are to-day reading their names for the first time in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, forty cents a copy, and . . . chuckling over the picture (the ‘Journal’) paints of life, including political life of the State Capitol.” Political life? Evidently this author is the last person who knows what she is really writing about.

Perhaps you know that I stayed quite alone in my mud house from the middle of September till the middle of December. I left it even then with sorrow, though it was buried deep in snow and though I felt sure it was in good hands—those of my neighbor Salomé. Here is another *amende* if it is needed. This Spanish New Mexican, who began in none too neighborly a fashion, ended by digging our garden, pruning our apple trees, and doing many friendly services. I hear from the school-teacher that he has taken beautiful care of the ranch, and I don't doubt that when Gertrude and I return we shall find him at the gate with a broad and genial smile on his humorous brown face, for Salomé is now one of our real friends.

Letters from Tesuque are more than welcome. Mrs. Harsh wrote me in February: “If you had been here last week you might have been able to get something new for your book, as the Indians from the pueblo north of us got on a rampage and started out to take some land which they “claim” from the ranchers here.

“They tore down all the fences of the M. and L. ranches, where they were stopped by the U. S. marshal.

“All the ladies of the lower part of the valley were very much frightened and went in to town. The Indians claim all the land below the Chavez place.”

Only a mile from us! When I think of the sages of the Tesuque rooftops I can scarcely believe it, though it is certain that even the Pueblos have many ancient wrongs buried in their systems which are bound to come out.


“Billy is a peach of a little horse,” writes another friend, with whom I left my steed. “He is full of spirit, yet not a bit vicious. . . . Do you feel at home in New York? I have grave doubts as to whether I shall ever be happy again in such a city. I slept night before last in Alfonso's house in San Ildefonso and saw the buffalo and antelope dancers come in from the hills at dawn. Imagine the hush—the Sangre de Cristo sharp as steel against the sky, the rhythm of drums, and the weird, lovely cry of the hunters in the hills. Then the dancers, in beautiful, animal-like movements, descending the hills in single file, to be greeted in the pueblo with the blessing of the old women and men. You would have loved it.”

Indeed I should. I can't wait to get back again to the mud house.

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Idaho Library
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